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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XI.,

1884-85

[redacted]

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XI.

1884-85.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Guaillean a Gheile.

PRINTED FOR THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS,
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Provost Macandrew
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Councillor W. G. Stuart.

HON. SECRETARY.

William Mackay, solicitor.

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BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a' Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS."

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn:—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 'sa' Ghailig; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd, agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal, no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; còir agus cliu nan Gaidheal a dhion; agus Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait' am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn; agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneimh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dligheach, feumaidh tri buill dheug an crainn a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

4. Paidhidh Ball Urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna .	£0	10	6
Ball Cumanta	0	5	0
Foghlainte	0	1	0
Agus ni Ball-beatha aon chomh-thoirt de .	7	7	0

5. 'S a' cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Runaire, Ionmhasair agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects. Admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and, if he or she have a majority of votes and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Cheftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual subscription shall be, for

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of .	7	7	0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhrar gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a' chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail aig am faigh' nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheanamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma's mian atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneimh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the Month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competition shall be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic speaking Members on the roll; but if any alterations be required, due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

INTRODUCTION.

We have had frequently, in presenting our periodical Volume of Transactions, to record that the one then issued was larger than any of its predecessors; and it is our pleasing duty once more to record that this is the largest Volume of Transactions that the Society has ever placed in the hands of its members. We hope that the Volume, if it surpasses in bulk, will also prove equally satisfactory in matter. One novelty it may fairly lay claim to: the paper on "Druid Circles" is illustrated by seven drawings, for the best and most of which we are indebted to the kindness of Mr P. H. Smart, teacher of drawing, Inverness. Mr Smart has not merely put himself to much trouble in making these etchings for the Society's Transactions, but at the reading of this paper and any others that required the exercise of art, he has always given his services freely and kindly to their authors.

The Volume begins with January 1884, and brings the Transactions down to May 1885. The Session of 1884 appears comparatively more barren than in reality it was; it was rather an active session on the whole, for during it were initiated the Gaelic Classes which the Society conducted for its non-Gaelic and junior members and for the public at large, and which were attended with the most gratifying results. The reason why the Session does not bulk more largely in the Volume is simply because some of the gentlemen who delivered discourses before the Society made use of notes, or rough draft copies, which they had not since time to prepare for publication. In this way we have lost the Rev. Mr Cameron's paper on "Original Auslaut *n*" in Gaelic—a paper that would have been of extreme value to students of historic Gaelic grammar. The Spring Session of 1885 has been one of

almost unequalled success and activity; the number and the quality of the papers read are both matters of congratulation.

In general Gaelic literature there is no work of importance to record since our last Volume appeared. But an event of moment to Gaelic Folk-lore and Tradition took place in the death of Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay. He died on the 17th February of this year, at the age of sixty-three. Next to Macpherson himself, Mr Campbell has done most to make the Highlands and its Gaelic speech known over all the world. His "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" was what the Germans call an "epoch-making book" in the general study of Folk-lore; while his "Leabhar na Feinne" is an invaluable contribution to the Ossianic controversy.

The field of general Celtic literature for the last year-and-a-half has been comparatively barren. The great activity of the three or four previous years, which produced Windisch's "Irische Texte," the translations of his admirable Old Irish Grammar, M. D'Arbois de Jubainville's various books on the Study of Irish Literature and Celtic Mythology, Mr Elton's excellent "Origins of English History," Professor Rhys' "Celtic Britain," and several others,—this great activity has been succeeded by less effort. But books and pamphlets have been appearing, and we note the names of Thurneysen, Loth, Stokes, and Windisch (more "Irish Texts"), Zimmer, &c. Professor Windisch last year wrote an article for a German Encyclopedia, on the "Celtic Speeches;" it is an admirable *resumé* of the leading facts connected with the history, literature, and bibliography of the Celtic languages. It is a pity that it is practically shut out from British ken in its German form, and we trust it will soon be given to us in an English form.

One result of the report of the Crofters' Commission (to which reference was made in the introduction to volume X.), was Mr Mundella's sending of Dr Craik to the Highlands last September to report on the subject of Highland Education. He reported on the teaching of Gaelic in terms that deserve our highest praise; he presented every view candidly, and arrived at the conclusion

that Gaelic ought to be taught to the junior children, and might be taught to the senior children as a specific subject. He discussed the causes of the low attendance, and these he found in the natural difficulties of the country—distance from school, bad weather, and bad roads; also in the circumstances of the parents—poverty, appearing in want of clothes, food, and fees; the need of the children for herding and other works of the season; and some apathy or even hostility to education. Attendance, he argued, must be enforced, for the money returns and the education depended on it. For fostering secondary education, he recommended the employment of a graduate in one school in each district, with special facilities for teaching and gaining higher grants for the highest standards and subjects. The Commissioners urged that all rating above 2s. in the £ should be paid by Government, and that the building debts should be cancelled. Dr Craik opposed this recommendation, but suggested a considerable increase of school grants. The Department considered the matter very seriously, and early in May a Highland Minute appeared, making some important additions to the Code in regard to the Highlands, and generally giving effect to Dr Craik's recommendations. In the Highlands, burghs excluded, if a school makes an average attendance of 65 per cent. for the year as compared to the number on the roll (at the year's end), the average attendance grant is raised from 4s. to 5s. per head; if the school makes 70 per cent., 6s. is given; if 75, 7s.; and if 80 per cent. is made, the grant is 8s.—exactly doubled, when further grants are stopped. In regard to Gaelic, Gaelic-speaking pupil-teachers may be employed for the infants and junior children; such a teacher is recognised and paid the pupil-teacher grant, even should the numbers in the school not entitle the school to such; and, further, the pupil-teacher is to be allowed to spend the last year of apprenticeship at a preparatory school for entrance to the training colleges. A grant of 10s. for the infants is promised if such a pupil-teacher is employed. Gaelic is further made a specific subject, like Latin, Greek, and, for the matter of that, English; but the Gaelic schedule could not at the date of the

Minute be published, nor has it yet appeared. Secondary education is encouraged thus:—A central school, under a graduate, who has time for extra work by only having 30 pupils allotted him in average attendance, can earn 10s. for each pass in extra subjects instead of the present 4s. Such are the concessions made. The discussions held in various places at teachers' meetings bring out the fact that only some fifty per cent. of Highland children on the roll are in average attendance. The Highland Boards have therefore an initial pull or jump of 15 per cent. to make before even the 1s extra is gained. Can it be done, or, if done, how far can it be carried? The attendance concession will benefit greatly the East Coast boards, but in the Islands and the West Coast the matter is very doubtful.

We are glad to record the formation of a Scotch Ministry, which has also Education under its charge. The Duke of Richmond is the first Minister; Sir Francis Sandford is permanent Under-Secretary to the General Department; while Dr Craik is Secretary for Scotch Education. This last appointment augurs well for the Highlands.

From the list of donations to the Library we inadvertently omitted to mention a handsomely-bound large paper copy of Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," kindly presented by Miss H. G. Fraser, North Berwick.

Inverness, August 1885.

ERRATUM.

Page 144; at line 19 of text I. for "ímaíc," read ímacc.

TRANSACTIONS.

22ND JANUARY 1884.

On this date the Rev. Alexander Cameron, Free Church minister of Brodick, delivered a lecture on "The Influence of an Original Nasal Termination on Modern Irish and Scottish Gaelic," for which he was awarded a cordial vote of thanks.

23RD JANUARY.

On this date office-bearers for 1884 were nominated; and some routine business was transacted.

TWELFTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Twelfth Annual Dinner of the Society took place in the Caledonian Hotel. Provost Macandrew, in the unavoidable absence of the Chief, presided, while the croupiers were Dean of Guild Mackenzie, and Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., Raining's School. Among those present were Captain O'Sullivan, Adjutant of the I.A.V.; Councillor Alexander Ross, Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Mr Hugh Rose, solicitor; Mr Robert Grant, of Macdougall & Co.'s; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Dr Ogilvie Grant, Bailie Mackay, Mr William Morrison, Rector, Dingwall Academy; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr James Barron, Ness Bank; Mr Duncan Campbell, Ballifeary; Dr D. Sinclair Macdonald, Mr James Cumming, Allanfearn; Councillor W. G. Stuart, Councillor James Macbean, Mr John Davidson, merchant; Mr A. K. Findlater, of Macdonald & Mackintosh; Mr Alexander Mactavish, of Mactavish & Mackintosh; Mr John Macdonald, merchant, Exchange; Mr Fraser Campbell, draper; Mr John Whyte, librarian;

Mr William Gunn, draper; Mr James Mackintosh, ironmonger; Mr Alex. Macgregor, solicitor; Mr Duncan Chisholm, coal-merchant; Mr Alex. Ranaldson Macraild, writer; Mr D. Maclennan, commission agent; Mr D. K. Clark, of the *Courier;* Mr Hector R. Mackenzie, Town-Clerk's Office; Mr William Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society; Mr Alexander Ross, of the *Chronicle*; Mr William Cameron, The Castle; Mr Macdonell, do.; Mr F. Mackenzie, Mr Menzies, Blarich, Sutherlandshire; Mr D. Nairne, &c.

The Secretary read apologies for absence from Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson, C.B.; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Mr A. R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; Mr John Mackay of Herriesdale; Mr W. M'K. Bannatyne, Bridge of Allan; Mr D. Forbes of Culloden; Mr Thomas O'Hara, Portarlington; Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Mr F. Macdonald, Druidaig; &c.

The Chief of the Society wrote from Algiers, to the Secretary, as follows:—

Dear Sir,—I beg to express, through you, my regret to the members of our Society at being unable to take the chair at this our annual meeting, but, owing unfortunately to the delicate state of my wife's health, we have been ordered here to Algiers for the winter, and as the distance is very great, it has been a matter of impossibility for me to get over in time to occupy that chair to which I had the honour last year to be appointed. But believe me when I tell you that my heart is with you on this occasion, and, although many hundred miles of ocean roll between us, there is no distance, however great, that cannot be bridged over by that bond of sympathy that unites the hearts of all true Highlanders. And it is thus I would have you think this day; that, although absent in the body, I am with you in the spirit, wishing you every success in your great undertaking; that your efforts may continue to meet with that success they so justly deserve, and that the end will be the bringing about of the one thing so dear to all of us—namely, the preservation, in all its purity, of our most beautiful and ancient language, its literature, poetry, music, legends, and traditions—(Cheers)—and, more than all, the preservation of that feeling of clanship and brotherhood which should always exist among Highlanders of all classes—high and low, rich and poor—that feeling which has for ages and centuries existed; that feeling which has gone far towards making our beloved country take the high place she does among the nations of the world by reason of her sons being the bravest, staunchest, and most loyal adherents to their Sovereign and the land that gave them birth. (Cheers.)

With regard to the present state of affairs in the Highlands, it would ill become me to make many remarks until after we have the report of the Royal Commission—(Hear, hear)—but this I will venture to think—that, had the Gaelic tongue been taught in the high-class schools as a requisite language for those who reside in Gaelic-speaking districts, we should have heard little of discontent, and still less of a Crofters' Commission. Surely it must be more desirable to teach a boy his native tongue than to cram his brain with Greek mythology and a lot of rubbish that can be of little or no use to him in after life. (Applause.) And yet I have often been asked by some people what use is there in knowing Gaelic, or, as they facetiously term it in their painful ignorance, "That defunct barbarian lingo." (Laughter.) But if we are to deplore the non-existence of the Gaelic language amongst some of the landed gentry in the Highlands, what condemnation can be too severe for those men of the educated classes familiar with the language who have taken advantage of it to feed the flame of discontent among the ignorant and uneducated by applying the mischevious bellows of agitation? I say the Gaelic language has never been put to more unworthy and unpatriotic or wicked use than when it was employed, not as a means of tranquilising the poor people by reasoning with them in a spirit of pacification and conciliation in their own tongue, but, on the contrary, in urging them to rebellion and crime. Who are the most guilty, the preachers or the disciples? Let us hope that the year 1884 may be a happier one for all of us in the Highlands, and that the seeds of discontent may not have taken deep root in the hearts of our people, but that peace, quietness, and plenty may in future take the place of restless discontent and poverty; and that Providence in His goodness may see fit to bestow these blessings on our beloved country is, I am sure, the earnest wish of all of us. (Cheers.) Wishing the Society, in conclusion, every success.—I remain, yours truly,

DUNMORE, Chief of the Society.

The Chairman, who was warmly received, then proposed "The Queen." He said—Among the many claims to our loyalty which Queen Victoria possesses, there are two which I have not seen noticed before, and which, it appears to me, may be very appropriately noticed in proposing this toast at a meeting of a Gaelic Society in the Town of Inverness. About thirteen hundred years ago a very remarkable and interesting event happened in this city, which was then the capital of the Pictish kingdom of

Albyn. I allude to the visit of St Columba to Brude, the King of the Picts, when the Saint persuaded that monarch to embrace Christianity, and formed with him that friendship which appears to have lasted while they lived. Now, I think we have good reason for believing that her Gracious Majesty is of the blood of both the principal actors in that memorable scene. We do not know accurately the pedigree of the Pictish Royal Family, because succession, according to the Pictish law, was through females; the Kings never have the names of their fathers, and they seem to have been succeeded, not by their own sons, but by the sons of sisters, who appear always to have had foreign husbands. We know, however, that, according to their law, there was a regular succession for a very long time. For some time before the establishment of the Scottish Monarchy by Kenneth Macalpine, there was a period of great confusion, but we know that Alpine, Kenneth's father, was the son of a Pictish mother, through whom he claimed the throne. From Kenneth the Queen's pedigree is clear. I think, then, we have fair historical probability for the statement that the Queen is of the blood of the ancient Pictish Royalty, and that she is the descendant, as she is the political representative, of the royal race who had their seat at Inverness. (Cheers.) As to the other proposition that she is of the blood of Saint Columba, we know that about 850 Kenneth Macalpine re-established the Columban Church in Scotland, that when so doing he gave the primacy to the Abbey of Dunkeld which he then founded, and that he then removed to Dunkeld the relics of Saint Columba. I cannot give you the pedigree of the Abbot to whom the government of the Abbacy of Dunkeld and the Primacy of the Scottish Church at this time were given, but we know that the law of succession in the early Celtic Abbacies was that the Abbot was always appointed from the family of the Saint if there was any person of the family qualified. At this time, and for 100 years after, there were Abbots of Saint Columba's family in the Monastery at Iona and in other Monasteries of his foundation, and we may fairly assume that for the primacy of his church Kenneth would have chosen an Abbot of the Saint's family. In the course of time what happened in other Celtic Monasteries happened at Dunkeld. The Abbots abandoned the practice of celibacy, the office became hereditary in their family, and ultimately the Abbots ceased to be priests and became lay lords. In the time of Malcolm, the Second Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, was a very powerful man. He married the daughter of Malcolm, and the fruit of the marriage was "the gracious" Duncan, father of

Malcolm Canmore, and ancestor of the Queen. (Cheers.) Here again I say that there is fair historical probability that the Queen is of the blood of Saint Columba, and that she is thus a descendant of Niall of the nine hostages who was supreme King of Ireland in the end of the fourth century. This is truly a good and Royal Celtic ancestry, and I now give you the health of Queen Victoria, the descendant of the Royal race who ruled at Inverness, and the representative of the Royal Saint and bard who converted our ancestors. (Loud and continued cheers.)

The toast of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family followed.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, proposed the "Navy, Army, and Auxiliary Forces." In doing so, he said—This toast is usually given from the chair, but as our Chairman this evening is a distinguished officer in the citizen army, I have been done the honour of being asked to propose it. (Cheers.) It is with great pleasure I do so, although I feel I am able to do but scant justice to my glorious theme. Fortunately for me, however, the subject is one not requiring words of eloquence to commend it to you, for, no matter where Highlanders meet, they loyally remember the guardians of their native land. (Applause.) Now, gentlemen, although in the far off olden time western waves were ploughed by the fleets of the Lords of the Isles and other Island chiefs, we Highlanders cannot as a race boast of any great exploits on the ocean, and we have not to any appreciable extent contributed to the glorious history of the British Navy. That history, we must confess, is the special property of the Saxon, who, of all nations, make the best and bravest sea-soldiers. But in this matter we have learned to rejoice in the Saxon's triumphs, and to look back with feelings of pride and pleasure on a long roll of naval victories in which we took little or no part. (Cheers.) In regard to the army we are on a different footing, for our forefathers were naturally men of war, and Highland soldiers have added lustre to British arms in all quarters of the globe. (Applause.) The author of a recent pamphlet has questioned the military ardour of the old Highlander, and he more than insinuates that the "hardy and intrepid race," whom the great Pitt and his successors called forth from our Northern glens, were forced, in press-gang fashion, into the ranks of the British army. It is true that, about the commencement of the present century, Celts as well as Saxons were, under the Army Reserve Act, subject to a kind of conscription for home service, and it may also be true that it occasionally happened in the past, as it sometimes

happens now, that a man found himself in possession of the King's shilling who did not want to fight; but it is as absurd as it is contrary to fact to say that the thousands of clansmen who fought Britain's battles from Fontenoy to Waterloo were impelled by any force stronger than the freedom of their own will. (Applause.) No, gentlemen. It was long ago said of Highlanders that they could be led, but not driven; and we may safely assume that driven Highlanders could no more have swept the slopes of Killiecrankie, or climbed the heights of Abraham, or, as Sir Colin Campbell's thin red line, turned the Russian horse at Balaclava, than could the unwilling wretches who are at this moment goaded on by Egyptian officers to meet the False Prophet of the Soudan. (Hear, hear.) The fact is that, although Highlanders now find it pays better to follow the more peaceful pursuits of life, down to the beginning of this century they were essentially a fighting people. I need not tell you of their own internecine feuds in the olden times, or how, when they had no fighting to do at home, they joined the ranks of Gustavus Adolphus, or of the Kings of France; but I may mention that, on recently going over certain Church records of the seventeenth century, I was simply astonished at the frequent mention therein made of Highland soldiers, who are described as being absent in France and in Germany, and some of them even in Russia. We cannot conceive that these men left their native land perforce, or under any other influence than that of love for war. (Hear, hear.) Permit me, before I sit down, to refer in one word to the proposal now made to do away with the graceful feather bonnet of our Highland soldiers. It is not what may be called an original Highland head-dress. It was worn first by the old Fraser Regiment, and it has since continued the distinguishing dress-feature of the Highland regiments, outside the tartan. (Hear, hear.) I would suggest that the Gaelic Society take up this question as they did the question of the tartans. (Cheers.) I trust you will join in resisting the proposal to the utmost—(Applause)—and although it does seem hopeless that we shall ever be able to teach the War Authorities the difference between one tartan and another, or between our martial feathers and a policeman's helmet, if we are firm in our present opposition, I am satisfied that our reward will be the same success that three years ago crowned our efforts on behalf of the tartan. (Applause.) But I must conclude, and ask you to drink, with all enthusiasm, to the Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces. (Loud cheers.)

Captain O'Sullivan replied for the Army. I don't think, he

said, the Gaels have been cured of their warlike propensities yet. (Cheers.) I am sorry to see another of those tailoring changes being attempted by the Government—I refer to the Highland feather bonnet—and with all due respect to my superior officers, I am of opinion that the War Office have many other more important matters to take up their time with than the turning of a military button or the changing of a regimental head-dress. (Hear.) The Highland bonnet was a most serviceable, and, in the end, an inexpensive one. It was sometimes said that Germans and other foreigners laughed at the dress of the British soldier; but on the occasion of a recent review at Aldershot I remember a German lady exclaiming, on seeing the Scottish regiments approach—"Why not dress the whole of your infantry like that?" And there was no doubt that for a soldier's dress nothing was more perfect on parade than the Highland garb. (Applause.)

Dr Ogilvie Grant, Surgeon to the Naval Reserve, replied for the Navy; and Major Ross, I.A.V., replied for the Auxiliary Forces.

Mr William Mackenzie, the Secretary, then read the annual report, which reviewed the work performed by the Society during last year—work which he said was of an exceedingly useful character, and eminently calculated to advance the objects for the promotion of which the Society was formed. During the year the Society had initiated a movement to get a Civil List pension conferred on Mrs Mary Mackellar, the Bard of the Society—(Cheers)—and had gone thoroughly into the proposal to acknowledge Professor Blackie's great services to Celtic language and literature—(Applause)—two movements which the Society hope to see crowned with success. (Cheers.) It is proposed that the acknowledgment of Professor Blackie's services should take the form of a bust or portrait, with Blackie bursaries, in connection with the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. (Hear, hear.) There is at present no one receiving a pension from the Civil List for Gaelic literature, and the Society considered that Mrs Mackellar had very high claims. (Applause.) This view had been concurred in by many other societies, who have signed a memorial, promoted by this Society, to the First Lord of the Treasury. Many influential gentlemen had also, as individuals, signed it, including all the members of the Royal Commission to enquire into the condition of the Crofters, except Lord Napier. Money for the Blackie testimonial was now in course of being received by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., hon. treasurer to the fund, and by the Secretary of the Society. Dur-

ing the year the membership of the Society had been considerably thinned by death, but the acquisition of fresh members had more than counterbalanced the loss in this way, the number of new members enrolled during the year being 25. Financially the position of the Society was highly satisfactory. The income during the year, including the balance from last year, was £88 18s. 8d., while the money paid out amounted to £59. 11s. 8d., leaving a balance of £29. 7s. to be carried to next account. (Applause.)

The Chairman next proposed "Success to the Gaelic Society" of Inverness. He said—I am sure you have all been gratified to learn, from the report which the Secretary has just read, that this Society is still flourishing. (Cheers.) I regret exceedingly that the chair is not occupied on this occasion by Lord Dunmore, whose presence would have been so acceptable to us all. He is a nobleman whose heart is in the Highlands, and who lives, as much as his wife's health will allow, among and with his people. In wishing success to this Society, there are various aspects of its usefulness which may be referred to and commended. As Lord Dunmore has said, such a Society is of great advantage in preserving the language, the literature, and the traditions of the Gael. I have remarked more than once on previous occasions that unless we can also preserve the Gaelic people we are not doing much. (Loud cheers.) But if we try to preserve the Gaelic people we must try to preserve them with the language, the traditions, and the habits which made them what they are. (Cheers.) I take it broadly that the objects of this Society are to preserve among us all those elements in the life of the past which were good and beautiful. We are inclined to look for a golden age in the past. I may be wrong in so thinking, but I cannot help thinking that there was a great deal that was more beautiful and joyous in the life of the past than in the life of the present—(Hear, hear)—and there are two aspects of that life on which I will venture to dwell for a few moments. We are told that the Highland people ought not to continue to exist in any great numbers on their native soil, because they cannot maintain themselves there otherwise that in poverty. Now, I was much struck with a remark which I read lately, and which was to this effect, that inasmuch as the earth does not produce very much more than food enough for all the people on it, the great majority of the people must always be poor. In new countries this evil may be corrected for a time, and so long as the population is sparse; but population is always pressing on the limits of the supply of food, and I fear it will always

be the case that the great majority will be poor. One of the great evils of the present day is, I think, that poverty is coming to be looked on as synonymous with misery. Now, this is an evil from which, a few generations ago, our ancestors were in a great measure free. (Hear, hear.) And this, I think, was due to the habits of frugality which circumstances made part of their lives, and to the fact that they were led to value themselves more on other qualities than with reference to what they ate and what drank, and wherewithal they were clothed. (Hear, hear.) A few generations ago there was in one aspect very much more poverty than there is now; that is to say, articles in the shape of food and clothing, which are now considered necessaries by the poorest, were not then attainable even by the well-to-do, but we look in vain in the contemporary records of our ancestors for any evidence that poverty was then considered as, in any sense, a degradation, either by those who endured it or by those above them. (Cheers.) On the contrary, I think we have abundance of evidence that life was then more free from care than it is now, and that among those who had little choice of food—and sometimes but little enough of it—there was much less care for the morrow than there is now. As an illustration of the frugality of our ancestors, I may quote a passage from the ancient Irish laws prescribing the kind of food which foster-parents were bound to give the children entrusted to them to be fostered. "What are their victuals? Porridge is given to them all; but the flavouring which goes into it is different, *i.e.*, salt butter for the sons of the inferior grades, fresh butter for the sons of chieftains, honey for the sons of kings. The food of them all is alike until the end of a year, or of three years, viz., salt butter, and afterwards fresh butter, *i.e.*, to the sons of chieftains, and honey to the sons of kings. Porridge made of oatmeal and buttermilk or water is given to the sons of feini grades, and a bare sufficiency of it merely, and salt butter for flavouring; porridge made in new milk is given to the sons of the chieftain grades, and fresh butter for flavouring, and a full sufficiency is given to them, and barley meal upon it; porridge made in new milk is given to the sons of kings, and wheaten meal upon it, and honey for flavouring." Surely what was good enough for the sons of kings in the grandest period of our race, might be good enough for the sons of peasants now. (Hear, hear.) And if this Society can aid in leading us back to the simple life of our ancestors, it will do much to make life happier, and to do away with the brooding feeling of discontent with our lot among the poor, which is one of the great evils of our time. Another aspect of the life of the past

which we have very much lost is its joyousness. (Hear, hear.) We are often told, particularly by the *Scotsman*, that our ancestors were in great misery. No doubt the people who say this believe it, but I think the belief springs from the grossness of their own minds—(Hear, hear)—which teaches them to think that because people had only the simplest food, and sometimes not quite enough of it, and lived in bothies, they must have been miserable. In reading such records of the past as we have, however, the impression left on my mind is that life was then a joyous, free, happy life. Take, for instance, that most delightful of books, Mrs Grant's "Letters from the Mountains." Mrs Grant was not brought up in the Highlands, and when she settled at Laggan, she wrote many accounts of her life and of the life of those about her to her friends in the South, and the distinct impression they leave on the mind is that in those days Laggan was a sort of Arcadia. Roups lasted for a fortnight, weddings for three or four days, and if the minister and his wife did not join in the dancing, they were present and encouraged it. I was much struck recently with one expression of Mrs Grant in describing her life. She says—"Haymaking is not merely drying grass; it is preparing a scene of joyous employment and innocent amusement for those whose sports recal to us our gayest and happiest days." (Cheers.) That life among the old Celts was one of much enjoyment we may judge from the following passage in the Irish laws giving the occupations of a king:—"There are now seven occupations in the corus-law of a king—Sunday for drinking ale, for he is not a lawful chief who does not distribute ale every Sunday—(Laughter)—Monday for judgments for the adjustments of the people; Tuesday for chess; Wednesday seeing greyhounds coursing; Thursday the pleasures of love; Friday at horse-racing; Saturday in giving judgments." But since Mrs Grant's time we have had two or three generations of excellent and well-meant clergymen, who have lived in the belief, and preached it, and enforced the practice of it, that all sports and amusements, music and dancing, and all those modes by which the exuberance of healthy animal spirits find expression, are sinful. The result is that they have killed joy out of the lives of the people—(Hear, hear.)—and I believe this is one great cause of the discontent with their lot which is now so noticeable a feature among the peasantry. (Cheers.) It has even become a burning question, as we see by the papers, whether is it lawful to play shinty. (Laughter.) It appears to me that if the worthy gentlemen who preach against the game would only join their parishioners in playing it, and would encourage this and

other similar healthy and innocent amusements, as the more robust clergy of the good old times did, the people would be happier and the grosser vices less common than they are. (Cheers.) Let us hope, then, that in all its efforts, and especially in its effort to restore the contentment, the simplicity, and the joyousness of the life of the past, this Society may continue to prosper, and let us drink the toast with full bumpers. (Loud cheers.)

Mr John Macdonald, Exchange, proposed the "Members of Parliament for the Highland Counties and Burghs." He said—The toast I have been asked to propose is always well received by the Gaelic Society. If it can be true anywhere, it is true of us, that Whig and Tory all agree in our meetings. And, I think if this is true of Scotland generally, it is most true of the Highlands. There are many things that we might expect Parliament to help us in—education, for instance. Then there is the fishing industry. Our members might urge the Government to give a grant to aid in the prosecution of this important industry. I think that we might fairly ask them to do something for us in this way. I am afraid that it is, perhaps, the case that the services of Members of Parliament are not appreciated by the people as they should be. I have lately had the privilege of visiting the House of Commons, and it requires that we should see the order of business there before we can form a full estimate of the work of the Members. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., Raining's School, proposed the "Language and Literature of the Gael." He said—Patriots of a generation or two ago used to claim for the Gaelic language an antiquity coeval and even superior to the Hebrew; but in the present day—these days of science and accurate thinking—we can claim for the Gaelic, on true scientific grounds, antiquity in Europe greater than any of its sister languages, and rank equal to the best of them. (Applause.) It is well ascertained now that of the so-called Aryan race, the Celts were the first to enter Europe, and of these Celts themselves, the Gaelic branch was the first—the pioneer of all the civilisation of the East. (Hear, hear.) For we must not think that these early Gaels were savages—far from it. They were even a civilised people, having homes and families, houses and domestic animals, knowledge of metals and agriculture. They had, too, a highly organised language—a language that then was superior to Latin in inflectional power, and superior to Greek in flexibility of structure. For the last two thousand years it has not fared so well with our mother tongue. It has been sadly shorn of its inflections in the struggle which the European lan-

guages entered on in the middle ages to get rid of all grammar. Nor have we kept up to the old literary forms of our ancestors. The old Gaels must have possessed a vast and important literature. We see that from the Irish. They preserved much of it from the wreck of time through their monasteries and men of learning and leisure, and valuable MSS. still exist of poems, which, through the ravages of time, have just escaped the epic power and the reputation of Homer. Our language here is, however, more popularised and less learned. We have but scraps of the old literature and the old inflections; we are in consequence more homely and more near the heart both in language and literature, for both are a people's tongue, as opposed to a mere literary instrument. We may console ourselves in this matter by the reflection that the English would have been the same had it not stolen 29,000 Latin words—two-thirds of its vocabulary! Our literature and language are therefore of the people and for the people, and for every individual of it. (Hear, hear.) The extent of our literature in such circumstances is not great, but its depth is great—it is steeped in the feelings of the people; it is composed mostly of songs and elegies and lyrics that gush from a nation's heart, warm and instinct with life. (Applause.) It is, therefore, concrete and personal; laudations of persons living, or some dear one recently dead, are found in the language; these laudations and praises are extended also to natural objects—a hill, a river, or a vale, and their description is entered into with a minuteness and gusto that is quite distinctive of the Gael. No language can express better strong emotion; the passionate outburst of the lover or the pathetic wail of the widowed and distressed. We must not expect in such a literature Matthew Arnold's "Criticism of Life" to enter very much; we do not claim any philosophical or learned height for Gaelic literature. It expresses the feelings, aspirations, and wishes of the people much as Burns' poems do those of the Lowland Scotch, rising at times to heights such as Burns attained in his "Cottar's Saturday Night" or his "Mary in Heaven," equal to him in the love songs, and, I venture to say, superior to him in satiric power. Satire is a special feature of Gaelic literature. The prose literature naturally runs into the groove of conversations, as popular prose compositions must do; but the literature in popular tales is something to boast of. Campbell's collection of Highland tales is the envy of every nation in Europe. They cannot beat us on that point, not even in Germany. (Applause.) I cannot but refer to the recent opening of the Celtic Class in Edinburgh. (Cheers.) We may congratulate ourselves in the

choice made, for, judging from the start Professor Mackinnon made in his excellent address, we may have every confidence in his success. That speech, which in pamphlet form makes thirty-six pages, and which travelled over the whole Celtic ground, ethnologically and philologically, is an admirable specimen of accuracy and learning. I do not believe that one error can be pointed out in it —a new thing almost in Scotland for a man to speak an hour on general Celtic subjects, and make no rash assertions. For, if anything, we are too inclined not to study our language, our literature, and our history with that care which modern science insists on, and without which we are laughed at beyond our own borders. We have done all that can be done in a popular way. We must now submit to scientific treatment, and we shall find our language and literature will stand that too. But we are not here in Inverness quite idle in this matter. (Applause.) No man has been busier or more successful than the gentleman with whose name I have the honour to couple this toast Mr Alexander Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*. (Cheers.) Not to speak of the success and excellence of his histories of several of the Highland clans, and of his collections of traditions, the *Celtic Magazine* is itself a monument of his industry and genius. (Applause.) Now in its 100th number, having thus lived longer than any other previous Gaelic or Scoto-Celtic periodical, or truly Highland paper, it happily augurs the success of his forthcoming paper—"The Scottish Highlander." (Loud cheers.)

Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, in reply, said—I need not tell you that I feel very highly honoured in being asked to respond to this important toast; and especially so, proposed as it has been, by a gentleman like Mr Macbain, whose information in the Celtic literary field is very extensive, and who treads very closely in the matter of Celtic scholarship, on the heels of the foremost men of the day. (Hear, hear.) It is gratifying that we should have, in the Highland capital, a man of that stamp. (Applause.) He has the advantage of many men who dabble in this question, in his having an intimate knowledge of the classical languages—Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, and Old Irish, which, I need hardly say, is of immense value in pursuing Celtic studies. I am not going to inflict a speech upon you, but referring shortly to other matters, I may be allowed to say how pleased I am to see you, sir, occupying that chair; and let me say that I never heard you speaking at a gathering of this kind, but I admired the fine Celtic spirit which always pervaded your speeches. (Applause.) At the same time,

I may be permitted to say that the Society ought to feel pleased that perhaps the only peer of the realm who can speak the Gaelic language correctly and fluently, holds the position of present chief of the Society. I think it is a good thing to have such a man as the Earl of Dunmore as our chief, and I am quite satisfied that he will not make the same use of his Gaelic as he infers others have been making of their knowledge of it recently in the Highlands—(Laughter)—and especially in the Western Isles; but this is a matter to which I need not here further refer. I will not say that I am, in one sense, *very* sorry that we have not his lordship here to-night, because I think we have quite as good a man in the chair as we could possibly wish to have, and one who has done more in the Celtic field than most people are aware of. (Applause.) I may tell you in that connection that considerable additions have been made to our store of Celtic literature, even within the last twelve months. A volume of Gaelic poetry has been issued, since our last meeting, by Mr Neil Macleod, a native of Glendale, where we had some good men. Neil's uncle left that famous glen some years ago as a common soldier, and has recently retired, with honours, as Major Macleod of the Royal Artillery. (Applause.) I have no hesitation in saying that Neil Macleod's volume is about the most correct specimen of Gaelic printed in modern times—(Hear, hear)—and not only so, but that the volume, notwithstanding the great discussion which is reported to have taken place at a recent meeting of the Celtic Society of Edinburgh, contains sentiments, beautifully and poetically expressed, equal to some of the best poets of a bye-gone age. (Applause.) I had also a very handsome volume of 500 pages sent me only last week from the City of Toronto, the compositions of a bard famous in this country so long ago as 1838—Evan Maccoll, the "Bard of Loch-Fyne," who was described by Hugh Miller, in the *Inverness Courier* at the time, as "The Moore of Highland Song." (Cheers.) Another poet, who started under very disadvantageous circumstances, from Argyllshire, some years ago for South Australia has also issued a volume of poems, printed in Australia. It will thus be seen that the field of Celtic literature is expanding; that the labourers in it are increasing at a very rapid rate. (Hear, hear.) I have not included the excellent volume by Mary Mackellar, our own Society Bard, as it was published in the previous year. We shall soon, if I may be permitted to let you into a dead secret—(Laughter)—have a new addition to Celtic literature in the town of Inverness, my friend who has asked you to drink this toast having a work in the press, which we shall have the honour of presenting to the

public at no distant date. (Loud applause.) Another most important addition to our store of Highland literature, which we are expecting soon, and which members of this Society had a hand in preparing, is the forthcoming volumes of the evidence taken before the Crofter Royal Commission—(Laughter)—and the report of the Commissioners on the present state of the Highlands. (Laughter and cheers.) I well believe, sir, that this will prove to be the most important addition made to the literature of the Highlands for the last century at least. (Hear, hear.) There is a fallacy existing about Celtic literature even in Inverness, which will by-and-bye be removed. There are more people taking an interest in that subject in the town than the public are aware of. Large numbers now not only read but study it carefully; and they are willing even to pay a good price for the pleasure of perusing contributions on the subject, many of which emanate, though in general anonymously, from members of the Society that I am now addressing. Kindly reference has been made to my own little venture in the Celtic field, the *Celtic Magazine*. I lay little claim myself to the good which it has admittedly done. Through it I have been able, however, to give many writers, among whom are the leading authorities of the day, an opportunity of expressing their views on Celtic questions. I have been able to present them, as it were, with a focus, and thus we are together able to show the world that there is a Celtic literature and some little ability in our midst. (Applause.) The little craft, you will be glad to hear, is at present in excellent order, and there is not the slightest fear of its usefulness being in any way impaired. (Hear, hear.) For it was never so able to weather the storm as at the present moment. (Laughter and applause.) The *Celtic Magazine* is now longer in existence than any Celtic publication ever published in this country, and I can assure you that there is not the slightest fear of any mishap or rocks ahead at present. (Laughter and applause.) I am very much obliged to you for the kind way in which you have responded to the toast of Celtic Literature, as well as for your reception of the name of the *Celtic Magazine* and the looming "Scottish Highlander," which I hope to succeed in making a worthy labourer in a congenial field not very far removed from that of his elder brother. (Cheers.)

Councillor Alex. Ross proposed the "Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands," and the toast was acknowledged by Mr Robert Grant of the Royal Tartan Warehouse.

Mr John Whyte, Librarian, proposed "Kindred Societies," and mentioned the great advantages to be derived from being associated

with Societies such as the Field Club, the Literary Institute, and the Mutual Improvement Society. Many old Inverness boys, who had distinguished themselves in after life in their several spheres, had got their early training at similar Societies. The toast was coupled with the name of Mr Findlater, President of the Mutual Improvement Society, who replied.

Mr Duncan Campbell, of the *Chronicle*, proposed "Highland Education."

Mr Wm. Morrison, Dingwall Academy, in reply, said—Having adverted to that clause of the constitution of the Society which set forth as one of its aims the vindication of the rights and character of the Scottish Highlander, he proceeded—I think the latter may safely be left to the testimony of individuals who come in contact with the Gael, and to the verdict of history. They were characterised by that apostle of culture, Mr Matthew Arnold, in his attempt to account for the presence of so much colour and feeling in English literature not to be found in its purely Saxon origin, as invested by a spirit of idealism—a spirit for ever struggling with the matter-of-fact realities of life, and which he termed a spirit of *Titanism*. That might do well as a theory of the natural history of poetry in Britain, but it will scarcely square with the pretty well known fact that Highlanders who have had the advantage and aid of those intellectual implements and tools, which it is the birthright of every free-born subject of this realm to have placed in his hands, have shown that they have played no mean part in the extension and consolidation of the mighty fabric of the British empire over all the habitable globe. (Applause.) As for the vindication of their rights, it is the duty, as well as the interest of such a Society as this to defend such rights when attacked. (Hear, hear.) The greater part of our kinsmen, ignorant of the English language, cannot formulate their grievances so as to reach the understandings and touch the hearts of the rest of their fellow-subjects conversant with that language—(Hear, hear)—and when they are assisted by sympathisers, they are reproached as "being put up to it;" so the callous and unfeeling phrase it. Our duty, then, is to see that at least the means of expressing themselves in the English language be put within their reach, and we may be sure they will not require adventitious aid to plead their own cause in clear and forcible terms. (Cheers.) They will then plead, to use Shakespeare's language—

"Trumpet tongued
Against the deep damnation of their taking-off."

Hence, the sooner this power is given them, the better will it be

for all who profess to admire a noble but ill-used race. (Cheers.) The cause of school education in the Highlands at present requires all the enlightened aid and sympathy which this and kindred societies can render it. I refer particularly to the cause of education in purely Gaelic-speaking districts. (Hear, hear.) The principle ever contended for by this Society—that of employing Gaelic as the medium of instruction in schools in districts where English is not the tongue known to the people—has recently been held prominently before the public. Mr Mundella—(Cheers)—with the frankness of an Englishman, admitted the force of the arguments used by the deputation of gentlemen interested in this question who waited upon him lately in Edinburgh, and what is of more importance, promised to consider the means to be used to further the object of that deputation. (Applause.) The problem is, doubtless, hedged round with difficulties—not the least of them being the apathy of Gaelic-speaking parents, and what is worse, the opposition of men in power who ought to know better what their duty in this matter should be. After Mr Mundella's admission that he was convinced that knowledge in a foreign tongue can only be acquired through the medium of the one known, we shall hear less of this opposition. So long as Mr Mundella represents the Education Department, so long will effect be given to that conviction. The Minister of Education, backed up by the omnipotent power of the money grant, need fear no opposition to his views. So true is it that force *is* a remedy, *pace* Mr Bright. Pascal, who is believed to have had as keen an insight into human nature as our great financial reformer, uttered no idle words when he said—*La force ce fait l' opinion.* I never could understand the mental attitude of those who oppose the use of the vernacular in purely Gaelic-speaking districts as an instrument of education. (Hear, hear.) They allege such an instrument to be unnecessary, seeing that English is making its way among the people. I admit the fact, but question whether the process might not be more rapid and more lasting were the language of the people made use of as a medium of instruction. I refuse to term the process "Education." It is not so etymologically or psychologically (Hear, hear.) You may charge the memory with meaningless symbols, but that is scarcely "Education." You can educate a man only by taking out whatever is good in him, but how that can be done without getting at the man through the medium of his understading is a process known only to the opponents of Gaelic in the schools, and to those Rosicrucians who as Hudibras averred—

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teachers now engaged under these Boards. The hope of rising in their profession with more rapidity than is now possible would make their existence brighter than it can otherwise be, chained as they are to the oar to the end of the voyage of their life. What the existence of "an open career to talent" has done in other professions can do in this profession with the most beneficial results to the public, as well as to the individual immediately concerned who is pushing his way upwards in life. There are prizes in the teaching profession, but the way to them is not so open as it should be. The loss will ultimately fall upon the public that this path should not be cleared of unnecessary obstacles. We speak of the importance of educating our Highland people, and we declaim upon their hard lot, while few voices are raised to suggest practical means to alleviate their miseries, much less to use effective measures to put into their hands those instruments which an English education alone can give to enable them, not only to hold their own in competition with their more fortunate fellow-subjects, but to give scope to those talents and capacities which when developed, prove that the Scottish Highlander is often more than a match for any man of his height and weight from any nation under the sun. (Cheers.) Now that Latin is no longer the avenue to the storehouses of wealth in European literature, the advocates for the retention of this noble language in schools, are constrained to find some plausible grounds for such retention. The knowledge of Latin, in and by itself, is not necessary towards the acquisition of English as is commonly held. In fact the spirit of the age is rather against a style of English formed upon a training in Latin. The study of Anglo-Saxon and our English classics is reccommended by our best scholars as more conducive to that end than the study of the ancient tongues. The advocates for the continued use in the schools of Latin and Greek are forced therefore to maintain that the logical training acquired in analysing the grammatical structure of those learned languages is worth all the pains bestowed upon them. I am not disposed to cavil at this argument. I admit its force, but I do not see why, if that be the chief reason for so using these time-honoured instruments of culture, the claims of Gaelic, as a language of logical texture and philogical wealth, should be ignored—(Cheers)—especially in districts where it is endeared to the pupils as the language associated with that which is after all the well-spring of all that is highest and noblest in man—the emotions of his soul. (Applause.) As for the destiny of Gaelic as a spoken language, I may venture to express the hope

of the Moidart bard, Alexander Macdonald (" *Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*"), in his poem in praise of Gaelic—

" Mhair ì fòs,
'S cha téid a glòir air chall,
'Dh 'aindeoin gò
A's mí-run mòr nan Gall." (Loud cheers.)

Dr F. M. Mackenzie proposed the "Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness;" and Provost Macandrew, replied.

Mr Colin Chisholm proposed the "Non-Resident Members," numbering, he said, about four hundred, and representing all ranks and conditions of Scotsmen in the Pulpit, in the Army, and in the Navy—in all parts of the world. (Cheers.) The Non-Resident Members were in fact the largest and most important portion of the Society. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Morrison, Dingwall, replied.

Councillor W. G. Stuart proposed the "Clergy of all Denominations."

Mr Hugh Rose, solicitor, proposed the "Press," coupled with Mr D. K. Clark, of the *Inverness Courier*, who replied.

Mr Alexander Mactavish proposed the "Chairman," saying that the Society had just spent one of its happiest and best evenings under his presidency. The toast was drunk with Highland honours.

Provost Macandrew, in reply, said—I am more than obliged to you for the way in which you have drunk my health. I was born a Highlander. I could speak the Gaelic language once, but I have lost it now. (Laughter.) If Providence gives me the life of some of my forbears, I may, however, yet learn to speak it as I did before. (Cheers.)

Bailie Mackay, proposed the "Croupiers," both of whom replied.

The evening was enlivened by songs and recitations by Councillor Stuart, Captain O'Sullivan, Bailie Mackay, Mr Wm. Mackay, Mr Colin Chisholm, Mr Fraser Campbell, and Mr John Whyte.

30th January 1884.

On this date office-bearers for 1884 were elected; and Mr William Shaw, baker, Caledonian Buildings, King Street, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society.

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6TH FEBRUARY 1884.

On this date it was unanimously resolved that a Gaelic class or classes in connection with, and under the auspices of, the Society be started forthwith—the classes to meet in Raining's School each Tuesday and Friday evening. Mr John Whyte thereafter gave a humorous Gaelic reading, and several members sung popular Gaelic songs.

13TH FEBRUARY 1884.

On this date the following were elected members, viz:—Mr William Macbean of the Imperial Hotel, honorary; Mr James Mackintosh, 52 Rose Street, ordinary; and Mr Peter Junor, 1 Exchange Place, Inverness, apprentice. Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., the Superintendent of the Gaelic classes, reported that over forty pupils presented themselves for enrolment the first evening; and altogether the prospects of the class were very encouraging. Mr John Whyte discoursed on the weather lore of the Highlanders — his observations being supplemented by the members present.

20TH FEBRUARY 1884.

On this date, Mrs Macbean, 2 Neale Place, Inverness; and Mr Huntly Macdonald, Milend, Inverness, were elected ordinary members; and Mr John Mackintosh, 74 Church Street, an apprentice member. Some routine business having been transacted, Mr Colin Chisholm entertained the meeting with old Gaelic songs.

27TH FEBRUARY 1884.

On this date the following were elected members, viz:—Mr John Mackintosh, 6 Drummond Street, ordinary; and Mr W. Macdonald, 1 Exchange Place, and Mr H. R. Mackenzie, Academy Street, Inverness, apprentice members. Mr D. Ramsay thereafter read a paper on Witchcraft.

12TH MARCH 1884.

On this date Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., F.S.A. Scot., Inverness, read a paper on "Druid Circles." The paper was illustrated by Mr Smart, Inverness, who has kindly enabled us to reproduce lithographs of his etchings of Druid Temple, Inver-

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DRUID TEMPLE FROM THE NORTH.

ness, the Clava Circles, north and south, and the Interior of Chamber, northern Cairn. Mr Machain's paper was as follows :—

THE "DRUID" CIRCLES.

The circles of rude undressed stones found in various parts of the British Isles have been for the last two centuries alike the puzzle and the contention ground of archæologists. At the present time, the theories as to their origin and use are at least as numerous as the individuals who treat of them; and, in such a chaos of opinions, a rational conclusion is difficult of attainment. Much, however, has been done during the last quarter of a century in clearing up the beliefs and customs of primitive man, and more accurate knowledge has been obtained about modern savages: in fact, a new science has been added to the many other "ologies," this one being called Anthropology—the science of man and civilisation. Much has also been done in settling tho leading points of European ethnology; for the science of language has been accepted as the basis and main source of study in tracing the affinity of the nations of Europe, and the result is that the leading facts of the ethnology of Europe are known and "fixed." In regard to the British Isles, quite a small revolution has occurred since the publication of Mr Elton's work on the "Origins of English History," where the ethnology of Britain is dealt with in the light of all the modern researches on ancient institutions, history, language, and antiquities—whether human crania or human works of art and use. From all these scientific sources we are enabled to cast a reflective light upon the darkness that shrouds the so-called Druid circles and their builders. The cause of failure in the usual theories is a common one; *a priori* conceptions are formed as to the builders and the purpose of the circles, and the facts are made unmercifully to square with such ideas. And, further, archæologists are unfortunately too apt in their eager pursuit of relics and remains, to forget the living savage examples, and to ignore the labours of students of savage and barbaric beliefs and customs. They in fact ignore the anthropologist; and, what is more, they show too often a very irritating ignorance and unappreciation of the facts established by the science of language, which has so revolutionised our conceptions upon European ethnology.

I intend dealing with the question of the Druid circles from an anthropologist point of view, and my argument will run in two main lines, positive and negative. The positive argument will,

after a general description of the characteristics and geographical distribution of stone circles, consider the history and tradition in regard to them, and then inquire if any such or similar structures are set up or used now-a-days anywhere, and, if so, what their purpose is. The negative side of my argument is the most important; here I will endeavour to prove who did *not* build them, and what they were *not* built for, an argument on the lines of elimination, for which I will lay under contribution what modern research—so far as is known to me—has done in unravelling the early history of Europe and of the races that successively were prominent there.

The stone circles consist of undressed stones, more or less pillar-shaped, set on end in the circumference of a circle. That is the only general statement that can be made about them, for they continually differ as to the size, interval, and number of stones in the circle; as to the size or number of circles, concentric or adjacent; and as to the existence of other structural accompaniments, such as outside trenches, cairns or mounds inside, dolmens or menhirs at or near the centre, or avenues of stones leading to them. The size of the stones may vary from two dozen to only one or two feet high; the stones may be closely set together or wide apart—thirty feet apart, as some Inverness-shire circles have them. The diameter may vary from the twelve hundred feet of the great Avebury circle to a few feet, and there may be groups of circles together, or, as in the Inverness-shire circles, the typical examples may consist of three concentric circles, and so on. The structural accompaniments—the dolmens, mounds, and avenues—may appear each alone with them, or together with one or more of the others. And in regard to their geographical distribution, they exist on the continent of Europe, more especially in Scandinavia; they are numerous in Asia—in India, in Tartary, and especially in Arabia; they appear also in North Africa, where fine specimens are found in Algeria and Tripoli; but their most characteristic development is in Britain and Ireland, and in Britain, Scotland possesses the best examples, and again, of the Scotch circles, the Inverness and Inverness-shire ones are undoubtedly the best. The valley of the Nairn is the richest spot in Scotland for such remains.

Let us pass from these general statements to particular facts. The stone circle may exist alone; there are many examples of single stone circles unaccompanied by any other structure or superstructure. Such exist in Africa, India, Arabia, and frequently in the British Isles. These were alone and single

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fact. Now, two points are to be noticed here, according to the theory of the architectural development of these structures maintained by Mr Fergusson: If the cairn or mound is removed, leaving only its megalithic foundations, there remain an interior circle of closely-placed stones, with an "avenue" leading into it. Hence the avenue or alignment of stones may be regarded as a development of the passage into the chamber of the mound, at least from an architectural point of view. These avenues of stone are common in France, but we have a good specimen of them in Lewis, where, at Callernish, we find an avenue of megalithic pillars—stones six or seven feet high on the average, leading to an interior circle of 42 feet diameter. The peculiarity at Callernish is that there branch off from the circle three lines of stones, making, with the avenue, a kind of cruciform groundplan. The great chambered mound at New Grange, in Ireland, is entered by a long passage three feet wide and some six feet high, the sides of which are composed of megalithic pillars covered over with slabs. The chamber has branches running off right and left, and a third in continuation of the passage. The general resemblance of this groundplan to that of Callernish caused Dr Stuart, in his "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," to say: "If the cairns at New Grange were removed, the pillars would form another Callernish." But Callernish was never covered with a mound; it was, indeed, threatened to be covered with peat, accreted through countless centuries. The avenue is too broad—eight feet broad—and the stones too pointed to be covered with cross slabs, while they stand apart from one another at a distance of some six feet, and not close together, as such a theory would require. Besides, where would the mound material be taken to in such a place? Callernish, from these and other considerations, was never even intended to be covered with a mound or cairn. These avenues attain their highest development when unattended with any other structures or superstructures in the way of circles or of mounds, as at Carnac, in France. Another accompaniment of the stone circle may be a single standing stone or "menhir," placed either interior or exterior to it. And, lastly, we may mention the existence of a ditch or trench exterior to a circle or to a mound. Such ditches have passages leading across them—a fact which throws some light on the passages of the Clava middle cairn. Specimens of these are to be seen in Derby and Cumberland. To sum up, we find circles connected with mounds, either inside the mound, round its base, or at a distance outside; we find circles connected with or surrounding dolmens, whether mound-covered or

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not—some dolmens, as in India, being, indeed, on the top of the mound; we find circles with avenues leading into them, and we find them with menhirs and with trenches. And there may be a combination of two or more of these along with circles. Further, it is amply clear that circles, avenues, dolmens, and menhirs were set up independent of any earth mounds or cairns.

A more particular description of the Inverness-shire stone circles will tend greatly to elucidate the subject, more especially as these circles are so numerous, so well preserved on the whole, and so definite in their character and development. The Inverness and Strathnairn circles have been exhaustively mapped and described by Mr Fraser, C.E., of Inverness, in a paper to the local Field Club, and to him I am in the main indebted for measurements and details. There are altogether twenty-five circles, more or less preserved, within the water-shed of the Nairn, and some twelve or fourteen between that and the River Ness, and extending as far as Loch-Ness. The principal stone circles and remains are at Tordarroch, Gask, Clava, Newton of Petty, Druid Temple, and Dores. The general characteristics of these circles are these: (1) They consist of three concentric rings of undressed boulder or flag stones, fixed on end. (2) The outer ring varies in diameter from 60 to 126 feet—averaging 96 feet, and consists of long stones, from nine to twelve in number, set at nearly regular intervals, the tallest being at the south side, and the size gradually diminishing towards the north side of the circle. (3) The middle ring varies from 22 to 88 feet—average being 53 feet—in diameter, and consists of smaller boulders—few flags being used—set on end close together, with a slight slope towards the centre of the circle, and their best and flattest face outward. The largest stones are here again on the south side, and the smallest on the north. (4) A third and central ring, concentric with the other two, from 12 to 32 feet in diameter—averaging 19 feet—consists of stones or flags set on end close together. Of course the accuracy of the concentricity of the circles cannot be depended on; they are often slightly eccentric. They are built on low-lying or flat ground as a rule, and where stones are abundant. An entrance or "avenue" to the inmost ring can be distinguished in four or five cases only, and its direction varies from S. 5° E. to S. 41° W., the average direction being that of the sun at one o'clock. It is only at Clava, and only in two cases there, that chambers are found constructed on the innermost ring, and bounded by the middle ring. But three others present traces of a cairn of stones having existed between the middle and innermost rings, which we may call ring cairns,

but no sign of an entrance passage; while two which have an avenue or passage (Croftcroy and Druid Temple) do not present any clear traces of ever having had a cairn—certainly not the Druid Temple circles. As to the process of building them, it would seem as if the outer ring was set up first, and the other two rings thereafter, while any chambered or ring cairn would be built on these as a foundation.

Another interesting series of stone circles exists in Badenoch and Upper Strathspey. The principal circles are at Delfoor, Ballinluig, Aviemore, and Tullochgorm—half-a-dozen altogether They all partake more or less of the ring cairn type; there is an outer circle from 70 to 101 feet in diameter; a middle one from 40 to 62; and an inner with a diameter varying from about 12 to 25 feet—average, 20 feet. The outer ring is in every case unfortunately incomplete, but it appears to average ten or eleven stones, the largest of which, some nine feet high, are to the south, and the lowest on the north side. The circle at Grainish, two miles north of Aviemore Station, is typical of the rest, and, indeed, typical of all these ring cairns. This circle has been known for a century or more. "Ossian" Macpherson, and his other namesake, Rev. John Macpherson, speak of it as "Druidic," and in this the historian of Moray, Lachlan Shaw, agrees with them. Dr Arthur Mitchell describes it in the tenth volume of the Society of Antiquaries' Transactions, but gives an inaccurate idea of it in his drawing. The outer ring, 101 feet in average diameter, is represented by two fallen stones—9 and 7 feet long respectively, while five others can be detected by their fragments and the holes in the ground where they stood. The stones themselves, being granite, were, of course, appropriated for building purposes at no very remote date. The second circle is, with the exception of a gap or two, complete. The heaviest stones are to the south, and it is the same with the inmost circle. The middle circle has diameters of 62 and 59 feet, while the inner has a uniform diameter of 25 feet. The cairn has fallen to some extent into the internal open space. The depth of the cairn is about four feet, and that also is the height of the highest stones of the second ring. There is no trace of any passage entering to the interior open space through the ring cairn, any more than there is trace of such in the Inverness circles of the same ring cairn kind at Clava, Culdoich, and Gask. It is, moreover, abundantly clear that this cairn was never much other than it is now; there never was a chamber erected on the innermost circle, for, were this so, the stones would undoubtedly have still remained, as the place is a long way from cultivated land, and

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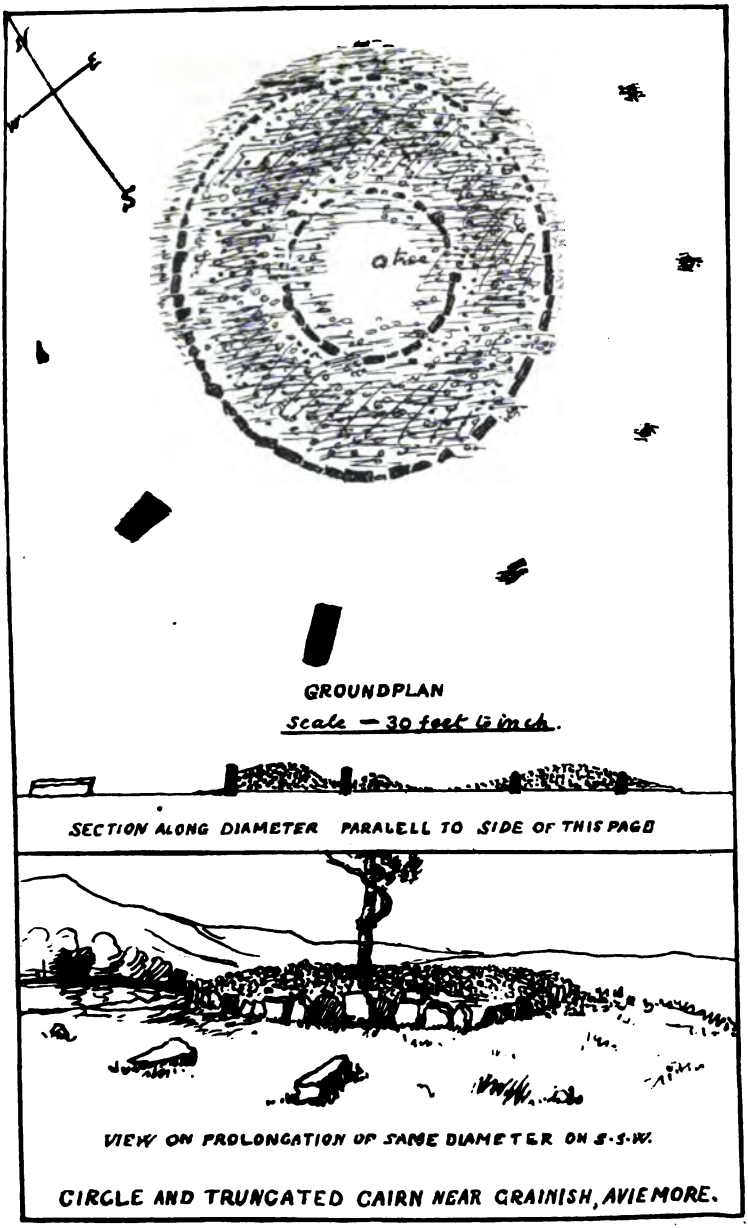

CIRCLE AND TRUNCATED CAIRN NEAR GRAINISH, AVIEMORE.

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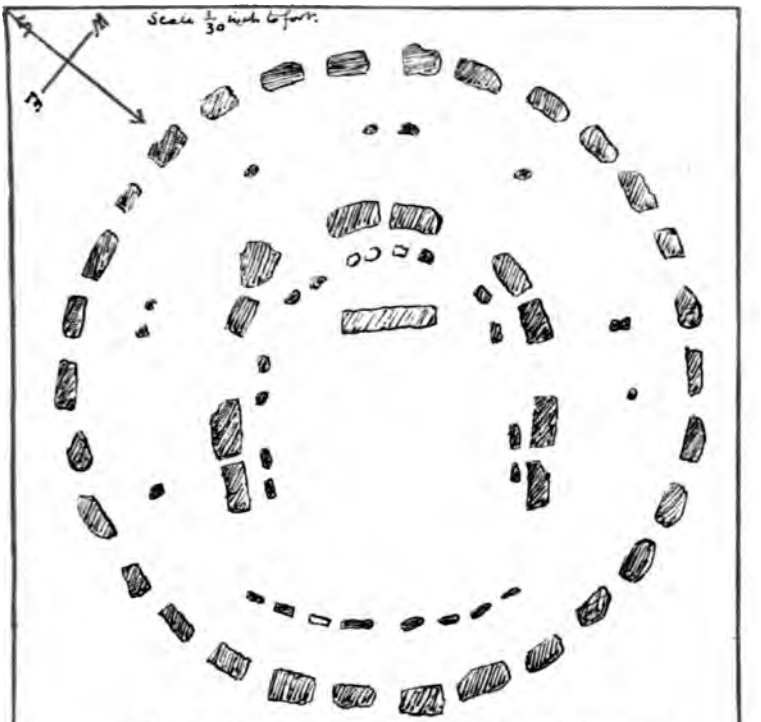
from any habitations. Within thirty yards of it, to the south, there is a low barrow, enclosed by a circle of small stones; it is quite round, and 18 feet in diameter. There are several such around here, not far from the circles, all partaking of the same type. Most of them have been disturbed. The Strathspey Gaelic name for these stone circles and cairns is "Na carrachan," which implies a nominative singular "car," evidently from the same root as *cairn*.

The examination and study of these Inverness-shire circles and rude stone monuments raise the most important questions as to the intention and the plan of construction of stone circles. The three concentric circles seem developed, architecturally speaking, from the chamber cairn, encircled at its base, and with another circle at a distance. The next step would seem to have been the ring cairn. Possibly the reason for the ring cairn may consist in the fact that the builders could not, on their bee-hive system, and with the stones they used, as seen in the chambered cairns at Clava, construct chambers on so large a diameter as all the undoubted ring cairns have in their innermost circle, such as those of Clava, Gask, Grainish, and Delfoor, all of which are over 20 feet in diameter. The third step might have been to drop the building of the ring cairn, which would thus leave the three concentric circles, so peculiar in their character, in that they have a middle circle evidently designed for forming an outer ring intended to bound a cairn so as to keep it together. Druid Temple at Leys, Inverness, presents a good example of stone circles evidently not completed by cairn of any kind, and yet having traces of avenue, which so few of them have. It also shows the state of preservation in which the ravages of time and the last century or two of stone-building have left these monuments of a remote antiquity.

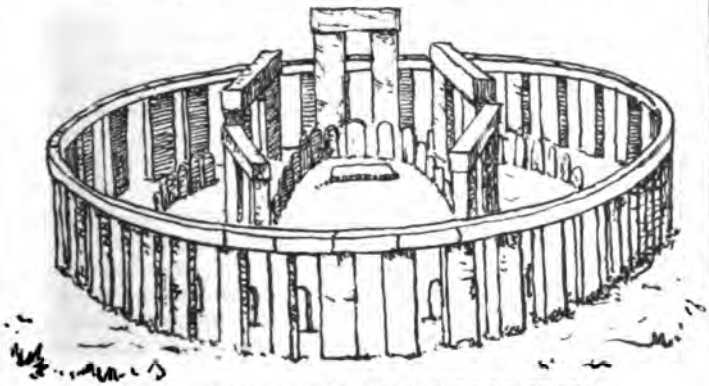
In regard to the purpose of building these structures, the answer which the interrogation of them gives to the inquirer depends mainly on his individual theories. The construction of the central and middle circle, I believe, is developed from the chambered cairn, but it is in regard to the outer circle that the real difficulty exists. What is the purpose of it? The chambered cairns are, by most antiquarians, connected with burial, though other theories, as we shall see, are held. In any case, burial deposits and urns were found in the Clava chambered cairns, a fact which connects them somehow with burial. It does not appear that the other circles have been yet scientifically explored; at any rate burial deposits have not been found except in the

doubtful instances of Druid Temple and Gask. An urn was found in a gravel cutting near the former, and bits of bone have been found in the debris which lies in the interior of the latter.

In Ireland, besides the famous mound of New Grange, with its surrounding circle of monoliths, and the several other mounds on the Boyne, where, according to old Irish history, repose the fairy heroes of Ireland's golden age—the Dagda and his compeers, in whom modern research recognises the old deities of the Gael—besides these there are the "battlefields" of the two Moyturas, the "tower fields" as the name means, which are literally strewn with circles, mounds, and stones. The stone circles here are often alone, and often in connection with the mounds, cairns, and dolmens. It was on these Moytura plains that the fairy heroes overcame their foes of ocean and of land—the Fomorians and the Fir-bolgs; so Irish history says, and the dates of these events are only some nineteen centuries before our era! In England, several good specimens of stone circles still remain in the remote districts, districts such as Cornwall and Cumberland; they are often single circles unattended by any other structure; but there is a tendency toward their existing in groups, some circles intersecting one another even—such groups as at Botallick in Cornwall, Stanton Drew in Somersetshire, and others. The most famous stone monuments in England, or in these Isles, are those of Stonehenge and Avebury. The remains at Avebury, from the immense size of the outer circle (1200 feet) and its external rampart, its remains of two sets of contiguous circles, each set being formed of two concentric rings of stones, and its two remarkable avenues of stone, each of more than a mile in length, the one winding to the south-east, the other to the south-west—these remains have brought Avebury into rivalry with Stonehenge, with which it contests the honour of having been, as some think, vaguely heard of by the Greeks before the Christian era. Stonehenge, however, though much less in extent—its outer circle is only 100 feet in diameter, which is just about the average of the outer circles of Inverness-shire—is much better preserved and much better known. It differs in various ways from the usual type of circles and their accompaniments, though preserving the general features. In the first place the stones are "dressed" so far as to render them more suitable for contact with, or superimposition of, other stones. Stonehenge is therefore not quite a "rude stone monument." This dressing of the stones was connected with another, though less unique, feature of these circles. This is what is known as the trilithons. These are composed of two upright pillar stones set



THE GROUNDPLAN — EXISTING STONES REPLACED.



ORIGINAL PLAN RESTORED BY WALTIRE AND OTHERS.

STONEHENGE.

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somewhat apart, with another stone passing on the top from the one to the other. The trilithon is common in Asiatic monuments but not in European, and Mr Fergusson is of opinion that, architecturally, it is only an improved dolmen, standing on two legs instead of four. An earthen vallum surrounded the outer circle at a distance from it of 100 feet. The outer circle itself was 100 feet in diameter, and consisted originally of thirty square piers, spaced tolerably equally; but only twenty-six of these can now be identified, in whole or part. They were, evidently, all connected by a continuous stone impost or architrave, of which only six are now in position. Passing over the smaller and more doubtful second circle, we come to the five great trilithons, the plan and position of which are now quite settled. Their height is from 16 to 21 feet high. They form a horse-shoe plan, two pairs on each side, and one pair at the middle of the bend. Inside this inner circle or horse-shoe are ten or eleven stones, more or less *in situ;* they are of igneous rock, such as is not to be found nearer than Cornwall or even Ireland. The highest is over 7 feet, but the others are generally smaller. They seem to go in pairs about 3 feet apart, and may have formed the supports of trilithons. Between the outer circle and the great trilithons there are the remains of another circle of stone, some 5 feet high, and if it was complete—which is doubtful, it would consist of over forty stones, of which only some sixteen remain. Within the inner horse-shoe there is a stone in a recumbent position, called the "Altar" stone, but whether its proper place was here or elsewhere we cannot now say. Excavations inside the Stonehenge circles have led to no satisfactory conclusion, because they were instituted too long ago, first in 1620; and, though bones and armour are mentioned, we cannot say whether the bones were human or the armour of iron. Fragments of Roman and British pottery have been found in it; but the best antiquaries are of opinion that the circles belong to the Bronze Age, and to a late period even in it. Bronze Age barrows surround it, belonging, as is shown by the chippings of the igneous stone of the inmost circle, to the same age as the megalithic monument itself. But there are also barrows of older tribes around and near it. "There are indications," says Mr Elton, "that the people of the Bronze Age were the actual constructors of the temple on a site which had previously been selected as a burial-ground for the chieftains of the Neolithic tribes."

The only other stone circles I shall allude to, are those of Palestine and Arabia, and of these I shall speak only of those of

the desert of Sinai, and of the land of Moab. The explorations of the Ordnance Survey in 1869 have made the antiquities of the Sinai region perfectly known to us. Besides the ordinary bee-hive house of the Scotch type, there are also circles "nearly identical in character with those which in England and Scotland are commonly called Druidical Circles." They consist, as a rule, of a single outer ring of large standing stones, from 3 to 4½ feet high, and placed in contact with one another; in some cases there is an inner concentric ring. The outer ring varies in size from 10 to 50 feet in diameter. In the centre of each circle a cist about 4 feet long by 2½ feet wide and deep is found, with its sides composed of four large stones, and the top covered over with a heavy slab, which is generally level with the surface. The corpse was placed in this cist on its left side with the knees bent up to the chin. Over the cist is placed a small cairn, enclosed by a ring of standing stones of smaller size than those in the outer circles. "None of the cists," says Major Palmer, "opened by the Sinai expedition contained anything in addition to the skeleton, except in one instance, when some marine shells and worked flints were found," though other explorers found a lance and arrow-heads of flint in another. In only one case were these circles found associated with the bee-hive houses, and opinions differ as to whether the same race built them both, though they are all agreed that these remains are pre-historic—built by a people antecedent to the Jews, and the rest of the Semites, and long anterior to the Exodus. In regard to the Land of Moab, Canon Tristram, says: "In Moab are three classes of primæval monuments: stone-circles, dolmens, and cairns, each in great abundance in three different parts of the country, but never side by side. The cairns exclusively range in the east, on the spurs of the Arabian desert; the stone circles, south of Callirrhoe; and the dolmens, north of that valley. The fact would seem to indicate three neighbouring tribes, co-existent in the pre-historic period, each with distinct funeral or religious customs. Of course the modern Arab attributes all these dolmens to the Jinns."

What, then, is the origin and history of these stone circles? We may apply to history, to etymology, and to tradition in vain. The historians of the ancient world took practically no notice of them. Cæsar may have stood among the pillared stones of Carnac, watching the fight between his fleet and that of the Veneti, but, as these monuments did not interfere with his martial or political designs, he, as is his wont, makes no reference to them. Diodorus Siculus, quoting from older sources, makes a

wild reference to "an island over against Celtica (Gaul), not less in size than Sicily, lying under the Polar Bear, and inhabited by the Hyperboreans, so-called because they lie beyond the blasts of the north wind . . . . . Wherefore the worship of Apollo takes precedence of all others, and from the daily and continuous singing of his praises, the people are, as it were, his priests. There exists in the island a magnificent grove (temenos) of Apollo, and a remarkable temple of round (dome) shape, adorned with many votive offerings." This very unsatisfactory passage was greedily seized upon by those that favoured the "Druidic" origin of the stone circles, but it may be doubted if the island referred to was Britain at all—for Diodorus knew Britain perfectly well, and would have likely told us so, if this Hyperborean island was the same as Britain. And again, no people is more mythical than these Hyperboreans or dwellers beyond the North wind. The temple, too, was not merely round; it was also dome-shaped, like the Gaulish and British houses. How far does this agree with Stonehenge? It is useless to build or prop any theory on such a passage as this. In the 5th century, and on to the 11th century, we meet with constant edicts of church councils against worship and sacrifice upon stones—even the stones themselves were objects of worship. In 452, the Council of Arles decreed that "if, in any diocese, any infidel lighted torches or worshipped trees, fountains, or stones, he should be guilty of sacrilege." Stones, trees, and fountains form the continual burden of these edicts. This worship of stones and sacrifices upon them we need not connect with stone circles, for there is no detail given as to the character of the worship or the monuments worshipped, or at which worship took place. It is very probable, however, that the stones referred to were those on the graves and around the mounds of the dead. Ancestor worship was strong among Celt and Teuton, and we know from old Norse literature that the family tumulus or howe was not merely a place of worship, but also a place of council. In the Land-nama-bok, we read that at one place "there was a harrow ('high place') made there, and sacrifices began to be performed there, for they believed that they died into these hills." The use of these howes as places of meeting, and in villages as places of festive resort, whereon the May-pole tree might flourish, will also explain why the stone circles were used, at least on two historic occasions, in Scotland as places of solemn meeting. In 1349 the Earl of Ross and the Bishop of Aberdeen met at the standing stones of Rayne, and in 1380, Alexander, "Wolf of Badenoch," summoned to meet him at Rait, near Kingussie, the

Bishop of Moray, who protested against the proceedings, "standing outside the circle." A remarkable reference to stone idols occurs in a very old Irish manuscript as an incident in the life of St Patrick. When the Saint came to Magh Slécht, the plain of adoration, there he found Cenn or Crom Cruaich, the chief idol of Ireland, covered with gold and silver, and twelve other idols covered with brass. Patrick aimed at it with his crozier, which caused it to "bow" to one side, and the mark of the crozier was still to be seen on it when the pious Middle Age scribe was writing, and the earth also swallowed up the twelve idols as far as their head, and there they were as a proof of the miracle some six centuries later. This story may be merely a mythical explanation of a circle of stones existent at Magh Slécht. The building of Stonehenge is doubtless referred to in Geoffrey of Monmouth, who says that Merlin transferred the stones from Ireland and set up the circles in England as a monument over "the consuls and princes whom the wicked Hengist had treacherously slain," as Scotch legend represents the Cummings to have slain the Mackintoshes or Shaws at the feast. Stonehenge attracted attention after the revival of learning set in with the Reformation. King James I. interested himself in its origin and history, and got plans made of it by his architect, Inigo Jones. Jones ascribed it to the Romans, and immediately another set it down as of Danish origin. Aubrey and Stukeley afterwards started the theory that it was a temple of Druidic worship. Toland clenched this with all the scholarship he could command, and not merely claimed Stonehenge and such like structures as Druidic, but all prehistoric cairns, dolmens, as well as circles and single stones were made places of Druidic worship. And from that time till a generation or two ago, the Druidic theory held almost unquestioned sway.

The foregoing account is all that history can say of the rude stone monuments of Europe; Roman and Greek history know them not—we except the Cyclopean tombs of Mycenæ and their mythic history; and even the references in early Christian times are too vague to be of any satisfactory use; and should we grant the stone monuments mentioned to be the rude stone circles, we could not be sure that the Celts and Tentons of the 5th to the 11th centuries were using them for their primitive purpose. In Asiatic history, these monuments fare no better. Old Jewish history refers several times to altars of rude stones and to stone monuments set up for remembrance of events, and for witness or compact; but, when closely examined, these accounts refer to

little more than a second-hand use of the pre-Jewish monuments, or give merely a popular explanation of the cairns and monuments of some long antecedent race.

Popular tradition and the examination or etymology of the names applied to these rude stone monuments yield even worse results than historical investigation. One thing is to be noted; popular tradition knows nothing of the Druids in connection with these circles. The nearest approach to the Druidic theory is where in one case the popular myth regards the stones as men transformed by the magic of the Druids. In fact, there is no rational tradition in regard to them. *They belong to a period to which the oldest tradition or history of the present race cannot reach.* For the accounts given of them are mythical, and the names given to them are either of the same mythic type, or are mere general terms signifying cairns, stone monuments, or stone heaps. For example, the famous circles of Stanton Drew are said to have been a bridal party turned into stone; a circle in Cornwall, which is called Dance Maine, or the dance of stones, is said to represent a party of maidens transformed into stone for dancing on the Sabbath day. We may learn from Giraldus that Stonehenge, or the "hanging stones," was known once as the Giants' Dance. In Brittany the avenues of Carnac are regarded as petrified battalions, and detached menhirs are their commanders, who were so transformed for offering violence to St. Cornily. These French groups of stones are variously attributed to the "unknown" gods; the fairies and the devil get the best share of them, though extinct popular deities, like Gargantua, Rebelais' hero, may be met with. We meet with "Grottoes of the Feys," "Stones of the Feys," "Devil's Chair," "Devil's Quoits," "Staff of Gargantua," and "Gargantua's Quoit." The covered alleys or continuous cromlechs of Drenthe, in Holland, are known as "Giants' Beds"—Hunebeds. In Ireland, the cromlechs or dolmens are known as the "Beds of Diarmat and Granua," or simply "Granua's Beds"—the beds which this pair of lovers made use of in their flight over Ireland when pursued by Fionn. And it is here interesting to note, as so far confirmatory of this worthy myth, that the Arab shepherds of the present day recline on these pre-historic dolmens and watch their sheep on the plains. The tumuli are, of course, fairy mounds; the Gaelic name is *sithean*, a word derived from *sith*, "fairy," allied to the Norse word *seithr*, "magic charm." Single stones are variously accounted for; sometimes we meet with names indicative of worship, "Clach aoraidh"—worship stone, and "Clach sleuchda"—genuflection stone. But, as often as not,

the names have merely a reference to stones or stone monuments; as, for instance, already mentioned in the case of Strathspey. The term *clachan*, as applied to church in Scotch Gaelic, has been adduced as proving that the churches are the descendants of the stone circles where Druid worship was held; but it has first to be proved that the stone circles are themselves known as the "clachans." The word in Irish signifies hamlet, causeway, or graveyard, but it is also applied in an archæological sense to the stone-built cells ascribed to the old Christian anchorites, and its Scotch Gaelic meaning of church is perhaps thence derived. How little it helps the "Druid" theory is easy to see.

If history and tradition avail us not, let us see whether any such rude stone monuments are set up or used nowadays. If they are built and used by any savage or barbarous tribe now, then it is more than likely that the pre-historic builders of our stone circles used them for similar purposes. Now we do find that stone circles, if not built now, are at least used now, and that rude stone monuments are still being erected in India. With its 250 millions of inhabitants, India is an epitome of the world; it contains every state of man and every stage of belief—the oldest and the newest, Aryan and non-Aryan. It presents us with nearly every form of religion; ancestor-worship, demon-worship, polytheism, Buddhism, Mohammetanism, and Christianity. It is among the non-Aryan tribes of the highlands of India that we must look for the most ancient forms of worship. In the Dekkan we find rude stone circles set up and still in use. Their use is for purposes of worship; sacrifices are offered at the stones, and the inner faces of the stones are daubed with patches of red paint to denote blood, whereby they are consecrated to the deities. The victims sacrificed are red cocks, and sometimes goats; the blood of the sacrifice is consecrated to the deity invoked, but the flesh is used by the votary himself. It would appear that the number of stones in the circle had some reference to the number of families or individuals worshipping there, and each stone appears to be the image or "fetish" of the particular deity worshipped. These deities are, therefore, all local and special, and as the Brahmins are opposed to the cult they ban it by every means in their power. These Dekkan rude stone monuments are not necessarily circular; the stones may be arranged in lines or even irregularly, so that we cannot deduce much argument from the mere circular form of some of these monuments. We only note their religious purpose. And, again, in the hills of Assam we find rude stone monuments still set up, and probably their use bears more on our present inquiry

VIEW IN KHASSIA HILLS

IN THE DEKKAN, NEAR ANDLEE

RUDE STONE MONUMENTS OF INDIA

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than the circles of Dekkan. Among the Khasias, a barbaric tribe there, the worship of deceased ancestors prevails. They burn their dead and raise to their honour menhirs of stone either singly or in groups, but they do not arrange them in circles. The number of stones must be odd—3, 5, 7, but also 10, if made into two fives. The worship, too, is of a very practical kind. If a Khasian gets into trouble or sickness, he prays to some deceased ancestor or relative, promising to erect a stone in his honour if he helps him—a promise which he faithfully performs, if the departed appears to have helped him. In regard to these Indian rude stone monuments and their bearing on European pre-historic ones, Mr Tylor says: "It appears that the Khasias of north-east India have gone on to modern times setting up such rude pillars as memorials of the dead, so that it may be reasonably guessed that those of Brittany, for instance, had the same purpose. Another kind of rude stone structures well known in Europe are the *cromlechs* (?) or stone circles, formed of upright stones in a ring, such as Stanton Drew, not far from Bristol. There is proof that the stone circles have often to do with burials, for they may surround a burial mound or have a dolmen in the middle. But considering how tombs are apt to be temples where the ghost of the buried chief or prophet is worshipped, it is likely that such stone circles should also serve as temples, as in the case of South India at the present time, where cocks are actually sacrificed to the village deity, who is represented by the large stone in the centre of a cromlech (stone circle)." Such is Mr Tylor's theory in regard to these structures, and that is the view of them which I shall endeavour to maintain and prove in this paper, while at the same time I shall further endeavour to make clear what races probably did build them and what races certainly did not.

Having now considered the character of the stone circles, their geographical distribution, their history as it presents itself in ancient authors and documents, their popular names and their mythic history in modern times, and having, lastly, discovered that rude stone monuments, and even stone circles are set up, and still used in India, and that their use there is in connection with religious rites, while, in Khasia, they were connected further with burial to a certain extent, let us briefly review the theories of the learned in regard to their purpose and use. And, first, there comes the Druidic theory, started in the 17th century and still held by antiquaries of repute—men like Colonel Forbes-Leslie, who have done really admirable work. The Druids were the priests of the Celts in Gaul and Britain. They formed, if Cæsar

may be trusted, a very powerful caste, matched only by the nobility; they monopolised the power of judges, soothsayers, medicine-men, priests, educationists, and poets. Besides the ordinary polytheism which they shared with Greece and Rome, the Druids believed in the transmigration of souls and theorised on the universe—its size and laws, and on the power and majesty of the gods. Their position in Cæsar's Gaul looks like an anticipation of the Middle Age ecclesiastics. We just know enough of these Druids to wish that we knew much more, but not enough to build much of a superstructure of religion and philosophy upon. Nevertheless, the meagre details that are left us so fired the imagination of some modern writers that a system of "Druidism" was attributed to the Celts, which in religious experience and philosophic breadth could rival any in the modern world, and far surpass any religion of antiquity. The Druids officiated not merely in temples but in groves; this we gather from the classical authors. Groves are retired spots, wood-surrounded, where no stones were necessary at all; but what of the temples? Now the Greek and Roman writers do not describe any Celtic or Druidic temple, as far as I know; the inference from this might be that the Celtic temples were like the Roman temples, or more probably like the Celtic houses—"great houses," as Strabo says, "dome-shaped, constructed of planks and wicker, with a heavy thatched roof." The houses were wooden, except in the Gaulish towns, and so would the temples be in rural districts and in Britain, which was in a more primitive state than Gaul in respect to towns. The Druidic argument may be put in this form—We are not told what kind of temples the Celts and their Druids had; therefore the Druids worshipped in the stone circles. Or the matter may be put in this way—We know but little of the Druids, and we know nothing of the circles; therefore the Druids worshipped in the stone circles. But why should they worship in stone *circles?* Well, the answer is this, as given by the Druidic theorists: It is the solar circle—these circles have a solar reference; the sun was worshipped in them. Others think these avenues and circles are signs of a worship of snakes and dragons, and the whole system of Baal-worship and such like was transplanted from Phenicia and Egypt into Gaul, and more especially into Britain. Besides the fact that the Druidic argument proceeds on vicious logical premises, I will later on prove that Celtic priests could have nothing to do with the building of rude stone circles. And if we look abroad at the circles of India, Algeria, and Arabia, did the Druids also build them? The Sinai circles, we saw, were extremly like the

Scotch circles; were there Celtic Druids in Sinai to erect them? The theory that the circles were temples of Druidic worship fails therefore on two grounds: first, there is no evidence for it that can stand the test of scientific or logical investigation; secondly, there is much positive evidence against it—the state of culture of the Celts and the common connection of the circles with sepulture, for example.

The theory that finds most favour at the present day is that which connects the circles with the burial of the dead. The circles surrounded places of sepulture. We saw that the circles of Sinai were undoubtedly in connection with sepulture, and in regard to the circles in the British Islands, Mr Fergusson says: "Out of 200 circles which are found in these islands, at least one-half, on being dug out, have yielded sepulchral deposits. One-half are still untouched by the excavator, and the remainder, which have not yielded their secret, are mostly the larger circles." He thinks it cannot be denied that circles up to 100 feet diameter are sepulchral, and if so, why should not the rest above that limit be so also? Mr Fergusson's estimate of the number of circles in British Isles is far short of the truth; there are over 200 circles in Scotland alone. This greatly weakens his argument on the proportion of sepulchral and non-sepulchral circles. Besides, it cannot be said that circles unaccompanied by any mound, cairns, or dolmens have often yielded sepulchral remains. Yet with all these deductions, there is a good deal of truth in the statement that circles are connected with burial deposits, although the proportion of actually found deposits is by no means one-half nor anyways near it. Now, supposing that we grant that these circles have always or nearly always surrounded burial deposits, there comes the question, still unanswered, what is the object of a circle of stones *set at intervals* round a burial? Why should the *circular* form have been adopted? And these questions the burial theory cannot answer without further assumption, and it is in regard to these assumptions that the best theorists differ.

Mr Fergusson's answer to these questions is, of all the defenders of the "burial" theory, the most satisfactory. His opinion as to the architectural development of the mound enclosing a body, into a mound enclosing a cist, then into a mound enclosing a chamber and having an outer circle of closely-set stones to keep it together, has already been explained. The bare foundations of such a chambered mound would give two circles of stones, closely set together. It is further probable that the megalithic foundation was first laid down; it appears, indeed, to

have been the custom in Homeric times first to mark out the site of the tomb in somewhat of a circular or oval form and then place stones round the outline; and, if that were so, may it not have dawned upon the builders, so Mr Fergusson suggests, what a pity it was to hide away such handsome structures under a mound of earth or cairn of stone? Added to this may be taken the circumstance that some unfinished mounds must have existed, which would still further suggest the idea of leaving the mere foundation of stones bare without any mound superimposed. Mr Fergusson amply proves, in opposition to those theorists who hold that all these structures, especially dolmens, were once covered by mounds which the progress of agriculture and building removed, that such could not have been the case with most of them. An examination of our Inverness-shire circles would show that many of them, such as Druid Temple, were never anything but three concentric circles, and never had a trace of mound or cairn. Callernish is a standing disproof of this theory, that circles and avenues are merely dismantled chambered cairns; they may have been uncompleted cairns, that is, cairns whose foundations were laid, but they certainly were never covered by stone or earth. Mr Wakeman, the eminent Irish archæologist, points out that not only were dolmens and circles built bare—without superstructure—but that, instead of the progress of time and cultivation denuding them, they have actually in many cases been covered with moss to a depth which, from the well-known rate of growth of peat, makes them at least some four thousand years old. Mr Wakeman also says: "From the stone cist composed of four flagstones set on edge and covered by a fifth, to the spacious chambers found within gigantic cairns like those of Newgrange and Dowth, through all peculiarities of size and structural complication, we have for foundation simply the cromleac (dolmen) idea" On Mr Fergusson's development theory we can account for two concentric circles *of closely set stones*; the megalithic foundation was made to do duty for the mound; we can also, by this theory, account for their circular shape, for a mound must be circular, and so must the bee-hive chambers be also; but, with all this granted, how are we to account for the outer circle, which is built round the tumulus or cairn, and at a distance from it? Clearly, the theory of architectural development fails here, and Mr Fergusson manfully admits that it does. He suggests, with caution, a possible resemblance in origin between them and the rails of the Indian Buddhists—these rails being composed of rows of tall stone pillars set at intervals around

the Buddhist dagoba. But as he says of these Buddhist rails: "It is difficult to see what these stone pillars or posts were originally intended for," and suggests that it was for the hanging of garlands, he does not help us much to an explanation by this analogy. His other suggestion that these stones, set at intervals, formed part of the outer earthern rampart that surrounded the mounds at first, and afterwards were retained on the disuse of the vallum of earth, does not look so very happy as the rest of his development theory, though it may fit in with the evolution of the inner circles from chambered mounds.

In refutation of any theory that would maintain that between these stones might have been built any earthern or wooden barrier, of which the stones would form the leading supports, we may adduce the fact that in the Inverness-shire circles the stones on the south are very tall, while those on the north side are very small, so small at times as to render such a use altogether impracticable. On all theories in regard to the use of stone circles in connection with burials, Canon Greenwell, in his epoch-making book on "British Barrows," says: "It has been suggested by some that the enclosing circles were merely made to support the mound at its base. It is only necessary to remark, in refutation of this surmise, that the circle is often within the mound, is sometimes a trench, and is, as before mentioned, nearly always incomplete. Others have, and with more reason, supposed them to be marks of *taboo*, a fence to preserve the habitation of the dead from desecration, but the fact that so many are within, and must always have been concealed, by the barrow, appears to me to be inconsistent with this explanation. I think it more probable, if the notion of a fence is to be entertained, that they were intended to prevent the exit of the spirit of those buried within, rather than to guard against disturbance from without. A dread of injury by the spirits of the dead has been very commonly felt by many savage and semi-civilised peoples; nor, indeed, is such fear unknown in our own times, and even amongst ourselves; and it may well be that, by means of this symbolic figure, it was thought this danger might be averted, and the dead kept safe within the tomb." And we may add to the testimony of Canon Greenwell, that of Mr Llewellyn Jewitt. In his work on "Grave-mounds," he distinguishes between the smaller circles which surround, or at one time surrounded grave-mounds, and the larger circles, which were probably, he thinks, for totally different purposes from the grave-mounds.

Another theory as to the purpose of these stone structures has attained some prominence lately. It is maintained that these

circles are the foundations of the houses of the ancient inhabitants, and that the chambered cairns, like those of Clava, formed one class of dwelling-houses, while the outer circle may have been a wall of defence. But the houses built on these circles were, according to this theory, as a rule, brochs. Now, there are many remains of these brochs in Scotland, some of them fairly entire. Their construction is somewhat complex. The broch consists of a hollow circular tower, about 60 feet in diameter, and 50 feet high; its wall may be about 15 feet thick; and about 8 feet from the ground the wall is divided by a space of 2 to 3 feet into an outer and inner shell, and this space is divided vertically into a series of galleries by slabs run across all round the tower. Access is obtained by a single outside door into the interior, and thence by stairs up into the galleries. There may be a series of ground chambers in the wall at its base. Miss Maclagan, in her book on "Hill Forts," maintains that Stonehenge is practically the base of a broch; the two outer circles form the foundation of the outer wall, while the two inner circles form the base of the inner wall—the great trilithons were merely doorposts and lintels. The theory is ingenious; the brochs, if stripped to their megalithic foundations, would present an outer and inner ring, while the chambers at the base, if we assume these carried all round, would give two intermediate circles. But where is the stone material gone to in nearly every case? It must be assumed here again, as in the "burial" theory, that the material has been all removed, or that only megalithic foundations were laid, and the work left incomplete. Then there are several practical objections; these megalithic pillars are unsuited for foundation stones as they stand, and there is no trace of the outer circles having ever been anything else than they are now; nor is it easy to see what practical use they could be put to in building or fencing. Burial deposits have been found in the chambered cairns, and within the circles, and this does not accord with their having been dwelling-houses. Miss Maclagan, however, has the usual argument in such cases—*argumentum ad ignorantiam.* The burials "belonged probably to a comparatively recent date, and not to the original purpose of the structure." This has often undoubtedly happened, and we may quote one interesting case in the Sinai Desert—"In a great many cases," says Major Palmer, "the stone houses [of bee-hive form] have been converted into tombs by some later race, who, for this purpose, closed the doorways and removed the roof-stones, laying the corpses at full length on flat stones inside, heads to the west, and

then covering them with earth and finally with stones, until the interior was filled up." And it may be further pointed out that probably the sepulchral chamber is but an imitation of the habitations of the living at the time. The chambered cairns at Clava may well have been copies of the dwellings of that day, but the badness of the masonry of the interior of the chamber forbids us thinking that they could have been used for the tear and wear of every day life as dwelling-houses. "There certainly is a great resemblance," says Canon Greenwell, "between some of these receptacles for the dead, especially in Scandinavia, and the places of abode of the Eskimo and other Arctic residents."

Let us now consider a negative argument: What races in early Europe could not have been the builders? Linguistic science has quite clarified our views as to the main features of European ethnology. We can prove from the languages of Europe the racial connection of the European nations as far as language is concerned, and that means a good deal more, for community of origin as regards language is followed by the same in regard to religion and institutions—political and social. A common language will not, of course, prove that nations are all descended from the same racial stock, for a superior race may impose upon a weaker or less civilised one its own language with consequent religion and customs. Language, therefore, is a test more of culture than of racial descent. Some four thousand years ago, more or less, a race now called the Aryan began in separate bands, to impose upon the previous inhabitants its rule and its language, and the consequence has been that at the present time Europe is possessed by Aryan-speaking peoples, with the exception of unimportant remnants like the Basques and Finns, or late intruders like the Turks. The nations that existed before the Aryan supremacy were doubtless amalgamated, and their influence must be felt in national and tribal differences of physique, in the vocabulary and idiom of the present Aryan languages, and in the religious beliefs and the customs of the present races. May not also the monuments of their hands, built for their habitation, their religion, or their dead, still exist among us? We shall see. The Ayran race had attained a certain high stage of culture. The state was founded on a patriarchal basis, and there were kings, and the family was the unit and starting point of the organisation; monogamy was the rule; agriculture was known; they had towns and roads; metals were used, including the precious ones, and the more useful, such as copper, tin, and bronze, and, in overunning Europe, they had iron; their religion was

polytheistic—the worship of the higher objects of nature under anthropomorphic form, with a strong admixture of ancestor-worship and other lower forms. Of the Aryan races, the Celts made their appearance in the West first, at the dawn of history occupying Northern Italy, the Upper Danube, Switzerland, France and the Low Countries, most of Spain, and all Britain and Ireland. The state of culture of the Celts we can discover by their Aryan descent to a great extent, but as they became modified through disseverance from the rest, and through mingling with the pre-Celtic peoples, we require to study every scrap of historical reference we get, and also the inscriptions and other monuments that remain to us of their ancient life; while we have also to study their language, their customs, their oldest literary efforts, and their mythic tales, legends, and histories. The study of all these, steadied by a reference to the customs and developments of races nearly akin, like those of Rome and Greece, enables us to read the "weather-worn" history of the Celts, and to know their state of culture. Cæsar and the other classical writers did not perceive their kinship with the Celts; unless when for political reasons the Senate might call the Ædui "brothers and kinsmen," yet in their descriptions they take some four-fifths of the facts of their life, their habits, and their institutions, for granted as being much the same as existed in Italy and in Rome. Only the oddities, differences, and signs, of "barbarianism" were noted; the points of coincidence were passed over as nothing to be wondered at, though these were generally the most wonderful facts of all. The Celtic race was in Cæsar's time in about as high a state of civilisation as the Romans were about the time of the Punic war a century and a half previous. They possessed a language of equal, perhaps superior, power to that of Rome; they had political systems of the Grecian type before the supremacy of Athens; and they must have had an enormous oral, and, possibly, written literature. In Gaul they built towns of the Roman type, with stone houses, temples, and such like; but rural Gaul and Britain contented themselves with wooden houses and wooden fortifications—stockaded clearings or strong hill positions. They seem to have done little in stone buildings. They built temples; but they *were* temples and not stone circles, which are not mentioned at all. Their temples could not have been much different in construction from those of the Greeks and Italians, otherwise mention would be made of the fact. The temples were of wood, like the houses, and, like the Northumbrian temple of Coifi, which was built like a house. The Greek writers use two words in their description of

Celtic places of worship: these are *temple* and *grove* (temenos), or consecrated allotment. The Celts buried their dead like the other Aryan nations; they burnt the bodies, like the Greeks of Homeric times, and built the tumulus over the ashes, though it is just as likely that the common people buried by inhumation as in Greece and Rome. The tumuli, also, were erected only over chiefs and great men, as among the pre-historic and contemporary tribes. The Homeric burial existed, according to Roman and Greek writers, in Gaul. Homer represents Achilles as placing the fat of many sheep and oxen, whose carcases were heaped round the pyre, about the body of Patroclus, from head to foot. He set vessels with honey and oil slanting towards the bier, and then threw horses, pet dogs, and captive Trojans, after slaying them, on the pile, to be burnt along with the body of his friend. Celtic burial tumuli are not easy to identify. Burials of the pre-Roman and pre-Christian period of Celtic occupation are very few indeed, and in archæological works are continually confused as "Anglo-Saxon," being, indeed, of a similar type. Like their houses and temples, they were of no lasting character. One thing is clear: they had no rude stone circles around them.

The Celts made use of iron ever since they appear in history. It is not likely on *a priori* grounds that they would build *rude* stone circles for worship or even for burial, nor can it be understood from their religious beliefs what use they could make of *circles* of rude stone. The Druids again were merely the Celtic priests—a priesthood of more than ordinary influence and power, but their doctrines contained little else than was believed in then by other Aryan races in Europe or Asia. It is sheer improbability that they could have worshiped in stone circles.

If the Celts did not build these rude stone monuments, then some race previous to them, and in a more barbaric state of culture, must have been the builders. Various facts go to show that there existed previous to the Celts another people or rather other peoples. Professor Rhys has proved from the evidence of language and mythology that there was a previous race; while Mr Elton, founding on a study of customs and on the researches of archæologists, has still further proved the fact. Following Canon Greenwell and Dr Thurnam, and extending the significance of their conclusions, Mr Elton is able to prove that two races at least existed previous to the Celtic race. There was, first, the small dark-skinned, long-headed race of the Neolithic and later cave age, whom Mr Elton calls Iberians, whose descendants survived in Siluria of Wales, in Ireland, and in Aquitania, and

who spoke a language probably like the Basque. They were the builders of the *oval* barrows. The second race was tall, rough-featured, strong-limbed, round-headed, and fair-haired, and Mr Elton calls them Finnish or Ugrian. They appear to have been in their Bronze Age, whereas the Iberians were in their Stone Age. The Finnish race may have had an alphabet, if we can attribute to them the numerous unreadable inscriptions—rock-carvings and sketchings of the Bronze Age—which appear in Ireland, Scotland, and Scandinavia. They appear to have subdued the previous race. They built the *round* barrows, and we have every reason to believe that they were also the builders of the rude stone *circles*, their crowning effort being the temple (?) of Stonehenge. We have besides their burial customs, glimpses possibly of their social condition. Cæsar and other writers continually and persistently refer to races in Britain who had community of wives, and there can be no question that there was some foundation for the rumour. Nor can we have much doubt that the nation referred to was this Finnish one, for it is quite certain that it was not a Celtic or Aryan nation, among whom monagamy was the strict rule. The Pictish custom of succession through the female also establishes among them low ideas of marriage, quite consonant with community of wives; and from this we must conclude that the Picts were strongly intermixed with, if not altogether, a non-Aryan race. The nakedness and blue paint of historians is another feature which, as knowledge of the races of Britain advanced, the classical writers learned to locate among the inhabitants of Northern Scotland.

The long barrows were built by a race anterior to this Finnish race; the Finnish race built the round barrows, chambered cairns, and rude stone circles. They were probably also the builders of the brochs. The theory that brochs are of Norse origin arises from ethnological confusion; for the Norse were Aryans possessing iron implements, and builders, like the Germans and Celts, of wooden and not of stone buildings. The Picts were Finnish. Mr Joseph Anderson says that stone circles attain their principal development in Pictland proper, and are most abundant in the district between the Moray Firth and the Firth of Tay. "Those of the Scottish circles that have been examined," he says, "have yielded interments of the Bronze Age." This better development of the circles in Pictland goes to prove that the circle builders lasted longer in Pictland than anywhere else, and, in fact, that the builders were the ancestors of the historic Picts, and possibly the historic Picts themselves. Mr Fergusson,

from quite another standpoint, suggests that Clava is the burial place of the royal family of Brude Mac Maelchon, the King whom Columba visited on the banks of the Ness. The suggestion is not at all a bad one.

We shall now draw the threads of our argument together. In our process of elimination we discovered that the Aryan races built no stone circles; the Celts, therefore, and their Druids, had nothing to do with them; they are pre-Celtic as well as pre-historic; the circles are so often connected with burial that we may take it for granted that they all originally had to do with burial; but we found, also, that in modern times, circles and stones were connected with worship, more especially the worship of ancestors. Everything points to their having been places of burial; they surround dolmens and barrows, or even when alone yield at times burial deposits; but their peculiar character, coupled with the fact of modern and ancient worship of and at stones, must make us pause ere we set burial down as their sole purpose. Would savage or barbaric man, out of mere reverence for the dead, raise such monuments to their memory? It remains to consider what kind of worship could be held at places of sepulture, and why stone circles should be used. In the matter of worship, the old theories as to the sun and serpent worship may be dismissed as out of place in connection with burial, for the worship of the sun as the giver of light and heat has never had connection with death: Apollo must not be contaminated with death. The evident reference many of the circles have to the sun's course, as for instance that in this district the heaviest stones are to the south, or that the entrance may have a southerly aspect, only proves that the light and heat of the sun were regarded as necessary for the dead as well. That the existence of solar worship would add to and emphasise the "sunward" tendency—the sun reference of the circles—is freely allowed, but nothing more can be legitimately deduced from such a fact. As for serpent worship, it is plain that the advocates of that theory did not quite grasp the full significance of the serpent cultus and its connection with phallic worship. The only worship appropriate at the grave is that of deceased ancestors. A study of the beliefs and customs of savage and barbaric races makes it abundantly clear that this is about the earliest shape in which religion manifests itself. We must inquire what the anthopologist has to say in regard to people in this state of culture. Reverence for the dead and belief in the existence of the Deity are glibly asserted by theorists as existent among every race, but that is a delusion. Reverence and belief in the sense understood by a

civilised and educated person there are none, for savage belief is eminently practical and unsentimental. To project the highest feelings and opinions of civilised man—and these local, too—into the early state of man, is to overlook the long perspective of time with its evolution of ever higher feelings and beliefs. The lowest phase of belief has been named by Mr Tylor, "animism": it consists in believing that what is presented to us in our dreams and other hallucinations has a real objective existence. Savage man makes little or no difference between his dreaming and waking state. He sees the "shadows" of the dead in his sleep, and believes in their objective reality. But not merely the dead have shadows or spirits; the living, too, have a spirit duplicate of self. The reflection in water proves this no less than the presentiment of the living man in dreams. Hence it is that the savage dislikes the photographer. Animals and material objects, of course, have souls, on the same grounds, for the dead hero appears in dreams with ghost of hatchet, sword, and spear. "The Zulu will say that at death a man's shadow departs and becomes an ancestral ghost, and the widow will relate how her husband has come to her in her sleep, and threatened to kill her for not taking care of his children; or the son will describe how his father's ghost stood before him in a dream, and the souls of the two, the living and the dead, went off together to visit some far-off kraal of their people." The funeral sacrifice of historic nations, of early Greeks, Romans, and Celts, show how barbaric religion includes the souls of men, animals, and material objects; for what was useful to the dead when alive was burnt or buried along with them—chariots, arms, horses, dogs, and even wives and slaves were sacrificed in one mighty holocaust. The religious creed in which "animism" embodies itself is, of course, the worship of the dead, especially the worship of ancestors. Worship and reverence, here, have a different sense from our ideas of them. The dead are worshipped for protection, and repaid with reverence, not merely in feeling, but also in practical gifts and sacrifices at their tombs. It may quite as often happen that their wrath is deprecated. From the mere family ancestor, the worship may rise to that of great chiefs and kings that are departed, and from that it may rise to a conception of a supreme father—"The old old one" of the Zulus, as they work back from ancestor to ancestor, thus arriving at an idea of a creator, akin to the conception of the "Ancient of Days." One's own ancestor may be good to one; other people's ancestors may be the reverse. Hence these last have to be propitiated; evil spirits are worshipped to avoid their wrath. Thus the ghost

of a British officer was not long ago worshipped in India as a god, and on his altar his demon-worshipping votaries placed what they thought would please and appease him, for it had pleased him in this life, namely, offerings of cheroots and brandy! In fact, all the ills that life is heir to are among some races attributed to evil spirits, while the good is the work of the beneficent spirits; and among such tribes it is through the medicine-man, with his exorcisims, there is the only means of escape. Let it be noted that ancestral ghosts may not merely exist in proper human form, but they often assume animal forms, and what is more, they may even take up their abode in material objects—trees, stones, or anything. Hence arises "fetish" worship—the worship of "stocks and stones." And it is also easy to see that we may, on the other hand, rise from ancestor worship, through this transmigration idea, to the height of polytheism, with its gods of sun, moon, and sky.

This reverence of the savage for the dead is therefore connected with his regard for himself. His religion, as usually happens in higher phases of culture, is selfish. The dead are therefore cared for and their abodes become places of worship. Various ways are adopted for disposal and worship of the dead. The hut they lived in may be left as a dwelling for them; the body may be buried in a canoe or coffin; a strong tomb may be built over it or its ashes, and this tomb may be a chamber with access to it to enable the votaries to bring offerings. Great labour was bestowed on these burial mounds of earth and stone. Nor have we yet ceased from this display, though we now have different methods and far different feelings in our burial rites. Yet there are survivals of ancient forms. "In the Highlands of Scotland," says Mr Tylor, "the memory of the old custom [raising of mounds and cairns] is so strong that the mourners, as they may not build the cairn over the grave in the churchyard, will sometimes set up a little one where the funeral procession halts on the way." Our memorial stones over the graves are but the descendants of the old menhirs; nor are dolmen forms absent in the stone box structures often placed over graves. In the Churchyard of Rothiemurchus, on the grave of Shaw Cor-fhiaclach, the hero of the North Inch at Perth, there used to be a row of small pillared stones set round all the sides of the tombstone. Circles of stone other than such far-off imitations as this we do not use now.

Burial and worship in early society go hand in hand, and we, therefore, conclude that these stone circles were used for both burial and worship, but more especially for worship, since mere

reverential memorials were, at that stage of culture, an impossibility. Nevertheless there yet remains one part of our inquiry to which an answer has not been given. Why should the stones be set up *at intervals*, and *in a circle*? For all that our inquiry has proved is that the dead were *worshipped* at their *graves*; it does not necessarily answer the more particular question of a peculiar form of grave or burial enclosure. The circular form and the pillared stones set at intervals remain, after every elimination, the only difficulty of the enquiry. Mr Fergusson developed the idea of the circle from the circular mound, but he could not account for the stones being set at intervals, and not close together. Canon Greenwell suggested, as we saw, that their use was to "fence" in the ghost of the departed. It is a superstition in the Highlands yet that evil spirits can be kept off by drawing a circle round oneself. Another suggestion made is that the number of stones may have had something to do with the number of worshippers, as is said to be the case in the Dekkan. It was also the custom at the Hallowe'en fires for everyone to place a stone in a ring round the fire as they were leaving, and, if by next morning, anything happened to any of the stones, the person who placed it there was fated to meet death or ill during the year. The Arabs still set up stones of witness, whenever they first catch sight of certain holy places. The stones in the circle may have been "witness" stones, or else stones at which sacrifice was made. Yet the regularity of their number, generally ten or a dozen, forbids much hopeful speculation in these lines. Another theory connects the burial circle with phallic worship; the circle itself would answer to the yoni symbol and the menhirs upon it to the linga. The principles of life and of death would thus be worshipped together, which is not an uncommon circumstance. The cup-markings so often met with on burial monuments lend additional weight to this view.

To sum up. Our negative conclusions are, that neither the Celts nor their Druids built these stone circles, nor were they for sun or fire worship, and they were not the foundation either of dwellings or of dismantled mounds. Our positive results are, that the stone circles were built by pre-historic races—in this country, probably by the Picts; that they are connected with burial, though built independent of mounds and other forms of tomb; that they are also connected with ancestor worship, and that the whole difficulty resolves itself into the question of why they are of circular form and why the stones are set at intervals.

19TH MARCH 1884.

The following were elected members on this date, viz.—Mr Francis Murray, Lentran; and Mr John Mackenzie, Greig Street, Inverness, ordinary; and Mr Ewen Cameron, 28 High Street, apprentice. Mr Duncan Campbell, Inverness, discoursed at some length on the Book of the Dean of Lismore.

26TH MARCH 1884.

On this date Mr Duncan Ross, Hilton, and Mr John Macleod, Myrtle Bank, Drummond, were elected ordinary members. Thereafter, Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., Inverness, read the following paper on

THE ANCIENT CELTS.

(1) THEIR GENERAL HISTORY.

Three or four centuries before Christ, when the history of Western Europe is slowly emerging from obscurity, we find a people, named the Celts, in possession of the vast extent of territory that stretches from the Adriatic and Upper Danube to the Western Ocean, and embraces the British Isles. The northern boundary of the Celts was the Rhine and Mid-Germany, and they extended on the south as far as Central Spain, and the range of the Apennines in Italy. Contrary to the general tendency of early European nations to move westward, the Celts are then found to be already surging eastward, repelled by the impassable Atlantic; for, as Calgacus said to his Caledonians, there was now no land beyond—nothing save the waves and the rocks. Their history, till the second century before our era, presents little but a series of eastward eruptions—"tumults," the Romans called them, whereby over-populous districts were freed of their surplus population. Now and again they would pour through the passes of the Alps, and in a strong compact body make their way to Tuscany and Mid-Italy, striking terror into every Italian tribe, and into Rome as much as any of the rest. It is, indeed, with a great invasion of the Gauls that authentic Roman history begins, for the Gauls in 390 B.C. took and sacked the town of Rome itself, doubtless destroying all older records of its history. Another great invasion of the Gauls was made into Greece in 280 B.C., in which the temple of Delphi was taken and pillaged; and so compact and well arranged was this body of invaders that they passed

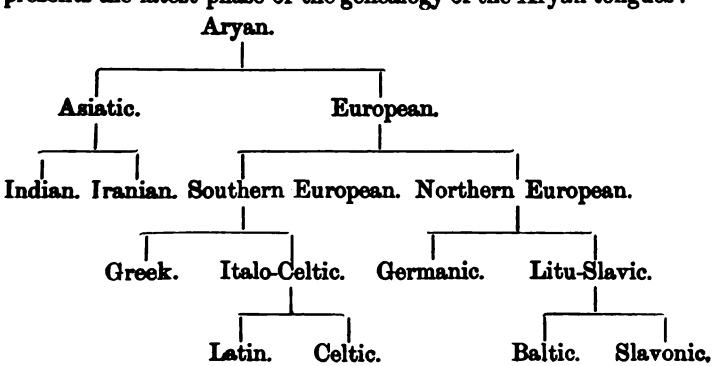
over to Asia Minor, overran it, and after various ups and downs settled finally, about 230 B.C., to the limits of the province of Galatia. These Gauls of Asia Minor are the people whom St Paul addressed in his epistle to the "Galatians." In later times they were called Gallo-Græcians, from their mixture with Greeks, but they appear to have preserved their language till the fourth century of our era, for St Jerome tells us their dialect was like that spoken by the Treviri of northern Gaul. Their customs and peculiarities of temperament, as we gather these from the historians and from St Paul, were thoroughly "Celtic." From the end of the third century before Christ, the history of the Celtic people is everywhere one of loss; the tide of invasion was then successfully turned against them. "They went to the war, but they always fell;" so sings the last of the Feni, the warrior bard who typifies the fate of his race. The Celts were excellent as invaders, though poor colonisers; but against invasion they were most unsuccessful. The centrifugal tendency so apparent in the race was not permitted to find scope in an enemy's country; but in their own country they could not, from mutual jealousy and selfishness, unite for any length of time against the invader. For instance, the Belgæ, instead of keeping banded together against Cæsar, and unitedly repelling him, preferred to return each tribe to their own territories, and there await until he attacked some neighbouring tribe, when they intended to come to their assistance. "Seldom is it," says Tacitus, "that two or three states meet together to ward off the common danger. Thus, while they fight singly, all are conquered." After the first Punic war, the Romans made an effort to subdue their troublesome neighbours in the basin of the Po in North Italy. In the course of four years, from 225 to 222 B.C., the whole country was overrun and converted into a Roman province. But it was only after the second Punic war, and on the final conquest of the Boii in 191, that Gallia Cisalpina became a real Roman province. The Celts of Spain, known better as the Celtiberi—Celts and Iberians—were conquered during the second Punic war, but, being a brave and warlike people, they kept up rebellions, and defied Rome, until, with the fall of Numantia in B.C. 134, they were completely subdued. The Gauls of France were not attacked by the Romans until they had assured their power in the East, in Africa, and in Spain. In B.C. 125 the consul Fulvius Flaccus began the reduction of the Salluvii around Massilia, and in a few years they were subdued, and the Allobroges next attacked. The south of Gaul was by the year 118 B.C. made into a province. Matters, however, remained in this state till the

advent of Julius Cæsar in 58 B.C. He was bold enough to attempt the subjugation of Gaul, and in eight years he accomplished his object. All Gaul south of the Rhine was made into a Roman province, and tribute was exacted from the nearest British tribes. In A.D. 43, the conquest of Britain, commenced by Cæsar, was resumed and carried on until by the year 80 all England and Scotland, as far as the Firth of Forth, were reduced into a Roman province. The Celts of Ireland and Northern Scotland were never reduced by the Romans. Under the sway of the Romans the Celtic dialects of Spain and Gaul gradually gave way before the Latin, though not without leaving their marks on the resulting Romance languages that arose on the ruins of the Roman empire. The Gaulish appears never to have died out in Western France, for between the native speakers of it in the 4th and 5th centuries and the immigrants from Britain, it succeeded in maintaining its ground through every chance and change, and is even now in France the speech of a million and a quarter people—the inhabitants of Britanny. How the Romanised Britons were conquered by the English, and driven into the western corners of the land—Cornwall, Wales, and Strathclyde, until now only Wales remains a British-speaking people, containing a million people who can speak or use a Celtic speech; how Ireland was conquered by the Anglo-Celts in the 12th century, and the ancient language has been pushed into the West, so that now only 870 thousand can speak and use the Gaelic; how in Scotland the ancient language of Caledonia has been gradually shrinking until only a quarter of a million in the Highlands speak it, and only 310 thousand all over Scotland can speak or use it; and how thus only three and a-half millions of people in Europe speak the Celtic language, which two thousand years ago covered most of Western Europe,—all this belongs to the history, not of the ancient, but of the modern Celt.

From the consideration of what history has to say of the Celtic nations, let us pass to what science has proved in regard to Celtic origins and culture. It was well on in this century before the relationship of the Celtic race to the rest of the European races was put on a firm scientific basis, and it is only a generation since that English writers accepted the fact of distant cousinship with the Celt. The sciences to which appeal must be made are those that deal with antiquities, culture, and language. It is really the science of language that has enabled the Celt to take his place within the sacred ring of European kinship; the evidence of words, roots, and inflections has been

too patent and convincing for even the grudging Saxon to rej With the exception of the Turks, Hungarians, Basques, and Fi with Lapps and Esthonians, the European nations are pro *linguistically* to be of the same race. Within that extensive fam circle must also be embraced the Hindoos, Afghans, Persians, a Armenians; and the whole race so included has been variou named the Indo-European, Indo-Celtic, Indo-Germanic, and t Aryan race. As the last term is the most convenient, it shall adopted here. It is by a comparison of the vocabularies a grammatical forms of the languages of these various races tl scientists have come to the conclusion that, linguistically at lea these nations are descended from a common Aryan stock. Ra cal elements expressing such objects and relations as fath mother, brother, sister, wife, daughter, daughter-in-law; cow, d horse, cattle, ox; corn, mill; earth, sky, water, star; gold, silv metal; house, door, household, clan, king; god, man, holine goodness, baseness, badness; law, right; war, hunting; woo tree; various kinds of trees, flowers, birds, and beasts; weavin wool, clothes; honey, flesh, food, and hundreds more, to whi may be added the names of spring and summer, moon, sun, t numerals as far as one hundred. The Aryans were high in t barbaric stage of culture — barbaric as opposed on the o hand to civilised culture, and on the other to the savage stage. They had regular marriage on the monogamic principle; the position of woman was therefore high; grades of kinship were marked; and, indeed, the idea of "family" was altogether highly developed. The state seems to have been of the patriarchal type—an enlarged family in idea; there were kings, nobles, council, and laws. Houses, hamlets, roads or paths, and waggons existed. Sheep, oxen, and all domestic cattle were possessed and named. Agriculture existed, and various kinds of corn, fruits, and trees were known and used. Gold, silver, and copper or bronze were known, but evidently not iron; and implements of war and the chase were made of the metals known—sword, and spear, and plough. Polytheism was the form of religious belief, wherein the powers of nature were worshipped as deities in anthropomorphic form. When or where this nation lived cannot well be known, but the general idea is that it lived over three thousand B.C. in Western Asia. In any case, it split up into many leading branches, variously estimated at seven, eight, and ten. Schleicher and Fick have attempted to show how this process occurred, and to trace the relationship of the various branches among themselves. According to them, the Aryan race first divided into the Asiatic and European groups. The Asiatic sub-

sequently subdivided into the Indian (ancient Sanskrit and modern Indian dialects), and the Iranian or Persian Family (ancient Zeud and Persian, and the modern dialects of Afghanistan, Persia, &c.) The European branch, which developed some features of common culture after their separation from the Asiatic branch, split up into two divisions, South European and North European. The latter branch again produced the great Teutonic and Slavonic branches; while the former diverged into the Greek, Roman, and Celtic races. The place of Celtic in this family scheme was for long doubtful, and a hot dispute arose between the leading philologist as to whether the Celtic was more allied to the Latin than it was to the Germanic branch. Ebel held that the Celtic belonged to the Germanic branch, on the ground that the number of diphthongs was the same in each, and that "a pervading analogy in the Slavonian, Teutonic, and both branches of the Celtic" exists, evidenced by the use of time particles, like *do* and *ro* in Celtic, and the German *ge*, and strengthened also by other minor details. But against this Schleicher was able to produce some formidable analogies between Celtic and Latin, such as (1) the general resemblance in declension; (2) the future in *b* or *f* (*amabo* of Lat. and old Irish *carfa*, *no charub*); and (3) the passive in *r* (*fertur* of Lat., and old Irish *carthir*). The general belief now is that Celtic and Latin are much more allied to each other than either is to Germanic, or any other tongue. But the more advanced philologists are inclined to scout the idea of "genealogy" as unscientific, or at least as too narrow, and a system of grouping merely is adopted. But for popular purposes the genealogical idea is undoubtedly scientific enough, and certainly more easy to understand and remember. The following table presents the latest phase of the genealogy of the Aryan tongues:—



The discussion as to when, how, and where the Aryan races entered Europe first—if, indeed, they are not originally European—is a highly speculative subject. Fick thinks that they entered Europe along the north of the Caspian and Black Seas, and settled down on the Danube. The Graeco-Italo-Celtic branch was settled on the Upper Danube, until a date, says M. D'Arbois De Jubainville, sufficiently near, perhaps, the 15th century before Christ. At this date he sends the Hellenic race down to Epirus, and afterwards to both coasts of the Ægean Sea. The upper Danube was Celtic until it was engulfed in the Empire of Rome. Plutarch appears to refer to the original invasion of Gaul by the Celts, and this M. De Jubainville thinks took place some seven centuries before Christ, a date that seems to be rather too late, considering that Massilia was founded about 600 B.C. The Italic race had a good while before this left the Celts, and taken a southerly direction, the Etruscans settling in their territory about 992 B.C. Passing from this speculation to ground more assured, we know from archæological study that other races existed in Europe previous to the Celts. The contents of Neolithic and Bronze-Age barrows prove the existence of at least two pre-Aryan races, differing much in physique and culture from the type regarded as Aryan. For the European Aryans are regarded as tall, fair-haired, straight-featured, and dolicho-cephalic or long-headed; while the barrows present us with two other types—a small, evidently dark-skinned, long-headed race, and another race—fair, tall, rough-featured, and round-headed. The dark-skinned race, called by the ethnologists Iberian, was in its Stone Age for the most part; while the round-headed race, named Finnish or Ugrian, belonged to the Bronze Age. "It seems to be certain," says Mr Elton, "that some great proportion of the population of the Western Countries is connected by actual descent with the pre-Celtic occupants of Europe; and it is regarded as highly probable that one branch or layer of these earlier inhabitants should be attributed to that Ugrian stock, which comprises the Quains, Finns, Magyars, Esthonians, Livonians, and several kindred tribes whose territories abut upon the Baltic, the White Sea, and the Volga." Everything points to Aquitania, the Pyrennees district, and a good part of Spain having been possessed by the older or Iberian race, and their language may now remain in the modern Basque. It is from this Spanish connection that they are named Iberian. Tacitus informs us that the inhabitants of the Severn valley in Wales were evidently of Iberian descent. "The dark complexion

of the Silures," he says, "their usually curly hair, and the fact that Spain is the opposite shore (!) to them, are evidence that Iberians of a former date crossed over and occupied these parts." Now the importance of clearly grasping the fact that the Celtic races conquered and exterminated, or, more often, absorbed the previous races, cannot be over-estimated. For the abuse of national names like Celtic, in indiscriminately applying them for archæological or political purposes to races that are clearly very much mixed in blood, is to be deplored for the sake of sound science and of political justice. Aryan, Teutonic, or Celtic can apply primarily only to language and culture; for the Aryans must have absorbed most of the previous population. And this previous population has demonstrably influenced the physique of the Aryan, while traces of its influence can be shown to exist in the customs, language, and characteristics of the now or previously existing Aryan races. Undoubtedly the most Celtic country in Europe is France; George Long estimated its present "Celticity" at 19-20ths of the population—an estimate which is doubtless far too high, considering the absorption of the non-Aryan Aquitanians, and the intrusion of the non-Celtic Romans, Franks, and Normans. Nevertheless, France, in modern times, represents fully the virtues and the weaknesses which ancient and modern writers have recognised as inherent in the Celtic character. "Idealism," Matthew Arnold calls the general characteristic of the Celt, "showing itself," as Professor Geddes says, "in the disposition to make the future or the past more important than the present; to gild the horizon with a golden age in the far past, as do the Utopian Conservatives; or in the remote future, as do the equally Utopian Revolutionists." Roman writers notice their wonderful quickness of apprehension, their great craving for knowledge, and their impressibility. They were generous to a degree, loyal to their own chiefs, prompt in action, but incapable of sustained effort or united action. Cæsar is never tired of speaking of their changeableness and their "celerity," both physical and mental, while Livy speaks of their unrestrained indignation and impetuosity. Added to this, they were a race much given to superstition and religious observance. But many of these qualities are virtues: "In their pure and unsophisticated condition," says Professor Geddes, "they have been in the main distinguished by these four qualities more particularly, Reverence religiously, devoted Faithfulness politically, Politeness or civility socially, and Spirit or, as the French would call it, Esprit universally." If we compare the four or five chief Celtic races that remain, we shall find much apparent and much

real diversity hiding some remarkable features of agreement. The religious character of the Celt is strong in Brittany, Wales, and the Highlands; in France, generally, and in Ireland, the emotion exists along with more of a critical and humorous spirit. Wit and genius are more sparkling in Ireland and France, while loyalty to chiefs and exploded causes is characteristic of the Highlands and Ireland. The diversities among these branches of the Celtic races—and they are numerous, so numerous as to make the ordinary political meaning of "Celtic" inapplicable to the Highlands—must arise from mixture of races. The Welsh have a basis of Iberian and Gaelic-Irish, and an intrusion of English among them. The Irish have Iberians in the South, and Finns in the North for basis, generally speaking, while Danes, English, and Scotch have intruded upon them; so that in some of the disaffected parts it is clear that, not Celtic, but Teutonic blood is responsible for the persistency and atrocity of their conduct. In the Highlands, the basis is the non-Aryan Pict, with here and there a dash of the Iberian, while the Celt has been intruded upon by the Norseman and the Englishman.

The oldest mention we have of the Celts is in Herodotus, in the 5th century B.C. "For the River Istros," says he, "from its source among Celts, and the city Pyrene, flows dividing Europe in the middle. The Celts (Keltoi) are outside the Pillars of Hercules, and border on the Kynesii, who dwell furthest west of the inhabitants of Europe." Their next appearance in a historical work is in Xenophon, who mentions the Celts as mercenaries with Dionysius of Syracuse, in 368, B.C. "The ships brought Keltoi and Iberes." Strabo tells us that Ephorus (in the second half of the 4th century B.C.) exaggerates the size of Celtica, "including in it what we now call Iberia, as far as Gadeira," and in another place Ephorus represents them as possessing the part of the world lying between the setting of summer and the setting of winter. Pytheas actually visited the West and North, and was in Britain himself in the 4th century B.C., but unfortunately his narrative has been lost, appearing only in fragments, which are often subjected to the adverse criticism of the ancients as fables, though now they are known to be the truth. Aristotle knew about the Celts; he mentions them as being said to fear "neither earthquake nor floods," as putting but little clothing on their children, and as having so cold a country, "the Celts above Iberia," that the ass does not thrive there. He also heard of Rome having been taken by the Celts, Plutarch tells us. The Periplus of Scylax, about 335 B.C., represents the Celts as established at the head of the

Adriatic, and we are told by Ptolemy, Alexander's General, as quoted by Strabo, that, while Alexander was operating against the Danubian tribes, "the Celts who dwell on the Adriatic came to Alexander, for the purpose of making a treaty of friendship and mutual hospitality, and that the king received them in a friendly way and asked them, while drinking, what might be the chief object of their dread, supposing that they would say it was he; but that they replied, it was no man, only they felt some alarm lest the heavens should sometime or other fall on them, but that they valued the friendship of such a man as him above everything." Hitherto, the name Celt or Keltos was the only one used, but after the invasion into Greece in 279 B.C., a new name makes its appearance. This name is Galatae. It first appears in two epitaphs on Grecian youths slain in the war with the Celts in 279. Timaeus speaks of the country of "Galatia, named after Galates, son of Cyclops and Galatia," and it seems that he rendered the name Galatae popular, for after this period it is the favourite Greek name. Polybius, a Greek writer of the second century B.C., uses the name Keltos for the ancient Celts, and the name Galatae he rather applies to the Celts in their contact with Rome in the third and second centuries. The favourite Roman name was Galli, which included the inhabitants of Gallia, the Celts of Spain, and those of Galatia. Cæsar, however, tells us that Gaul was divided into three parts: the Aquitanians were in the south, the Belgae in the north, and in the middle the Gauls, as the Romans called them, but they called themselves Celtae. Here the term "Gauls" applies only to one branch of the Celtic people, but this limited use of the name was not recognised even by Cæsar himself. Diodorus Siculus, Cæsar's contemporary, who wrote in Greek, calls the country north of Massilia, from the Alps to the Pyrennees, Celtica (Cæsar's "Gauls" and Aquitania), and the people of the country north of this Celtica along the Atlantic and the Hercynian Forest on to Scythia, are called Galatae. "The Romans call all these collectively Gauls." Diodorus gives us a complete version of the myth that Timaeus evidently told in full. Hercules, when on his expedition against Geryon, turned aside into Gaul, founded there Alesia, and married a haughty Gaulish dame, who gave birth to a son named Galates. This Galates surpassed all his countrymen in valour and strength, and obtaining by his warlike exploits a wide fame and sway, he gave his subjects and his country his own name to bear, the one to be known as Galatia, and the others as Galatae. Pausanias, a writer of the second century of our era says, in explanation of the use of the

names Celt and Galatae: "It was late before it became the habit to call them Galatae; for Celtic was their name of old, both among themselves and other people."

The three names which we have for this ancient people are therefore Keltoi or Celtæ, Galatai and Galli. Of these Celti is two centuries older than Galatae in use. The derivation of Celt is not finally decided. Gluck, in his work on the Celtic Names in Cæsar, suggests that the root is seen in Latin *celsus*, "high," to which Lithuanian *keltas*, of like meaning and derivation, may be added. Allied to this root is the English word "hill." This is the best derivation of the word. Professor Rhys suggested in his "Celtic Britain" a connection with Old Norse "hildr," war, Bellona, but he has now withdrawn it on discovering that the old Irish and Gaelic word *cliath* (war) is the proper representative of *hildr*. The names Galatae and Galli are evidently connected, and as Windisch says, no doubt of Celtic origin. The form Galatae is oldest and nearest the true form. It answers to the old Irish word *galdae*, brave; for the form *galdae* points to a primitive form *galatias*. The root is *gal*, of old Irish, and *goil* of Gaelic, which signifies bravery.

(2) MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT CELTS.

Our sources of information in regard to the manners and customs of the Celts are threefold:—(1), The historians of Greece and Rome have left some accounts of them, short and rather meagre; (2), Archæology throws some light on Gaulish customs and life; we can, for instance, verify the fact of the tallness of person of the Gauls from their skeletons found in their tombs, and we have remains of their weapons, implements, coins, statues, &c.; and (3), we know their Aryan descent, and can steady our inquiry by the light derived from the customs and life of other Aryan nations, while mediæval and modern Celtic customs and manners will give much material help.

It is purely with the first source that this paper will deal, and the writers will be quoted *in extenso*, as far as possible, for, as some of the authors to be quoted are not easy of access, and some remain in the obscurity of their original, more material good to other inquirers will be done by a full and accurate quotation, than by a garbled and *ex parte* statement. And first in the order of time comes Polybius, who says (Book II., cap. 15, &c.):—

"In regard to the cheapness and abundance of food [in Gaul], one may most accurately understand it from this:—Travellers through the country in putting up at an inn, do not bargain about

the details of their bill, but ask at how much they put up a man. The innkeepers undertake, for the most part, to do everything that is absolutely necessary for half an *as*, that is, the fourth of an *obol*, and they rarely exceed that. The numbers of the men, the size and beauty of their persons, and further, their daring in war, can be understood clearly from the deeds they accomplished. . . . They dwell in villages that are unwalled, and they have no other furniture. For as they slept on straw and ate flesh, and besides practiced nothing else but warlike matters and agriculture, they led a simple life, no other knowledge or art being known among them at all. The property of the individual lay in cattle and in gold, because these alone can be easily moved anywhere and transferred to any place they like. They spend very much trouble on forming companionships or clubs, because he is the most feared and most powerful among them who appears to have the most individuals to dance attendance on him and act as hangers-on. . . . But on returning home they quarrelled over the booty captured, and consequently lost a great part of it and of their army. That is a common practice with the Gauls, whenever they appropriate anything belonging to others, caused more especially through drinking and eating to excess. . . . The Insubres and the Boii advanced dressed in trousers and saga (cloaks), but the Gæsatæ threw these away . . . and because the Gaulish shield cannot cover a man, the larger and the more unprotected their persons were the less the weapons missed their purpose. . . . Their swords are so fashioned that they deliver one good cutting stroke, but at once become blunt and bent, so that unless the soldier has time to straighten the sword with his foot and the ground, it is incapable of striking another blow. . . . The Romans, coming to close quarters, deprived the Gauls of using their swords for slashing, for which they are adapted, for their swords want points. . . . The Gauls were fiercest in the first onset in courage . . . and are fickle."

The next writer we shall quote is Posidonius, the Stoic, who lived in the first decades of the first century before Christ. He was a great traveller, and had an extensive knowledge of the Western European nations. His works have not come down to us, but fortunately Athenæus, a compiler of the 3rd century of our era, quotes him and others in their own words in a sort of *ana* book, and the following are his extracts from Posidonius in regard to the Celts:—

"The Celti have their food placed before them as they sit on grass, on tables made of wood, raised a very little above the

ground. Their food consists of a few loaves and a good deal of meat served in water, and roasted on the coals or on spits. They eat their food in a cleanly manner enough, but lion-fashion they take up whole joints in their hands and gnaw at them. And if there is any bit hard to tear away, they cut it off with a small knife which they have sheathed in a private depository. Those who live by the rivers and by the Atlantic and Mediterranean eat also fish, and these, too, roasted with salt and vinegar and cummin. This they also throw into their drink. Oil they do not use on account of its scarcity, and, because they are not used to it, it seems nauseous to them. When many of them eat together they sit in a circle, and the bravest man is in the middle, like the coryphæus of a chorus, whether excelling the rest on account of his military skill or birth or riches. Beside him is the entertainer, and then on each side the rest of the guests sit in regular order according to their position. And those that bear their shields—large, oblong ones—stand behind them, and their spear-bearers sit down opposite in a circle, and feast in the same way as their masters. The cup-bearers bring round the drink in vessels like beakers, either of earthenware or silver. And the platters upon which they have their bread placed before them are of the same materials; but some have brazen platters, and others wooden or wicker ones. And the liquor which is drunk is, among the rich, wine, brought from Italy and Massilia. And it is unmixed, but at times a little water is mixed with it. Among the poorer classes, however, the drink is a beer made of wheat prepared with honey, and with the majority the beer alone is the beverage. It is called *korma*. And they all drink it out of the same cup in small draughts of not more than a glassful at a time, but they take frequent draughts. And a slave carries the liquor round, beginning from right to left. That is the way they are waited upon, and they worship their gods turning to their right hand." Another quotation from Posidonius, apparently following closely the one above, says:—"The Celts at times fight single combats at their meals. For being assembled under arms, they spar and wrestle with each other, and at times go so far as wounding. And getting angry from this, they go on even to slaughter, if the bystanders do not check them. In olden times," he says, "a hindquarter was put before them, the thigh flesh of which the bravest man took; but if any one else laid claim to it, they got up and fought the duel to death. Others, at a public entertainment (*theatron*), accept a sum of silver or gold—some a number of jars of wine, and, after taking pledges for the giving of them and be-

queathing them to their nearest friends, lie down on their backs at full length on their long shields, and some bystander with a sword cuts their throat." Of the bards, Posidonius says:—"The Celts, even when they make war, take about with them companions, whom they call 'parasites.' These celebrate their praises not only before large companies assembled together, but also before private individuals who are willing to listen. Their music and song come from men called bards (bardoi), and they are poets who recite praises with song." And it is in this connection, probably, that Posidonius tells of the magnificence of Luernius, the father of Bityis, King of the Arverni, who was subdued by the Romans in 121 B.C., for he, "aiming at becoming leader of the populace, used to drive in a chariot over the plains, and scatter gold and silver among the myriads of Celts who followed him." He built a place twelve furlongs every way, which he filled with wine-presses and eatables, where for many days anybody might go and revel gratis. "And, once, when he had issued beforehand invitations to a banquet, one of the poets of the 'barbarians,' coming too late, met him on the way, extolled his magnificence in a hymn, and bewailed his own ill fortune for being too late. Luernius, being gratified, asked for a purse of gold and threw it to him as he was running by the side of his chariot; and he picked it up and then went on singing how his very footprints upon the earth over which he drove produced gold and benefits to men."

Cæsar is the next authority on the Celts in the order of time, but as his works are easily accessible to all, only a condensed version of his account of the manners and customs of the Celts will be given. Men of any account in Gaul, he says, belong either to the class of Druids or of nobles, for the general population are regarded as slaves, and are invited to no political meeting. In fact, pressed by debt or by tyranny, they give themselves up as slaves to the nobles, who have over them all the rights of masters over their slaves. The Druids and their views Cæsar describes at fair length as well as the Gaulish Polytheism, but as we have in a former paper considered that subject, we pass to the rest of his description. The second class is the "equites" or nobles. They make arms their profession, for before Cæsar's time they had yearly wars either of offence or defence, and those are reckoned the greatest who have most retainers and dependents. In fact, that is the only species of power they are acquainted with. The Gauls reckon their time by nights and not by days. In other customs and manners, their peculiarity consists in that they don't suffer their children to appear in their presence, except when grown

up, much less that a young lad should sit by his father's side in public. The dowry that a woman brings, the husband must equal by a sum from his own resources, and this total falls to either survivor. They have power of life and death over their wives and children, and widows are tortured for information, if there is a suspicion of foul play on a husband's death, and, on proof of guilt, put to death. Their funerals are magnificent, considering their state of culture, and everything dear to the deceased, formerly even slaves and dependents, are burnt along with them. The best regulated states have a law that anyone who has foreign news of state importance must report the same first to the Government, because experience has shown that rash and unexperienced men are driven or frightened by false rumours to crime and rash political action. The Government conceal or reveal the news, according to their judgment. Politics must not be discussed except by a public assembly. In another place, Cæsar says that the Gauls have the weakness of being fickle in political action, and prone to revolution. They compel travellers to tell everything they have heard or learnt, and merchants are surrounded by a crowd that demands whence they came, and what was doing there. On such facts and reports they adopt measures of the highest political importance, which they soon have cause to regret, because of the uncertainty, and, for the most part, wilful falsity of the information. In another book he speaks of their extreme intellectual cleverness and their great capabilities for imitating and doing anything they saw, and further on he states that "to desert their chief, even in the extremity of fortune, is, in the moral code of the Gauls, accounted as a crime." His description of the Britons may be condensed as follows:—Inland Britain is inhabited by native tribes, but the coast is held by Belgians, who have given the names of the places they came from to their new settlements. The population is countless, the buildings very numerous, and almost exactly like those of Gaul, and cattle is plentiful. They use for money coins of brass or rods of iron, made to a certain weight. Tin is found in the midland districts, and iron on the coast, but not in plenty. Their brass is imported. The hare, the hen, and the goose they won't taste on religious grounds. The inhabitants of Kent are the most civilised; in fact, they differ little from the Gauls. The people inland sow no corn, but live on milk and flesh, and clothe themselves with skins. All the Britons paint themselves with woad, which produces blue colour. This makes them more terrible in aspect. They wear

the hair long, and shave all except the upper lip. Communities of ten to twelve men have their wives in common, and the children belong to the man who originally married the mother. They have chariots, and fight with them in this way. First, they ride along the whole field, and fire their missiles, and by the noise and the impetus of their horses cause confusion, and so break into their opponents' ranks, when they leap down and fight on foot. The charioteers meanwhile withdraw, and place the chariots in such a way that, if the fighters are hard pressed, they may fall back on them easily. Their skill by long practice is such that even in steep and precipitous places they can check the horses at full speed, and also guide and turn them in a moment, and they can run along the tram pole, stand on its end, and run back again with the utmost celerity.

Cæsar's contemporary, Diodorus of Sicily, has left us perhaps the most important account of the Celts that we now possess. Both he and Strabo found largely on Posidonius. Diodorus' mythical account of the origin of the Gaulish people has already been given. "After this explanation as to the names of the Gauls," says he, "it is needful to speak of their country also. Gaul is inhabited by many nations, differing in size, for the largest possess about two hundred thousand men, and the least fifty thousand. . . . . From the destructive nature of the climate, neither vine nor olive is produced. Accordingly, the Gauls deprived of these fruits prepare a drink from *barley*, which is called zythos. They run water through honeycombs, and use for drink this dilution. Being excessively fond of wine, they swallow it undiluted, when it is imported by merchants, and through their keenness for it, they drink large quantities, which drives them into sleep or a state of insanity. Hence many Italian merchants turn the drunkenness of the Gauls to their own gain; for they bring by the rivers in boats or by the roads in carts wine to them, and receive in return an incredible price. For a jar of wine they get a slave, exchanging the drink for a servant.

"In Gaul no silver at all is got, but plenty of gold, which nature supplies to the inhabitants without the trouble of mining. The mountain streams rushing down break off the soil of their banks, and fill it with gold dust. This soil, those engaged in such work gather, and from it eliminate the gold by breaking up and sifting it with water. In this way a great quantity of gold is collected, which not merely women, but also men use for ornament. Hence they carry armlets and bracelets; they make thick

torques of pure gold for the neck, splendid rings, and, in addition, breastplates of gold. A remarkable and unexpected fact holds among the interior Gauls in regard to places of the worship of the gods. In the temples and consecrated groves through the country, there lies cast about a great quantity of gold dedicated to the gods; and none of the inhabitants will touch it through religious fear, excessively fond though the Celts be of money.

"The Gauls have tall persons; their flesh is sappy and white; their hair is not only yellow, but they strive by art to add to the peculiarity of its natural hue. For they often rub their hair with a chalk wash, and draw it back from the front of the head to the crown and ridge of the head, so that they present the appearance of Satyrs. From cultivation their hair gets so thick as to differ in no respect from a horse's mane. Some shave their faces (chins); others grow a moderate beard; the better classes shave the cheeks, but grow a moustache so as to cover the mouth. Accordingly in eating, the moustache is mixed up with the food, and in drinking, the drink runs through a sieve as it were. At meals they do not sit upon seats, but upon the ground, making use of the skins of wolves and dogs for rugs. They are waited upon by very young children of both sexes, and of fit age. Near them is a fire-place, full of fire, with kettles and spits, full of large pieces of flesh. They honour their brave men with the best portions of the meat, just as the poet introduces Ajax as honoured by the chiefs, when he had conquered Hector in single fight.—

"And with long chine-slices he honoured Ajax."

They invite the strangers to the feasts, and when the meal is over, they ask who they are, and what they want. And even at the meal they are wont, after holding a word-battle arising out of what was occurring, to challenge each other and fight in single combat, caring not a jot for the loss of their life. For among them the opinion of Pythagorus prevails, that the souls of men are immortal, and in the course of a fixed number of years they live again, the soul entering another body. Accordingly, at the burial of the dead, some cast letters addressed to their departed relatives upon the funeral pile, under the belief that the dead will read them.

"In journeys and in battles they employ two-horsed chariots, the car of which carries a charioteer and a fighting man. And when meeting cavalry in battle they hurl their javelins at their opponents, and dismounting they resort to a fight with the sword. Some among them so much despise death that they enter danger naked and girt only with a belt. They employ freemen as ser-

vants, taken from the poorer classes, whom they employ as charioteers and attendants. They are wont in battle array to rush from the ranks and challenge the best of their opponents to single combat, shaking their arms and striking terror into their foes. Whenever anyone proceeds to the fight, they sing the brave deeds of his forefathers, and publish his own exploits, while they revile and humiliate his opponent, and with their words deprive him of all courage of soul. The heads of their fallen enemies they cut off and hang to their horses manes; the bloody trophies they hand to their servants and lead in triumph, singing peaans and songs of victory. These best parts of the booty they hang up in their houses just as if they were trophies of the hunt. The heads of the noblest enemies they embalm and preserve in chests, and show them with pride to strangers; how that for this head some ancestor or parent or himself had been offered a large sum of money, and had refused it. They say that some of them boast that they did not accept an equal weight of gold for the head, thus displaying a kind of barbaric magnaminity; for it is not noble not to sell the pledges of valour, but to make war upon the dead of one's own race is brutal. They wear astounding clothes; dyed tunics flowered with various colours, and trousers, which they call "breeches." They buckle on striped cloaks (*tartan cl.*), thick ones in winter and light ones in summer, chequered with close, gaudy squares (πολυανθεσι πλινθοις). They use as arms shields of a man's height (θυρεοι = door-shaped), characteristically embellished with divers colours. Some have brazen relief representations on them of animals skilfully worked, not merely for ornament but also for safety. They wear brazen helmets, having huge projections rising out of them, and producing the appearance of great tallness on the part of the wearers. Some helmets have horns shooting out of them, and others have the figures of birds and the faces of animals carved on them in high relief. They have peculiar barbaric trumpets, for with them they blow and produce a grating sound calculated to cause terror to the foe. Some wear coats of iron chain mail, and some are satisfied with the armour of nature, and fight unprotected by mail. In place of a sword they wear long *cutlasses* (broadswords, σταθη), hanging with an iron or brass chain on the right thigh. Some begird their tunics with belts ornamented with gold or silver. They carry spear lances which they call λαγκια, having the heads a cubic in length of iron and even more, and in breadth not much short of two palm-breadths. For the swords are not less than the javelins (σαυνιον) of others, and the javelins have longer blades than

our swords. Some of these are forged straight; some have throughout backward bent barbs not merely to cut, but so as to break the flesh all in pieces, and on the withdrawal of the spear to tear open the wound.

"They are terrible of aspect, and their voices are deep-sounding and very rough, and in intercourse they are curt in speech, enigmatic, and speaking much obscurely and figuratively; they say much in hyperbolic language for their own aggrandisement and the detraction of others. They are threateners, declaimers, and stagey exaggerators, but sharp in intellect, and not naturally inapt for learning. There are among them poets of song whom they name "bards," and these, on an instrument similar to the lyre, sing in praise of some and in dispraise of others. They have certain philosophers and theologians, held in excessive honour, whom they name Druids. They also employ soothsayers, and bestow much esteem on them. These, through bird auspices and the sacrifice of victims, foretell the future, and have the entire multitude subservient to them. Especially when they have under consideration any serious business, they have a wonderful and incredible practice, for they offer a man as sacrifice, striking him with a knife at the point above where the diaphragm is, and as he falls, when struck, from his fall and the convulsions of his limbs, and still more from the flow of his blood, they read the future, having belief in this from old and long-continued observance. It is a custom of theirs to do no sacrifice without a philosopher, for it is through them as experienced in the divine nature, as it were people of the same language with the gods, that the thank-offerings, they say, must be made to the gods, and it is through them that they think good things must be asked. Not merely in matters of peace, but also against their enemies, do they especially obey these men, and also the singing poets—not merely do friends obey them, even the enemy will do so. Often when the armies draw near each other in array for battle, with swords drawn and spears in rest, these men advance into the ground between them and stop them just as though taming and charming wild beasts. So among the wildest barbarians passion yields to art and wisdom, and Mars reveres the Muses.

"It is worth while to make clear what is unknown among many. For those that dwell above Marseilles in the interior, and those in the Alps, and further, those who dwell on this side the Pyrennees, they call Celts; those above this Celtica, who inhabit the northern district along the Atlantic and the Hercynian range —all those from there to Scythia, they call *Gauls* (Galatæ.) The

Romans call all these nations collectively Gauls. The women of the Gauls not merely are equal to the men in height, but they also rival them in courage. The children among them are at first white-haired (polia) for the most part, but with advancing years they are transformed to their father's colour of hair. Those that dwell in the north and on the borders of Scythia being the wildest, they say that they eat men, just as also the Britons who inhabit what is called Irin. So much was the fame of their warlike valour and ferocity spread that those who infested all Asia (Minor), then called Cimmerii, are thought to be those now called from length of time Cimbri. Of old they devoted themselves to plundering other people's countries, and despising all others. It was they who took Rome, plundered the temple at Delphi, made tributary a great part of Europe, and no small part of Asia (Minor); on account of their mingling with the Greeks, they were called Gallo-Grecians; in short, they overthrew many large Roman armies. In like manner with the wildness characteristic of them, do they also commit impiety in regard to the sacrifice of the gods. For criminals, kept for five years, they impale on poles in honour of the gods, and with the other first fruits devote them to the gods, preparing huge pyres. They look upon these prisoners in no other light than as victims in honour of the gods. Some also kill the live animals taken in war, along with the men, or burn them, or remove them by some other punishment. They have handsome women; yet some unnatural vices exist. They are wont to sleep on skins of wild beasts on the ground."

Diodorus touches on the inhabitants of Britain too; he says:—

"People say that the races that inhabit Britain are 'Aborigines,' and that they preserve the ancient life in their customs. For they employ chariots for war just as the ancient heroes of Greece are said to have employed in the Trojan war. And they have mean houses constructed of reeds or wood, for the most part. The inbringing of the crops they do thus: they cut off the ears of corn, and stow them in cellars; and then the old ears they each day pluck, and thus prepared they use as food. Their manners are simple and far removed from the cunning and wickedness of our present race. They are satisfied with frugal fare, and far removed from the luxury engendered by riches. The island is populous; it possesses a cold climate, lying, of course, as it does under the polar bear. They have many kings and chiefs, and for the most part they are peacefully disposed to each other."

Virgil has left us a picture of the Gauls, as he thought they must have looked at the sacking of Rome; this is how they appeared on Æneas' shield.—

"The Gauls were at hand marching among the brushwood, and had gained the summit sheltered by the darkness and the kindly grace of dusky night. Golden is their hair and golden their raiment; striped cloaks gleam on their shoulders; their milk-white necks are trimmed with gold; each brandishes two Alpine javelines, his body guarded by the long oval of his shield."

The striped cloak of Virgil is the prototype of the tartan plaid of the Highlander. The "virgata" of Virgil was used by Buchanan to express "tartan." "Veste gaudent varia ac maxime virgata." That is his description of the dress of the Scottish Highlanders.

Livy has much to say historically of the Gauls, but he only incidentally gives us a glimpse of their character and appearance. They first appear in his 5th book, "burning with indignation, a passion which nationally they are unable to restrain." A generation after the great battle of Allia (390 B.C.), the Gauls were again near Rome; the armies stood facing each other, and a champion of the Gauls came forth, Goliah-like, to challenge the armies of the "eternal city" to do single combat. The Romans were staggered; the Gaul for a while was unanswered and unopposed, and he proceeded to jeers, and "putting out of his tongue" in mockery at them. "His person was extraordinary in size; his dress was parti-coloured (tartan); and he shone in arms glittering with colour and with gold." In the Punic wars he tells us Hannibal had Spanish and Gaulish auxiliaries. "The Gauls and Spaniards have shields of about the same shape, but their swords are different in size and purpose. The Gauls have swords that are very long, and without points; the Spaniard's swords are more adapted for thrusting than slashing or cutting, handy by their shortness, and possessed of sharp ends. . . . The Gauls were stripped naked above the waist for the fight." In B.C. 189, the Consul Manlius came face to face with the Gauls of Asia Minor and found it necessary in view of the terror which the Gauls always inspired in the Romans, and the great fame these Gallo-Grecians had in war, to rouse the courage of his men in a speech like this.—

"It does not escape me that of all the nations of Asia the Gauls excel in reputation for war. Midst quite a meek race of men, a nation of high and warlike spirit (ferox natio), after ravaging nigh well the whole earth with war, took possession of a settlement. They have tall persons, long and reddish-coloured

hair, huge shields, long swords (praelongi gladii). Besides, as they begin the fight, they come on with singing, war-whoops, and dancing, and after the national fashion of Gaul, they strike their shields, and rattle in a terrible way their arms, doing everything of set purpose to inspire terror. These things may frighten Greeks and Phrygians, who are unacquainted with them: but we, Romans, accustomed as we are to Gallic 'tumults,' know them to be mere empty show. True, they did once at the first meeting defeat our fathers at Allia; but ever since then, for the last two hundred years, we have slaughtered, laid them low, and defeated them, gaining more triumphs over them than over the rest of the world. By our long experience we know this fact: If you resist their first onset, which they make in pouring numbers with hot spirit and blind wrath, their limbs are melted away with sweat and fatigue, their arms slip from their hands, their soft bodies and soft courage, once their wrath is cooled, are laid low by the sun, the dust and thirst; you will not even have to point a weapon against them."

Strabo, the geographer, who lived at the beginning of our era, thus describes the Gauls:—

"The entire race, which now goes by the name of Gallic or Galatic is warlike, passionate, and always ready for fighting, but otherwise simple and not malicious. If irritated, they rush in crowds to the conflict, openly and without any circumspection; and thus are easily vanquished by those who employ stratagem. For anyone may exasperate them when, where, and under whatever pretext he pleases; he will always find them ready for danger, with nothing to support them except their violence and daring. Nevertheless they may be easily persuaded to devote themselves to anything useful, and have thus engaged both in science and letters. Their power consists both in the size of their bodies and also in their numbers. Their frankness and simplicity lead them easily to assemble in masses, each one feeling indignant at what appears injustice to his neighbour. At the present time they are all at peace subject to the Romans; but we have described their customs, as we understand they existed in former times, and as they still exist among the Germans. . . . They march in crowds in one collected army, or rather remove with all their families, whenever they are ejected by a more powerful force. . . All the Gauls are warriors by nature, but they fight better on horseback than on foot, and the flower of the Roman cavalry is drawn from their number. . . . No part of Gaul is unproductive, except where there are swamps or forests, and even these

parts are inhabited, yet rather on account of the populousness than the industry of the people; for the women are prolific and careful nurses, but the men are better warriors than husbandmen. . . . The Gauls wear saga (mantles), let their hair grow, and use tight trousers. Instead of tunics they wear a slashed garment with sleeves descending below the hips (Μέχρι ἀιδοίων καὶ γλουτῶν). The wool is coarse but short (long?); from it they weave the thick sagi which they call 'λαῖναι' (laenæ.) . . . The equipment of the Gauls is in keeping with the size of their bodies; they have a long sword hanging at their right side, a long shield, and lances in proportion, together with a 'materis' somewhat resembling a javelin. Some of them also use bows and slings; they have also a wooden weapon resembling a dart, which is hurled, not out of a thong, but from the hand, and goes a further distance even than an arrow. They make use of it chiefly in shooting birds. To the present day most of them lie on the ground, and take their meals seated on straw. They subsist principally on milk and all kinds of flesh, especially that of swine, which they eat both fresh and salted. Their swine live in the fields, and surpass in height, strength, and swiftness. To persons unaccustomed to approach them, they are almost as dangerous as wolves. The people dwell in great houses arched, constructed of planks and wicker, and covered with a heavy thatched roof. They have sheep and swine in such abundance that they supply saga and salted pork in plenty, not only to Rome, but to most parts of Italy. Their governments were for the most part aristocratic; formerly they chose a governor every year, and a military leader was likewise elected by the miltitude. At present they are mostly under subjection to the Romans. They have a peculiar custom in their assemblies. If any one makes an uproar or interrupts the speaker, an attendant advances with a drawn sword, and commands him with a menace to be silent; if he persists, the attendant does the same thing two other times, and finally cuts off from his sagum so large a piece as to render the remainder useless. The labours of the two sexes are distributed in a manner the reverse of what they are with us, but this is a common thing with numerous other barbarians. Amongst them all, three classes more especially are held in distinguished veneration, the Bards, the Soothsayers, and the Druids. The bards are chaunters and poets. The Soothsayers are sacrificers and physiologists (students of nature.) The Druids, in addition to physiology, practise ethic philosophy. They are deemed to be most upright, and, in consequence, to them are committed both public and private controversies, insomuch that on some

occasions they decide wars, and stop the combatants on the eve of engaging. Matters partaining to murder are more especially entrusted to their decision, and whenever there is plenty of these, they think there will also be plenty of fertility in the country. These and others say that souls are immortal, and also the world, yet that ultimately fire and water will prevail. To their simplicity and impetuosity are superadded much folly, vain boasting, and love of ornament. They wear gold, having collars of it on their necks, and bracelets on their arms and wrists; and persons in position are clad in dyed garments, embroidered with gold. This lightness of character makes them intolerable when they conquer, and throws them into consternation when worsted. In addition to their folly, they have a barbarous and absurd custom, common, however, with many nations of the north, of suspending the heads of their enemies from their horses' necks on their return from battle, and, when they have arrived, of nailing them as a spectacle to their gates. Posidonius says he witnessed this in many different places, and was at first shocked, but became familiar with it in time, on account of its frequency. The heads of any illustrious persons they embalm with cedar, exhibit them to strangers, and would not sell them for their weight in gold. However, the Romans put a stop to these customs as well as their modes of sacrifice and divination, which were quite opposite to those sanctioned by our laws. They would strike a man, devoted as an offering, on his back with a sword, and divine from his convulsion throes. Without the Druids they never sacrifice. It is said they have other modes of sacrificing their human victims; that they shoot some of them with arrows, and crucify others in their temples; and that they prepare a colossus of hay, with wood thrown over it, into which they put cattle, beasts of all kinds, and men, and then set fire to it."

Of the Britons he says:—"The men are taller than the Celti, with hair less yellow, and slighter in their persons. As an instance of their height, we ourselves saw at Rome some youths who were taller by so much as half a foot than the tallest there; but they were bowed-legged, and in other respects not symmetrical in their conformation. Their manners are in part like those of the Celts, though in part more simple and barbarous; insomuch that some of them, though possessing plenty of milk, have not skill enough to make cheese, and are totally unacquainted with horticulture and other matters of husbandry. There are several states amongst them. In their wars they make use of chariots for the most part, as do some of the Celts. Forests are their

cities; for having enclosed an ample space with felled trees, here they make themselves huts and lodge their cattle, though not for any long continuance."

The classical authors need scarcely be followed further than to the middle of the first ceutury of our era, for Rome had by this time spread its sway and its culture over Gaul, and much of the special customs, manners, and institutions of the Gauls had disappeared. Even Strabo has to speak of many things he describes as no longer existent. Druidism, for instance, was abolished under Augustus and his next three successors; by Druidism are meant the superstition which demanded human sacrifice and the medicine-man priestcraft which interfered with Rome's religious and political prejudices. Later writers, therefore, as a rule, only repeat previous information, and help us little to realise the life of the "Ancient Celt." Pliny, indeed, may be excepted, with his many superstitions and queer customs, which he traces over all the Roman world; but they are too minute and too numerous to be here quoted with any satisfaction or importance to our subject. He tells us how the Gauls wore in one generation the ring on the middle finger, and the next every finger was loaded with jewellery save that one; how they learned to dye all kinds of colours "with the juice only of certain herbs;" and how the Gauls knew something of scientific farming in chalking and marling their land—indeed, they appear to have been good enough farmers as far as knowledge is concerned, though Strabo tells us they were better fighters than husbandman. We may, besides Pliny, quote Ammianus Marcellinus, a writer of the 4th century, who knew the Gauls well, to show the position of women in Gaul:—"Several foreigners together could not wrestle against a single Gaul, if they quarrelled with him, especially if he called for help to his wife, who even exceeds the husband in her strength and in her haggard eyes. She would become especially formidable when swelling her throat, gnashing her teeth, and poising her arms, robust and white as snow, ready to act with feet or fists, she struck out with them with the force of a catapult." A Saturday night in the Irish quarter of any of our largest towns would forcibly remind one of this description. But this approximation of the women to the men in size and strength is a good sign of the advanced state of culture the Gauls were in.

We now sum up the leading points of Celtic manners and customs. The Celts were tall in stature, white-skinned, golden-haired, blue-eyed. They let their hair grow, but shaved the face, leaving only a moustache. They wore trousers and blouses de-

scending to the upper part of the thighs, and over this was cast the mantle or sagum, richly embroidered with gold. They were very fond of colours in their dresses, "flaming and fantastic." They wore personal ornaments like neck-torques, bracelets, and rings. They were agriculturists of no mean calibre: but they had a crofter question, as we see from Cæsar and others; for the farming class appear to have been much in debt, and practically in the power of the nobles and usurers (negotiator). There is evidence that originally the land belonged to themselves. The advent of the Romans only brought new sources of misery; for veritable "Sutherland" sheep farms were actually held by Roman nobles and knights. We see this from Cicero's speech for Quintius, for example. They knew manufactures, as we see from Pliny—fabricating serges, cloths, and felts, of great repute. Mines were worked in Southern Gaul, and smith-work carried to much perfection; the art of tinning was known, and copper was, for instance, plated with silver leaf to ornament horse's trappings, as Pliny vouches. Their food was flesh generally, and pork especially; their drink was milk, ale, and mead. It is noted by Cicero, Diodorus, and others, that they were inclined to intemperance. In disposition, they were frank, hospitable to strangers, but vain and quarrelsome, fickle in sentiments, and fond of novelties. They were fond of war, hot in attack, but easily discouraged by reverse. They spoke much in figurative language; they used Greek letters. They were religious, or rather superstitious, going to fearful excesses. Their religion was polytheism of the Greek and Roman style, but they were priest-ridden. In family matters, a son could not publicly appear with his father until of the age to bear arms; the wife's dowry was equalled by a sum from the husband, which all fell to the survivor. Their funerals were by cremation, at least, among the nobles, and were extravagant. In war, they had long iron two-edged swords, adapted for cutting, sheathed in iron scabbards, and suspended to the side by chains. They had spears, whose points were long, broad, and serrated to tear the flesh. They made use of light javelins also, with the bow and sling; though these weapons are not characteristic of them. Their helmets were of metal, ornamented with horns or figures in relief of animals. They carried a large oblong shield, a breastplate of iron, and a coat of mail, which last was a Gaulish invention. They were excellent horsemen; but earlier the Celts fought in chariots, as they did in Britain at Cæsar's time. They challenged the foe to single combats, and used to hang the heads of the enemy from their horses' neck, carrying them home in triumph to be nailed up

for trophies. Their political system had originally been kingly power, which gave way, as in Greece, to an oligarchy. The oligarchy was the common form in Gaul, as Strabo says, but tyrants were not unknown. They had severe laws passed against anyone who tried to become tyrant, as we see in Orgetorix's case. The oligarchical republics had senates and consuls—the consul among the Ædui being called Vergobretus. They had political parties and chiefships of individuals and states. Their houses were large, dome-shaped, and made of wood. They had towns and villages; plenty of roads and bridges. The ancient Celts were, therefore, as Posidonius had observed, "just like the people in Homer's time," an observation quite true in regard to Britain in Cæsar's time, but the Gauls were rather in the state of Greece before the Persian wars. A wonderful light is reflected by a study of ancient Celtic customs on the heroic tales and legends of ancient Ireland; the tales about Cuchullin and Conchobar exactly reproduce on old Irish soil the life of the ancient Celts; we see their banquets with their "champion share" and their fights in the Feast of Bricreud; we see their gorgeous magnificence of person and dress in the Brudin-da-Derga; and we see them in the various aspects of war in the great Tain-bo-Chuailgne.

(3) LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT CELTS.

The language of the ancient Celts has fared worse than their history or their culture. Only a few inscriptions remain to us of the Gaulish language of Cæsar's time and later, and these do not give any satisfactory idea of the state of the language. There are hundreds of Celtic names in the classical authors, but their value in showing the grammatical forms of the language is almost nil. Some words of linguistic significance are handed down by the classical writers; such, for instance, is *petorritum*, "a *four*-wheeled chariot," where *petor* is the Gaulish form for Gaelic-Irish *cethir* "four." This shows that the Gaulish of Cæsar's time was already progressing on different lines from the Goidelic or Gaelic branch; the Welsh for "four" is *pedwar*. Some centuries previous to the beginning of our era, the two branches of the Celtic speech separated—the Goidelic and Brythonic, to use Professors Rhys' terminology. The *qu* of Italo-Celtic and ancient Celtic times was stiffened by the one into *k*, and by the other—the Brythonic—labialised into *p*. They both agree in dropping almost everywhere the Aryan *p*; for example, Lat., *plenus* (*full*); Gaelic, *lán*; Welsh, *llawn*. Some linguistic tendencies must have also been developed in the "Ancient Celtic" period, notably the sinking of

vowel-flanked consonants into "aspirated" forms. The old Gaulish and British, with their descendants, the modern Welsh and Breton, and the lately extinct Cornish, all belong to the Gallic or Brythonic branch of Celtic; the old Irish and old Gaelic with their modern descendants of Ireland, Man, and Scotland belong to the Goidelic or Gaelic branch.

We can here only present results, and the following view of the ancient grammar of the Celtic language is arrived at by examining the laws which regulate the terminations of Gaelic, but more especially of old Irish forms. Thus a "small" vowel like *e* or *i* at the termination of a word forces itself back into the preceding syllable rather than be altogether extinguished. Examples exist in English, as *foot*, with plural *feet* for *fōte* originally; but Gaelic carries this system through most consistently. Thus *bard* (a bard) has genitive singular and nominative plural *baird* for original *bardi*. Gaelic in Scotland has allowed the regressive action of long *a* to affect the preceding syllable, as *clach*, Irish *cloch* for original *cloca*. The terminal *s* and other consonants are restored from the analogy of the classical languages, which also lost them since the commencement of our era. The "restoration" follows Windisch, more especially. "Prehistoric" stands for over two thousands years ago, and is parallel to "Ancient" of Ancient Celts.

Declension of Nouns.

(N.B. —The dual is, for convenience' sake, generally left out.)

(1) Stems originally in *a*.

Masculine.

	Gaelic.	Old Irish.	Pre-historic.
S.N.	fear "a man"	fer	viras
G.	fir	fir	viri
D.	fear	fiur	viru (viro)
A.	fear	fer n-	viran
V.	'fhir	a fhir	vire (viri)
P.N.	fir	fir	viri
G.	fear	fer n-	viran
D.	fearaibh	feraib	virabis
A.	fir	firu	virūs (virōs)
V.	'fheara	a fhiru	virus
Dual N. & A.	da fhear	dá fher	vira

Feminine.

S.N.	cas "foot"	coss	cossa
G.	coise	coisse	cossēs
D.	cois	coiss	cossi
A.	cas	coiss n-	cossin
V.	a chas	a choss	cossa
P.N.	casan	cossa	cossās
G.	cas	coss n-	cossan
D.	casaibh	cossaib	cossābis
A.	casan	cossa	cossās
V.	a chasa	a chossa	cossas
Dual N. & A.	da chois	di choiss	cossi
G.	da chois	da choss	cossās
D.	da chois	dib cossaibh	cossabin

Neuter.

S. N. & A.	sgeul "story"	scél n-	scēlan
G.	sgeoil	sceoil	scēli
P. N. & A.	sgeulan	scéla	scēla

Stems in *ia.*

Masculine.

S. N.	duine "man"	duine	dunias
G.	duine	duini	dunii
D.	duine	duiniu	duniu
A.	duine	duine n-	dunian
V.	a dhuine	a duini	dunii
P. N.	daoine	doini	dunii
	&c.	&c.	&c.

Feminine.

S. N.	guidhe	gude (guide)	gudia
G.	guidhe	guide	gudiēs
D.	guidhe	guidi	gudii
P. N.	gnidheachan	guidi	guidīs
	&c.	&c.	&c.

Neuter.

S. N.	cridhe "heart"	cride n-	cridian
G.	cridhe	cridi	cridii
D.	cridhe	cridiu	cridiu
P. N.	cridheachan	cride	cridia
	&c.	&c.	&c.

(2) Stems originally in *i*.

Masculine and feminine.

S. N.	súil (eye)	súil	sulis
G.	súla	súla	sulaos (ajas)
D.	súil	súil	suli
A.	súil	súil n-	sulin
V.	a shúil	a shuil	suli
P. N.	súilean	súli	suleis
G.	súil	súle n-	sulean
D.	súilibh	súlib	sulibis
A.	súilean	súli	sulis
V.	a shúilean	a shúli	sulis
Dual N. & A.	da shúil	dí shúil	sulai (1)
G.	da shúla	dá súla	sulaos
D.	da shúil	dib súlib	sulibin

Neuter.

S. N. & A.	muir "sea"	muir	mori
G.	mara	mora	moraos
P. N. & A.	marannan	mora	moraja

(3) Stems in *u*.

S. N.	gniomh "deed"	gnim (masc.)	gnimus
G.	gniomha	gnima	gnimaos (avos)
P. N.	gniomhan (aran)	gnimai	gnimavis
A.	gniomhan	gnimu	gnimūs
S. N.	dorus "door"	dorus (neut.)	dorastu
G.	doruis	dorais	dorastaos
P. A.	dorsan	dorsi	dorasteva

(4) Consonant Stems.

(*a*) Family names in *r*.

S. N.	máthair "mother"	máthir	matēr
G.	máthar	máthar	materas
D.	máthair	máthir	materi
A.	máthair	máthir n-	materin
V.	a mháthair	a máthir	mater
P. N.	máthraichean	máthir	materis
G.	máthraichean	máthre n-	materan
D.	máthraichean	máithrib	materabis
A.	máthraichean	máithrea	materās
V.	a mháthraichean	a máithrea	materas

[redacted]

(*b.*) Dental Stems.

S. N.	braighe "neck"	brage	bragents
G.	braghad	braget	bragentas
D.	braghad	bragait	bragenti
A.	braighe	bragit n-	bragentin
P. N.	braghadan	bragit	bragentis
G.	braghadan	braget n-	bragentan
D.	braghadan	braigtib	bragentibis
A.	braghadan	braigtea	bragentas

(*c.*) Guttural Stems.

S. N.	nathair "viper"	nathir	natrix
G.	nathrach	nathrach	natracas
D.	nathair	nathraig	natraci
A.	nathair	nathraig n-	natracin
V.	a nathair	nathir	natrix
P. N.	nathraichean	nathraig	natracis
G.	nathraichean	nathrach n-	natracan
D.	nathraichean	nathrachaib	natracabis
A.	nathraichean	nathracha	natracas
Dual N. & A.	da nathair	da nathraig	natrace
G.	da nathair	da nathrach	natracas
D.	da nathair	dib nathrachaib	natracabin

(*d.*) Stems in *n* and *man.*

S. N.	gobha "smith"	goba	gobas
G.	gobhainn	gobann	gobannas
D.	gobhainn	gobainn	gobanni
P. N.	goibhnean	gobainn	gobannis
	&c.	&c.	&c.

S. N.	Alba "Scotland"	Alba	Albans (Albā)
G.	Albainn	Alban	Albanas
D.	Albainn	Albain	Albani

S. N.	britheamh	brithem	britema
G.	britheimh	britheman	britemanas
D.	britheamh	brithemain	britemani
A.	britheamh	brithemain n-	britemanin
V.	a bhritheimh	brithem	britemin
P. N.	britheamhnan	brithemain	britemanis
	&c.	&c.	&c.

Neuters in *man*.

S. N. & A.	ainm "name"	ainm n-	anmen
G.	ainme	anme (a)	anmanas
D.	ainm	anmaimm	anmanmi (!)
P. N. & A.	ainmeannan	anmann	anmana
	&c.	&c.	&c.

(*e.*) Neuter Stems in *as*.

S. N.	tigh "house"	teg (tech.)	tegas
G.	tighe	tige	tegeas (tegesas)
D.	tigh	tig	tigi (tegesi)
P. N.	tighean	tige	tegea (tegesa)
	&c.	&c.	&c.

Declension of the Article.

S. N., M.	an, am, an t-	in, in t-	santas
F.	an, a', an t-	in, ind, in t-	santa
N.	.....	a n-	san
S. G., M. & N.	an, a', an t-	in, ind, in t-	santi
F.	na, na h-	inna, na	santās
S. D., M. & N.	an, a' an t-	don, dond, don t-	santu
F.	as *mas*	as *mas*	santi
S. A., M.	as *nom*	in n-	santan
F.	as *nom*	in n-	santin
N.	.....	a n-	san
P. N., M.	na, na h-	in ind, in t-	santi
F.	na, na h-	inna, na	santās
N.	.....	inna, na	santa
P. G.	nan, nam	inna, na n-	santan
P. D.	na, na h-	donaib	santabis
P. A.	as *nom*	inna	santōs, M.; santās, F.; santa, N.
Dual N., M.	an da (*the two*)	in da	santa dvā
F.	an da	in dí	santi dvī (dvei)
N.	.....	in da	santa dvā
G. (all genders)	an da	in dà	santās dvās
D.	an da	in dib n-	santabin dvebin

Numerals.

N. M.	tri "three"	trí	trīs (treis)
F.	tri	teoir	tesoris
N.	...	trí	trī

G. M. and N. tri.....trìn.....trijan
F. tri.....teora n-.....tesoran
D. M. and N. tri .....trib.....tribis
F. tri .....teoraib.....tesorabis
N. M. ceithir "four"...cethir .....cetaris (as)
F. ceithir.....cetheoir .....cetesoris (as)
N. .....cethir .....cetaria
coig "five" .....cóic.....cōci (quence)
sia "six" .....sé .....sex
seachd "seven" .secht n- .....sectan
ochd "eight".....ocht n-, oct .....octan (octa ?)
naoi "nine".....nói n-.....novin
deich "ten"..... deich n-.....decin
fichead "twenty"fiche, *pl.* fichit ...vicents, *plural* vicentis
ciad, ceud "hundred".....cét (cét n-).....canton

Conjugation of Verb.

Active Voice.

Indicative—Present.

S. 1. beiridh mi "I will bear".....berinm.....berim-mi
2. beiridh tu .....beri .....beresi
3. { beiridh / beireas } e... { berid / *rel.* beres } ... { bereti / *rel.* beret-ja (?) }
P. 1. beiridh sinn.....bermme.....berim-nis
2. beiridh sibh.....berthe .....beritīs
3. { beiridh / beireas } iad... { berit / *rel.* berte } ...beranti

After Particles.

S. 1. (cha) bheir mi ...do-biur.....beru (o)
2. bheir thu.....do-bir ....beris
3. bheir e.....do-beir.....berit
P. 1. bheir sinn. .....do-beram .....beramas
2. bheir sibh.....do-berid .....bereti
3. bheir iad.....do-berat.....berant

Indicative—Present Secondary.

S. 1. bheirinn "I would bear".....no berinn.....berimīn
2. bheireadh tu.....no bertha.....beretaso
3. bheireadh e.....no bered .....bereta (o)

Indicative—Present Secondary.—Continued.

P. 1. bheireamaid.....no bermmis.....berim-mi-ss (nt)
2. bheireadh sibh...no berthe.....beritīs (?)
3. bheireadh iad....no bertis.....beri-ti-ss (?)

Indicative—Past.

S. 1. chan mi "I said".cechan.....cecana
2. chan thu.....cechan.....cecanas
3. chan e.....cechuin.....cecane
P. 1. chan sinn.....cechnammar.....
2. chan sibh.....cechnaid.....cecnate
3. chan iad.....cechnatar.....

Imperative.

S. 1. beiream (*really 1st pres.*).....
2. beir .....beir } .....beri (e) }
berthe } .....berited }
3. beireadh e.....berad .....beratu
P. 1. beireamaid.....beram .....
2. beiribh.....berid.....bereti (e)
3. beireadh iad.....berat.....berantu

Infinitive.

N. & A. beirsinn.....bersiu (old Gael.)bersiu
G. beirsinn.....bersen.....bersinas
D. beirsinn .....bersin.....bersini
A. beirsinn .....bersin n-.....bersinin

Passive Voice.

Indicative—Present.

S. 1. beirear mi "I shall be born".....nom berar-sa.....
2. beirear thu.....not berar-su.....
3. beirear e.....berir.....bertur
P. 1. beirear sinn.....non berar-ni.....
2. beirear sibh.....nob berar-si.....
3. beirear iad.....bertir .....berantur

Indicative—Secondary Present.

S. 3. bheirteadh e(*subj*)no berthe.....
P. 3. bheirteadh iad...no bertis.....

Indicative—Past.

S. 3. chanadh .....ro chét.....cantas (*part. pass.*)
P. 3. chanadh .....ro chéta .....cantās (*p. p. fem.*)

Participle.

cainte "said".....cete.....cantas, a, an

Prepositions.

mu "about".....imb.....ambi
ath-, aith-, "again" .....aith-.....ati
a, as, "out".....a, ass.....ax
o, bho, "from".....o, ua.....ava
eadar, "between".....eter.....enter
gu, "to".....co.....co, cot
gu, 'with' (with adjectives).co, co n-.....con
air, "on" .....ar } .....(p)ara
for } .....u(p)ari
an, "in" ....i, i n-.....in

THE SOCIETY'S GAELIC CLASSES.

On Friday evening, 25th April, the Gaelic classes held by the Society in Raining's School were brought to a close by a Gaelic concert. The success of these classes was beyond the most sanguine hopes of the Society; altogether some 140 pupils presented themselves, and, though the season was late for evening classes, yet the attendance kept up to a high level throughout. The average attendance would be about seventy. The difficulty in conducting the classes was not want of enthusiasm either on the part of the pupils or of the public, but the scarcity of teachers. The members of the Society who could teach were often engaged on the very nights necessary, and much inconvenience was caused to the pupils and those teachers that appeared by unavoidable absences of this kind. It is expected that another session will see the classes again in operation, and that, from the experience gathered during this year, the difficulty of the teaching staff will be overcome. It is a sign of the interest in Gaelic, and the vitality of patriotic feeling in the city Gael, that it was not the public who were most backward in this matter, but the members of the Society themselves. As a crowning example of the interest taken in the classes, the Gaelic concert on the 25th April was only too well patronised, for the large room in Raining's School was crowded to overflowing, and very many had to go away unad-

mitted. Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, an honorary chieftain of the Society, presided, and there were among those present --Mr Campbell, editor of the *Northern Chronicle;* Councillors Stuart and Macbean; Mr W. Mackenzie, Clarence Villa, Drummond, secretary to the Society; Rev. Mr Bisset, Stratherrick; Mr Whyte, librarian; Mr Alex. Macbain, headmaster of Raining's School. An equal number of ladies as of gentlemen graced the proceedings with their presence. The Chairman, in introducing the proceedings, spoke of the great success that had marked the classes, and the numbers that had attended. The ability to speak Gaelic would be a boon to them as long as they lived. They had to thank the teachers for their interest in the pupils and the energy and success of their teaching. They were especially indebted to Mr Macbain for the use of the school. Thereafter an interesting and varied programme was gone through. Mr Carter, a pupil of the class, whose Gaelic was all learnt since he joined it, led off with Maclachlan's Gaelic song, "Gur Gile Mo Leannan," and his efforts were rewarded with hearty applause. Miss Lizzie Macbean followed with the beautiful song "Fear a' Bhàta," which she sung equally as beautifully. Miss Macbean has assured her position in the North as a singer of the first rank in English singing; she may confidently do the same in Gaelic singing. Mr Paul Fraser sung "Gruagach Dhonn a bhroillich bhàin," with his usual tact and spirit, and received well-merited applause. Mr D. Campbell, of the *Chronicle*, then varied the proceedings with a speech, in which he said that the meeting that night was a proof that the Gaelic language was not dead in Inverness. They could not praise Mr Macbain too highly for his teaching, and for gathering the class together, and keeping it so. They had to thank Mr Whyte, and Mr Ramsay, and the other teachers for their attendance and attention. Thereafter, Miss Hutcheson gave a beautiful rendering of that exquisite love song, "Mo Rùn Geal Dileas," for which she received the warm applause of the meeting. The next item on the programme was a Gaelic trialogue enacted by Mr Whyte, Master Donald Macaulay and Miss Kate Maclennan. It was one of Dr Norman Macleod's "Comhradh's," wherein the Brocair (Mr Whyte) argues on marriage and housekeeping with Finlay the Piper (Mr Macaulay) and Mary the Piper's wife (Miss Maclennan.) The novelty and excellence of the performance were both highly appreciated. Miss Paterson next gave a song, and Mr Farquhar Macrae (an old pupil of the school, now at Edinburgh University); both received the hearty applause of the meeting. Mr Macrae's song was "Thug Mi Gaol do'n Fhear Bhan."

The Rev. Mr Bisset then gave an address, partly Gaelic, partly English. He expressed his gratification and wonder at such a meeting. Miss Macbean, for the second time, delighted the audience with a Gaelic song—" 'S toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd." Councillor Macbean, who was dressed in the Highland dress, entertained the audience with a Gaelic speech, enlivened by many jokes and funny reminiscences. Mr Paul Fraser thereafter gave another song in Gaelic—his favourite air, " Mnathan a' ghliune." Councillor Stuart spoke in English and Gaelic, giving in the latter specimens of the power of that language in "sound-painting," and also reciting "Turus Eachuinn," much to the delight of his hearers. Mr Whyte sang a popular Gaelic catch, in which the audience joined, and the proceedings were brought to a close by the Chairman also doing the same. Mr M'Walter, of Marr & Co., accompanied the singers on the piano, and at intervals during the evening, Mr Paul Mackillop, and Mr Kenneth Macdonald, discoursed selections of music on the great Highland bagpipe. A most pleasant evening, of a thoroughly Gaelic type, was thus gone through—an evening that it is hoped may be the precursor of such annually in the future.

3rd July 1884.

A business meeting was held on this date, when arrangements were made for the Annual Assembly. It was stated that the Music Hall had been engaged for the meeting, and that the Chief of the Society, Lochiel, M.P., was to preside. The following new members were elected, viz.:—Mr William Davidson, farmer, Ruthven (ordinary); and Mr Eldon M. Carter (apprentice.)

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Thirteenth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall, Inverness, on the evening of Thursday, July 10, 1884. The following is the programme which was arranged :—

PART I.

Address—The Chief.

Oran Gailig—" Mo run gach là "—Mr Hugh Fraser.
Scotch Song—" The Cameron Men "—Miss Watt.
Oran Gailig—" Mnathan a' Ghlinne " (by request)—Mr Pau Fraser.

Oran Gailig—" Mo run geal dileas "—Miss Hutcheson.
Scotch Song—" My Nannie's awa' "—Mr C. C. Macdonald.
Dance—" Highland Fling "—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Interval of Five Minutes—Bagpipe Music.

PART II.

Gaelic Address—Mr Colin Chisholm.
Song—" The Old Brigade "—Mr Paul Fraser.
Oran Gailig—" Thug mi gaol do'n fhear bhan "—Miss Hutcheson.
Dance—" Gillie-Calum "—Oganach Gaidhealach.
Scotch Song—" Tam Glen "—Miss Watt.
Oran Gailig—" Theid i leam"—Mr Paul Fraser.
Dance —" Reel o' Tulloch "—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.
Oran Gailig—" Na'm bithinn na m' Bhard "—Mr Hugh Fraser.
Votes of thanks to the Chief and performers –Skaebost.

While the audience was assembling, excellent bagpipe music was supplied by a large band of pipers, composed of Pipe-Major Maclennan, of the 2nd Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders; Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders; Pipe-Major D. H. Ferguson, Inverness Highland Rifle Volunteers, and pipers from each of these three regiments. The platform was nicely decorated, two magnificent Scottish thistles (presented by Mr A. Ross, Riverfield), being placed on either side of the entrance.

Among those who occupied positions on the platform were—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, of Gairloch, Bart. (who presided); Capt. A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr Reginald Macleod, Dunvegan Castle; Rev. Gavin Lang, West Parish Church, Inverness; Rev. A. C. Macdonald, Queen Street Free Church, do.; Mrs Mary Mackellar, Bard to the Society; Bailie Macbean, Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk; Mr Chisholm, Kingston, Canada; Captain Burgess, Gairloch; Mr H. G. Cameron Corbet, London; Mr C. Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness; Mr James Barron, Ness Bank, do.; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr A. Macbain, rector, Raining's School; Mr Donald Davidson of Drummond Park; Mr Hugh Rose, do.; Mr William Mackenzie, Secretary to the Society; Mr A. Ross, Riverfield; Mr F. Macdonald, Druidag; Mr R. Maclean, Ardross, &c.

Mr William Mackenzie, the secretary of the Society, then addressing the meeting, said that on the preceding day he had a letter from Lochiel, stating that he was suffering from gout, and

that possibly he could not come North; but that he would make a special effort to come. On Wednesday night he had a telegram, intimating that Lochiel was worse, and that afternoon he had received the following letter:—

"Montagu House, Whitehall, July 9, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—The hope which I expressed in my letter yesterday has, I regret to say, not been realised, and this morning my foot is so painful that I can hardly put it to the ground, much less ought I attempt to travel. You cannot on my behalf express too forcibly the extreme disappointment which my enforced absence from the anniversary meeting of the Gaelic Society causes me, while, if it be not presumptuous to say so, the belief that this disappointment will be shared by others, sensibly aggravates my own regret. It is certainly most unfortunate that of all weeks in the year I should be a prisoner during the present one, when business engagements, as well as the duty which I owe to the Gaelic Society, demanded my presence in Inverness. Trusting that my enforced absence may interfere as little as possible with the success of your meeting, I am yours, very fathfully,

"DONALD CAMERON."

Mr Mackenzie then, continuing, said that the Council, on learning of Lochiel's illness, had resolved to ask either Lord Dunmore (who was unable to be present last year when he himself was Chief) or Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, to preside on this occasion. (Applause.) Lord Dunmore being in town, a deputation from the Council of the Society was sent to wait upon him, but he too was suffering from gout. (Laughter.) They then communicated by telegraph with Sir Kenneth Mackenzie—(Applause)—one of the earliest and best friends of the Society, and he had put the Society under another debt of gratitude to him by agreeing to preside on this occasion, and in response to the Council's invitation Sir Kenneth now occupied the chair. (Loud applause.) The Council hoped that Lord Dunmore would be present, but owing to his attack of gout his Lordship was unable to comply with their wishes; and another gentleman, Mr Macdonald of Skaebost, whose name was on the programme, telegraphed that afternoon from Edinburgh, as follows:—

"Sorry I cannot be with you to-night, as I am laid up with gout. (Loud laughter.) I wish you a most pleasant evening, which I am sure you will have with such a chief as Lochiel." (Applause.)

Mr Mackenzie then intimated letters of apology from Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, C.B.; Mr A. R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; Professor Mackinnon; Rev. Mr Morison, Kintail; Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Sheriff Nicolson; Rev. Mr Maclachlan, Glasgow; Mr Forbes of Culloden; Mr Mackintosh of Holme; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Captain D. P. Macdonald, Fort-William; Mr Clunas, Nairn; and Captain O'Sullivan, Inverness.

Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, who, as already stated, occupied the chair, then addressed the meeting. He said—Ladies and Gentlemen,—You will see from the programme that the first item is an address by the Chief. Unfortunately, as you have heard, the Chief is not able to be present, and I am not able to give you an address. (Laughter and applause.) But there is one thing that you will notice, and that is that the leading members of this Association belong to a highly respectable class, for they are all afflicted with a highly respectable complaint. (Laughter.) That complaint, however, though very respectable, is, I am afraid, a very painful one, and one that is excessively exasperating under all circumstances, and particularly so when it prevents people from fulfilling engagements of a social nature, such as that of this evening is. And as Lochiel cannot be here to-night, I am sure you will sympathise with him in his unfortunate position, and will give expression to that feeling at the close of the programme. (Applause.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have been summoned here to-night by telegraph, but I must confess I have nothing particular to say. Politics are properly forbidden. It does seem rather hard on one who regularly reads the papers, and sees nothing in them but politics, to find that he is not permitted to touch upon what he sees and hears daily. (Laughter.) But this is mainly a literary society, though I am afraid the literary duties are to a large extent deputed to the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie. We are very fortunate in having so energetic and able a secretary as he has proved himself to be, for you are doubtless aware that a great part of the papers in our Transactions come from his pen. I remember when I had the honour of presiding at the annual dinner here a year and a-half ago, that I made certain suggestions to the members of this Association as to subjects which they might take up, or on which they might read papers, for our Transactions. I confess that I felt too modest to do anything myself, but I was anxious that others should do something, and I suggested that somebody might write an account of how our Highland regi-

ments were raised. Since that time Mr Mackenzie has contributed a valuable paper to our last volume of Transactions; and very interesting evidence came out before the Crofter Commission as to how our Highland regiments were raised, and the Commissioners were also told that Highland proprietors were then more tyrannical than those of the present day, even objectionable as proprietors to-day are supposed to be. (Laughter.) Another subject has lately occurred to me. I think it would be very interesting if any member of this Association, and there are a great many here present to-night from all parts of the country, would take up and publish a treatise upon Highland surnames. There are a number of curious English names in the West which do not correspond with the Gaelic names. For instance, there is the name of Livingstone, which is translated as *Mac-an-léigh*. I cannot myself understand what the connection between these two names is. Then there are a great many names which are translations, but whether they are ancient or modern seems undecided. We have the surnames of Brown, Smith, and Grey. I am told Brown is in some parts of the country called *Mac-'ille-dhuinn*, and Grey *Mac-'ille-ghlais*. This is an interesting subject, and I think it would be very desirable that some facts regarding it should be put on record. (Applause.) The efforts of this Association have always been directed to get Gaelic introduced into our Highland schools, and those of you who have taken an interest in the report of the Crofter Commission will have seen that the Commissioners have recommended legislation pretty much on the lines suggested by this Society. (Applause.) Whether anything will come of it, I cannot say. But I think there is one way in which the Society might still do a great deal of good with reference to the question of Gaelic in schools. There is, undoubtedly, great difficulty in getting Gaelic-speaking teachers for our Highland schools. Gaelic-speaking teachers are ambitious like other teachers. The best men go where the best salaries are to be got, and the best salaries are not always to be found on the West Coast. At all events it would require an unusual amount of public spirit in the ratepayers, if those on the West Coast were to give salaries which would enable them to secure the services of the best men. At the same time, it is eminently desirable that the best Gaelic-speaking teachers should hold positions in Gaelic-speaking districts; and I think that this Society should bring its influence to bear on Highland School Boards, and on the Education Department, with the view of securing this. (Applause.) It is surely ridiculous to suppose that a man who cannot understand

the children, and whom the children cannot understand, could be able to impart anything like a real education to these children. I do not mean to say that there are not high-class men who manage to get on wonderfully well without a knowledge of Gaelic; but there are teachers who discover that the children are stupid, because they do not understand the children, and the children do not understand them. It seems to me that in these circumstances, it is not at all remarkable that the teacher should find the children stupid. (Applause.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, I am not here prepared with an address, and I feel somewhat in the position of that unfortunate minister who did not know much Gaelic, and of whom our friend, the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, of Kilmorack, told us a story at the meeting when this Society was inaugurated. This unfortunate clergyman had great difficulty in getting up his sermon, and when it was got up it was not very edifying to the people. (Laughter) His Gaelic was limited, and after preaching a quarter-of-an-hour, he wound up by saying, "Tha mi cinnteach gu bheil sibhse sgith dhiomsa, agus tha mise seachd sgith dhibhse." "I am sure you are tired of me, and I am heartily tired of you." (Laughter and applause.) As this meeting is one partly for amusement, and as there is an entertainment before you, I will say no more, but I hope that any weariness you may have felt during the last few minutes will speedily pass away. (Loud applause.)

The singing and dancing were then proceeded with. To those in the habit of attending the Assembly the performers were nearly all well and favourably known. Miss Watt, Miss Hutchison, Mr Hugh Fraser, Mr Paul Fraser, and Mr C. C. Macdonald, sustained the vocal part of the programme; and Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Pipe-Major Alexander Maclennan, and Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, supplied the bagpipe music. "The Cameron Men" and "Tam Glen" were Miss Watt's selections, and she received an enthusiastic recall on both appearances. In response, she favoured the audience in the one case with "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar," and on the next occasion repeated a verse of her theme. Miss Watt sang in splendid voice, and the cordial appreciation evoked was both flattering and deserved. Miss Hutcheson gave "Mo run geal dileas," very sweetly, and received a warm and hearty encore. She was equally successful in another ditty of the affections, "Thug mi gaol do'n Fhear Bhan," her efforts meeting with a well-merited encore. Mr Hugh Fraser, who was in characteristic form, introduced himself with "Mo run gach la'," a prize song by the late Rev. D. Fraser, Fearn, and being recalled

gave the "Gairloch Clan." His other performance, "Na 'm bithinn na m' Bhard," created much amusement owing to the demonstrative rendering it received. Mr Paul Fraser was equally happy in "The Old Brigade," as in "Mnathan a' Ghlinne" and "Theid i leam," and all three performances were warmly appreciated. Miss J. B. Mackenzie played the pianoforte accompaniments with great acceptance. A most popular feature of the proceedings was the dancing of the Highland Fling, Gillie Callum, and the Reel of Tulloch, all of which were excellently done, and loudly applauded. The interval between the parts was very agreeably filled up by Captain Chisholm, who played a selection of well-known airs on the pipes, his playing evoking loud cheers.

Mr Colin Chisholm opened the second part of the programme by a Gaelic address. He said—A Phriomh a' Chomuinn so, a Bhaintighearnan, agus a Dhaoin'-uaisle, is duilich leam innseadh dhuibh nach 'eil e air chomas do'n phears-eaglais a bha dol a thoirt oraid Ghaidhlig dhuinn a bhi an so an nochd. Na 'm biodh e air tighinn bu chinnteach duinn toileachdainn agus soillearachdainn fhaighinn. An coimeas do 'n duine urramach sin cha'n 'eil mise ach mar dhamh an ceo, no mar fhear 'na aonar ann am bàta air bharr na tonn agus e gun stiuir, gun seol, gun ramh, gun taoman. A bharrachd air so cha d'fhuair mi ach fios piobaire; agus air an aobhar sin na gabhaibh iongantas ged nach 'eil mo chruit air dheagh ghleusadh, oir cha robh duil agam ri mo bheul fhosgladh aig a' choinnimh so. Coma co dhiubh, eadar dheoin a's ain-deoin dh'aontaich mi. Ach, aon ni, cha chum mi fada sibh. Ma bheir sibh eisdeachd fad naoi no deich a mhionaidean domh, innsidh mi mo bheachd dhuibh air na comhairlean baigheil, priseil a thug Ard-theachdairean na Ban-righ dhuinn mu sgoilean Gaidhealtachd agus Eileanan na h-Alba. Anns a' chiad dol sios, tha na daoine glice, cogaiseach so a' sealltainn air an trom dhlighe a tha ri phaidheadh ann an cuid de na sgoilean Gaidhealach mar eallach a tha tuilleadh is trom ri ghiulan. Ann an cuid de 'n Eilean Leoghasach tha cain agus cìs nan sgoilean a' tighinn gu sia tasdain agus ochd sgillinn's a' phunnd Shasunnach. Anns na h-Earradh tha a' chain da thasdan agus ochd sgilliun, agus ann an Uidhist-a-chinne-tuath tri tasdain 's a' phunnd Shasunnach. Agus cha 'n ann 's na h-eileanan uile tha an t-olc; tha da sgire dheug eadar tir-mor Siorrachd Inbhirnis, Siorrachd Rois, agus Eilean Shealtainn anns am beil dlighe nan sgoilean a' dol thairis air da thasdan 's a' phunnd Shasunnach. Tha a leithid so de dh-ana-caitheamh nàr—tha e buileach nàr, an uair a chuimhnicheas sinn gur ann aig daoine nach 'eil ro chomasach tha a' chuid mhor dheth ri phaidh-

eadh. Tha Ard-theachdairean na Ban-righ (ma tha Gaidhlig air *Commissioners* cha chuala mise i) tha iad a' faicinn mar an ceudna nach 'eil aig cloinn luchd-labhairt na Gaidhlig ach fior dhroch ceartas anns na sgoilean air son am bheil iad a paidheadh cho daor. Air an aobhar sin tha iad a' toirt am barail gu saor, soilleir dhuinn air gach seol agus gach doigh a bu choir a leantainn a so suas gu lan cheartas a bhuileachadh air sgoilearan na Gaidhlig. Am measg nam ficheadan de dhoighean caomhail anns am beil iad a soillearachdainn an durachd do'n sgoilear Ghaidhlig tha iad gun agadh, gun fhiaradh, a' comhairleachadh gu'm biodh e air a chur air an aon ruith ri sgoilear na Greugais agus na Laidinn. Tha a nis os cionn ceud bliadhna bho'n thug sgoilear ainmeal aig nach robh mor bhaigh ris a' Ghaidhealtachd a bharail mu'n amaideachd a bha ann a bhi a' sparradh na Beurla nach robh iad a' tuigsinn, a dheoin no dh-ain-deoin, air an oigridh Ghaidhealaich. Mar tha fios agaibh tha cuid de na sgoilearan so a' cosnadh suim mhaith airgid 's a' bhliadhna air son chanainean coigreach mar tha Fraingis agus Greugais; agus c'arson nach biodh a' cheart chothrom air a thoirt do'n Ghaidhlig? Agus so gu seachd sonraichte an uair a chi sinn gu'n do dh-fhaisg na h-Eirionnaich an t-sochair so as a' Pharlamaid air an son fhein. Agus tha fhios againn gu bheil a' Ghaidhlig airidh air. Nach d'thuirt fear de ard luchd-teagaisg Abar-eadhan o chionn ghoirid gu'n robh a' Ghaidhlig na cainnt sgriobhte deich linntean m' an deachaidh facal Beurla a chur riamh air paipear. Is e coire sluagh na duthcha a bhios ann, ma ta, mur cruadhaich iad air a' Pharlamaid gu lan cheartas fhaiginn dha'n sliochd. A dh'aon fhacal ged bhiodh muinntir na Gaidhealtachd a' taghadh riaghailtean gu sgoilearan math a dheanamh dhe'n cuid cloinne cha b'urrainn daibh roghainn na b'fhearr a dheanamh na bhi lan leagte ri deagh chomhairlean Ard-theachdairean na Banrigh. Mar is luaithe a chuirear an gniomh iad is ann is cliuitiche a bhitheas e do'n Ghaidhealtachd agus is buannachdaile dha 'n Rioghachd gu leir. Mr Chisholm concluded amid loud cheering.

Mr Reginald Macleod, who took the place assigned in the programme to Mr Macdonald of Skaebost, said—I am very sorry to have to appear in the place of your old and most esteemed member, Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost. I am afraid we received the news of his illness with more merriment than was right or becoming, but since the malady is more unpleasant than dangerous, we were affected with something like amusement on hearing that Lochiel, Lord Dunmore, and Mr Macdonald of Skaebost were all ill with gout. I am sure we are all equally sorry that they

are unable to be present to-night, and we earnestly wish for their speedy recovery from their temporary illness. I myself am not sorry that Mr Macdonald is absent, because it enables me to move a vote of thanks to Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, who has occupied the chair with so much satisfaction. (Applause.) I suppose Sir Kenneth Mackenzie and I will have the honour of addressing a good many audiences within the next twelve months, and I hope that we shall have a great many votes of thanks, but I am equally certain we shall not have the opportunity of giving a vote of thanks to one another. Therefore, I take this opportunity, as the only one that is likely to occur, and I hope we shall often meet in future, and always be friends in whatever kind of meeting we may happen to find ourselves. (Applause.) I believe such a meeting as this cannot possibly fail to have a very effective and favourable result upon the objects of this Society. It has been a large and enthusiastic meeting, and every Highlander must desire that this grand old language which I must unhappily confess not having been taught so thoroughly to understand as I should like—that this language should live, and live with an increased interest among our people. I believe if we take care simply that nothing is done in our schools or otherwise to make the use of our Gaelic language awkward or inconvenient, it will never die, because it is the language of home, the language of the affections, and the language of childhood, and therefore it must remain with us. I hope all in the Highlands who use English will put it on as they put on their greatcoats—(Laughter)—that when they go to the markets to do business, or go to the South, they may then talk English. I am very anxious that the Gaelic language should remain with all our Highland people—the language which will be their daily possession and their daily interest, and in which they exchange their daily thoughts. (Hear, hear, and applause.) If a people loses its language, it loses one of the greatest and most important bonds of union, and I am sure that in the case of a great people like this Gaelic race, if they lose their language, we shall lose from the world one of the most interesting and one of the most expressive languages which has existed in this island. (Applause.) I trust, however, that that will never be—that each and all of us will do our utmost to encourage the teaching of the language both in our elementary schools and otherwise, so that there will always be a people competent to teach our youth. (Applause.) He concluded by moving a vote of thanks to Sir Kenneth and the performers, which was very heartily responded to.

Sir Kenneth, on rising to reply, was received with loud

cheers. He said—On the part of the performers and myself I beg to return you my best thanks for the kind reception you have given us. In the early part of the evening there were one or two things which I ought to have referred to. With reference to the appeal made by Mr Colin Chisholm as to a grant of 10s. being paid in Ireland to those children who are properly taught the native language, I may say that attention was directed to this subject in the report of the Crofter Commission. I am told that Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has given notice that he will next Monday night ask Mr Mundella in the House of Commons whether the privilege granted in Ireland will be granted to the Highlands of Scotland. (Applause.) I ought also to have referred to Gaelic literature, which is every year spreading—for we are constantly receiving fresh publications in Gaelic. The other day I received a volume of Gaelic poems by Mr John Mackay of Ledaig, which I regret to say I have not yet been able to go over, but the very publication of which is in itself a subject of interest. It is quite unpardonable that I should have omitted to mention that the Bard of this Society, Mrs Mary Mackellar, has been chosen by her Majesty to translate into Gaelic the last volume of her journal in the Highlands. (Applause.) Some say that the Highlanders are not generally great readers of books; but I am sure this volume will be read with the greatest interest and avidity. If there is one thing more remarkable than another that came under my notice as a member of the Crofter Commission, it was the simple faith that the West Highlanders seemed to put in the Queen. They seemed to think of the Queen both as a noble lady of great private worth and as a lady who had great sympathy for her Highland subjects. If she had got the land, they believe all their wrongs would be redressed. They have the most implicit confidence in her, and I have no doubt that they will take the greatest possible interest in this book when it is published in their own language. (Applause.) In conclusion, Sir Kenneth asked the audience to testifiy their appreciation of Lochiel's desire to attend the gathering. (Applause.)

The large and appreciative audience which had throughout filled the hall then dispersed, and the proceedings, which had been of a most successful character, terminated.

The following song in honour of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, composed for the occasion by Mrs Mary Mackellar, the Bard of the Society, will be read and sung with interest:—

ORAN

DO 'N RIDIRE COINNEACH MAC-COINNICH, TRIATH GHEARRLOCH.

Chorus.—So deoch slàint' a' Ghàidheil ghasda,
Do 'm bu dualach a bhi gaisgeil,
Ard cheann-feadhna de Shiol Eachuinn,
Leis 'm bu chleachdadh a bhi mòr.

Mile fàilte air an uasal
Do 'm math a thig feile cuaiche,
Sporan a bhios tric ga fhuasgladh
Leis an laimh nach cruaidh mu 'n òr.
So deoch-slainte', etc.

Gàidheal uasal de Shiol Choinnich,
Fine d' am bu dual bhi loinneil,
Chuidicheadh an Righ 's gach oidhirp,
'S cha bhiodh coir' aca le 'n deoin.
So deoch-slaint', etc.

Nàile 's e mo run an t-àrmunn,
Sliochd nan sonn d' an dual bhi 'n Geàrrloch,
Sealgairean nam fuar-bheann àrda,
Rachadh dàn air damh na cròic',
So deoch-slaint', etc.

Gàidheal fearail, flathail, tréubhach,
A shiubhladh an fhrith gu h-eutrom ;
'S binne na na h-eoin 's a' Cheitein
Uirghioll speiseil do bheoil.
So deoch-slaint', etc.

Cairid islean, cairid uaislean,
Cairid dileas thu do'n tuath-cheath'rn ;
Ris an diobrach cha bhiodh gruaim ort,
'S tha thu suairce anns gach doigh.
So deoch-slaint', etc.

Tha thu carthannach a's caoimhneil,
Tha do shuilean mar na daoimein ;
Do ghuth ciuin mar bhinn-ghuth maighdinn,
Bheireadh aoibhneas le a ceòl.
So deoch-slaint', etc.

'Bhaintighearn' aillidh tha ri d' ghualainn,
Liomh an t-sioda air a cuailean,
Bian mar eiteag gheal nan cuaintean,
'S a da ghruaidh air dhath an ròis.
So deoch-slaint', etc.

Dorsan ibhri 'n cuirtean sirist,
Bho'n tigeadh am manran milis ;
'S aoibhneach mi gur leat na bilean
Bho 'm faigh thu gun sireadh pòg.
So deoch-slaint,' etc.

Slat an coill i 's cha b' i chrìonach,
'S i 's gach doigh d' a fine dileas,
Sliochd nan Caimbeulach neo-chiosnaicht'
A bha 'n "Ile ghlas an fheoir."
So deoch-slaint,' etc.

Saoghal fada 'm beatha shuaimhnich,
Guidhidh mi do 'n armunn uasal,
'S gu 'm bu fada beo ri 'ghualainn
Baintighearna a' chuailein òir !
So deoch-slaint,' etc.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The thirteenth annual dinner of the Society was held in the Station Hotel on Tuesday, 13th January 1885. D. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P., Chief of the Society, presided ; and the attendance was larger than at any former dinner of the Society. The Chief was supported on the right by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., and on the left by Mr Reginald Macleod, Dunvegan Castle—the other gentlemen at the head of the table being Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost ; Provost Macandrew, the Rev. Dr Joass, Golspie; Bailie Alexander Ross; and the Rev. A. C. Macdonald. The croupiers were Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, and Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P. Among the others present were—

Captain Munro of Foulis; Captain Beaumont, R.N.; Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank ; Professor Heddle, St Andrews; Dr Aitken, Inverness; Mr Horne, of H.M. Geological Survey; Dr Macnee, Inverness; Dr Chapman, Inverness; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness; Mr James Barron, Ness Bank; Mr John

Cran, Kirkton; Mr Grant, of Macdougall & Coy.; Treasurer Jonathan Ross; Mr Cumming, Allanfearn; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Bailie Mackay, Inverness; Mr A. Machardy, chief-constable; Mr F. Macgillivray, solicitor; Mr Macfarlane, Caledonian Hotel; Mr R. Maclean, factor for Ardross; Mr T. G. Henderson, Highland Club Buildings; Mr J. Mackenzie, Greig Street; Mr Alex. Fraser, Balloch; Mr H. F. Macdonald, Milend; Mr D. Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland; Mr Charles Macdonald, Knocknageal; Mr J. Macbean, jeweller; Mr Alex. Maclennan, painter; Mr Macritchie, chemist; Mr Melven, bookseller; Mr David Munro, Inverness; Mr W. Morrison, Dingwall; Mr Ellison, of Morel Brothers; Mr Begg, coal merchant; Mr J. Mackay, solicitor; Mr F. Macdonald, Druidaig, Kintail; Mr D. Campbell, Ballifeary; Mr W. G. Stuart, draper; Mr W. Durie, H.M. Customs; Mr John Macdonald, Superintendent of Police; Bailie Wm. Macbean; Mr James Fraser, Mauld; Mr John Fraser, do.; Mr William Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society; Mr Macleod, Manse Place; Mr William Cooper, Huntly Street; Mr Roderick Fraser, contractor, Argyle Street; Mr John Davidson, Inglis Street; Mr William Gunn, draper; Mr George J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr John Macdonald, Exchange; Mr P. H. Smart, drawing-master; Mr Duncan Mactavish, High Street; Mr Roberts, C.E., Kingussie; Mr H. R. Mackenzie, Park House; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr Andrew Macritchie, solicitor; Mr A. R. Macraild, writer; Mr A. Macbain, Raining School; Rev. Mr Sutherland, Strathbran; Mr A. Mackenzie, Silverwells; Rev. Mr Fraser, Erchless; Mr Frank Grant, solicitor; Mr J. B. Innes, Church Street; Mr John Forsyth, wine-merchant; Mr Bethune, Seafield; Mr Duncan Macdonald, Union Street; Mr James Macbean; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Park House; Mr J. Simpson, Highland Railway; Mr Fraser Campbell, draper; Mr Alexander Fraser, jun., Commercial Bank; Mr H. M. Munro, insurance agent; Mr A. Maclennan, factor for Lady Gordon Cathcart; Mr John Whyte, librarian; Mr W. Cameron, the Castle; Mr Fraser, Ballifeary; Mr A. Mactavish, of Messrs Mactavish & Mackintosh, ironmongers; Mr D. Macrae, teacher, Alness; Mr D. Fraser, solicitor; Mr A. Macgregor, do.; Mr Gillanders, grocer; Mr Macpherson, manager, Victoria Hotel; Mr D. Macpherson, coal-merchant; Mr George Hamilton, of Hamilton & Co.; Mr Cumming, jun., Allanfearn; Mr L. Munro, Dingwall; Mr Wm. Bain, Edinburgh; Mr D. K. Clark, Inverness; Mr D. Nairne, do.; Mr A. Ross, do.; Mr W. M. Mackenzie, Elgin; Mr Duncan, Edinburgh, Mr Grant, Glasgow, &c.

The following was the programme :—

" A' chuirm sgaoilte ; chualas an ceòl,
Ard shòlas an talla nan Triath."—OISEAN.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER,
IN THE STATION HOTEL, INVERNESS, ON TUESDAY,
JANUARY 13, 1885.

Chairman—LOCHIEL, M.P., CHIEF OF THE SOCIETY.

" Bidh Lochiall mar bu chòir da
'Cur an ordugh nan Gaidheal."
—*Mac Mhaighstir Alastair.*

Croupiers—ALLAN R. MACKENZIE, Esq., yr. of Kintail.
R. C. MUNRO-FERGUSON, Esq., M.P.

" Tha'n Comunn rìoghail Gailig an traths' a' cumail suas
Cuimhn' air seol nan armunn a b'abhaist 'bhi ga luaidh;
A' chainnt a dh'ionnsuich iad-san dhuibh, 's i ghnathaich sibh gu buan,
Gheibh sibh stoc na cànainn, 's cha'n fhàillnich i uainn."
—*Donnachadh Ban.*

" O faigh a nall an t-searag,
E thugar dhuinn an drama."
* * * * * *
Bho'n a thuit dhuinn bhi 'n tigh-osda,
Bitheamaid cridheil, togar ceol leinn."—*Seann Oran.*

TOASTS.	PROPOSED BY	RESPONDED TO BY
1. The Queen	THE CHIEF	——

" Thug Dia dhut mar ghibht,
Bhi gu moralach glic—
Chriosd, deónaich dha sliochd bhi àdh-mhor."
—*Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh.*

2. Prince and Princess of Wales, and other Members of the Royal Family	THE CHIEF	——

" Slaint' na Teaghlaich Rioghail inbhich,
Olamaid gu sunndach geanail."—*Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*

3. Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces.	THE CHIEF	——

" Lionaibh suas gach cuach gu 'barr,
Bitheadh i lan de'n deoch is fearr—
Sguabaibh as i fuar no blath,
Air deadh shlainte arm an aigh."

ANNUAL REPORT BY THE SECRETARY.

"Fhad 's a bhios grian anns na speuraibh,
No gealach ag eirigh 's an oidhche,
No gaoth a' seideadh 's na h-airdibh,
Bidh cliu nan Gaidheal air chuimhne."
—*Am Bard Mac Gillean.*

4. Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness.....	THE CHIEF.....	——

"Ciad failte air Comunn nan Gaidheal deas, foinnidh,
Ni duthchas an athraichean 'chumail a suas,
Seann duthchas nan Gaidheal, an cliu a's an canainn—
A' chainnt sin a thainig bho Adhamh a nuas—
Mar sud a's an t-eideadh air sraid no air sleibhte
Tha uallach, deas, eutrom, grinn, greadhnach an snuagh ;
Sar chomunn mo chridhe ! cha'n ioghnadh ged bhithinn,
An so mar as dligheach a' guidhe leo buaidh."—
Eobhan Mac-Colla.

5. Members of Parliament for Highland Counties & Burghs	MR JAMES FRASER.....	LOCHIEL, M.P. NOVAR, M.P.

"C'ait am beil 'san rioghachd,
Am fior-ghniomh thug barrachd oirbh ?
Na'm brosnaichte chum stri sibh,
A mhilidhean barraideach—
Na fiurain sgairteil phriseil
De'n fhior-chruaidh nach fannaicheadh.
Da 'm b' abhaist a bhi dileas,
'S nach diobradh na ghealladh iad."
—*Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*

6. Language & Literature of the Gael.	MR D. CAMPBELL.....	REV. A. C. SUTHERLAND. MR A. MACKENZIE.

"'Si labhair Padruig 'n Innisfail nan Righ
'S am faidh naomh sin, Calum caomh, 'an I."
* * * * * * * *
"Tuigseach, saibhir do theagasg
Soilleir, tarbhach, seimh do ghlóir ;
Lionmhor, brighmhor do shean-fhocail,
Sgiamhach, taitneach, ciallach, mor."

7. Highland Education.....	SIR K. S. MACKENZIE...	MR A. MACBAIN, M.A. MR W. MORRISON, M.A. V.P.E.I.S.

"Theid aineolas nis as an tìr,
'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhireach crom,
A's mealaidh sinn sonas a's sith
Gun fharmad no strith 'nar fonn ;
Theid sgoilean 'chur suas anns gach cearn,
Bidh leabhraichean Gailig pailt ;
Bidh eòlas as diadhachd a' fas—
Thig gach duine gu stà 's gu rath."
—*Seumas Mac-Griogair, D.D.*

The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands..... } KINTAIL.....PROVOST MACANDREW.

"Gu'm b'i 'Ghaidhealtachd an tìr bhaigheil,
'S an tir phairteach, bhiadhar;
Tir a' phailteis, tir gun ghainne,
Tir is glaine fialachd;
An tir bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
Chaomhach, channach, thiorail;
Tir an arain, tir an tachdair,
Sithne, 's pailteas iasgaich."—*Uilleam Ros.*

9. Kindred Societies.....DR F. M. MACKENZIE...BAILIE ALEX. ROSS.

"Bidh caoimhneas, comunn, iochd, a's gradh
Anns gach ait am measg an t-sluaigh
Eadar far an eirich grian
'S far an laidh i 'n iar 'sa' chuan."

10. The Non-Resident Members ..... } MR COLIN CHISHOLM..... { SKAEBOST. MR REG. MACLEOD.

"'Bhi ga'n cuimhneachadh 's ga 'n iondrainn."—*Oran Gailig.*

11. Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council ..... } MR J. BARRON.....BAILIE MACBEAN.

"Na abraibh ach beag, ach abraibh gu math e."—*Sean-Fhocal.*

12. The Clergy of all Denominations.... } MR WM. MACKAY.....REV. A. C. MACDONALD.

"Ged nach deanainn fidhleireachd
Gu'n deanainn sgriobhadh 's leughadh,
'Sa Naille dheanainn searmoin dhuit
Nach talaicheadh aon fo'n ghrein oirr'."

13. The Press.....COUNCILLOR STUART..... ——

"Buaidh leis na seoid."

14. The Chief.....MR E. H. MACMILLAN.....THE CHIEF.

"O Dhomhnuill nan Domhnull ga'm bu chòireach deadh bheus,
Sliochd nan cuiridhean gasda, sliochd nan lasgairean treun,
A bha uasal na'n cleachdadh, 's ioma eachdraidh rinn sgeul,
Agus bard a rinn duan mu an uaisle 's an euchd."—*Mairi Nic-Ealair.*

15. The Croupiers.....MR G. J. CAMPBELL.....THE CROUPIERS.

"Dithis a tha òg iad,
Dithis a tha boidheach,
Dithis tha gun òirleach
A chorr air a cheile."—*Rob Donn.*

"Da churaidh 'chaidh sios air chomhladh
'Measg mhiltean an comhstri nan slògh."—*Fingal Duan III.*

"DEOCH-AN-DORUIS."

Deoch-an-doruis, deoch-an-t-sonais,
Deoch-an-deagh-thuruis!
Nithibh sona gu'n robh againn',
Nithibh dona cha bu dual duinn.
Air ghaol sith 's air eagal conais,
Thugar deoch-an-doruis dhuinn!

After dinner, the Secretary (Mr William Mackenzie), stated that apologies for unavoidable absence had been received from Mr Baillie of Dochfour; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr J. P. Grant, yr. of Rothiemurchus; Rev. A. Bisset, Stratherrick; Professor D. Mackinnon, Edinburgh; Mr A. Mackintosh Shaw, London; Mr Hew Morrison, Brechin; Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim; ex-Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Mr Angus Mackntosh of Holm; Mr Alexander Macpherson, Kingussie; Mr D. Menzies, Blairich; Bailie Stewart, Dingwall; Mr P. Burgess, Drumnadrochit; Rev. J. Macpherson, Lairg; Mr D. Macrae, Ardintoul; Mr D. Cameron, late of Clunes, Nairn; Dr Stratton, Devonport; Mr Charles Innes, Inverness; Mr A. Burgess, Gairloch; Mr Simon Chisholm, do.; Rev. R. Morison, Kintail; Mr Duncan Maclachlan, publisher, Edinburgh; Mr D. R. Ross, Glen-Urquhart; Mr Osgood H. Mackenzie; Mr John Mackay of Ben Reay; Mr Charles Fergusson, Cally, Kirkcudbright; Sir George Macpherson-Grant, M.P.; Mr D. Davidson of Drummond Park; Mr D. Forbes of Culloden; Mr A. Ross, Alness; Major Colin Mackenzie, London; Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr Clunas, 4 Morningside Park, Edinburgh; Mr Alex. Macdonald, Highland Railway, Inverness; Mr Thomas Cook, 108 Patrick Street, Cork, &c.

Mr C. Ferguson, who is the author of the paper on the Gaelic names of plants published in vol. vii. of the Transactions, in apologising for his absence, wrote:—"As an example of the good a word of encouragement and advice from those at headquarters does us, wandering-Jew members of the Society, I may mention that the idea of making up this list of Gaelic names of birds was first suggested to me when I was in the wilds of Ireland, by reading in volume viii. of our transactions, page 53, that the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, in his speech to you at your seventh annual dinner, did me the great honour of coupling my name with that of Nether-Lochaber, urging him to go on with his proverbs and poetry, and me to go on with natural history, taking up the animal and vegetable life. I began there and then to write down all the Gaelic names I knew; I have been hunting for them in every likely corner ever since. I have now got the Gaelic names for 240 different

birds, and over 500 names in all, which I hope to see published in our next volume."

Major Colin Mackenzie of the Seaforth Highlanders, 39 Pall Mall, London, telegraphed—

"Trust gathering will be successful. While deploring my unavoidable absense, shall drink to-night success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness."

The Chief then rose to propose the first toast. He was received with loud cheers. In proposing the health of the Queen, he said they could not but often recognise the ardent love and affection with which her Majesty was regarded by all classes of her subjects, and by none more so than by the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. (Applause.) That love and affection was, he ventured to say, reciprocated by her Majesty, as was manifested by the many public acts, and especially by those writings of her Majesty, in which she had described with touching simplicity that part of her life which she passes in the Highlands. (Applause.) Nor could he pass from this subject altogether without referring to an incident not strange to her Majesty's subjects, although it might appear strange to dwellers in foreign countries. Last autumn, as they all knew, there was a considerable agitation on foot on the part of the democracy of this country; and they knew that meetings were held at which the democracy was very largely represented; but at none of these meetings, when men's passions were more excited than usual, was one word levelled against the Crown, still less against the Queen. (Applause.) For this evening, at any rate, he supposed they were all Jacobite—(Hear, and laughter)—and he ventured to think that the Queen herself was perhaps the greatest Jacobite among her subjects. It struck him the other day as a rather singular circumstance that, whereas there is now in Europe, he believed, only one royal pretender to a throne, that pretender should happen to be called the Duke of Cumberland. That was a singular coincidence, and it was excessively interesting to all those of them who studied those times and Jacobite relics. He would not add more, but ask them to drink to her Majesty the Queen. (Cheers.)

The Chief, in proposing the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, said there were two incidents which gave him an opportunity of getting beyond the conventional remarks common to such occasions. Within a few days the eldest son of the Prince of Wales would attain his majority, and it was an occasion which was deeply interesting to all classes of her Majesty's subjects, for he was the heir to the British Crown,

which he would reach in due course of time; and they must all hope that his career would be moulded in such a manner as would render him worthy both of the care of his parents and the excellent example set him by the Queen and the late Prince Consort. (Applause.) The only drawback to the interesting event of the majority of the Prince, so far as he was concerned, was, that the time appeared to be really very short since he was born—(Laughter)—but as a Prince came of age at eighteen and not twenty-one, he had the consolation that things were not quite so bad as he thought. (Laughter.) The other event to which he referred was the betrothal of the Princess Beatrice, and those who had the opportunities he (the Chairman) had of knowing the tender affection that existed between the Princess and her royal mother, could realise the effort it must have cost the Queen in consenting to lose the society of her last-born child. (Applause.) He was sure they would all cordially join in wishing all happiness to the Princess Beatrice and the other members of the Royal Family. (Cheers.)

The Chief, in proposing the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces, took occasion to refer to the death of Cluny Macpherson, who, in his time, was connected with the army, and was for a long period Colonel of the Inverness-shire Rifle Volunteers. He leaves behind him, said Lochiel, a memory not only connected with the Volunteers of which he was so distingushed an ornament, and the raising and organisation of which he did so much to promote, but he will long live in the recollection of all classes of Highlanders, and the nearer the people reside to the old ancestral home of Cluny, the deeper will be their grief at his departure. Cluny was a soldier in every sense of the word. He served gallantly in the 42nd, and then took his full share in the duties belonging to him as commanding the Inverness Rifle Volunteers. He knew, and many of those present would know, the great gratification Cluny experienced in taking his place at the head of his distingushed and well-equipped regiment when the Volunteer Review took place in Edinburgh before his sovereign. There was nothing within the last few years of his life which gave Cluny greater satisfaction, and to which he was more pleased to refer, than the part he took in the proceedings of that memorable day. His sons he had brought up to the profession of arms. One of them was Colonel of the 42nd, a gallant soldier who had seen many campaigns, and had always served with distinction, and his brother was an equally distinguished Highland soldier. He would not say more, but ask them to drink to the toast. (Loud cheers.)

Mr R. C. Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P., who replied for the Army, said he felt he was but a degenerate representative of his family, so far as military distinction was concerned, for his greatgrandfather was colonel of the gallant "Forty-twa," and his grandfather and father were both colonels, while he (Novar) had merely been a degenerate guardsman—he acknowledged it with a blush. (Laughter.) He hoped the 42nd would be the first regiment to reach Khartoum in the expedition now in progress up the Nile, and at present, from all accounts, it bade fair to win. (Applause.)

Captain Beaumont replied for the Navy, Captain Munro of Fowlis for the Militia, and Colonel Macandrew for the Volunteers. The latter made a brief reference to the late Cluny. There was not a volunteer in the county of Inverness, he ventured to say, who did not sincerely and deeply regret that the gallant old Chief was gone; and not one in the regiment but stepped more briskly at the Royal Review, because so gallant an old man was at the head of the regiment. (Applause.)

Mr William Mackenzie, the secretary, then read his annual report, in the course of which it was pointed out that the publication of the Society's Transactions made it unnecessary to go into the doings of the Society during the year at any great length. During the spring of 1884 the ordinary meetings of the Society were well attended, while the annual assembly in July, notwithstanding the attack of gout which had so effectually disarranged the programme, was of a highly successful character. During the year twenty-two new members had joined the Society. An abstract of the Treasurer's intromissions to date showed that the income (including £28. 9s. 5d. from last year) amounted to £123. 2s. 2d., while he paid accounts amounting to £42. 15s., leaving a balance of £80. 7s. 2d. now in bank.

The Chief, on rising to propose the toast of the evening, was received with loud and prolonged cheers. He said—I must ask you to fill your glasses now for a bumper. The toast I have to propose is that of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. (Applause.) Gentlemen, before proceeding to make a few observations on the subject which I know you all here have at heart, I must again refer to the great loss which this Society has sustained in the death of Cluny Macpherson. I am informed by the Secretary that Cluny was the first landed proprietor in the Highlands who joined this Society. (Applause.) There is no element of social life in this country with which Cluny was not connected, and in which he did not take a warm interest, when he thought that he

could thereby contribute to the welfare of the Highlands. I cannot conceive any meeting taking place within the next few weeks —whether it be a meeting like this, or even a political meeting; whether it be a farmers' meeting, or a meeting connected with the railway or any other branch of industry in the North—at which the death of Cluny will not be referred to with the deepest sorrow. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I will not dwell at the present time upon the objects of this Society, because you know what these objects are, and you have just heard the report read by our Secretary. The objects are very good. They are to diffuse a love of Gaelic literature and a love of Gaelic-speaking people, and to encourage a sentiment in the past, and also to encourage hopes for the future. Our work has been a good one, and I have little doubt that, with God's blessing, it may continue to do more good work; but in order to do that good work it is absolutely necessary that we should increase our membership, and that we should endeavour to induce all those who are not with us now, and there are many of them, to join the Society, and to help in furthering the objects which we have at heart. Now, this Society has one peculiarity. It is eminently intended to do good to Highlanders and to everything connected with the Highlands, but it is never attempted, and maybe it has met with some temptation, to take part in either political or religious controversy. (Applause.) If I on the present occasion depart to a certain extent from that practice, I feel, first of all, that the subject is only semi-political, and because that, in the critical state and times of the Highlands, not only is it unnecessary that I should offer an apology for so doing, but I rather think that, if I abstained from alluding to the question of the crofters in the Highlands, you would be inclined to expect an apology from me for such an omission. (Applause.) Well, gentlemen, the history of the agitation in the North is short. It began not a very long time ago; it was accentuated by the quasi famine owing to the bad harvest in the autumn of 1882. It was brought into prominence by debates in the House of Commons, and it finally received more notice than before by the appointment of the Royal Commission. Well, the Royal Commission has completed its inquiries, and whatever we may think of its work, everyone admits that they looked into the question pretty thoroughly. But after the report of that Commission was issued, then, I think, we may say that the controversy only really began, because a remedy had to be found. Now, gentlemen, what I wish to take for my text to-night is simply this, that the question is now ripe for settlement. (Applause.) I think that there is not one

in this room who will deny that proposition. (Applause.) But I am afraid that there are some people who would be prepared to deny that it is ripe for settlement, and I must tell you why. I have noticed, and I read everything in the papers connected with this subject, that at many meetings which have been held by what are called, and what, I believe, really are, the leaders of the crofters, the speeches there delivered have undoubtedly been of a more violent character than was the case before the appointment of the Royal Commission. You would have thought, from reading some of these speeches, that there had been no agitation in the Highlands at all, that there had been no Royal Commission appointed, that no debates had taken place in Parliament, that apathy reigned throughout the Highlands, and that the people wanted rousing up from that apathy. Now, I cannot hide from myself, and it is my distinct opinion, that the very violence of these speeches—I will not say that, if they had been delivered at an earlier period, they would have been too violent—has the effect not of accelerating but of retarding legislation; and I consider legislation is the one thing we want, and it is one thing that ought to come soon. (Hear, hear.) I venture to propose, and with your indulgence, to show how this is the case, because for any satisfactory solution of the crofter question there must, in my opinion, be three parties. You must have, as I have just mentioned, the Government and Parliament as one party; you must have the co-operation of the proprietors on the other part, for without that the great demand of the crofters, namely, that of extending their holdings, would, I fear, be very difficult to attain; and thirdly, you must have the sanction and approbation of the crofters themselves either expressed by themselves or through their recognised leaders. Now, the Government have not told us what they intend to do, but they are ready. The Home Secretary has already said that the Government are willing to legislate. The proprietors, on the other hand, have, as you may have seen by the papers, determined, at all events, that they will make an attempt—it may be successful, and I hope and trust it may succeed, though it may fail; at anyrate, they will make an honest attempt to meet the just complaints of their crofter tenants, to strengthen the hands of the Government, and, if possible, to bring about some satisfactory solution of this matter. (Loud cheers.) Have the leaders of the crofters shown any disposition as yet to meet the question? Have they shown that in their opinion the question is ripe for solution, and have they made any suggestions or any offer as to the mode in which it may be settled? I know, and we can hardly take up

a newspaper without reading over and over again what they say the crofters want, but I have never seen any indication as to how that want can be met. On the contrary, many of those leaders seem to be at issue amongst themselves, and in some cases I think they recommend courses which, in my humble judgment, are fatal to the crofters themselves. I propose, with your indulgence, to refer to three points, to which I would direct your special attention, in order to explain what I mean by the fatal course which, I think, some of the people have chosen to follow. There was a meeting of the Highland Land Law Reform Association in London a short time ago, and in reading the report of the speeches delivered at the meeting, I find that Mr Duncan Cameron (I believe he is a candidate for this county) made use of the following expression:—"Some landlords were willing to give land on condition that the Government would grant loans to the crofters to buy cattle. That was a matter for the taxpayer to consider, and it seemed a very impudent proposal on the part of the men who had impoverished the crofters." Gentlemen that comes from Mr Duncan Cameron. I do not wish to say anything against Mr Duncan Cameron, on this occasion less than another, because at a meeting of this kind one does not wish to say anything against one's own kinsman—(Laughter)—but I think Mr Duncan Cameron is a gentlemen who requires some experience and a little more knowledge of the crofters, and I think that when he has completed his canvass in Skye and the Islands he will find that the opposition to a proposal that the crofter should receive State aid, which was recommended by Lord Napier and by the whole of the Royal Commissioners, would find but scant favour at the hands of his may-be future constituents. But it is not so much what Mr Cameron said himself which I wish to point to, as to the reception which that gentleman met with at the meeting where he spoke, and the gentlemen who composed that meeting. Now, with regard to Mr Cameron's words, they met with applause. And how was the meeting composed, and what did the sentence mean? The meeting, I find, comprised all the recognised leaders who belong to the Land Law Reform Association—Dr Cameron, Mr Macfarlane, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, and Mr Macpherson of Glendale. (Laughter.) Not only was that sentence received with applause, but not one word of protest was made against it by any of the subsequent speakers. Now, what did that mean? It meant that the crofters were to be left to their own resources in stocking additional land, for fear that the landlords might be the gainer. It meant, if it meant anything, that no relief was to be given to the education

rates which press so hardly upon the crofters, because thereby the landlords' pockets might be relieved; and if no loans are to be made by the State, how can Mr Cameron, and how can these members of the Land Law Reform Association, approve of the far greater and far more difficult matter, namely, the spending of unproductive money by the State in creating harbours and piers to develop the fisheries? These are subjects which we find it very hard to fight for. In urging that these matters should receive consideration, we have to combat the arguments of political economists—and their arguments are very difficult to answer—but it seems to me that it is rather hard that we should have to fight against weapons which are forged in the armoury of our so-called friends. (Applause.) And you must remember that this association to which I refer is the one of all others to which the crofters are invited to contribute their shillings and to become members of. If these propositions are to be accepted as representing the true wishes and true feelings of the crofters, then I say there is very little hope, indeed, that they will be raised from the position of poverty which they are in now, or that they will in any way be raised to a condition which we all here would wish to see them occupy. (Applause.) There is another point upon which a mistake has been made, and it is with regard to a bill proposed to be introduced by Dr Cameron, called a Suspensory Bill. At first, I found it difficult to understand why such a bill should be introduced into Parliament, embodying an intention to suspend evictions except for non-payment of rent. So far as I can judge, and I think I have read every newspaper bearing upon the question, there were no evictions pending at all, from one end of the Highlands to the other, except those summonses which were for non-payment of rent, and which are excepted by the bill to which I refer. (Applause.) But Mr Macfarlane the other day let the cat out of the bag, for he made a speech at Greenock, I think, or Paisley, in the course of which he said that the real object of this bill was to put off the time when remedial legislation for the crofters should be introduced. I also saw a corroboration of this statement of Mr Macfarlane's. I happened to notice a letter from the London correspondent of the Glasgow *Daily Mail*, in which he inaccurately describes a meeting of what he called Tory lairds—but at which my friend Novar was present—(Laughter)—and if he does not object to being reproached as a Tory laird, then I am sure I don't feel insulted—as being intended to hurry, nay, hustle on, I may say, remedial legislation, in case by postponing it we, the Tory lairds, might get

something worse than we may get at this time. That, I need scarcely say, was an absolutely incorrect description of what took place. In the first place, the meeting to which he referred was not summoned by Mr Balfour. It was summoned by myself. We only happened to hold a preliminary meeting in Mr Balfour's house, because I do not happen to have the good fortune to possess a house of my own in London. But the principal meeting took place in the Home Office; and I venture to say, in the presence of my friend Novar, that not one word was spoken by Whig or Tory, except with the sole endeavour to get our brother proprietors to co-operate with us in doing something that might satisfy our crofter tenants. (Applause.) We never entertained the faintest intention, nor uttered a single word indicative of any wish for premature legislation grounded on any such fear as that referred to in the letter from this correspondent. I myself think there are strong objections against postponing legislation, but these reasons are not those suggested by Mr Macfarlane, or the person to whom I have referred. Is there any person in this room who thinks it is a good thing to postpone legislation when we are all ripe for it—that it is a good thing to leave the Highlands in the state of agitation in which we find it—that it is a good thing to keep up the bitter spirit which unfortunately exists in many parts of the country—that it is wise to have marines and gunboats sent to the west, and to have the place filled with newspaper correspondents, with their sensational accounts of interviews with all sorts of people, and to keep alive a spirit which must, if it is allowed to go on, get more and more bitter, and render more and more difficult the task which is before us? Is it wise to leave all these poor people in such a state that they cannot fail to get worse and worse—to discourage them from their ordinary occupations, and encourage them in wandering about blowing horns—(Laughter)—and showing all the signs of agitation, and doing that which four or five years ago people would never have thought of doing? I ask if it would be a wise policy to do that, or to make an attempt to bring about a settlement as speedily as we can? (Applause.) But, besides these points to which I have alluded, there is yet one strong objection remaining. Do you think, gentlemen, that the Government are very anxious to go in these days to the British taxpayer, and ask him to lend or give money to build harbours, or for the stocking of land? Do you think that they will not be only too glad to catch at any straw that they may see to avoid this proposal; and if the Government see that the recognised leaders of the crofters are holding out the right hand

of fellowship to the stern political economist, will not the Government perhaps desert us? For instance, though we are not stern political economists, we wish to do what we think right, and we think that the people in the Highlands, who have to pay excessive school-rates under the Education Act of 1872, are entitled to some relief at the hands of the State because that Act was forced upon them by the State. We also think that crofters who at present occupy land which will not support them might fairly be assisted in stocking additional land if the want of necessary means should be found to be the only obstacle to their obtaining such land. We hold that assistance in the shape of loans, with such security as the Government might require, in no way violates the true principles of political economy, but as enabling a deserving class of the community to earn a livelihood, is a matter of public justice and public advantage. But what are we, who are fighting for this, to think, when the Government, political economists, and I would say Radicals, too, join hands, and endeavour to stave off and defeat us on this question? Do you suppose that a difficult and delicate subject such as that with which the Government have undertaken to deal with is not one which they would willingly shirk if they saw an opportunity? and if it is to be avoided by a Suspensory Bill, is it very certain that the Suspensory Bill will not be cordially taken up by the Government, that the measures which we all want to see passed may be deferred to a more convenient season? Is it, moreover, certain that such a bill will be passed in the year 1885? Are there no rocks ahead? Are there no shoals or quicksands upon which this bill, whatever it may be, may yet be wrecked? Is a dissolution out of all probability? May there not be a change of Government? Are there not foreign complications? Are there not many things which may happen between now and next January? And is it quite so certain that if we do not take advantage of the present opportunity, of the present strong feeling of the country, to legislate upon the question, the year 1886 may see us as far off from our end as ever. Gentlemen, the third point upon which I think a mistake is made is one which I am happy to say has not been made by the bulk of the leaders of the crofters. I allude to the recommendation to pay no rent. I am glad to say even my friend, Mr Mackenzie over there, of the *Celtic Magazine*, who certainly is an enthusiastic crofter man—I am glad to see that even he took the opportunity lately of denouncing this most fatal policy. (Applause.) Now, I am not standing here, gentlemen, in any way to lecture the crofters. I am not saying that their policy of no rent is a dishonest policy. Others may

tell you that, but I have no wish and no right to say so; but what I do say is that it is a fatal policy for the crofters themselves. I say, and I suppose everyone here will admit, that the crofter who is able to pay his rent, who has his money in his pocket, but who refuses to pay his rent, is not very likely to go to the bank, and to place his money in the bank, so as to be ready for the time when legislation may have taken place. No question, he is certain to spend that money. I do not say that he will spend it improperly. Very far from it. He will in all likelihood spend it on necessities for the family and household expenses. But the money will be gone; and when the next year comes round he will find himself in the position of having two years rent to pay and only one rent to pay it with. If he imagines that he will be relieved from that millstone of debt which is thus accumulating and hanging round his neck by any Act, as was passed in the case of Ireland, I fear he will be deceived. The Irish Arrears Act was passed for a population steeped in poverty, with arrears of rent of slow growth, year by year, and not caused by any sudden impulse, but yet the poor people of the west of Ireland were not sensibly relieved by the Arrears Act. In the case of the crofter, Parliament will consider long, and will consider carefully, whence arises this non-payment of rent, and if they find that in some districts, of Skye, for instance, equally poor, equally in difficulties, rents were paid up to the last shilling, while other districts, similarly situated, have ceased to pay, I fear that the crofter who depends upon an Arrears Act will find that he is depending upon a broken reed. Now, these, gentlemen, are the three points upon which I think the leaders of the crofters are making grave and serious mistakes. I earnestly hope that, before long, the crofters themselves will have discovered, through other influences, what is best for them to do. (Applause.) I have done what lies in my power, and I will still endeavour to do what I can, and use any influence I may possess, where it can be best exercised. (Applause.) But you, gentlemen, members of this Gaelic Society of Inverness, have, so far as the crofters are concerned, far greater influence with them than I can pretend to have. Many of you are known, some of you are well known, as warm well-wishers of the crofters; you have shown both by your acts and by your words how deeply you sympathise with their misfortunes, and how anxious and ready you are to relieve them, and to do what you can to improve their condition. Is it too much to ask the members of this Gaelic Society of Inverness that they will endeavour to the best of their ability to explain to

these people how they can best find a solution for their difficulties, and especially how they can learn to distinguish between their true friends and their false friends? I should like to look upon this Gaelic Society, not so much in the light of an association, as in the light of a brotherhood. (Applause.) Why should we not be a sort of freemasonry of Highlanders, in which each member has pledged himself to do his best to aid his brother in difficulties? (Applause.) In pledging this toast, I would ask one and all, as you raise your glasses to your lips, to come to the resolution, each within the sphere of his influence, and within the compass of his ability, to exert himself to the utmost to rescue his brethren from the influences of evil counsellors—(Applause)—and also to assist in removing the grievances under which they have so long suffered. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I ask you to drink Prosperity to the Gaelic Society of Inverness. (Cheers.)

Mr James Fraser, Mauld, proposed the Members of Parliament for the Highland Counties and Burghs, pointing out the many ways in which these gentlemen could aid in promoting the objects of the Society.

Mr Munro-Ferguson, M.P., who replied, was received with loud cheers. In course of his observations he said—My reply to the toast which you have just received requires no very lengthy consideration, because whatever the pride of place of representatives of the Northern constituencies the time is not far distant when they will be at the end of their tethers, and must open negotiations for a fresh lease. (Laughter.) Probably the toast of "the Candidates" would be found a good deal more interesting and worth talking about. (Laughter.) For one thing, because it would in these times apparently embrace no inconsiderable proportion of the population of the country. (Laughter.) With regard to the Highland representatives generally they must be looked upon as deserving credit, at all events, for being a very contented body of men—because, at a time when nearly everyone else is talking about security of tenure or compensation for disturbance, they alone are prepared to meekly endure the most summary eviction without even so much as receiving notice to quit. (Laughter) Novar then referred to the change that would be brought about by the transition from the old to the new franchise in the counties, saying that Parliamentary elections would be very different affairs in the future to those of the past. I congratulate you, Lochiel, he said, on having the prospect of a quiet and a peaceful life before you. While we shall miss you much from the scene of strife, you will find renewed interest in the conflict through the

contemplation of the struggles of a young clansman. For we see in the papers, and in the words of your old family song that a Cameron is about "to follow his Chief to the field"—(Laughter) —who, if that song be true, will keep it up to the end, because "a Cameron never can yield." (Laughter.) I shall not recur this evening to the question upon which Lochiel has so ably dwelt, but I may say one word in support of his remarks as to the wishes of certain Highland proprietors to benefit by legislation or otherwise the condition of the crofters. (Applause.) For the last 24 hours* I have in fact spoken about nothing else, and to show how closely the various proprietors interested have attended to business, I may mention that I have not once heard the subject of emigration brought up in their discussions. (Cheers.) In conclusion, Novar said—Whatever views the Highland representatives in Parliament might individually entertain on this crofter question, they will, I believe, leave no stone unturned to promote here, and in all other matters, the welfare of their Highland constituencies. (Cheers.)

Mr D. Campbell, editor of the *Chronicle*, proposed "The Language and Literature of the Gael," coupled with the name of Rev. A. C. Sutherland, one of their best students of Gaelic subjects, whose merits, he was glad to say for Mr Sutherland's sake, and he regretted to say for themselves, were recognised by a distant colony, to which, perhaps, he might migrate; and with the name of Mr A. Mackenzie, who bulked too largely upon them all to need to be introduced to mankind. (Laughter.) He was sure the toast would be drunk with due enthusiasm, but the age in which they lived was full of shams, and he was not sure the Gaelic Society of Inverness and the kindred societies were not partly shams too. At anyrate, the toast was the principle plank in their platform. What, then, did they do for promoting Gaelic, the "language and the literature of the Gael?" Something more, no doubt, than the kindred societies in the south, which bottled up their enthusiasm for a periodical champagne or soda water demonstration, but much less than they could. He could certifiy from his own experience, and from the prompt manner in which a slip in Gaelic on his part was corrected by some seven critics last week, as widely apart as Sutherland and Callander, that Gaelic literature was read with more avidity than twenty years ago, when he believed railways, steamers, and tourists would soon

* Alluding to a preliminary conference of Highland landlords at Beaufort Castle.

squash it. He felt sure now that their language was not a dead body ready for philological dissection, but the living medium of living thoughts. What had that and kindred societies done for Gaelic literature? Very little. The cost of a few dinners and demonstrations would have given the Gaelic-speaking people their own elevating and grand ballads, which were holier than the pernicious teaching, subversive of morals and society, which were being taught to them now in another language by outsiders. In Inverness large numbers, both young and old, spoke Gaelic, and clung to it with affection, but it was only taught in Raining's School. Was that right? He hoped that and the kindred societies would take this question into consideration. (Applause.)

Rev. A. C. Sutherland, in the course of his reply, said there were some things in the Chairman's speech which, in his (the speaker's) opinion, required modification, but, on the whole, he was pleased with its tone. There were two things he wished for Highland proprietors, and these were more Gaelic and more money. (Laughter and applause.) It was remarkable the changes time brought about. Fifteen or twenty years ago, they would have been laughed at had they talked so much about Gaelic and crofters as they had done that evening. When Burns had the honour of dining with Lord Glencairn, his gratification found vent in the words, "Up higher still, my bonnet," but now-a-days if every crofter did not dine with a lord, they met these distinguished beings often enough, and yet did not seem to be either very elated or very contented. (Laughter.)

Mr Alex. Mackenzie, whose name was also coupled with the toast, made a reply, in the course of which he said—While I differ in many respects from the remarks made by Lochiel this evening, the speech just delivered by him is perpaps the most important yet delivered in connection with the Land Question in the Highlands at any of our meetings—(Hear, hear)—and when looked at in connection with the meeting of proprietors called for tomorrow to consider the relationship of landlord and tenant in the Highlands, I rather think it will prove a turning-point in the history of the Highlands. (Cheers.) The other day a gentleman, who had been on intimate terms with O'Connell, told me that whenever that great orator found the newspapers omitting to abuse him the next morning after the delivery of a speech on the condition of his country, he always felt that he had done something wrong, and failed seriously in his duty. (Loud laughter.) I must confess that I felt somewhat similarly when I found Lochiel referring to myself in such complimentary terms as he did

on this occasion. (Renewed laughter.) But having mentioned my name as he did, and in such a connection, I am obliged to refer briefly to his remarks. (Cheers.) I am not, however, going to talk politics, for it is only big guns — (Laughter) — who are allowed to do that here, and I am not a big gun. ("Oh, oh," and renewed laughter.) I am not surprised that Lochiel should make the reference he did to my opinion on the recently developed No-Rent policy in the Western Isles. That declaration is only one specimen of the good sense that I usually talk on this subject—(Laughter)—although I do not always get reported when I speak words of wisdom, as he does. (Laughter.) I will, however, by-and-bye—(Renewed laughter)—but now that he has referred to it, you will perhaps allow me to emphasise what I stated on that occasion, and say that the declaration of a No-Rent movement is in my opinion a great blunder on the part of the people. (Applause.) And I confess that Lochiel has made a good hit, from his point of view, in his reference to that subject, and in relation to the Suspensory Bill to be introduced next session in the House of Commons. (Hear, hear.) Those who refuse to pay rent are only placing themselves in a position to call for eviction, and in the opinion of many, to some extent justifying it, even if the bill passed into law; and it appears to me that those who encourage them by appearing to sympathise with that movement, by hesitating to condemn it, are encouraging the crofters to place themselves in a false and dangerous position. (Hear, hear.) No doubt many of them are quite unable at present to pay their rents, but they should say so, and when they cannot pay the whole, they should offer landlords a part while they also gave a share to the merchant who has been keeping themselves and their families alive, and, if the landlord refuses to take what he can get in these circumstances, let him just go without. (Laughter and cheers.) The speech of Mr Duncan Cameron, Oban, so severely criticised by Lochiel, may have contained bad advice, but it was only the speech of a young man of limited knowledge and experience. (Hear, hear.) If he had my experience of the people—born and brought up as I was on a small croft—he would never have made such a foolish and short-sighted speech. (Hear, hear.) The people must get advances from Goverment on such security as they shall under new laws be able to offer. (Cheers.) Permit me also to say that I am decidedly against the plausible theory of Nationalisation of the Land so far as it would affect the Highlanders. (Hear, hear.) For the crofters, it would be simply jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. Bad as many of the present landlords are, Government would be

infinitely worse; for those who have any dealings with Government officials in connection with the payment of taxes find that they are the most hard-hearted and exacting class one can have any dealings with; and were the Highlanders to prefer the Government to their present proprietors, subject to a reformed system of land tenure, they would prove themselves the greatest fools in the world. (Hear, hear.) I would strongly urge upon them rather to insist upon getting security of tenure and full rights to their own improvements on the land, and then it will be time enough to consider the question of land nationalisation, which is no doubt, a very attractive theory to those who have now no connection with land, but one which would prove suicidal to the Highland crofters—(Cheers)—in whom we are more especially interested. I was not a little amused by Novar's reference to the probable eviction of some of our Northern Members of Parliament on an early date. (Laughter.) I think I may say for him that when any attempt is made to remove him from his position, that he will make a very good fight to keep it—(Cheers)—but if any one suggested that the crofters should act in a similar manner against their evictors, I rather fear that neither Novar nor his friends would support them in their efforts. (Laughter.) It was complained by Lochiel that the leaders of the crofter agitation had never yet indicated the remedies they required from the Government or the proprietors. When we commenced this agitation a few years ago, not a single proprietor in the Highlands or elsewhere, and scarcely a newspaper in the country, would admit that any grievances existed which required remedies—(Hear, hear)—but Lochiel has to-night admitted the existence of these grievances to the full, not only for himself, but for all the Highland proprietors with whom he has been in such close communication for the last few days on the subject. In these circumstances, it appears to me that the proprietors who are now confessedly responsible—(Hear, hear)—for what they themselves admit to be grievous wrongs, should make the first advance by declaring what amends they propose to make for the past—(Cheers)—and I do trust that Lochiel will be able to imbue his brother proprietors, at the important meeting which takes place to-morrow, with his own spirit and opinions. (Applause.) The proprietors of the North have not yet made one single step in that direction—(Hear, hear)—and until they do, the crofters or their representatives cannot fairly be expected to state their demands more distinctly than they have already done—(Hear, hear)—but so soon as we hear what he and his landlord friends propose to do, depend upon it we shall

not be behind—(Cheers)—at least I speak for myself, though I am not a leader—(Oh, and laughter)—in declaring whether we think the people should be satisfied with what is offered to them or not. And if we think they ought not, we shall not fail to state, in unmistakeable terms, what we consider necessary in their interests. (Cheers.) It is a sign of the times that we should now be asked; for a year or two ago we were not only not listened to, but laughed at. (Hear, hear.) Now, a few words on what I had alone intended to be the subject of my remarks this evening. Mr Campbell expressed himself to the effect that little was being done in the Celtic field. When I first proposed, at a meeting of the Inverness Literary Institute in November 1870, that a Gaelic Society should be formed in the Capital of the Highlands, no one could anticipate that considerably over one hundred volumes, many of them extensive and valuable, should be published by the members of such a Gaelic Society and their friends throughout the country on Celtic Literature and Highland history in fourteen years. (Applause.) You will probably be surprised to hear that a sum of over £6000 passed through my own hands within the last few years in connection with this subject in a small town like Inverness, and that no less than £2400 was paid by me for printing alone in the same short period, while I have received the sum of £2500 as the result of works actually written by myself. (Loud applause.) Mr Campbell himself is doing good work in connection with this subject in the columns of the *Chronicle*—(Hear, hear)—in which we have two or three columns of excellent Celtic matter every week; and, diametrically opposed as I am to the political principles of that paper, Mr Campbell compels me to read it by the excellence of his own contributions to it in connection with Celtic literature. (Cheers.) I have therefore no sympathy with him and others when they say that no real work is being done in this field. (Hear hear.) I now beg to thank you for the manner in which you have received these rambling remarks—remarks which I had not the slightest intention of making when I entered the room—and for connecting my name witht his toast. (Loud cheers.)

Mr Campbell said—I wish to give a short explanation in regard to Mr Mackenzie's speech. I never alluded to historical and so-called Celtic literature, but to Gaelic literature and the Gaelic language. I submit, of course, to my friend's correction, as it is based on a false assumption. (Loud applause.)

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, on rising to propose the toast of Highland Education, was received with loud cheers. He said—The toast which has been committed to me is one which has always

been honered at this annual dinner with a very hearty reception, and I have listened to many excellent speeches upon it from gentlemen very competent to deal with it, which, if not always conceived in the light view of after dinner oratory, were of a really useful character, leading to practical action on the part of this Society, which in some cases has left a mark behind it. To-night, if I might venture to trespass at equal length on your attention, I have more than the usual excuse for doing so, because since you met here last year two official reports on Highland Education have heen issued. Of the first of these,* for which your Chairman and I must take a share of responsibility—(Applause.)—I need only say that whatever its merits or defects, it has served its purpose in directing the attention of the Scotch Education Department to the circumstances under which education in the Highlands has to be conducted, and in eliciting within the last few weeks the report by Dr Craik, one of the Department's most trusted officers. (Applause) I have no doubt that that report has been carefully read by all of you who are interested in the education question, and I think it will be admitted by most who have done so that while there are passages here and there to which we might take exception (such as that, for instance, where "the varieties of dialect" in Gaelic are catalogued among the difficulties in the way of teaching it) it is, in the main, a fair and able, and in its conclusions, a very satisfactory report. As regards the use of Gaelic in Schools, it recommends just what this Society has always contended for, viz., that in Gaelic-speaking districts the teacher should have the power of interpreting to his pupil the lessons they learn in English, and that Gaelic literary knowledge should be paid for as a specific subject. (Applause.) Dr Craik further makes a proposal for increasing the supply of Gaelic-speaking teachers; but, with the weakness of a man of office for a system, he declines to recommend provisions for attracting these teachers to Highland schools, because such attraction would have to consist in personal payments, and not in that payment for results to which the Education Department has pinned its faith. I myself share that faith, but every rule has its exception. There is no use in spending money in educating Gaelic teachers if they are to be employed in England. (Applause.) I think that all the schools where the School Boards and H.M. Inspectors consider a knowledge of Gaelic desirable in the teacher, should be scheduled,

* Alluding to the Report of the Crofter Commission, which, among other matters, dealt with Highland Education.

and a Gaelic-speaking teacher employed in one of them should be entitled to a personal payment of £10 or £12 a year. (Applause.) In reference to the use of Gaelic in schools, this seems to me to be almost the only point left for this Society to press, unless it be that only Gaelic-speaking Inspectors should have to do with the scheduled schools. The question of secondary education is of immense importance for the Highlands, and it is dealt with very sensibly by Dr Craik. He points out how, in the present state of communications, it is almost as easy, if a child in the Islands has to be boarded away from home, to send it to Inverness or Glasgow, as to Stornoway or Portree, and instead, therefore, of proposing to establish a few secondary schools at wide intervals, he suggests the grading of schools under each School Board. A higher salary being given to the principal teacher at a central school, with some more assistance for elementary work, there would be in each parish an accomplished teacher with time at his disposal to teach the higher branches. I may mention that in the parish of Ferrintosh we have to some extent adopted this system, and its merits do not seem to be appreciated by the people. At all events, one of our local branches of the H.L.L.R. Association has set its face against it, and hopes to make a change in our School Board at next election, in order to secure an altered policy, and to have the teachers placed on an equal footing. If any gentlemen here have influence with this London Association, I wish they would consider whether, in the matter of teaching, the desire for equality is not likely to hinder the progress of education in the Highlands. (Applause.) For my own part, I am strongly in favour of Dr Craik's plan for facilitating secondary education—a plan which, after all, is but a development of our old Scottish Parochial system. One of the points on which the Royal Commission dwelt most strongly was the burden imposed by the education rate, especially in the islands. That burden was so extraordinary that extraordinary measures seemed required to meet it. The information we received, however, does not seem always to have been understood correctly by us, and Dr Craik makes out that the high education rate in the Lews is due very much to the non-attendance of the children at school, and to their failure to earn the grant which might be gained under the existing Code. With a reasonably good attendance, he holds that the average education rate of the Lews might be reduced from 2s. 2½d to 9d. in the £1. Now, I confess, I should have doubted the accuracy of this computation were it not that in the evidence taken before the Royal Commissioners at Barvas (where the

school rate was at one time as high as 6s. 8d., and at the time in question was 3s. 8d. in the £1), the Rev. Mr Strachan stated that he had made minute calculations in connection with this point, and had found that there (in the most heavily burdened parish in Scotland) a good attendance would secure a grant which, supplemented by that under Lochiel's 7s. 6d. clause, would leave the rate at about 1s. in the £—a heavy, but not an intolerable burden. Whether these calculations are absolutely correct or not, they bring before us, in an emphatic way, the irregularity of school attendance in the West. It is the bane of the teachers there, and the greatest hindrance to the progress of education. It must, indeed, be admitted that there are excuses, more valid than can be offered elsewhere, for irregularity of attendance in the Lews and the other islands, and the coasts of the north-west of Scotland. The weather is often rough and boisterous, and the schools are frequently not connected by roads with the surrounding townships. But these are not new difficulties. The schools are more numerous and more accessible than they were when I was young, and the children are certainly better clad, and, I believe, better fed, and therefore fully as well able to resist the weather; and in the days I speak of, greater difficulties than beset school attendance now were overcome by those who had ambition and energy, and whose parents saw the value of education. Unfortunately, it is just where education is most required that it is least valued, and there it is most difficult to inspire parents with any hearty desire for the education of their children. If not actually opposed to it, they are careless about it, and indifferent to it; and while this state of feeling prevails among them, little faith need be placed in the power of any compulsory system to improve school attendance in the Lews, or anywhere else. (Applause.) This feeling of indifference has to be met and combated and overcome; and here there is a grand field for the efforts of all who have the opportunity of exerting themselves in it. The objects with which this Society was founded included "The furtherance of the interests of the Gaelic people." I know of no way in which this can be more effectually done than by seeing that the children get good schooling. (Applause.) I trust that they are in a fair way of getting this, but in pledging the cause of Highland education, as we are about to do, we must regard the pledge as no mere idle one, but as entailing action, when required, on us all. (Applause.) It is in that spirit that I offer you the toast, and beg of you to join heartily in drinking Success to Highland Education. (Cheers.)

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., Rector of Raining's School, in responding, cordially concurred with Sir Kenneth's praises of Dr Craik's report. The pupil-teacher system would wed the Highland people to the Education Act, for it would open a source of employment for their sons and daughters. The idea of giving a personal grant to Gaelic-speaking teachers was an excellent one. He thought the building debt should be cancelled, and the Lochiel clause raised to 12s. 6d., while the benefits of the change must not be restricted to the insular parts of the Highlands. (Applause.)

Mr William Morrison, M.A., Rector of Dingwall Academy, whose name was also coupled with the toast, said—It is a distinct gain to the cause of Highland education to have the powerful and enlightened support of such a man as Sir Kenneth Mackenzie enlisted in that cause. (Applause). It is more than half the battle to have that support. His words, both on account of their intrinsic worth, and of that extrinsic value which his high social position gives them, cannot fail of carrying conviction to those among our educational authorities who, in these matters, are "slow of heart to believe." (Applause). Possibly, had similar words been uttered here to-night by any other than Sir Kenneth, they would have been discounted as so much idle sentimentality uttered in the interests of what unsympathetic critics might be pleased to term a society of Gaelic *dilettanti*. Dr Craik, for whom I conceived a high opinion, is not quite sure of the introduction of Gaelic as an essential vehicle of instruction in schools in purely Gaelic districts. He found that "sentiment," he says, repudiated by almost all he came in contact with in his tour lately from the Butt of Lews to Tobermory. That might have been so, but is there not a danger of falling into sentiment in avoiding sentiment? (Applause.) Sentiment, after all, if well based, counts for much as things go in human nature. I give my fellow countrymen in the West due credit for that mental characteristic inherited from a Celto-Scandinavian ancestry — bald commonsense—but I must also not overlook another characteristic inherited from the same source, and which distinguishes this mixed race from the matter-of-fact Saxon—that dash of poetry in their nature which has proved itself of so much use to our Saxon fellow-countrymen on many a hard-fought and bloody field. (Applause.) Sentiment, after all, is a more potent agency in shaping the destiny of nations than your modern Philistine is willing to admit. (Applause.) The modern Highlander, doubtless, is ignorant of English culture, but not necessarily of all culture. The literature open to him he knows well, and from it he derives an amount of

moral culture that places him as a man in favourable comparison with the Saxon. The Education Act, if better adapted to the peculiar conditions of the Highlands and Islands, is undoubtedly calculated to cut the Gordian knot of the crofter difficulty. Apart from the alleviation of the intolerable burden of taxation now imposed on shoulders ill-fitted to bear it, I look on the Gaelic scholastic difficulty as one of men and not so much of money. All this comes of a short-sighted policy emanating from a remote and central source where those who sit in authority in educational matters see, but in distant and dim perspective, the conditions and environment of the Gaelic-speaking people of the North. The best class of teachers will not, at present, as Dr Craik pointed out in his report, go to these remote districts. I mean no disparagement to the many excellent men employed in these schools. I merely state the fact that good men will not be induced to go if they can possibly avoid doing so, and those who do go take the earliest opportunity of leaving for the best posts they can secure on the mainland. (Applause.) If good men were induced to go and remain for some time in these secluded parts a very marked change for the better would soon be oberved. But it is said good results are produced. I do not deny the statement, but the results must necessarily be relatively good, not absolutely so. The next census will probably make sad and startling disclosures as to the small amount of educational progress made since the passing of the Education Act. It will be found that this progress is by no commensurate with the large sums of public money expended upon it by the Treasury. The studied neglect by many School Boards and Inspectors in the Highlands, shown in contemning the use of the vernacular in imparting an English education, is, in the highest degree, insensate, and is certain to recoil upon the heads of those who are now responsible for that neglect. Her Majesty's Inspectors must, in guaging the intelligence of children, to whom English is very much of a foreign tongue, adopt a standard of reference which they would not use where the children are able to express themselves more or less readily in English. I admit that there is some force in the contention that children acquire a language as readily under the instruction of a teacher whom they are compelled to answer in that language as if they had their option in expressing themselves in one better known to them. Highland parents have an instinctive knowledge of that law under which Coleridge said the child acquired his mother tongue—the law, namely, of necessity. The effort made by the child to express himself is largely an un-

conscious one. The intellectual faculties are, however, trained by conscious effort. The ignorance or apathy of Highland parents in discouraging the use of Gaelic in schools is but a wretched excuse on the part of those whose function it is to direct and control our educational machinery, and is but a sign of their own inherent antagonism to what is of course to them, as officials or trustees, an element of special administrative difficulty. This difficulty is not, however, to be overcome by a supercilious contempt on the part of the Department or of School Boards, but by rationally recognising and meeting it. One of H.M. Inspectors, Mr Smith, two years ago complained that pupils who had passed from the third and fourth standards in school to the factory in a few years lost the very art of reading an English book. That is a sufficiently melancholy revelation. If that be so in Lanarkshire, what must it be in Lewis? Few will deny that, *cæteris paribus*, a teacher with a knowledge of the vernacular is to be preferred in a Gaelic district to one that does not possess that knowledge. (Applause.) I see no reason why Gaelic literature, such as it is, should not be made an instrument of culture—of logical training, as English or Latin is—and if conjoined with the usual grammatical training in these, I am sure it would add immensely to the educational value of all these. (Applause.) The transition from the known to the unknown would be as pleasant as it would be profitable to the pupil. When once the eyes of our people are opened to the fact that there are regions beyond their limited horizon inviting an energetic race, they will not be slow to act on their acquired knowledge. It is safe to prophesy that an exodus from their present miserable homes will ensue on so large a scale that it will be a matter of sore regret that remedial measures were not earlier taken to conserve a population containing so many elements of strength to the State. They have all the virtues bred of adversity, with but few of its vices, and hence such a people can be but ill spared in days of national decadence, not to speak of a day of national calamity. Altogether, I anticipate from the prominence the subject of Highland education has received at this crisis in our history in the North, that our legislators will give effect to the recommendations of men who have made that subject one of careful and intelligent study, and so will hasten the operation of an agency which, of all human means, is most calculated to promote the best interests of a noble people. (Cheers.)

Mr A. R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, in proposing the Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands, said—The toast

uich has been placed in my hands is one of universal interest. am certain there is no one in this room whose welfare is not ffected by it in some way or other, and in these times none will il to drink with sincerity and enthusiasm, Success and Prosperity the Commercial and Agricultural Interests of the Highlands. Applause.) I am afraid, gentlemen, that those interests to which am now directing your attention are much in need of being oasted at every public meeting, and, if earnest and anxious wishes r their success are of any avail, there would be no fear of their rosperity. (Applause.) Commerce and agriculture are so bound p with one another that it is only right that they should be oupled together in one toast. The success of one means the prosperity of the other; the failure of either means the downfall of both. That agriculture is now a science, and a science which is thoroughly understood in every detail in the Highlands, is admitted everywhere, but I am afraid that with all the knowledge and trouble which has been expended upon it, it has not, during the past few years, been very remunerative to those who have done so much for it. Farmers have not only to contend with the low prices of produce, which were at first the result of excessive foreign competition, but also now, trade being so bad, many thousands of people are not able to live in the same way as they formerly did, so the demand for meat is lowered, as the returns of the Christmas markets and the sales of cattle and sheep, more particularly the latter, show. Now, gentlemen, we have heard some talk lately about the reduction of rents. One writer on this subject in the *North British Agriculturist* of last week, went on to say that, while bad tenants were an exception, bad lairds were the rule —(Laughter and "Question?")—but whatever this gentleman's opinion may be, I venture to say that this is not the opinion of the Farmers' Societies in the north—(Hear, hear)—and though, no doubt, some tenants would be pleased if their proprietors could see their way of assisting them still further, I am, in proposing this toast, talking to-night on a broader issue. So, supposing all rents were lowered, what good, if you look at it in a national point of view, is a general reduction to do the country as a whole? It must be remembered that I am not only talking of owners of land, but also owners of houses connected with trade and commerce throughout the country, and if these owners find that their income is considerably lowered, they must necessarily reduce their expenses, and this would entail many labourers, artisans, and others, being thrown out of employment. Low as the price of meat is to the producer, though there is not much differ-

ence as yet to the consumer, still, of what use is food, however cheap it may be, to a penniless workman? I do not wish or intend to encroach upon dangerous ground, but I, for one, am convinced from my experience of farmers, that it is the smaller occupiers of land who can, and who do, pay their rents easier than their larger neighbours, and I am certain that it would be a great advantage to the country, if there were more of these small farms —(cheers)—and though I would not advocate going back to Protection, still, I think that some sort of fair trade is necessary, so as to secure a return of commercial and agricultural activity, the well-being of which depends upon one another, and in which is involved the happiness and peace of the whole country. (Applause.) There is something, however, pleasant in the thought that matters cannot be worse than they now are, and whenever they have arrived at that stage, as the world cannot remain stationary, we must begin to ascend the ladder of prosperity again; and signs of improvement are already distinctly visible, both in a better and increasing price for grain, the works going on throughout the country, and, though we cannot say much about wool, still, sheep-farmers are to be congratulated on the open weather we have had, and the exceptionally low death-rate amongst hill stock. So I hope it will be many a long year before we have to devote ourselves to the making of jam, or rearing of flowers. (Laughter and applause.) I am asked to couple this toast with a gentleman who well maintains the dignity of the high and honourable position he holds as Provost of the Capital of the Highlands, and who, we know, is deeply interested in the Prosperity of Commerce and Agriculture in the North. (Applause.)

Provost Macandrew, in reply, referred briefly to the recent proceedings in Skye, and expressed the hope that everyone who had any influence with the crofters would endeavour to persuade them that nothing would be done for them, and that they would lose the sympathy of every right-minded person, so long as they acted in open defiance of the law. They were all accustomed to be proud of the Highlanders. When they defied the law for the sake of an idea of the restoration of a Prince, and came out like men to fight against great odds, their conduct and loyalty evoked admiration; but when the descendants of these chivalrous people turned out in hundreds to beat a poor, defenceless sheriff-officer, who could offer no resistance, he actually felt ashamed of his fellow-countrymen. He was also ashamed to find that at some meetings held in Edinburgh and London, these things were made light of, and hoped the voice of the Gaelic Society would go forth strongly reprobating such actions. (Applause.)

Dr F. M. Mackenzie, in proposing the toast of Kindred Societies, said it would be interesting to know how it was that such a small community as the Highlanders of Scotland, living in such a rugged country, had produced so many societies all over the world. (Applause.) He thought there were at least two things which conduced to that state of matters--very strong love of country and the patriotism of Highlanders, as well as their very strong love of migrating throughout the world.

Bailie Alex. Ross, as representing the Field Club, responded.

Mr Colin Chisholm proposed the Non-Resident Members, speaking partly in Gaelic and partly in English. He expatiated on their attachment to the old country, and called them the backbone of the Gaelic Society. In a few pointed sentences he took occasion to deplore that the greater part of the Highland proprietors were unable to speak to their tenants in the language best calculated to touch their hearts. (Hear, hear.) If they were only able to speak Gaelic, in his opinion there would be no grievances to complain of between proprietors and crofters. (Cheers.) Strange as this might appear, during the inquiry by the Royal Commission there were few complaints brought against landlords who were able to speak to their people in their own language. (Cheers.) He was happy to hear from Lochiel that a move was about to take place among the proprietors with the view of bettering the condition of their crofters and cottars. This ought to have been done long ago. (Hear, hear.) We all knew that the proprietors, their fathers, and predecessors were altogether instrumental, though often out of sight behind their factors or law agents, in depopulating the Highlands, and turning the country into the barren, cheerless, and inhospitable deserts that they now were. (Applause.) But now that the Chief of the Clan Cameron announced the welcome tidings of landlord willingness to rescue their crofting dependents from further misery, he hoped sincerely humane treatment for the future would cancel all recollections of former mismanagement. With this toast he begged to couple the respected names of Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, and Mr Reginald Macleod, junior of Macleod.

Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, in replying, said—We have now arrived at rather a late hour, or rather an early one I should say, for I see the clock shows us that the proceedings we commenced with yesterday's dinner we have carried into this morning, and as I see Mr Reginald Macleod's name down as well as my own to respond to this toast, I shall be as brief as possible, especially as I see there are several other toasts on the list. I

thank you, Mr Chisholm, on the part of the non-resident members, for the spirited manner in which this toast has been proposed, and you, gentlemen, for the cordial manner in which it has been responded to; and I am sure the non-resident members regret their absence on an occasion like this when so many interesting and instructive speeches have been delivered, and had they been present I am sure they would have enjoyed the evening as much as I have done, but though absent they will be glad to hear we have been treating on questions so dear to many of them. (Applause.) For the benefit of those who do not understand Gaelic, I may explain that Mr Colin Chisholm has been rather hard on proprietors in some of the remarks he made, but I agree with him, if there was more communication by means of a Gaelic medium between proprietors and crofters, that we should have heard nothing of the present disturbances. Mr Alexander Mackenzie has taunted the proprietors with doing nothing, and challenged them to say what they intend doing. In reply to this challenge, it is not for me to say what proprietors may deem proper to do, for, personally, I have very little interest at stake, but from conversations I have had lately with very influential proprietors and others, if I was going to prophesy I should venture to say that peace will be restored to the Highlands to-day, and that the Land Law reformers may turn their attention to some other occupation. (Applause.) Before sitting down, there is one other remark I would like to make, in reply to what Provost Macandrew said regarding the action of those Skye crofters who deforced the Sheriff's officers. Now, though not for a moment upholding the conduct of those crofters who took the law into their own hands, I don't think, at the same time, they should be blamed so very unsparingly, for it was a most injudicious step sending Sheriff's officers at such a time among an excited people, for the very sight of a Sheriff's officer seemed to recall to their recollection the stories of hardships related to them regarding former evictions. (Applause.) In conclusion, he thanked the meeting for so cordially drinking the health of the non-resident members.

Mr Reginald Macleod, whose name was also coupled with the toast, said it had been stated that they ought not to go a-begging to the Home Secretary or Parliament for money for crofters in the Highlands. Mr Macleod detested as much as anyone the system of begging on behalf of the crofters, but he thought that when they went to Parliament and said to them that the landlords of the Highlands were ready to do all that they possibly could for their people in the way of giving more land, provided Government would do as they had done in other places—grant money for the

making of breakwaters or harbours, and thus enable them to make use of these, he thought this was not begging, but making a legitimate appeal for assistance for people who were in a peculiar state of distress and difficulty. (Applause.)

Mr Barron, Ness Bank, gave the toast of the Provost and Magistrates, and the toast was responded to by Bailie Macbean.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, proposed the Clergy of all Denominations. He said—Since the formation of this Society fourteen years ago, this toast has been regularly remembered at our annual gatherings, and, although it has more than once been suggested that it should be discontinued, I am myself of opinion that such a course would be a mistake. (Applause.) I have heard it said that if we toast the clergy, there is no reason why we should not do the same honour to the medical and legal professions, and then there would be no end to the thing—(Laughter and applause)—but I would remind those who thus speak that for ages the clergy have possessed a power in the Highlands to which no other profession can lay claim—(Applause)—and that, on the whole, from the days of Columba until now, that power has been exercised for good—(Applause)—and apart from this general claim to our attention, it would be unpardonable were we, members of the Gaelic Society, to ignore that profession which nourished such workers in the Celtic field as the Dean of Lismore, the Rev. Robert Kirke, the Rev. A. Pope, the Stewarts, Dr Irvine, Dr John Smith, Dr Macpherson of Sleat, and Dr Norman Macleod the elder—(Applause)—not to mention the eminent Celtic scholars who at the present moment flourish within the sacred pale. (Applause.) And, gentlemen, if the Highland clergy of the past did do good, it was too often in spite of the greatest discouragements; and when we consider the difficulties they had to contend with, and the discomforts they had to endure, we cannot but marvel at the great work done by them among the people, and the zeal and success with which many of them kept themselves abreast of their times in literature and general culture. (Applause.) For instance, in 1649, the Rev. Farquhar Macrae of Kintail—a powerful preacher, whom Bishop Maxwell pronounced "a man of great gifts, but unfortunately lost in the Highlands"—had neither manse nor glebe; his church was a mere hovel, with holes through the thatched roof, and without glass in the windows; and it was adorned with neither pulpit nor desks, with neither stool of repentance, nor sackcloth to cover the penitent. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the worthy pastor earnestly served the parish for forty-four years; and he not only

passed rich on £8. 6s. 8d. a year—(Laughter)—and a free farm, worth £25 a year, but he was able to give a good education to a large family, two of whom adopted his own profession. (Applause.) The churches in which these clergy of the past preached must have been horrible places—(Laughter)—for not only were preachers and people exposed to every blast that blew, but they also encountered the greater dangers which arose from a total neglect of sanitary laws. In 1684, for example, the minister of Boleskine complained "that all persons of all ranks indifferently buried their dead within his church, not only his own parishioners, but some others of the neighbouring parishes, so that several coffins were hardly under ground;" and as late as 1758 the Rev. Aulay Macaulay, great-grandfather of Lord Macaulay, was at his own request buried within his church in Harris, and so near the surface was the body placed that, twenty years later, the sexton's besom came in contact with the head and sent it spinning over the earthen floor. (Laughter.) But I must not detain you with further descriptions of "the good old times." Undoubtedly, the new are better for priest and people, and our great desire is that they may still continue to improve. (Applause.) I have much pleasure in coupling the toast with the name of the Rev. A. C. Macdonald. (Applause.)

Rev. A. C. Macdonald, in the course of his reply, said—In responding to this toast I must admit that I am not free from difficulty as to what I shall say. It has become somewhat fashionable now-a-days to decry the pulpit. We are told the Church is fast sinking in the estimation of the common-sense thinking men of the world, and possibly some of the complaints against her are not altogether without reason, though I believe the defects have been greatly exaggerated, and that much of the clamour is without foundation. Many in the Church are keenly alive to the wants of the age, which they spare no pains to meet. Time was—twice, at least, in the history of the Christian era—when the pulpit had risen to the ascendancy in the social state. Preachers were then the mental sovereigns of the people, and men everywhere looked to them for guidance, and bowed to their decision. The pulpit is still a great power—(Applause)—either for good or for evil. There are elements of power within the reach of the ministry which, if properly employed, would make the pulpit once more the moral master of the world. (Applause.) Let it take every event that influences the public mind, and every question that agitates the common heart, whether social, political, or religious, and try it by the broad light of that Book whose principles

are ever in favour of recognising the rights of all, and of inculcating special sympathy with the poor and the distressed—I say, let it do this, and the pulpit shall once more take the lead. (Applause.) And, Mr Chairman, considering the present unsettled, transition state of our country, there never was a time, in my opinion, when it was more desirable and necessary that both the press and the pulpit should exercise a healthful influence upon the public mind than now. (Applause.) Both these engines are mighty to form and guide public opinion, and hence the tremendous responsibility if this power is not judiciously wielded. It is too well known that some press organs do not exercise a very beneficial influence upon the public, but the time at my disposal does not permit me to say what I might upon this subject. I cannot sit down, however, without expressing my regret at the attitude taken up by ministers of different denominations in this country—an attitude, I think, far from Christian, if not altogether inconsistent with their vocation as professed servants of the Prince of Peace. It is lamentable to see gentlemen, whether lay or cleric, stooping to the position of wild agitators in the present disturbed state of the country—(Applause)—when the great difficulty the nation experiences is to suppress agitation, which is already bordering on rebellion, and to keep it within proper limits. I fully admit the value and necessity of agitation for reform, constitutionally conducted, but I think it is a most cruel thing on the part of ministers, connected with powerful Christian Churches, to urge and encourage these people to an agitation which, in the absence of proper guidance, is sure to resolve itself into lawlessness and disorder. And this cruelty is enhanced by the fact that, when these people, worked into a demoralising condition, carry their agitation beyond legitimate bounds, they are abandoned by those who incited them to that extreme, and left to battle with, and get out of their difficulties the best way they can. (Applause.) All they do is to turn round and abuse in a most ungracious manner the Home Secretary and the Lord-Advocate for adopting the only course open to them for maintaining law and order, and for adopting it in a way the least calculated to do injury to life and property. (Applause.) Judging from Lochiel's most liberal and practical speech this evening—(Applause)—a speech which confirms me more than ever in the opinion which I always had, that liberal views, and progressive legislation even, are not confined to either of the great parties in the State—(Cheers)—from that speech we hope that such reform as will place the people in a more comfortable position is at hand. (Applause.) And this is much

required, especially in the Western Isles; and I do not believe the people will be so difficult to satisfy as some would lead us to think. They are very nice people, shrewd, intelligent, and of strictly sober habits; and I must add to their honour, that during my intercourse with them, in their most excited state, I did not hear an oath or an unbecoming expression from the lips of any of them. (Applause.) I feel the deepest interest in, and sympathy for, these people, and my only fear is that they shall alienate themselves from the sympathy of all right-minded men. This must be the result if they take up an untenable position, and continue to accept the guidance of outside agitators of the wildest revolutionary and socialistic type, whose object is to destroy all existing institutions, both civil and sacred, and constitute themselves leaders and rulers--men who have no real sympathy with the people, and would not lift their little finger to help or relieve them. (Applause.)

Councillor Stuart proposed the Press, which was responded to by Mr A. Ross, of the *Northern Chronicle.*

Mr E. H. Macmillan, in proposing the health of the Chairman, said—I call upon you to fill a bumper to the toast which has been entrusted to me, and which I know will be received with all the enthusiasm of which a Highland gathering is capable. It is to the health of the illustrious Chief who occupies the chair to-night—(Applause)—the inheritor of an historic name. Lochiel, as we all know, worthily follows the traditions of his house. (Applause.) In the scroll of fame few names are more frequently and more honourably inscribed than that of Cameron, and although Lochiel has not been called on to lead his clansmen amid the turmoil of battle, he has the satisfaction of knowing that peace has its victories as well as war—(Applause)--and that he enjoys the reputation of being a kind and considerate landlord to a tenantry, not by occupancy merely, but by the bonds of Chiefship—(Hear, hear, and applause)—and that to an extent of which few Highland estates can boast. (Applause.) During the sittings of the Royal Commission, we were called upon to admire not merely the calm judicial temper with which Lochiel discharged the onerous duties which devolved upon him, but also the recommendations made by him in the Commissioners' Report, recommendations which evidenced at once a heart full of sympathy for those in distress, and a head full of clear and practical wisdom to devise a remedy. (Applause.) If anything was wanting to enhance our admiration of Lochiel's attitude in this most difficult crisis, it has been supplied by the speech to which we have been privileged to

listen this evening. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I ask you to drink with Highland honours long life and happiness to Lochiel. (Cheers, and Highland honours.)

Lochiel, on rising to respond, was received with loud and continued applause. He said he must ask them not to measure his appreciation of the honour done him by the length of his reply, as he had already for a considerable length trespassed—("No, no")—upon their patience. Besides, the evening was getting late, and as one or two toasts were to follow, he must be brief. He had to thank them all most sincerely for the manner in which they had received the toast so kindly proposed by Mr Macmillan, and also for many acts of kindness which he had received from the Gaelic Society—far more, he felt, than he deserved. He wished to express his deep regret that he was unable to talk "the language," but at a former meeting of the Gaelic Society he explained that the fault was not his, as a person's own education was not always in his own hands. He also had to thank them for the indulgence they had shown him on the occasion of the annual meeting in July of last year, when he was unable to preside. He was, as they were aware, suffering from an attack of gout. (Laughter.) He need not say that, when he read that the vice-chief also made the same excuse for his absence, and that the third gentleman who was also asked excused himself on the same plea, he was considerably amused. (Laughter and applause.) For his own part, he attributed his gout to the House of Commons. (Laughter.) He would venture to call the attention of his friend Novar to that fact. (Laughter.) To go about the country canvassing certainly required a vigorous frame, but it was nothing compared with the hardships of Parliament. (Applause.) Before sitting down, he must ask them to drink to the health of the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie. (Cheers.) He had a deal of work to do connected with the Society, and he knew of no one who took a greater interest in everything connected with Gaelic literature than did Mr Mackenzie, and he asked the company to drink to his very good health. (Applause.)

Mr Mackenzie briefly replied, stating that no reward would give him greater satisfaction than the magnificent gathering they had that evening. (Applause.)

Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor, proposed the health of the Croupiers, and the toast was responded to by both Kintail and Novar, M.P.

This brought the proceedings to a happy termination, the meeting having lasted six hours and a half. During the evening

several gentlemen present enlivened the proceedings by songs, recitations, &c. Pipe-Major Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, also added much to the evening's enjoyment by selections on the bagpipe at intervals.

CONFERENCE OF LANDLORDS AT INVERNESS.

In course of the speeches at the dinner, numerous references were made to the conference of landlords to be held in Inverness on the following day (14th January). This conference had no connection with the Society, but in order to make the references alluded to intelligible to readers who may peruse this volume in after years, it is desirable to record here a brief statement of facts in regard to it.

In November 1884, a debate on the crofter question took place in the House of Commons; and, in course of it, the Home Secretary (Sir William Harcourt), as representing the Government, appealed to Highland proprietors to endeavour to settle amicably with their crofters. Following on this appeal a preliminary conference was held at Stafford House, and thereafter the following circular was issued :—

"Achnacarry, 31st December 1884.

"In view of the disturbed condition of some parts of the Highlands, and of the speech made recently in the House of Commons by the Home Secretary, as representing the Government, it has been suggested that it would be very desirable for the owners of land in those districts which were visited by the Royal Commission, lately appointed to enquire into the condition of the crofters and cottars, or in any place in the Highlands where small tenants are numerous, to meet together with the object of taking into consideration the invitation made to them by the Home Secretary to endeavour to accede to the reasonable wishes of their tenantry, so far as it lies in their power to do so.

"As landowners, as well as representatives in Parliament of Highland Counties, we take the liberty of inviting you to attend a meeting at the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, at two o'clock, on Wednesday, the 14th of January, at which it is hoped his Grace the Duke of Sutherland will kindly preside.

"The meeting will, of course, be private, and no reporters will be present.

"An authorised report of any resolutions that may be come

to can, if thought desirable, be subsequently sent to the newspapers.

"We are,
"Your obedient servants,

"DONALD CAMERON of Lochiel.
"R. MUNRO-FERGUSON."

For several days prior to the 14th January, preliminary meetings were held at Beaufort Castle, the residence of Lord Lovat. Among those who responded to the invitation, and met in the Caledonian Hotel on the 14th January, were:—The Marquis of Stafford, representing the Duke of Sutherland; Lord Lovat, Beaufort Castle; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Sir George Macpherson-Grant of Ballindalloch, Bart., M.P.; Sir Tollemache Sinclair, Bart.; Sir Robert Sinclair of Murkle, Caithness: Mr Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar and Raith, M.P.; Mr Baillie of Dochfour; The Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost; Mr Kenneth Matheson, Ardross Castle, representing Sir Alexander Matheson of Lochalsh, Bart.; Mr Alex. Macdonald, Portree, factor for Lord Macdonald, &c.; Major Fraser of Kilmuir, Skye; Mr Forbes of Culloden; Mr E. H. Wood of Raasay; Mr Fraser-Tytler of Aldourie; Mr Davidson of Tulloch; Captain Fraser of Balnain; Mr Macleod of Cadboll; Mr Davidson of Cantray; Mr Darroch of Torridon; Mr Peterkin of Grange; Mr Henderson of Stemster, Caithness; Mr Biscoe of Kingillie; Mr D. M. Ross of Cromarty, as Commissioner for Lord Macdonald of the Isles; Major Mackenzie of Flowerburn; Mr Mackenzie of Allangrange; Mr Douglas Fletcher, representing Mr Fletcher of Rosehaugh; Mr Stewart of Ensay, late of Duntulm; Captain Munro of Foulis; Mr Reginald Macleod, Dunvegan Castle, representing Macleod of Macleod; Mr Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, representing Mr Mackenzie of Kintail and Glenmuick; Mr W. Mackay, Stornoway, representing Lady Matheson of the Lews; Mr Gunn, Strathpeffer, representing the Duchess of Sutherland; Mr Smith, representing the Countess of Seafield; Mr Brown, representing the Earl of Moray; Captain Warrand, Ryefield, for the Ferrintosh estate; Mr Burgess, for Glenmoriston; Major Grant, for the Countess of Seafield's Glen-Urquhart estates; Mr James Anderson, Inverness, for Redcastle; Mr Malcolm, Invergarry, representing Mrs Ellice of Invergarry; Mr Grant for Dochfour and Glenelg; Mr Peacock-Edwards, agent for Lady Gordon Cathcart; Mr Maclennan, factor for Lady Gordon Cathcart; Mr Peter, factor for Lord Lovat; Mr Smith,

factor for Strathconan; Mr C. R. Manners, C.E., representing Lord Wimborne; Mr Maclean, factor for Sir Alexander Matheson of Ardross; Mr A. D. M. Black, W.S., Edinburgh, agent for the Duchess of Sutherland; Mr David Ross, Dingwall, factor for Tarbat; Mr Donald Davidson, Inverness, agent for Cluny Macpherson of Cluny; Mr Robert Davidson, for Mr Mackintosh of Balnespick; Provost Fraser, for Culloden; Mr Hugh Fraser, for Cantray; Mr Forsyth, for Lady Ross of Balnagown; Mr A. W. Nicholson of Arisaig; Mr T. A. Mackenzie of Ord; Mr John Robertson, Grishornish; Mr Adam Sharp of Clyth; Mr Dalegleish, for Ardnamurchan; Mr Wright, commissioner for Lord Middleton; Mr Nicolson, Caithness, for Sir Robert Anstruther; Mr James Mackenzie, for Mr Gillanders of Highfield; Mr Stuart, for Mr Liot Bankes of Letterewe, &c.

The Marquis of Stafford was appointed Chairman, and Mr George Malcolm, factor, Invergarry, clerk to the meeting. The following resolutions were unanimously passed, viz.:—

1. "That this meeting, composed of proprietors in the Counties of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness and Argyll, having in view certain complaints as to the insufficiency of holdings on the part of crofters, which were recently laid before the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the condition of the crofters and cottars of the Highlands and Islands, and the recent appeal made to Highland proprietors by the Home Secretary in his place in the House of Commons, resolves severally to offer to crofters an undertaking to increase the size of their holdings as suitable opportunities offer, and where the crofters are in a position profitably to occupy and stock the same."

2. "That this meeting further resolves to offer the crofters—(1.) To such as are not in arrears of rent, leases of 19 to 30 years, as may be arranged; (2) Revised rents, and (3) Compensation for permanent improvements, regulated by a scale adapted to the nature and value of such improvements, and the duration of leases."

3. "That while this meeting of landowners has by the foregoing resolutions recognised the propriety of complying as far as possible with the reasonable wishes of their crofters, it would respectfully remind her Majesty's Government of certain other recommendations of the Royal Commission, which can only be dealt with by them, especially those which relate to the development of the fishing industry, to the excessive burdens thrown upon ratepayers under the Education Act of 1872; and to the granting of assistance to those who may be anxious to emigrate. It desires

therefore to express an earnest hope that these recommendations of the Royal Commission may receive the attention of her Majesty's Government."

4. "That the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to the Prime Minister and Home Secretary."

21st January 1885.

On this date office-bearers for 1885 were nominated, and some routine business was transacted.

28th January 1885.

On this date office-bearers for 1885 were elected. The following new members were elected, viz.:—R. C. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., life member; Major Rose of Kilravock, honorary member; and John Mortimer, 344 Great Western Road, Aberdeen, and Angus Maclennan, factor, Askernish, South Uist, ordinary members.

4th February 1885.

On this date the following were elected members, viz.:—J. Douglas Fletcher, yr. of Rosehaugh, life member; and John Macpherson, manager, Victoria Hotel, Inverness, and William Munro, Castle Street, Inverness, ordinary members.

Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., F.S.A., Scot, head-master of Raining's School, Inverness, then read a paper on "The Book of Deer." The paper was illustrated with enlarged drawings from the original work by Mr P. H. Smart, Inverness. Mr Macbain's paper was as follows:—

THE BOOK OF DEER.

The Book of Deer was discovered in 1860 by Mr Bradshaw, the librarian of the Cambridge University. It had lain unnoticed in the library of that University since its purchase in 1715, among the rest of the books of John Moore, Bishop of Ely. Its history, previous to Dr Moore's possession of it, is unknown; but that it was once—in the eleventh and twelfth centuries—in the Columban Monastery of Deer, in Aberdeenshire, is a fact testified by the book itself in a manner that can admit of no doubt.

The book consists of 86 parchment leaves, which are six

inches long and four and a-half broad. Its contents are the Gospel of St John complete, preceded by portions of the other three evangelists, viz., the first seven chapters of Matthew, the first five of Mark, and the first three of Luke. These are all in the Latin text of St Jerome. Besides these, there is between the fragments of Mark and Luke part of an office for visitation of the sick, in a later hand, and containing one line of Old Irish rubric; and the manuscript ends, in the same handwriting as the gospels, with the Apostles' Creed and an Old Irish colophon, which asks a blessing on the soul of the "truaghan" (wretch), who wrote the book, from every reader of it. These were the full contents of the original manuscript, and experts in the handwriting of Irish manuscripts ascribe its composition to the ninth century of our era. The book, of course, is written in what is called the Irish character, which is merely a modification, like all other so-called national alphabets of Western Europe, of the Roman writing; Irish writing is descended from the Gallo-Roman cursive handwriting of the fifth century, introduced with Christianity. The writing of the MS. is good throughout, and there are illuminated figures of the four evangelists, separately, and in groups, while the initial letter of each gospel is enlarged, illuminated, and ornamented.

But what makes the book of importance to the Gael of Scotland formed no part of its original contents. It is the Gaelic entries of grants of land made to the Monastery of Deer in the eleventh and twelfth centuries that make the book of supreme value to us; for we shall find reason to believe that the Gaelic of the grants represents fully the Gaelic of the Scottish Highlands at the time. These Gaelic entries occur on the blank pages and margins of the earlier part of the book; they commence on the first side of leaf three, immediately after the prologue (first 17 verses) to St Matthew ends. Here the legend of the founding of Deer with the first record of grant is told and continued on the other side of the same leaf, which was all blank originally. The second of the records of grants commences on the same page, and is continued on the first side of leaf four, which was also originally blank. In a different ink and handwriting, the third of the entries of grants is commenced at the middle of that page, and a short fourth entry concludes the page. On the other side of leaf four there was originally a representation of St Matthew, set in a rectangular frame of interlaced Z pattern, and round the margins of this picture, in brilliant black ink and different handwriting apparently from either of the previous entries, we find entry number five; and the sixth entry surrounds the margin of

the first page of leaf five, in the same faded ink as entries three and four, but in a different handwriting. The next entry, passing over blank pages on leaves 15 and 16, is the record of a charter in Latin by King David (1124-1153), at leaf 40, which implies that the rest of the entries had already been made, for it declares the Clerics of Deer free from all lay interference and undue exaction, "as it is written in their book."

These entries are important, not merely linguistically, but also historically. They throw an important side-light on the political, social, and ecclesiastical machinery of the time, as well as being the only specimen of Old Scotch Gaelic extant; for the next Scotch Gaelic work, uninspired from Irish sources to any very large extent, is the Dean of Lismore's book (1512), fully four hundred years later. The historical interest of the entries consists, firstly, in their form; they are mere records of grants of land, and even the formal charter of King David is here given only in copied form. The first two entries make no mention of witnesses; it is only with the third entry that Nectan, first Bishop of Aberdeen, and others, appear as witnesses recorded of the gift made. Hence we find in the Book of Deer a pre-charter and pre-feudal period; verbal grants before witnesses, with possibly some conveyance of a sign, such as a branch, from the giver to the receiver, were all that was necessary until the feudalising tendencies of the sons of the Saxon Queen Margaret abolished these primitive customs. Secondly, these entries throw light on the state of the Church and its history. The Monastery of Deer was a Columban one; it was founded in a far-away corner of Pictland; and the Picts and their kings had in the eighth century shown no particular favour to the Columban monastries, when King Nectan and his successors had fully conformed with Rome. The history of these monasteries, even in Ireland, was a chequered one. Columba's system of Church government was altogether monastic; each tribe or *tuath* had a monastery, for there were no parishes, but only this large tribal district with one monastery, from which, as centre, the monks ministered to the remotest parts. The abbot of the monastery usually belonged to a leading family of the *tuath*, and in that family the office was hereditary; or the office might be hereditary in the family of the founder, as was the case with Iona, which was hereditary in the family from which Columba sprung. In course of time this system gave rise to great abuses; the monastery grew rich in lands, and the energies of the abbot, or some other leading officer, were directed to temporal rather than

spiritual management. In fact, latterly, he became a mere layman, holding the abbacy in his family by direct descent, and, delegating his clerical duties to a monk, he himself took to rearing a family in which the monastic lands were hereditary Crinan, lay abbot of Dunkeld, for example, was a king's son-in-law, and also a king's father—father of the unfortunate King Duncan. The abuses of these lay abbacies were never properly remedied, but they were checked by Queen Margaret and her sons through the creation of the bishoprics, and the gradual supersession of the monastic by the parochial system. It is quite a common thing, consequently, to read of the refounding of an ancient abbacy, whereby lands are given afresh to the monastery which had lost them by their passing into secular hands. The Monastery of Deer would appear to have undergone this transformation; it was probably founded in the seventh century; it would run its first course of usefulness, and then come into secular hands, drifting finally into poverty and neglect; and then, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, we have it refounded and reinstated in its lands. The remembrance of its period of distress comes out clearly in these entries: "Whosoever shall go against it, let him not be many-yeared or victorious," says Columba, according to the legend; and in another one, "His blessing on every one who shall fulfil this after him, and his curse on every one who shall go against it."

Again, we get a glimpse of the political and social systems of the time. The Ardri, or Chief King, rules the leading—seven originally—provinces of Scotia; under him immediately and over these provinces are the Mormaers, that is, the Earls of later times; and under the jurisdiction of the Mormaers are the tribal or district chieftains, called the Tosechs (chiefs), known among the Saxons as Thanes. All these three grades of power had their "exactions" out of the land, besides having their own manor land; they had rights of personal service, civil and military, of entertainment when travelling, and of exacting rent in kind or in money. These are the "lay exactions" referred to in the entries in the Book of Deer. The somewhat bewildering succession of names in the entries is also of interest; sons do not often succeed fathers, and brothers are preferred to children. This points to surviving Pictish influence in the succession, where succession was in the female line. The mentioning of the daughter along with her husband as granting lands conjointly, shows the husband's right rested on the female alliance.

The most important point in connection with the Book of Deer is this: Are the entries couched in the vernacular Gaelic

of Scotland at the time? We have been often disappointed with our numerous MSS. turning out after all to be merely Irish Gaelic, and we have our oldest printed books and other documents couched in the same Irish tongue and style, such as Bishop Carswell's "Prayer Book," and other works for Church services; so much has this been the case that the burden of proof must rest with suspicious weight on the person who asserts that Old Scotch Gaelic exists in any document at all. The Book of the Dean of Lismore is allowed on all hands to be Scotch Gaelic; it was produced at a period favourable to the rise of independent literature and style of writing; the sixteenth century was remarkable all over Europe, but in Scotland it saw the decay for a time of the Irish influence over our literature, a decay brought about by the fall of the Gaelic "Kingdom of the Isles," which had strongly knit together Ireland and the Highlands for over three hundred years. Before the sixteenth century we look in vain for a trace of literature or record in Scotch Gaelic, save in this Book of Deer, and we shall find that the circumstances which produced that book were also such as favoured, nay, necessitated, native Scotch Gaelic. Deer, in the first place, was about the remotest of Gaelic monasteries from Ireland; the country was that of the Picts, who had asserted a sort of independence in Church matters, and developed antagonism to the Irish "Columbanism." The Danes and the Northmen had further added to this estrangement by their intrusion between the two countries. They also destroyed Iona, and compelled the Church to accept Dunkeld as the chief abbatial centre. Scotland was, since Malcolm Canmore, becoming a kingdom, independent of English and Irish influences in State and in Church, and the establishment of bishoprics by Kings Alexander and David freed the Scotch Church from England and Ireland both. If, therefore, a native Gaelic literature could arise, surely the 12th century was a most suitable time for it. Again, let us note that the literature of the Book of Deer is of a thoroughly practical kind; it is for business purposes, and the Gaelic of the district must have been used; for the intention of the entries is to prove claims against Mormaers and Tosechs, who might arise and "know not Joseph." All these arguments make it *a priori* highly probable that the book should be in Scotch Gaelic. And the contents of the book fully prove the truth of such deductive argumentation. For the Gaelic differs in spirit and even in form from the Irish Gaelic of the same period. The two Gaelics—Irish and Scotch—could not have been very different at that time in any case, at least as spoken languages. Irish had been a literary

language for some centuries previous to this, and, as such, we cannot trust that it exactly represents the popular language of the date at which it was written. The Scotch Gaelic, while keeping to the general style of spelling and writing which the Irish had, was not weighted by precedent and literary forms of bygone times; it consequently adapted itself to the time and locality in which it was produced. Hence it is that the Gaelic of the Book of Deer, as compared with the Gaelic of "Lebor na h-Uidri," the oldest Irish literary manuscript, composed about 1100, and, therefore, of nearly the same age, has the appearance of a descendant that is two or three centuries later. In fact, the Gaelic is well advanced in what is called "Middle Irish;" there is the same confusion of vowels if ending words—as *i* for *e*; the sinking of *c* and *t* to *g* and *d*; and the assimilation of *ld* and *ln* to *ll*. There are touches, however, of antiquity, as, for instance, in the use of the infixed pronouns—that is, the pronoun is placed between the particle, or prefix, and the verb. But the departure from all Irish lines are the most important and most remarkable facts. The spelling, though it is on the whole cast in the same moulds, has some local peculiarities. Thus *cc* is written for *ch*; this doubling of the consonants to show aspiration is unknown in the Gaelic languages, though common in the Brythonic tongues. The aspirated *d* or *g* is dropped as in *blienec;* so we learn also from Jocelyn (1180), that the Gaelic pronunciation of *tighearn* was at that time *tyern;* now the Irish at the time was *tigerna*. But the most marked Scotch tendency is the way in which the *n* of the proposition *in* is dealt with. While *n* disappears in early Irish before *s* and *p*, we have in the Book of Deer the thoroughly Gaelic method of keeping it; thus we find *in-saere*, *in-pett* (*dan-sil*); while a tendency of a middle Irish type for "eclipsis" appears in *ib-bidbin* for *im-bidbin* and *ig-ginn* for *in-cinn*. The absence of the orthodox spelling rule known as "broad to broad and small to small," forced on Scotch Gaelic from Ireland, is in the Book of Deer most marked, hence forming a powerful link in our chain of evidence. On the whole, then, there is a modern air—an air of posterity—about the Gaelic of the Book of Deer, as compared with contemporary Irish, and certain tendencies are displayed which nowadays characterise the Scotch Gaelic only, as compared with the Irish; so that we are quite warranted in accepting the book as containing genuine Scotch Gaelic of the time.

In so concluding, we have the authority of the two greatest living Irish scholars—Stokes and Windisch. The latter in his

"Celtic Speeches," says—"The oldest source for Scottish Gaelic is the Book of Deer. . . . . The manner of expression, words and forms, are as in the Irish, but the manner of writing shows already a stronger phonetic decay, whether it be that the Scotch Gaelic has lived faster or that only the manner of writing has remained less ancient, and has fitted itself more exactly to the pronunciation of the time." And the next "source," he informs us, is the Book of the Dean of Lismore; for the previous MSS., are all of Irish origin, character, and inspiration.

There are two editions of the Gaelic of the Book of Deer; one was published, Latin and Gaelic complete, with facsimile pages, in 1869 by the Spalding Club, under the editorship of Dr Stuart. The English translation was by Mr Stokes, who has himself given an edition of the Gaelic, with translation, notes, and vocabulary, in his "Goidelica." To both of these I am indebted; to Dr Stuart for the text, and to Mr Stokes for assistance in translation and notes.

As to the Orthography, there are many contractions in the MS., such as those for *m* or *n* and *r*, and the contraction *mc* for *mac*. These contractions are filled out in our text, but they are put in italics. The spelling is on the whole wonderfully consistent throughout, but the accent marks, which do not mean accent at all, but only quantity, are irregular. The most errant word in its spelling is *tosech*; next come *achad*, *cathraig*, *Cainnech*, *Columcille*, *mec* and *meic*, *petir* (gen.), *pet*, *saere*, *ua* and *o*. In regard to the accents, the MS. is scrupulously followed in every peculiarity, but it is found impossible to reproduce some accents that are placed over consonants, whether by accident or design is doubtful. What may be design appears in the accentation mark placed over some double consonants, notably *nn*; as óhú*nn* (I 19), proi*nn* (II 19), cai*nn*ech (II 20, 22); while *cc* has accent on the first *c* at I 19 (íma*cc* and on *m* here) and on second *c* at III 2 (pet-me*cc*obrig). At I 10 we read "robomareb," where the *e* is emphasised by accent and dots above and below. The word *slánte* of I 12 has an acccent on the *t*, evidently meant for the *e*. In diphthongs, like *ai* at II 3 and 4, it is often hard to say whether the accent is meant for the *a* or the *i*.

Note that the ink and handwriting of what is within brackets at II 26 shows it to have been written by the writer of Entry III, and lines 25 and 26 of Entry V are in the ink and writing of VI.

The lines of the original MS. are followed in presenting the Gaelic text, and, for the reader's convenience, the translation is given line for line on the opposite page.

(1) THE TEXT.

I.

[*Fol.* 3, *First Side, Middle.*]

1. Colu*m*cille acus drostán m*a*c cósgreg adálta
tangator áhí marroalseg día dóib go
níc abbordobóir acus béde cruthnec robomor
mér búchan aragínn acus essé rothídnaíg dóib
5. i*n*gathráig sáin i*n*saere gobraíth ómormáer
acus óthóséc. tangator asááthle sen i*n*cathraig
ele acus doráten ricolu*m*cille sí iarfallán dóráth
dé acus dorodloeg ari*n*mormér . i. bédé gondas
tabrád dó acus níthárat acus rogab m*a*c dó galár
10. iarnéré nagleréc acus robomaréb act mádbec
iarsén dochuid i*n*mor*maer* dattác naglerec góndéndæs

[*Fol.* 3, *Second Side.*]

ernacde les i*n*m*a*c gondísad slánté dó acus dórat
i*n*edbáirt dóib úácloic i*n*tiprat goníce chlóic pette
m*e*ic garnáit doronsat i*n*nernacde acus taníc
15. slante dó; Iarsén dorat collumcille dódros
tán i*n*chadráig sen acus rosbenact acus foracaib i*m*bre
ther gebe tisad ris nabad blienec buadacc tán
gat*or* déara drostán arscartháin fri collumcille
19. rolaboir columcille bedéar áním óhúnn ímaic;

II.

[*Fol.* 3, *Second Side, near Middle.*]

1. Cómgeall m*a*c éda dórat úaorti níce fúrené
docolu*m*cille acus dodrostán. Moridac m*a*c morcunn.
dorat pett m*e*ic garnáit acus áchád toche temní.
acus bahé robomormáir acus robothosec. Matáin
5. m*a*c caerill dorat cuit mormoir i*n*ál*t*eri acus culn m*a*c
batín dorat cúit tóiség. Domnall m*a*c gíric
acus malbrigte m*a*c chathail dorat pett i*n*mulenn.
dodrostán. Cathal m*a*c morcunt dorat áchád
naglerec dodrostán. Domnall m*a*c rúadri acus
10. malcolu*m* m*a*c culeón doratsat bidbín dó día acus dó
drostán. Malcoolou*m* m*a*c cinathá dorat cúit
ríig íbbidbín acus i*n* pett m*e*ic gobróig acus dá dabég
uactaír rósábard. Malcolu*m* m*a*c moilbrigte
dorat i*n*delerc. Málsnecte m*a*c lulóig dorat

(2) THE TRANSLATION.

I.

1. Columcille and Drostan, son of Cosgrach, his pupil,
came from Hi, as God had shewn to them, unto
Aberdour, and Bede (the) Pict was Mormaer
of Buchan before them, and it is he that bestowed on them
5. that town in freedom for ever from Mormaer
and from Toisech. They came after that to the other town
and it was pleasing to Columcille, for it was full of the grace
of God, and he asked of the Mormaer, viz., Bede that he should
give it him, and he did not give it, and a son of his took illness
10. after the refusal of the clerics, and he was all but dead.
Thereafter the Mormaer went to entreat of the clerics that they should make
prayer by the son that health should come to him, and he gave
in offering to them from the Stone of the Well to the Stone of the Farm
(Piece) of Garnat's son (Pett-mic-Garnait). They made the prayer and there came
15. health to him. Thereafter Columcille gave to Drostan
that town, and blessed it, and left the saying:
"Whoever should come against it, let him not be many-yeared, victorious."
Drostan's tears came on parting with Columcille;
19. Columcille said: "Be Dear its name from hence forth."

II.

1. Comgeall, son of Aed, gave from Orti unto Furene
to Columcille and to Drostan. Moridac, son of Morcunn,
gave Pett-mic-Garnait and (the) field Toche Temni.
And it was he was Mormaer and was Toisech. Matain,
5. son of Caerill, gave the share of Mormaer in Alteri; and Culn, son
of Batin, gave the share of Toisech. Domnall, son of Giric,
and Malbrigte, son of Cathal, gave Milltown (Pett-in-Mulenn)
to Drostan. Cathal, son of Morcunt, gave the Field of
the Clerics to Drostan. Domnall, son of Ruadri, and
10. Malcolm, son of Culeon, gave Bidbin to God and to
Drostan. Malcolm, son of Cinaed, gave the share of
King in Bidbin and in Pett-mic-Gobrig and two *davachs*
of Upper Rosabard. Malcolm, son of Malbrigte,
gave the Delerc. Malsnecte, son of Lulach, gave

[*Fol.* 4 *First Side.*]

15. pett maldúib dó drostán; Do*m*nall m*ac* meic
dubbacín robáith nahúle edbarta rodros
tán arthabárt áhule dó. robáith cathál
árachóir chetna acuitíd thoisíg acus dorat
próinn chét cecnolloce acus ceccasc dó día
20. acus dó drostán. Cainnech m*ac* meic dobarcon
Acus cathál dorat*sator* alt*er*ín alla úethé
na camone (?) gonice i*n* béith edarda ált*er*in;
Dorat domnall acus cathál étdanin
dó dia acus do drostán. Robaíth Cainnec
25. acus do*m*nall acus cathál nahúle edbarta ri
día acus rí drostan óthósach [goderad issere omór*maer* acus
othesech culaithi brátha]

III.

[*Fol.* 4., *First Side, Middle.*]

1. Gartnait m*ac* cannech acus éte i*n*gengillemcchel
dóratsat petmeccobrig ricosecrad éclasi
críst acus petir abstoil acus docolu*m*cille acus dodrostan
sér ónáhulib dolodib cónánascad dócórm*ac*
5. éscob dunicallenn. i*n*nócmad blíádi*n* rígi da*bid*
Testib*us* istis. néctan escob abb*erdeon*. acus léot áb brecini
acus máledo*n*ni m*ac* me*ic* b ead. acus álgune m*ac* árcill. acus
rúad
ri mórmar márr acus matadi*n* bríthem. acus gillecríst
m*ac* córmaic. acus malpetir m*ac* domnaill. acus do*m*ongart
10. ferlegi*n*n turbruad. acus gillecolai*m* m*ac* muredig. acus dub
ni m*ac* mál colaim.

IV.

1. Dorat gartnait acus i*n*gengillemicel báll dó*m*in ipet ipáir
docrist acus docoli*m*cilli acus dodrostan
2 Teste. gillecalline sacart. acus feradac m*ac* málbrící*n*. acus mal
girc m*ac* tralin.

Pre V.

[*Fol.* 4., *Second Page, Top Margin.*]

1. acus bennact i*n*cho*m*ded arcecmormar acus ar
2. cectosech chomallfas acus dansil daneis.

V.

[*Fol.* 4, *Second Page, Side and Bottom Margins.*]

1. Donchad m*ac* mec bead mec hídid dorat acchad madchór docri*st*
5. ac*us* dodrostan acus docholuimcille i*n*sóre gobrád malechí
acus cómgell acus gillecri*st* m*ac* fi*n*gúni

15. Pett-Maldub to Drostan. Domnal, son of Mac
Dubbacin, dedicated all the offerings to Drostan,
giving the whole to him. Cathal dedicated
in the same way his Toisech's share, and gave
a dinner of a hundred each Christmas and each Easter to God
20. and to Drostan. Cainnech, son of MacDobarcon,
and Cathal gave *Alterin-alla-uethe*
na-camone unto the birch between (the) two Alterins.
Domnall and Cathal gave Etdanin.
to God and to Drostan. Cainnec dedicated
25. and Domnall and Cathal all the offerings to
God and to Drostan, from beginning to end, in freedom
from Mormaer and from Toisech till doom's day.

III.

1. Gartnait, son of Cannech, and Ete, Daughter of Gille-Michel,
gave Pet-mec-Cobrig for the consecration of a Church
of Christ, and Peter (the) Apostle, and to Columcille, and to
Drostan,
free from all exactions, with the gift of them to Cormac
5. Bishop of Dunkeld in the eighth year of David's reign.
Testibus istis, Nectan, Bishop of Aberdeen, and Leot, Abbot
of Brechin
and Maledonni, son of Mac-Bead, and Algune, son of Arcill,
and Ruadri,
Mormaer of Mar, and Matadin, Judge, and Gillecrist,
son of Cormac and Malpeter, son of Domnall, and Domongart,
10. Reader of Turriff, and Gille-colaim, son of Muredach and
Dubni, son of Mal-colaim.

IV.

1. Gartnait and Gillemichel's daughter gave Ball-Domin in Pet-
Ipair to Christ and to Columcille, and to Drostan.
2. *Teste*, Gillecalline, Priest, and Feradac, son of Malbricin, and
Malgirc, son of Tralin.

Pre V.

1. And the blessing of the Lord on each Mormaer, and on
each Toisech who will fulfil (it), and to their seed after them.

V.

1. Donchad, son of MacBead, son of Hidid, gave Achad-Madchor
to Christ
5. and to Drostan and to Columcille in freedom for ever:
Malechi and Comgell and Gillecrist, son of Fingune

10. *in*náienasi *in*tes*tus*. acus malcoluim m*ac* molíní. Cormac m*ac*
cennedig dorat goníge scá
15. li merlec. Comgell m*ac* cáennaig táesec clande canan dórat
docr*ist* acus
20. dodrostán acus dócholuim cille gonige *in*gort lie mór igg*in*n
24. infíus ismesu daldín alenn ódubucí gólurchárí etarsliab acus
achad.
25. [issaeri othesseach cubráth acus abennacht arcachén chomallfas
26. araes cubrath acus amallacht arcachén ticfa ris.]

VI.

[*Fol.* 5, *Side and Bottom Margins.*]

1. Robaid colbain mormær buchan acus eua *in*gen gar
5. tnait aben phústa acus donnachac m*ac* sithig tœsech clenni
10. morgainn nahuli edbarta rí día acus ridrostan acus riacolum
15. cilli acus rípetar apstal onahulib dolaidib archuit cetri
20. dabach do nithíssad arardmandaidib alban cucotchenn
25. acus arhardchellaib. te*stibus* his brocein acus corm*ac* abb tur
30. bruaid acus morgunn m*ac* donnch
32. id acus gilli petair m*ac* donnchaid acus malæchín acus da
m*ac* matni
33. acus mathe buchan huli naiaidnaisse in helaín :—

DAVID'S CHARTER (D.C.)

Dauid . rex scottor*um* omnib*us* probis hom*in*ib*us* suis. salutes. Sciatis quod clerici. dedér. s*un*t quieti etimmunes abomni laicor*um* officio . etexactione *in*debita sic*ut* inlibro eorum scribt*um* est. etdirationauer*unt* ap*ud* . bánb . etiurauer*unt* ap*ud* abb*er*deon . quap*ropter* firmit*er* pr*e*cipio . utnullus eis . aut eorum catellis . aliquam *in*juriam *in*ferre pr*e*sumat. T*este* *gregor*io ep*iscopo*. deduncallden. T*este* andrea ep*isco*po. decat*ness*. T*este* samsone ep*iscopo*. debre*chin*. Teste doncado comite. defib . etmalmori. dathótla. et ggillebrite. comite. déng*us*. et ghgillc*om*ded. mac aed. et brocin. et cormac. det*ur*brud. et ada*m*. mac. ferdomnac. et gillendrias. mac. mátni. apud. abb*er*deon.

THE OLD IRISH RUBRIC.

Hisund dub*eir* sacorfaic dau

" Here thou givest Host to him."

THE OLD IRISH COLOPHON.

Forchubus caich duini imbia arrath inleb
rán collí. aratardda bendacht foran
main intruagáin rodscribai.

" On the conscience of every man in whom shall be for grace the
booklet with splendour, that he give a blessing on the
soul of the wretchock who wrote it."

10. in witness thereof, in testimony, and Malcolm, son of Moline. Cormac, son of Cennedig, gave as far as
15. Scale-Merlec. Comgell, son of Caennig, Toisech of Clan Canan gave to Christ, and
20. to Drostan and to Columcille as far as the Gort-lie-Mor at the head of
24. the Pius (?) which is nearest Aldin Alenn from Dubuci to Lurchari between mountain and field
25. in freedom from Toisech for ever and his blessing on each one that will fulfil (it)
26. after him for ever, and his curse on each who will come against it.

VI.

1. Colbain, Mormaer of Buchan, and Eva, daughter of Gartnait,
5. his wedded wife, and Donnachac, son of Sithech, Toisech of Clan
10. Morgann, dedicated all the offerings to God, and to Drostan, and to Columcille
15. and to Peter the Apostle from all exactions on a share of four
20. *davachs* of what would come on the chief residences [monasteries] of Scotland generally
25. and on her chief churches. *Testibus his*, Brocein, and Cormac, Abbot of Turriff,
30. and Morgunn, son of Donnchad,
32. and Gilli-Peter, son of Donnchad, and Malaechin, and Matne's two sons,
32. and the nobles of Buchan all in witness hereof in Ellon.

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(3) GENERAL NOTES.

Entry I.—This entry is known as the "Legend of Deer," for it is neither more nor less than a legend; indeed, it should be rather said that it is a myth. For no better example of the myth that accounts for a place name by founding a story on a popular etymology of that name could be found than this account of the origin of the name of Deer. Such myths are extremely common; for instance, Loch-Ness is similarly derived from the old lady's exclamation when she saw the valley, where a few minutes before there was only a well, now all filled with a large lake: "Tha Loch ann Nis," she said, and hence the name Loch-Ness. Yet, this myth has actually been taken as a serious fact even in these critical days of ours, despite also the further fact that places were not of old named on such principles. A more likely derivation is sug-

gested by the fact that Derry and Durrow were the names of the leading Columban Monasteries; Derry is, of course, *daire*, an oak grove, our *doire*; and Bede tells us that Durrow, in his time Dearmach, meant the "plain of oaks," while in early Irish the word Daurtige ("oak-house") meant "oratory." We get personal names with this Daurtige or Derteach; for instance, Breasal o Dertaig, "Breasal of the oratory," abbot of Iona in 772-801; but the most significant name for us is that contained in the Four Masters under date 717: "Drostan Dairthaighe (*al.* Deartaighe) died at Ard-Breacain." And this name suggests some further doubts. Drostan is in the legend represented as companion and pupil of St Columba, and the Breviary of Aberdeen goes so far as to make Columba his uncle. Now, as a matter of fact, Drostan's name is unknown in Irish history in connection with Columba, and we examine in vain among the sisters and brothers of Columba for a trace of such an offspring, or among Columba's companions for record of such a name. We are forced to the conclusion that St Drostan was never connected with Columba; and the entry in the Annals of the Four Masters is the only light we have in this dark region. The Drostan of the Oratory there mentioned is in all probability our Drostan—the Drostan who founded or to whom were dedicated churches at Aberdour, Aberlour, Dunachton, Edzell, Insch, Rothiemay, and one or two places also in Caithness. North-Eastern Pictland was evidently the chief scene of his labours, extending from Forfarshire to Aberdeenshire, and westwards to the centre of the Province of Moray. His probable date is therefore 700. The legend of Deer is of no historical value, save to show the beliefs of the eleventh and twelfth centuries in regard to events that happend some five hundred years earlier. St Columba's name was one to conjure with; this man, great in his life time, became far greater in the belief of posterity. He swallowed up into his own fame all the work of his predecessors, companions, and contemporaries, and deprived generations of pioneers and missionaries of their just fame. The conversion of all Northern Scotland is set down to Columba, whereas there were saints before him, like Palladius, that penetrated probably as far, and laid the foundation on which he reared the structure, while saints after him had still to conquer the angles and far-away nooks of the country. Drostan was one of these. The name looks Pictish; it is a diminutive of a name common among the Pictish kings, the name Drust; while Drostan was the mythical Druid of the Picts on their advent into Ireland some thousand and a-half years before our era. He then appears along

with Fib, Fidac, Fotla, Fortren, Cait, Cee, and Cirig, who are the seven sons of Cruithne, who divided Alban among them. They are the eponymic heroes of Scotland, as Brutus is of Britain; but how Drostan comes to be among this mythic company is not altogether very clear.

Entry II.—In entry two, we descend suddenly from myth to fact. It relates to the refounding of the Abbey of Deer sometime in the tenth century, and the period it refers to covers well-nigh a hundred years; the death of Malsnecte, for instance, took place in 1085, and probably the entry may have been made then or shortly after. Comgell, son of Æd, is the first Mormaer here mentioned, and he was doubtless Mormaer of Buchan. However, it must be remembered that the Mormaer of Moray was during the eleventh century often called "King of Moray," that is, of the North; he was even called "King of Alba," and in the person of Macbeth, he was actually such. Hence the Mormaer of Moray may here intervene as superior or king over the Mormaer of Buchan. Two Mormaers, or kings of Moray, at least, meet us in this entry; perhaps more. These are Malcolm, son of Malbride, whose death as "King of Alban" in 1029 is recorded by Tighernac; and Malsnectan, son of Lulach, who succeeded Macbeth, Lulach being slain in 1058, and Malsnectan dying quietly in 1085 as "King of Moray." Domnall, son of Ruadri, may also have been a Mormaer of Moray, for Ruadri is the first Moravian Mormaer we have record of. The King of Scotland grants his share of the same lands; this may mean that he remits his "exactions" as Ardri, while the Mormaer and the Toisech at the same time remit theirs, but it may also be a confirmation of the "King of Moray's" grant. The pair or triple granters of the same land may be arranged thus:—

Kings.	Mormaers.	Toisechs.
——	Comgell McÆda.....	——
——	——	Moridac McMorcunn
——	Matain McCaerill.....	Culn McBatin
——	Domnall McGiric.....	Malbride McCathal
——	——	Cathal McMorcunn
Malcolm McKenneth..	Domnall McRuadri ...	Malcolm McCuln
Malcolm McMalbride.	——	——
Malsnecte McLulach...	Domnall McMacDubbacin	Cathal [McMorcunn]
——	Cainnech McMacDobarcon	Cathal [McMorcunn]
——	Domnall [McMacDubbacin]	Cathal [McMorcunn]

There appear to be two parallel sets of Tosechs; there is the family or clan of Morgann or Morcunn, mentioned in Entry VI., who may have had one district, and the family represented by Culn and his son Malcolm, possibly the Clan Canan of Entry V. MacDubbacin may be a mistake for Dobarcon; Domnall and Cainnech would then be brothers.

Entry III.—Gartnait is son of Cainnech, the son of MacDobarcon, mentioned in the last entry. The grant is made in the eight year of King David's reign, 1132. We have here a great stride towards the proper charter, for the witnesses are mentioned. The gift is made to Cormac, Bishop of Dunkeld, in whose person King Alexander had revived the power of Bishop of that see. Nectan was the first Bishop of Aberdeen. Ruadri, Mormaer of Mar, appears as one of the seven Earls of King Alexander the First, "Rothri comes." The only other name of interest is that of Domongart, Ferleginn of Turriff. The Ferleginn of a monastery had as his duty to transcribe the MSS., write the annals of the place, and teach the schools.

Entry V.—Some parts of the language here are difficult to decipher. The grant of Comgell, chief of Clan Canan, is especially obscure.

Entry VI.—Colban evidently has his right to the Mormaership through his wife, Eva, daughter of Gartnait. The Toisech, the head of Clan Morgann, mortmains his share of the lands along with the Mormaer. But the monastery was yet liable to the exactions of the king, that is, of the State, on "four *davachs* of the gross burdens exigible from the chief monasteries and chief churches of Alba." This national tax would seem, therefore, to have been restricted, in the case of Deer, to four *davachs*. The term *davach* is applied to an extent of some four hundred acres, more or less, and contained four ploughlands; it would appear to answer to the Irish *Ceathramadhs*, or fourth part of the *Baile Biatach*, and thirty *Bailes* made a *Tuath*. The term *Pet* (hence Late Latin *Petium*, a portion of land, and English *piece*), applied in the Book of Deer to a farm or "share," probably meant a ploughland, and hence a fourth part of a *davach*. The word *davach* comes from the early Gaelic and Irish *dabach*, a vat or tub, and was, of course, first a liquid measure.

(4) LINGUISTIC NOTES.

(a) PHONETICS. We have little or no regressive action of the "small" vowels *e* and *i* on the previous syllable; so that the favourite law of "caol ri caol, agus leathan ri leathan" is

disregarded, or perhaps not yet commenced. Hence *a* remains unaffected by *i* or *e* in *a*thle, *a*lenn, cl*a*nde, dor*a*ten, ecl*a*si, marro*a*lseg, m*a*the, sl*á*nte, t*á*nic; *o* in br*o*cín, c*o*mgell, c*o*tchenn, c*o*secrad, dol*o*dib, d*o*min, m*o*ri, noll*o*ce, *o*rti, t*o*sech; and *u* in alg*u*ne, cr*u*thnec, c*u*leon, d*ú*ni, fing*u*ni, m*u*lenn, m*u*redig, h*u*le. Nor again has the regressive action of a broad vowel made itself felt on the preceding small one. Thus we get b*e*nact, c*é*tna, c*i*natha, d*í*sad, *e*clasi, escob, (f)ai*e*nasi, *e*tar, gr*e*gor, p*e*tar, t*i*dnaig, t*i*pra. And connected with this, it has to be noted that the influence of the old terminal *a* of the declension of *a* stems had not yet asserted itself in the spelling of the *e*, any more than it had yet done in Irish. Thus we have *fer* for *fear*, but prehistoric *viras*, *bec* for *beag*, *cét* for *ciad*, *ingen* for *nighean*, *merlec* for *meirleach*, *nesu* for *neasa*. The change is just beginning, however; we get *Comgeall* for *comgell*, *déara* for *déra*, and *thesseach*.

Terminal *i* and *e* are sometimes confused. The genitive of fem. *a* nouns ought to be in *e*; but we have cill*i* as well as cill*e*, clenn*i* as well as cland*e*, eclas*i* for eclas*e*, mor*i* for mor*e*. For laith*i* the Irish puts laith*e*; here is dún*i* for Ir. dun*e*, and gill*i* for Ir gill*e*, which last, however, is the usual reading in the Book. And *e* appears for old Irish *i*; nahul*e* for nahul*i* (plural of *ia* decl. fem.) and el*e* for el*i* (acc.s. fem. of same.)

The vowel *a* is replaced by *o* in tang*a*tor; it changes to *ai* by "regression" of *i* in col*aim*, pet*air* (but also pet*ir*); into *oi*, aps*t*al giving gen. abs*toi*l, lul*oig* from Lulach (nom.); into *ui* in col*uim*, into *e* in cosgr*eg*, br*é*ther, *e*le, m*e*c; into *ei* in m*ei*c; into *i* in mured*ig*. And *e* changes to *i* in c*i*lle, and *o* to *oi* in cl*oi*ch; while *ae* in the genitive gives *oi*, as m*oi*l from nom. m*ae*l.

In regard to diphthongs, *a* is written for *ae* or *ai* in m*ó*rm*a*r, m*a*lcoluim, and several other *mals*. For *ae* we have *é* in *é*da; and *o* is written for *oi* or *oe* in s*ó*re and t*o*sec, and *é* in *é*n for *oe* or *oi*.

Aspirated *g*, *d*, *t* are dropped in a few words; be(th)ad, bri(gh)te, blie(dh)nec, fie(dh)nasi; but is otherwise as a rule kept. Old Irish and Gaelic dropped *n* before *c*, *t*, *p*, *s* inside a word; thus *cét*, *tiprat*, *cosecrad*, *pústa*. But Old Irish extended this rule so as to embrace a combination of related words, like prepositions and nouns, or adjectives and nouns; while Modern Irish merely modifies or "eclipses" these consonants to *g*, *d*, *b*. Modern Gaelic, however, preserves the *n* before them all, and in this respect the Book of Deer, while showing traces of eclipsis, preserves the *n* in the following cases: *in saere*, *in pett* (*im* pett?), *dan-sil*, and *gon-dísad* (for con-tísad); it preserves it by the Irish

method of eclipses in *ib-bidbin*, *ig-ginn*; while it follows Old Irish in dropping it in *ipet* (iv. 1.) and partially in *issaeri*. No trace of the old accusative or any inflectional endings in *n* can be found, save once in the article (I. 14).

A curious reduplication of the *n* is seen in the expression *innocmad bliadin* "in the eight year." The well-known Gaelic preposition "ann an" would seem here to be fore-shadowed.

Assimilation has taken place or is taking place in *nd* to *nn*; *clenni* but *clande* and *mulenn*; in *ld* to *ll* (*mallacht* for *maldacht*), *ln* to *ll* (*comallfas* for *comalnfas*); *tl* to *ll* in *nollo-ce* for *not-laic*.

The curious spelling of *cc* for infected *c* has already been noticed. We have *buadacc*, *imacc*, and even *acchad*; but single *c* may even stand for *ch* as in *blienec*, *cec*, *clerec*, *cloic*, *feradac*, *moridac*, *ocmad*, &c.

The sinking of the tenues *c*, *t*, *p*, to *g*, *d*. *b*, is seen in the beginning of words only in pronouns and prepositions, even in modern times. Here we have it: *gé*, *go*, *gon*, all for old Irish, *cia*, *co*, *con*. It appears in the middle or end of words in *gonige*, *abstoil*, *edar*, all of which, however, have the older hard consonant in other, places; in *dendaes*, *escob*, and *tidnaig* at the end.

(b) Aspiration.—Single vowel-flanked consonants in the Gaelic languages have undergone a change known as aspiration, by which *c*, *t*, *p* became *ch*, *th* (*h*), *ph* (*f*); *g*, *d*, *b* became *gh* (*y*), *dh* (*y*), *bh* (*v*); and *f*, *m*, *s* became *fh* (*h*), *mh* (*v*), *sh* (*h*). The liquids *l*, *n*, *r*, though really undergoing changes, are not marked in writing. In Old Irish and the Book of Deer only *c*, *t*, *p*, *s*, *f* were aspirated; the rest remained unchanged, with the exception already noted in the case of the Book of Deer, where we meet the forms *brite* of *gillebrite* in *D.C.*, *blienec*, *fienasi*, and *bead*; but there is no infected *g*, *d*, *b*, or *m* actually written in the book. Now, this aspiration of vowel-flanked consonants within words was extended to clusters of closely connected words, such as article and noun, noun and adjective, numeral and noun, preposition and noun or article, verbal particle and verb, negative and verb, relative and verb, and conjunction and verb. If the terminal sound of the first word was a vowel and the initial sound of the next word an "aspirable" consonant, then aspiration took place. The period at which the aspirating tendency commenced was evidently before the terminal *s* and *n* were lost, for the influence of these still remains. Thus: *fear ceart*, "a right man," but *bean cheart*, "a right woman," which prehistorically were respectively *viras certas* and *bena certa*; where, on coalescing *viras* with *certas*, the *c* is preserved by the *s* of *viras* from being singly vowel-flanked.

Now, in the plural we have *fir chearta* for *viri cert(as)*, where the *c* as in *bena-certa*, was originally flanked alone by vowels, and hence aspirated. A glance at my paper on the "Ancient Celts," where the language of the old Celts is restored, will at once make clear how aspiration proceeds; that, for instance, the gen. and dat. sing. mas., the nom. and dat. sing. fem., and the nom. plural masc. of stems in *a* must aspirate an adjective coming after them; and, *by analogy*, the other declensions mainly follow the *a* declension, save in the plural in *n*.

The following aspirations occur in the Book of Deer :—

(1) After the Article. At pre V. 1., *in chomded* is the gen. sing. mac. for *santi-comdetis*. Modern Gaelic makes here two changes; the *i* becomes an *a* and the *n* disappears before aspirated consonants, save *s*, *t*, *d*. At I. 16, the acc. fem. *in chadraig* appears, but the aspiration here is either a mistake (which is unlikely), or only shows that the acc. was fast becoming the same as the nom. in Scotch Gaelic. Prehistoric Gaelic gives *santin cataracin*.

(2) After feminine nouns. VI. 5, *ben phusta* = *bena (s)pons-(a)ta*, nom. case; II. 10, *arachoir cheina*, dat. case = *cori cintnii*

(3) After 3rd pers. pron. adjectives, *a* for *asa*: *na(fh)iadnaisse* and *inna(fh)ienasi*.

(4) After the verbal particles *ro* and *do* : *do-chuid*, *marro(fh)-alseg*, *ro-thidnaig*. After the negative *ní* ; *ní tharat*.

(5) After verbs : after 3d sing. conjunctive : *gonice chloic* ; after 3d sing. pret. *robo-thosec* = *bove tössecas*.

(6) After the prep. *ar*, *air* (*are-*), *do*, and *o* ; *air(a)choir*, *archuit*, *arthabart* ; *do cholumcille* (compare *docrist*, *do cormac* where *c* is irregularly used for *ch*); *ó thosec* (*thesech* etc.), *ó thôsach*, *ó hunn* (but *úa cloic*, where *c* is for *ch.)*

(7) With the relative (understood) in nom. case : *do ni thissad* (for ni-*a*-thissad) in VI 21 ; *ar cec(h)tosech* (*a*) *chomallfas*, *ar cachhén* (*a*) *chomallfas*.

(8) In compounds : *ard-chellaib*. This is caused by the connecting vowel necessary in such circumstances.

(9) An extension of the principle of (8) occurs where one word governs another in the genitive ; especially with *mac* in proper names, where, in fact, the two words make a compound. Thus, *mac-chathail* ; but also, *proinn chét* and *cuitil thoisig*.

(c) Eclipses.—All the cases of eclipsis may be gathered together.

After the prep. *in* : ig-ginn ; after the poss. pron. of 3d, plu.: araginn = ar-an-cinn ; after *gon* : gon-dìsad = *con-tísad* ; after the gen. plur. of the article : naglerec = *nan-clerec*, from *santan*

clerican of prehistoric Gaelic; also after the acc. fem. sing. of the article: in-gathraig = *in n-cathraig*.

(d) DECLENSION.—"The declensional forms are scanty," says Mr Stokes, "but sufficient to show that the Highlanders declined their noun in the eleventh century as fully as the Irish." Again I must refer the reader to the division on Language of my paper on the "Ancient Celts," for there the terminology will be found.

(1) Stems in *a*. Masculine nouns: (*Apstal*), gen. *abstoil*, dat. *apstal*; (*cenn*), dat. *cinn* (Old Irish *ciunn*); (*clérech*), gen. pl. *clérech*; (*dér*), nom. pl. *déara*; (*dia*), gen. dé (= *dévi*), dat. and acc. *dia*; (*dobor*), gen. *doboir*; *mac*, gen. *meic* or *mec*, acc. *mac*; *mór-maer* (*mormar*), gen. *mórmoir*; *toisech*, gen. *toisig* or *toisey*; (*uachtar*), gen. *uactair*. Masculine proper names: (*Caerell*), gen. *caerill*; *Cathal*, gen. *cathail*; *Colum*, gen. *colaim*; *Cormac*, gen. *cormaic*; (*Cosgrach*), gen. *cosgreg*; *Donchad*, gen. *donnchaid* or *donchid*; (*Lulach*), gen. *luloig*; (*Muredach*), gen. *muredig*; (*Petar*), gen. *petair* and *petir*, acc. *petar*; (*Sithech*), gen. *sithig*. Add also gen. *mulenn*, acc. *galar*.

Feminine *a* stems: (*briathar*) gen. *bréther*: (*cell*), gen. *cille*, dat. pl. *cellaib*: (*cland*), gen. *clande* and *clenni*: (*cloch*), dat. *cloic*, acc. *cloic*: (*dabach*) acc, dual *dá dabeg*, gen. pl. *dabach*: (*eclas*), gen. *eclasi*: (*edbart*), dat. *edbairt*, acc. pl. *edbarta*. Only nom. of *ben* and *ingen* are given. Also (*pet*), gen. *pette*, dat. and acc. *pett*.

Masculine *ia* stems: acc. in *ére*, *ernacde*, *laithi*: gen. s. *rigi*: nom. pl. m. *uli*, dat. p. *ülib*, acc. p. f. *uli*. Proper names: nom. *Bede*, *dubni*, *algune*: gen. *matni*: nom. *ruadri*, gen. *ruadri*: *finguni*, gen. (Fingonius).

Feminine *ia* stems: (*saere*), dat. *saeri*; *slánte*: gen. *mori* for *More* (*Mariae*); for *uli* see masc.

Neuter: *fienasi*, a dat.

(2) Stems in *i*: (*maith*), n. pl. *mathe*: (*Brigit*), gen *brigte*

(3) Stems in *u*: (*bráth*), gen. *bratha*, dat. *braith* (a mistake for *bráth*): (*Aed*), gen *éda*; compare also genitive *marr*.

(4) Consonant stems. *c* stems: (*cathir*), acc. *cathraig*, *cadraig*; compare gen. *cannech*, *ferdomnach*.

g stems: (*rí*), gen. *ríig* for *ríg*.

d stems: (*comdiu*), gen. *comded*; (*betha*) gen. *be(th)ad*, and a stem in *ant*, (*tipra*), gen. *tiprat*.

n stems: (*Alba*), gen. *alban*: *brithem*: (*cú*) gen. in dobar-*con*: *anim*.

as stems: acc. *sliab*, *macc* (*mach*); gen. in *dúni* for *dúne*.

Diminutives are in—*án*: *Drostán*, *Nectán*, *búchan*:—*àin* in

Colbain, Matain :—in *ín*: *brocin* and perhaps in *aldin, alterin, domin, dubbacin, brécin, aechin* :—*nat* in *garnait* gen. of *Garnat* :—*ine* in *Calline, Molini*, :—*éne* in *fúrene.*

The forms of the article are: sing. masc. nom. *in*, gen *in* (aspirating), dat. *in*, acc. *in*. Sing. fem. acc. *in*, plural gen. *na* (eclipsing), dat. and acc. *na*. Pre vocalic acc. sing. masc. *inn* (I 14).

The pronominal forms are: *sé* and *hé* "he," *sí* "she"; *a* "his"; *a*(*n*) "their"; *gé* "who" for *cia*. There are what are called infixed pronouns: ro-*s*-benact "he blessed it," where the *s* (= Eng. *she*) is placed between the particle *ro* and the verb *benact*: also gon-*das*-tabrad, where *das* is an infixed pronoun of like signification with *s* of the former. Stokes adds to these *ní-thárat*, which he resolves into ni-do-*a*-rat, where *a* is an infixed pronoun sing. fem., but really such a supposition is unnecessary; the meaning does not require any pronoun. Prepositional pronouns are: *dó, dóib, ris*; possessive prep. pronouns are, *ara, cona, dan*— all with *an* of 3d person plural, and *inna*. Demonstratives are *sain* or *sen* and *sunn*; pronominal adjectives, *ele, ule, cach.*

The numerals occuring are, *én* "one," *dá* "two," *cetri* "four," *cét* "hundred," and *ocmad* "eight."

(d) Conjugation.—The verbal forms are not numerous; the finite parts are all in the 3rd person.

The present tense of the verb *es* or *is*, "is," is the only example of that tense we have.

The past tense, indicative, is well represented. It has *ro* prefixed or, at times, infixed: *ro-báith, ro-s-benact, ro-bo, ro-*(*f*)*alseg, ro-gab, ro-thidnaig.* It is infixed in *do*-r-*aten, do*-ro-*dloeg, fo*-r-*acaib*; in *do*-ro-*nsat*; and probably in *dorat* and *tharat*, which both may be resolved into *do-ro-dath*(?), according to the fall of the accent on or off the *do*. The plural of *dorat* is *dorat-sat* and *doratsatar*; the latter is a deponent of the former, while the former itself is the plural of an *s* preterite; so, too, *do-ro-nsat.* The examples of *do*, forming a past tense, beside the above with *ro* infixed with it—do-*raten*, do-*rodloeg*, do-*rat*, are do-*chuid* (went), now *chaidh*; *tanic* for *dánic*, and its plural *tangator* for O.I. *tancatar* = (do)*anancantar* of prehistoric period. See paper on "Ancient Celts."

The future tense, lost in modern Gaelic as an inflection, though represented by the old present, is here: *ticfa* = do-*ic-fa*; from a shorter form of the root of *tanic*—the root *nak*; ticfa = preh. do-*anc-abat* (compare Lat. *amabit*). Also the relative future: *chomallfas* for *comlanabat-ja* ? The root is *lan* (full.)

The imperative is represented by *bad* or *bed* "let (it) be."

The present subjunctive appears in *gon-ice*, from the same root as *tanic:* prehistoric form of *ice* would be *anedt*, judging from other verbs. An example of the *s* conjunctive appears in *tisad* or *disad;* Irish, *tiasad;* from prehistoric *tessata* or *steixata* (compare Greek στείχω.)

The secondary present, also used in a subjunctive fashion, is represented by 3rd sing. *tabrad*, an accented *do-bered:* by 3rd pl. *dendaes* for *dentis*.

(e) ADVERBS, &c.—The adverbs are *act* (but), *asaathle-sen*, *ohunn*, *imacc* (modern *amach*.)

Prepositions *a* or *as*, *air* or *ar*, *cu(go)*, *do*, *etar*, *fri* and *ri*, *iar* and *iarn*, *in* and *i*, *le*, *o* and *ua*.

Conjunctions: *acus*, *gon*, *ma: act* is adverbial here.

Negative particles: *ná*, *ní*.

(4) INDEX AND VOCABULARY.

An index to all the references and words in the texts is here added, and it is also made to do duty as a vocabulary where all the forms of the Old Gaelic are brought in contact with the New Gaelic of our time. Derivations are as far as possible given for the words, and where an English word is found allied in root to a Gaelic word, the further congeners of that word in allied tongues are not given, for these will be found in Skeat's Dictionary. The contractions are: D. C. for King David's Charter: N. G. for New or Modern Gaelic: M. G. for Middle Gaelic: O. Ir. for Old Irish: Lat. and Gr. represent Latin and Greek: Skt. is for Sanskrit.

VOCABULARY.

a "his" [N.G. *a*; Skt. *asya*; Lat. *e(jus)*] I. 1, adalta: VI, 5, a ben: I. 19, ánim for a anim "its name:" II. 18; V., 25, 26. an "their" (Skt. ásām); p. V. 2, daneis for di-an-éis "of their track"=after them; I. 4, araginn=ar-an-cinn.

a "from" [N.G. *a*; Lat. *e.c.*] I. 2, á hi=a Hi "from Iona."

abb "abbot" [N.G. *aba*; from Lat. *abbas* (Eng. *abbot*)]. V. 28: III. 6 áb.

abber-, a place prefix signifying "estuary" [N.G. *obair-*; Old Welsh *oper*; from *od-ber*; *od*=Eng. *out*; *ber*=Eng. *bear* "carry"]. I. 3, abbordoboir: III. 6; D.C. abberdeon.

abberdeon "Aberdeen." [From *aberdeon*; *deon*=*dévona;* Lat. *Diana* "goddess;" see *dia*]. D.C; III, 6.

abbordoboir "Aberdour" [From *aber-dobor*; *dobur* in Old Irish means "water," Welsh *dwfr*, Breton *dour*. *dobur* is=*do-bur*, where *bur*=Eng. *burn*.] I. 3.

abstoil "apostle" [N.G. *abstol*, from Lat. *apostolus* (Eng. *apostle*)]. III, 3 (gen.) VI. 16, apstal (dat.)

áchád "field" [N.G. *achadh*; rt. *ac*; *achad*=*acatus* "edged, furrowed;" cf. Lat. *acies*]. II. 3, 8; V. 24; V. 3. acchad.

acchad madchor; "Auchmachar" of present time; three miles N.W. of Deer church.

act "but" [N.G. *ach*; Gr. *ἐκτός*; see *a* (from)]. I. 10.
acus "and" [N.G. *agus*; Eng *nigh*] V. 1 is the only place *acus* is written in full; everywhere else a symbol like 7 is used.
aechin: see Malaechin.
aed "Aed"; prop. name [N.G. *Aoidh*, Gaulish *Aeduus*; Gr. *αἴθος* (fire)]. D.C. aed; II. 1, èda. Both genitive.
alban "Scotland" [N.G. *Alba*; Lat. *albus* white (Eng. *alb*)]. VI. 23, gen. case.
aldin, prop. name: "Aden" now, east from Deer church along the Ugie. V. 24, daldín.
alenn? V. 24.
algune, name of person; III. 7.
alla "over"? [N.G. *thall*; Lat. *ille*?]. II. 21, Stokes suggests *all*, a rock, here.
álterí, prop. name: now "Altrie." II 5. (dat.)
alterín, name of place; diminutive of *altere*? II 21, 22.
ánim for a anim *q.v.*
anim "name" [N.G. *ainm*; Eng. *name*]. I. 19.
apstal: VI 16. See abstoil.
ar "on," prep. [N.G. *air*; Gr. *πάρος*; Eng. *for*]. Always joined to next word; I 4, 8, 18; II 17; pV 1; V 25, 26; VI 18, 21, 25.
ara "on his, its." V, 26 araes = ara-és *q.v.*
arachoir for *ar(a)-choir q.v.*
araes "after him" = ara-és. The *és* signifies "path;" hence araes = after him, on his path. So also daneis. [Compare N.G. *éis*.]
araginn for *ar an-cinn q.v.*
ard- "high" [N.G. *ard*; Lat. *arduus* (Eng. *arduous*)]. Prefixed to the two next words:—
ardchellaib "chief churches." VI, 25. See cellaib.
ardmaindaidib "chief-dwellings." VI, 22. Dat. plu. of ard-mendat. See mandaidib.
as "from" [N.A. *as*; see *a*.] I 6 asáthle.
asáthle = as-a-athle "after." I 6.
ascad "present, gift:" II 4.
athotla "Athole" [= Ath-Fhothla. Fothla is a name for Ireland.] D.C.
attác "requesting." It is the inf. of vb. *ateoch* "I request."
ba "was" [N.G. *bu*; Eng. *be*] II 4, bal é "it was he." Past conjoined is *ro-bo*; I 3, 10; II 4. Imperative is *bad*: I 17 *nabad*; also *bed*: I 19.
báith "drowned, mortmaine-l," preterite of *baidim* "I drown" [N.G. *báth*; Gr. *βαθός* (Eng. *bathos*)]. II 15, 16, 24; VI 1 baid.
báll "spot"? [N.G. *ball*; Eng. *bald*? or *phallic*?] IV 1, báll dómin.
banb "Banff." D.C. A name for Ireland of old is Banba. Eire, Fodla and Banba were three goddesses of the Tuatha-De-Dananns.
batín; proper name, gen. case. II. 6.
bé; 3d sing. pres. subj. of bi "be" [see *ba*] I. 17, gebe.
bead; a proper name, gen. case. III. 7; V. 2. [Evidently same as N.G. *beatha*, life: Eng. *vital*, *quick*.]
bec "little" [N.G. *beag*, Welsh *bach*: Gr. *μικρός*; Eng. *small*?]. I. 10, mádbec.
bed "be" I. 19, bedéar. See *bad*.
bède: pr. name, nom. [Compare Gaulish epithet and name *Bedaios*.]
beith "birch" [N.G. *beath*; Lat. *betula*]. II. 22, im-beith.
ben "wife" [N.G. *bean*; Gr. *γυνή*; Eng. *queen*]. VI. 5, nom. case.
benact "(he) blessed." I. 16 ro-s-benact for ro-s-benact. See *bennacht*.
bennacht "blessing" [N.G. *beannachd*, from Lat. *benedictio* (Eng. *benediction*.)] V. 25. nom. case: pr. V. 1, bennact.
bidbín "Biffie" of modern times. II. 10, 12.
bliadin "year" [N.G. *bliadhna*, Welsh *blwyddyn*; Gr. *βλώσκω*?; Lat. *remeligo*]. III. 5.
blienec "many-yeared." I 17: [see *bliadin*.]
bo "was" [N.G. *bu*: see *ba*]. In form *ro-bo*—always here. I 3, 10; II 4.

bráth "doom" [N.G. *bráth*; root of *breath* judgment, which is *ber*; Eng. *bear* carry]. V 25, acc.; II, 26 bratha, gen.: I 5. braith for gobraith, acc., but irregular. gobraith, "forever."

breciui "Brechin" of to-day. Gen. case.

brether "word" [N.G. *briathar*; Gr. ῥῆμα; Eng. *word*]. I 16, acc of *briathar*.

bricin: pr. name; see málbricin.

brigte "Bridget," an Irish saint. [N.G. *Brighid*, from *Brigantis*, root of Gaelic *brigh?* or of Eng. *bright?*] II 7; D.C. brite.

brithem "judge" [N.G. *britheamh*; see root under *bráth*]. III 8, nom.

brocein, a man's name, nom. case [Is it diminutive of *broc* badger, Eng. *brock?*]

buadacc "victorious" [N.G. *buadhach*; Eng. *booty*.] I 17.

buchan "Buchan." I 4; VI 2, 33: gen. case.

cach "each" [N.G. *gach*=ca-ch; Lat. *quis-que*.] V, 25, 26, ar-cachhén; II 19, p V 1, 2, cec.

cachhén "each one." See *cach* and *hén*.

cadraig. See *cathraig*.

caerill, proper name, gen. case.

Cainnech, proper name, nom. case. II 20; II 24 Cainnec; V 16, caennig (gen.)

callen "(Dun)-Keld." [N.A. *Chaillinn*; Lat. (from Celtic) *Caledonia*; root in G. *coille*, O.Ir. *caill* (dat. *caillid*, stem *caldet*); Eng. *holt*.] III 5, gen.; D.C.

calline, proper name, gen. IV 2.

camone? II 22.

canan, proper name, gen. V 22.

casc "Easter" [N.G. *caisg*, from Lat. *pascha* (Eng. *pasch*) of Hebrew origin]. II 19.

Cathal, proper name in II [Welsh *cadwal*; root *cath* battle, and *wal* wolf (?), Gaelic *faol*; so Rhys. German Hathovulf "war wolf" is identical. Gaelic *cath* is = Saxon *heathor*; Gr. κότος.] Hence surname *MacCall*.

cathraig "town [N.G. *cathair*; rt. *kat* to cover]: acc. sing: I 5, 6.

cat' for Cat*ness*: "Caithness" [*Cattavia* "land of Catti"] D.C.

cec "each." See *cach*.

ceccasc. See *cec* and *casc*.

cec-nolloce. See *cec* and *nolloce*.

cellaib "churches" [N.G. *cill*, from Lat. *cella* (Eng. *cell*)]. Dat. pl., VI. 25: gen. *cille q.v.*

cennedig "Kennedy" of to-day. V 13.

cét "hundred" [N.G. *ceud* or *ciad*; Eng. *hundred*]. II 19, chét, gen.

cétna "same" [N.G. *ceudna* or *ciadna*; root in Lat. *recens* (Eng. re-*cent*)]. II 18.

cetri "four" [N.G. *ceithir*; Lat. *quatuor*; Eng. *four*]. VI 19.

chuid "went" [N.G. *chaidh*; Eng. *whet*]. I 11, do-chuid.

cinatha "Kenneth" [Welsh *Cynedda*; Ir. *Cinaedh*; *cnn* high, *Aed q.v.?*].

cinn "head" [N.G. *ceann*, old dat. *cionn*; Welsh *penn*; rt. *kvi* (swell).] I 4, ar-a-ginn, "before them;" the dat. case: V. 23 ig-ginn.

clande "clan" [N.G. *clann*, Welsh *plant*; rt. *kval*, Old Celtic *qualnata*] V 17 gen. case; VI 9, clenni (gen.)

clérec "cleric" [N.G. *cleireach* from Lat. *clericus* (Eng. *cleric*)]. I 10, 11, II 9: na-glerec (gen. pl.).

cloic "a stone" *nom.* cloch [N.G. *clach*; Lat. *calculus* (Eng. *calculate*)]. I 13, 14, dat. and acc.

cobrig prop. name, gen. case. III 2; II 12, gobróig [*Cobrach?*]

coir "manner" [N.G. *cor* "state," from root of *cuir*, viz. *kar*; Lat. *creo* (Eng. *create*)] II 18, ara-choir (dat.)

colbain, prop. name, nom.

Colum "Malcolm" [N.G. *Calum*; from Lat. *Columba*, dove (Eng. *Columbine*.)] It appears *passim* in compounds.

Colum-cille "St Columba." *Nom*: I 1, 15, 19. *Dat.*: I 7, 18, II 2, III 3; columcille at V 6, 21; columcilli IV. 1. *Acc.* columcille VI 14.

chomallfas "who will fulfil" [Gaelic *comhal* perform; from *Com-lán*. *com*=Lat. *cum* (Eng. *con-*); and see *lán*.] Relative future tense; p V 2; V 25.

comded "Lord"; gen. of *comdiu* [Obsolete Gaelic *coimhdhe*; *com* and root of *dia*, *q.v.*] pr. V 1: D.C.

Comgeall, prop. name. *cf* St Comgall. [Roots: *com* and *geall* pledge?]

co (con) "with" [N.G. *comh-*: Lat. *cum* (Eng. *con*)]. III 4.

cónánascad "With their gift" [N. G. *a nasgaidh* for *ann an asgaidh*] III 4.

Cormac, prop. name [*Corpi-maquas* of Old Celtic inscriptions]. III 4; V 12; VI 29: (gen.) III 9.

cosecrad "consecration" [N.G. *coisrigeadh*, from Lat. *consecratio* (Eng. *consecretion*)]. III 2, dat.

cósgreg, prop. name, gen. [Cosgrach] I 1.

cotchenn "general" [N.G. *coitchionn*; from *con-tech-en*; rt. *tech* house?] VI. 24.

crist "Christ" [N.G. *Criosd* from Lat. *Christus* (Eng.); native root *geir*]. IV. 1, V 4, V 16, dat.; III 3, 8, gen.

cruthnec "Pict;" I 3. The root is *cruth* a form or picture, latterly from root *kar*, whence Lat. *creo* (Eng. *create*). Hence Cruthnech meant "Pictured One."

cu "to," prep. [N.G. *gu*. O.Ir. *co*(*n*); Greek κατά (Eng, *cata-*)]. II 26; V 25, 26; VI 24. As *go* in *go-braith* I 5; *go-brád* V 7; II 26; V 24.

cuit "share" [N.G. *cuid*; cf Lat. *quota*]. II 5, 6, 11 acc; VI 19, dat.

cuitid "share." II 10. See above.

culeon prop. name, gen [From *cuilean* a little dog? a dim. of *cu*]. II 10.

culn (culíi in MS?), prop. name, nom. Same as above?

dá "two" [N.G. *da*; Eng. *two*.] II 12, 22; VI. 32.

dabach, *davach*, literally "a tub," but extended to denote a land measure of some 400 acres. [N.G. *dabhoch* and *Doch-*; Eng. *tub*]. VI 21, gen. pl.; dabég II 22, acc. dual.

dabid "David" III 5; D.C. gives *Dauid*.

dálta "pupil, foster-son" [N.G. *dalta*; root is *al* as in *altram*; Lat. *alo* (Eng. *aliment*.) Word = *do-altias* to *dalte* of O.I.] I 1.

daldín for *do aldin q.v.*

dan (1) "to their" in *dan-sil*, p V 2; here it is *do* (to) and *an* (their), which see. (2) "of their" in *dan-eis*, p V 2; here it is for *di* (*de*, of) with *an*. See *do* (3) and *eis*.

das "it." This is the infixed pronoun in *gon-das-tabrád*, I 8 [See Zeuss p. 332; the roots are *da* and *sa*; cf tha-*t* and *she*.]

dattác "to entreat:" I. 11. See *do* and *attac*.

delerc; a place name, II 14. The Delerc. Quid?

dendaes "(that) they should make," I 11 [N.G. *deanadh*; O.I. *dentis*. Root *do-gen*; Eng. *kin*; Lat. *gigno*. See *doronsat*.]

déara nom-pl. of *dèr* "tear" I 18 [N.G. *deur*, better *dèar*; Eng. *tear*.]

derad "end" [N.G. *deireadh*, O.I. *dered*] II, 26 acc. case.

día "God" [N.G. *dia*; Lat. *deus* (Eng. *deity*)]. Dat. at II 10, 19, 23, 26: gen. *dé* I 8.

dísad: see *tisad*.

dloeg of *dorodloeg*, "he desired" [O.I. *dlug* "desire": Lat. in-*dulgeo* (Eng. in*dulgent*)]. I 8.

do (1) a verbal particle for past time and for the infinitive [Eng. *to*]. It occurs 20 times with *dorat* and in *dorodloeg*, *dochuid*, *doronsat*, *dattac* (inf.)

do (2) "to," prep. with dat. [Eng. *to*]. Appears a score of times and aspirates.

do (3) "of, from" [N.G. *do*, properly *de*, O.I. *di*; Lat. *de*]. I 7 dorath; VI 20, do ni thissad (of what comes on): pV 2, daneis = do-an-eis.

dó (4) "to him" [N.G. *dá*=*do-è*, which see] I 9, 12, 15, II 17.

dobarcon, prop. name, Dobarcon

[O.I *dobarchú*, N.G. *dobharchú*, means "otter;" literally water-dog; see *doboir*]

doboir, seen in *Abbor-doboir* "Aberdour *q. v*

dochuid: see *do* and *chuid;* I 11.

doib "to them"; I 24, 13 [N.G. *doibh*: from *do-ibh*, *—ibh* for *ibis*, dat. pl of *é*.]

dolodib, dat. pl. of *dolod* "harm" [N.G. *dolaidh*: Lat. *dolus*? But cf. *solod* (profit.)] III. 4: VI 18 dolaidib. The meaning here appears to be "exactions."

domin, place name, gen. [Diminutive of *dom* (a house)?]

Domnall, now "Donald" [N.G. *Domhnall;* from *domhan* "world" and root *fald* "wield." It answers in roots to Eng. "Deep-wielder," in meaning to "world-wielder": cf. *Bretwalda* and *Dubnorix* (world-king)] II *passim;* III 9.

domongart, prop. name, Domongart. III 9.

Donchad: "Duncan" V and VI [N.G. *Donnchadh*: Bede gives *Dunchadus;* a Welsh inscription *Dunocatus:* roots *dun* fortress, *catus* warrer: hence "fortress-warrior"].

donnachac, a person's name [*Donnchadh*? confusion of *ch* and *dh*?]

dorat "gave," 3d. sing. past tense. It occurs *passim* in I, II, IV, V; its plural *doratsat* at II 10; III 1, and a deponential form of same, *doratsatar*, at II, 21. [Roots, *do-ro-dat*? Eng. *date* etc. Or *do ber*? See *tabrad* and cf. *doronsat*]

doráten "pleased," 3d. sing. past ind. I 7. [N.G. *thaitinn* for *do-aitinn: aitinn* is *ad-tenn* (fire) = Lat. *et* and *tepeo* (Eng. *tepid.*)]

dorodloeg "he asked, desired." See *dloeg*.

doronsat "they made," I 14. [N.G. *rinn*: doronsat = *do-ro-gn-sat*; root *gen* or *gn* seen in *gigno* of Lat. See dendaes.]

drostan, "Drostan" [Diminutive of Drost.] It occurs in nom., gen., and dat, but unchanged, and in all the entries *passim*.

dubbacin, a proper name. A Dubucan, mormaer of Angus, of evident importance, died 938. Observe it is "Domnall, son of Mac Dubbacin;" Domnall's date is about 100 years later.

duib: pr. name, gen: Duff [N.G. *dubh* black; Eng. *dumb.*]

dubni, a person's name, gen. case: III 10.

dubuci, prop. name, V 24.

dun "fort, town." [N.G. *dún* (hill); Eng. *town.*] See *dunicallen*.

dunicallen "Dunkeld;" III. 5: in D.C. duncallden. [N.G. *Dunchaillinn;* middle Irish *Duin Caildenn;* it comes from *dun* (fort) and *Caledonii* (Caledonians), which words see.]

hé "he." [N.G. *e*; Lat. *is*; German *er.*] I 2, esse (now *is e*) for *es-é*, not *es-se* necessarily: II 4, bahé, for *ba-e*.

eclasi "church," gen. of *eclais*, III 2. [N.G. *eaglais*, from Lat. *ecclesia* (Eng. *ecclesiastic.*)]

éda, prop. name, gen. of *Aed q.v.*

edar "between." See *etar*.

edbairt, dat. of *edbart* "offering" [N.G. *iobairt*; from *ed-bart*; *ed* (now in N.G. *ath-* or *aith-*) = *et* of Lat.; and *bart* is from *ber*; Lat. *fero;* Eng. *bear*]: I 12; edbarta (acc. pl.) II 16, 25; VI 11.

éis "track," in *danéis* [N.G. *an déis* (after), for O.Ir. *di eis* (Zeuss 657); root *sta* (éis = *in-sta*, Eng. *on-step*)?] pV 2; ar-a-es, V 26.

heláin, place name, now "Ellon;" VI 33. [N.G. *eilean* (island) from Norse *eyland*, which evidently here superseeded Gaelic *innis;* compare *Insch*, *Insh*, *Inch*, seen in Lat. *insula*, Gr. νῆσος]

ele "other" [O.Ir. *aile*, N.G. *eile*; Lat. *alius*; Eng. *else*]: I 7.

hén "one" [O.Ir. *oen*, N.G. *aon*; O.Lat. *oinos*; Eng. *one*] V 25, 26.

éngus, place name, "Angus" [Root: *oen-gust*, that is same as Eng. *one* and *choose*, *gusto*]. D.C.

ére "refusal" [O.Ir. *era*. N.G. *eura*] I 10.

"prayer" acc. and gen. I [O.Ir. *ernaighte*, N.G. *úr-*
Zimmer gives *air-con-ig-*
s: *ig* = Lat *egeo*].
[N.G. *is*, O.Ir. *is*: Lat. *est*;
.] I 4; V 4 is.
iahop" [O.Ir. *epscop*, N.G.
: from Lat. *episcopus* (Eng.
] III 5, 6.
tween" [N.G. *eadar*, O.Ir.
at. *inter*]. V 24: edar II 22.
place name, II, 23.
name, fem. "Eta." III. 1.
. name, fem. "Eve." VI 4.
" in *fallán*. A form of *ba*
. G. and M. Ir. *fa*: Stokes
ba to root *gva*, in Lat.
Eng. *come*: hence *ba* or *fa*.]
was full" I 7; for *ba* and
.
'revealed," 3d. sing. past.
[n *marroalseg*, I 2 [O.Ir.
m, N.G. *foilleich*; from *sval-*
whence *solus*, *soilleich*; Lat.
g. *solar*.)]
ı," III 10 [N.G. *fear*; Lat,
"reader," see *leginn*.
prop. name, Feradachus;
ıc, prop. name, gen. case;
nnachus. D.C. Cf "Dom-
"
sse "witness" [O.Ir. *fiad-*
N.G. *fianuis*, apparently
ed from Eng. *witness*.] VI
10, aienasi.
e"; D.C.
rop. name, gen.: Fingonius.
"Mackinnon." V 9.
it *Pius*? V. 24: infius.
"left": 3d. sing. past. ind;
O.Ir. *foácbaim*, N.G. *fág*:
o-ath-gab-; that is *fo* = Lat.
ıth = Lat. *et*; *gab* = Lat.
See *gab*.
ı"; I 18 [N.G. *ri* and *frith-*;
rsus; Eng. *wards*]. See *ri*.
place name: II 1.
k," 3d. sing. past. ind.; I 9
gabh; Lat. *habeo*].
lisease;" I 9, acc. [N.G.
Gr. χολέρα (Eng. *cholera*)].

garnáit, prop. name, gen.; "Garnet." I 14; II 3.
Gartnait, a person's name; III 1; IV 1; VI 4. It is a common name in Pictland.
ge "who" I 17 [O.Ir. *cia*, N.G. *ge* and *co*; Lat. *quis*; Eng. *who*]
gebe "whoever" 1, 17 [Made of *ge* and *be*, which see; N.G. *ge b' e* whoever].
gille "servant," used *passim* in proper names; *gille* being first and the St's name after. [N.G. *gille*; Eng. *child*; root *gan*.]
gillebrite, Gillbride, count of Angus, D. C. See *brigte*.
gillecolline, a prop. name at IV 2.
gillecolaim, a prop. name, at III 10; "Gilliecalum."
gillecomded, a pr. name; "the Lord's gille." D.C.
gillecrist, a pr. name, III 8, V 9; "Gilcrist;" "Christ's servant."
gillemicel, a prop. name; III 1 and IV 1; "Michael's servant."
gillendrias, pr. name in D.C.; "St. Andrew's servant;" now Gillanders.
gillipetair, pr. name; VI 32; "St. Peter's servant."
giric, pr. name, gen. II 6: girc IV 2.
go "to" [O.Ir. *co(n)*, N.G. *gu*: Gr. κατά.] I 5, II 26, V 7, 24. See *cu*.
gobraith. See *brath*.
goderad. See *derad*.
gobróig, prop. name, gen. II 12. See *cobroig*.
gon "that," a conj. [O.Ir. *co(n)*, N.G. *gun*, spelt mistakenly *gu'n*; from prep. *con*.] I 3, 9, 11, 12; II 22; V 14. 22.
gondastabrad, I 2 for *gondas-tabrad* *q.v.*
gondendaes, I 11 for *gon dendaes* *q.v.*
gondisad, I 12, for *gon-disad*, *q. v.*
gonice "as far as." [O.I. *connici* for *con-do-icci*. N.G. *gu ruig*, from old *corricci* for *co-ro-icci*; see *ice*.] I 13, II 22; gonic I 3; gonige V 14, 22; nice II 1.
gort "field" V 22. [N.G. *gort*; Lat. *hortus*; Eng. *garden*.]

gortlie (?) at V 22; compare "Gartly" and "Gorthlick."
gregor, pr. name, D.C. Hence *MacGregor.*
i. contraction for *idón.* [N.G. *eadhon*; "to wit]".
hi, "Iona;" I 2.
iar "after," a prep. [O.I. and here *iar n-*, N.G. *iar*; skt. *aparam*; cf *af*-ter of Eng.] I 10, 11, 15.
iarfallan for *ar-fa-lán* (?) *q.v.*
iarnere, for *iarn-ére, q.v.*
ibbidbin. for *in-bidbin q.v.*
ic, ice "may come," 3rd sing. pres. subj. [O.I. *ici*, N.G. (r)*uige*; rt. *anc*, in Eng. *nigh.*] See *gonice.*
hidid, prop. name, gen.; V 2.
imacc "henceforward, out;" I 19. [O.I. *immach*, N.G. *a mach*; *im*= *in*, prep., *mach*=*magh*, a plain; rt. *mag*, great.]
in "to, into," prep. [O.Ir. *i* and *i n-* N.G. *ann* or *an* or *ann an* (Lat. *indu*); Lat. and Eng. *in*]. I 5, 13; II 5, 12; VI 33; also *is* in *issére* II 26 V 25; eclipsing at *ib*-bidbin II 12, *ig*-ginn V 23.
in "the," the article [O.Ir *in*, N.G. *an*: from *santas*, roots *sa* (Eng. *she*) and *ta* (Eng. *the*)]. Occurs 17 times.
ingen, "daughter" [N.G. *nighean*; Old Celtic *andegena*; cf. Lat. *indigena;* root *gan*: Lat. *gigno*]. III 1, IV 1, VI 4.
inna "in its": innaienasi "in witness of it," V 10.
ipair, place name: IV 1.
is "is"; V 24. See *es.*
laboir "said' in *rolaboir*, I 19 [O Ir. *labraim*, N.G. *labhair*; root in Lat. *labrum*; Eng. *lip*].
laithi "day," acc. case, II 26 [O.Ir. *lathe*, N.G. *lá.* Root unknown].
lán "full" I 7 [N.G. *lán*; Lat. *plenus*; Eng. *full.*]
leginn "reading;" III 10, gen. [Now lenghadh: *legenn* is Lat. *legendum.*]
leot, proper name: "Leod." Hence *Macleod.*
le "by," prep. I 12 [O.Ir. *la*, N.G. *le;* from *leth* (side); Lat. *latus* (Eng. *lateral.*)]
lesin "by the," for *lat-santas.*
lie? At V. 23; is it *lia*, *leac* stone [Eng. *plank*]? or read with *gort* as *gortlie?* cf. Gartly.
luloig, "Lulach," King of Scotland; II 14, gen. Hence *Maculloch.*
lurchari, place name, but cf. *luirchaire* of O.Ir., "a foal." V 24, ó dubuci go lurchari; is cattle also granted?
mac "son," gen. *meic* and *mec*, II 15, II 20; V 1, 2; III 2. [Old Celtic *maquas*, Welsh *map*, N.G. *mac*: Eng. *maid.*]
mad "if" [O. Ir. *mad*=*ma-ta* (*if be*, si sit); N.G. *ma.*] I 10.
madbec "if little." I 10, See *bec.*
madchor in *achad-madchor*, V 4. [N. G. *machair*; M. Ir. *machaire*; Lat *maceria*; is it borrowed?]
maer "steward," in *mormaer* passim. [N.G. *maor*, from Lat. *major.*]
mal "tonsured one—priest, slave;" it appears in personal names. [N.G. *maol*, O. Ir. *mael*, Welsh *moel* (bald.)]
malbrigte "slave of Bridget:" II 1; moilbrigte (gen.) II 13.
malbricin, Mal-bricin: IV 2.
malaechin, Mal-aechin VI 32.
malcolaim "Malcolm" [Columba's slave.] II 10, 13: Malcoloum II 11; Malcolaim (gen.) III 11; Malcoluim V 11.
malduib: Mael-duib "Malduff," or MacDuff?
Melechi, Malechi V 7.
maledonni, pr. name, III 7; compare Maelduin.
malgirc, Mal-giric, IV 2
mallact "curse;" V 26. [O.I. *maldacht*, N.G. *mallachd*; from Lat. *maledictio.*]
malmori, "Mary's slave." D.C.
malpetir, "Peter's slave." III 9.
malsnecte, Malsnectan, King of Scotland, II 14.
mandaidib "residences." [O.I. *mennat* and *mendat*: cf. *nansion.*] VI. 22.
mar "as," conj. [N.G. *mar* (as): rt. *sma*, Eng. *same*?] I 2, marroalseg, see *mar-ro-(f) alseg.*

marb "dead" [N.G. *marbh*; Lat. *mors*; Eng. *murder*]. V 10, mareb.
marr, "Mar," district name: III 8, gen
matadin, pr. name, III 8.
Matain, pr. name, II 4.
mathe "nobles." [O. Ir. *maith*, N. G. *math*, Welsh *mdd*, Gaulish *matos*. Root uncertain.]
matni, pr. name, gen. case VI 32.
mec. gen. of *mac. g.v.*
merlec "thief" [O. Ir. *merlech*, N.G. *meirleach*; Gr. *μαρπτω*.] V 15, gen pl.
molini pr. name., gen. V 12.
mór "great." [O. Ir. and N.G. *mór*, Welsh *mawr*; for *magros*; Lat. *magnus*.] It appears with *mormaer q.v.*, and also at V 23.
morcunn, pr. name, gen. II 2; morcunt II 8; morgunn (nom.) VI 31; morgainn (gen.) VI 10. [Compare Welsh *Morgan* and old Celtic *Moricantus* "sea bright" (Stokes.)] The surname Morgan still exists in Aberdeenshire.
mori "Marias" (gen.) Mary; D.C.
Moridac, pr. name. nom. II 2; muredig (gen.) III 10. Now "Murdoch."
mormaer "grand steward." [From *mor* and *maer*, *q.v.*] It appears *passim*: mormar (nom.) III 8; mormoir (gen.) II 5.
mulenn "mill," III 10. [N.G. *muileann*: from Lat. *molendinum*; Eng. *mill*.]
na "the," dat. and acc. pl.; nahule, II 16: II 25; II 4: VI 11, 17; na glerec for *nan-clerec* I 10, 11; II, 9.
ná "not," in negative command [N. G. *na*; Lat. *ne*]. nabad, I 17, "let not be."
naiaidnaisse, for *(in)na-a-(f)iad-naisse* "in its witness"—in witness of it.
néctan, pr. name, Nectan, III 6. Hence *MacNaughton*.
nesu "nearer, nearest;" V 24 [O.Ir. *nesa*,] British *nes*; Eng. *next*.
ní "not," negative particle [N.G. has got *chx—no co* or *na co q.v.* ni=Lat. *ne*] I 9.
ní "thing, res;" VI 21, do nithissad; now *do na thig* (of what comes) [O.Ir. *ní*, N.G: *ní* for *ani*, neuter of article and *i* a locative of *e*.]
nice, for *gonice q.v.*
nolloce, "christmas" II 19 [N.G. *nollaig*, O.Ir. *notlaic*; from Lat. *natalicia*.]
ó "from." It occurs *passim* as *ó* or *ua* [N.G. *o* and *bho*; skt. *ava*; Lat. *au-fero*.]
ocmad "eighth;" III 5. [O.Ir. *ochtmad*, N.G. *ochdamh*; for actamatus; Eng. *eigh-th*;.]
óhunn; see *o* and *sunn*.
orti, place name; Gorti? II. 1.
pet, a portion: only in place names and in Pictland [No N.G. unless *cuid*; Welsh *peth*; Lat. *petium* (Eng. *piece*); but whence? Note there is no connection between *pet* and the English and Gaelic *pit*, borrowed from Lat. *puteus*]. *Passim*.
petar, "Peter;' VI 15 dat; petair VI 32 gen.; petir (gen.) III. 3, 9.
proinn (phroinn?), "dinner" [N.G. *proinn*; from Lat. *prandium*], II 19. MS. has a mark over p which may mean aspiration.
pústa "wedded" VI 6 [N.G. *póseda*; from Lat. *sponsata* (Eng. *spouse*)].
rath "grace" I 7 [N.G. *rath*; Welsh *rhad*.]
ri "with," prep. I 7; II 24; III 2; VI 12, 13, 15. See *fri*.
ria "to, with" VI 14. See *fri*.
riig, "king," gen. sing. II 12 [O.Ir. *rí*, N.G. *righ*; Lat. *rex*]
rigi "kingship, regnum;" III 5. [See *riig*.]
ris "against it" I 17 [*ri* and *se q. v*]
ro, tense particle, denoting past time [Lat. *pro*]. Many cases of it: *ro*-alseg, *ro*-bo, *ro*-laboir, &c., &c.
rosabard, place name, II. 13.
ruadri, person's name; II 9, gen: III 7, nom. Modern "Rory."
s, infixed pronoun at I 16, ro-*s*-benact. This *s* is same as Eng. *she* in root.
sacart, "priest" IV 2. [N.G. *sagart*; from Lat. *sacerdos* (Eng. *sacerdotal*.)]

saere, "freedom." I 5; sere II 26; sér III 4; sóre V 7; saeri V 25. [N.G. *saor*; root, *so-fear* (good man); Skt. *suvira.*]
sain, "that." See *sen.*
scali, "hut?": V 14. "Scali merlech" is now Skillymarno, a mile N. of Auchnachar.
scarthain "separating," gerund: I 18. [N.G. *sgar*; Lat. *cerno*; Eng. *crisis* from Grk.]
se, "he;" in *esse*? I 4. [*se* = Eng. *she.*]
sen "that." [N.G. *sin*; root of Eng. *she.*] I 6, 11, 15, 16; sain I 5.
sér at III 4. See *saere.*
si, "she;" I 7. [N.G. *si*; root of Eng. *she.*]
sil "seed, race;" p V 2. [N.G. *siol*; Eng. *seed.*]
sithig, pr. name, gen: Sithech. V 3.
slante, "health," I 12, 15. [N.G. *slainte*; Lat. *salvus*; Eng. *silly.*]
sliab, "hill," V 24 [N.G. *sliab*; Lat. *silva* (wood)].
sóre; V 7. See *saere.*
sunn, "here;" I 19 ó húnn [O.Ir. *sund*; root in *sen* and *d-as.*]
tabart, "giving," a gerund; II 17 [O.Ir. *tabraim*, N.G. *tabhair*; from *do-binr* (*bear to*)]: I 9 tabrad, 3d sing. pres. secondary, "might give."
tánic, "came;" 3d sing. pastind.; I 14 [N.G. *thainig*; from do-*ananc*, reduplicated form of Eng. root *nigh*]: 3d pl. tangator.
tangator. See *tanic.*
thárat, "gave." Initially accented form of *dorat q.v.*
temni. place name; II 3.
testus (testimonium?) "testimony," [N.G. *teisteas*; from Lat.]
ticfa, "shall come." Future of *tanic*; for *do-ic-fa*; roots *to*, *nigh* (*anc*), *be*].
thidnaig "bequeath;" I 4 [N.G. *thiodhlaic*; from *do-ad*(*ath*)-*nac*-; rt-*nac*; Lat. *nactus*; Eng. *nigh.*]
tipra "well:" I 13 tiprat (gen.) [N.G. *tobair*: from *do-od-bur*; Eng. *to*, *out*, *burn.* See *dobor.*]
tisad, "should come," future conditional, I 17; VI 21; disad I 12. [Root in Eng. *stair.*]
tochе, place name; what is it?
tosec, "chief, thane" [N.G. *toiseach*; from *tós*=*tovastu*-, root *tu* (to increase.)] Variously spelt and used *passim.*
tralin, prop. name IV 2
turbruad, "Turriff;" III 10; VI 27.
ua, prep. "from," see *ó.*
uactair 'upper part;" hence topographical "Auchter;" II 13 [N.G. *uachdair*: from root *ōx*, seen in Eng. *wax* Lat. *auxilium*; Welsh *uch* (above), Gaelic *úas.*]
úethé; II 21?
húle "all" [N.G. *h-uile*; Eng. *all.*] II 16; á húle II 17; hulib (dat.) III 4; VI 17: huli VI 11 33.

11th February 1885.

At the meeting on this date, Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Honorary Secretary to the Society, read a paper on the Celtic Derivation of English River Names, by Dr A. H. F. Cameron, late of Lakefield, now of Liverpool. Dr Cameron's paper was as follows:—

ON THE CELTIC DERIVATION OF ENGLISH RIVER NAMES.

"Books in the running brooks."—*Shakespeare.*

Many interesting points present themselves for consideration in studying the rivers of any country. Generally speaking, one

name is recognised from the time a stream assumes any considerable size, till it reaches the sea; sometimes, however, when two streams join and form a larger one, the inhabitants of the two banks designate the resulting stream by different names—each by that tributary of their own side. This is exemplified in the Rivers Bug and Narew, in Poland.* Again, when the course of one tributary is more in a straight line with the main stream than that of the other, the resulting river is called by that name, though it may not be the longer, as in the case of the Missouri and Mississippi, the Rhine, and the Aar, &c.† As a rule, however, one name prevails over a long course and through many districts. This name is probably more enduring than any other topographical distinctions. Cities may rise and fall, or their names may be changed, but rivers flowing through a long stretch of country, and having many and varied races frequently inhabiting their banks, it would be a matter of difficulty to induce those interested—all to combine--to alter the name of the stream on whose banks they live, and a matter of extreme inconvenience should the inhabitants of different regions designate it by a variety of names.

Thence we may generally look for a record of the early inhabitants of a country to its rivers.

Some years ago, sailing up the Gironde in company with a learned Irish scholar, he pointed out to me that the names of the French rivers were of Celtic origin. Thus we have the Garonne, Old Celtic Garumna, the rough river as Siegfried pointed out, the root being *garbh*, with stem in *man*; the Dordogne; the Rhone, anciently the Rhodanus, the rushing river, from Gaulish *rheda*, and our *ruith*; the Saone, and the Seine, the Sequana of old, the gentle flowing river; clearly showing that in a country in which the language has become Latinised the Celtic names of the rivers have outlived all political and social changes. It is my object to show that a similar condition exists in England, and that while Saxon, Norman, and Scandinavian influences have changed the population and modified the language, as a rule the rivers maintain their Celtic designations. The first name which we should feel inclined to look for would be that word which, under the various forms—*Avon*, *Afon*, *Abhainn*,‡ &c., seems common to

* "What to Observe," by J. R. Jackson, page 17.

† In some interesting articles on Rivers Geographically Considered. "Penny Magazine," 1842.

‡ It may be mentioned for the information of those unacquainted with Gaelic, that the pronunciation of this word is *Aoun*, the consonants *bh* not being sounded. This word in combination assumes a protean form.

the Celtic languages. Accordingly, we find in England (excluding Monmouthshire) seven rivers of this name. Three of these are tributaries of the Severn, one joining that river at Tewkesbury, one at Berkeley, and one near Bristol.

Then there are two Avons in Hampshire, one in Somersetshire, and one in South Devon. The fact of these seven rivers being distributed over different parts of the country, will be sufficient of itself to prove our point. But we may go farther. In Lancashire we have the Alt—the ordinary Gaelic name for a small stream or burn. It must be remembered that this word burn, is in itself Celtic, and is used as the ordinary designation of small streams in Northumberland as Erring-burn, Ouseburn, etc., and the word is probably to be recognised in the name Bourne which distinguishes two rivers, one in Wiltshire and one in Surrey. The *Whiske* in Yorkshire (and probably the *Wiza* in Cumberland), is nothing but *Uisge*, water, and is analagous to the Welsh Uske and the Scotch Eske, a name which is also found in Yorkshire, Devon, and Cumberland. Joyce,* however, gives Eisc as meaning a water channel, and this may be the derivation of the name of the Scottish river.

Another Gaelic word *Cam*, crooked, gives its name to three rivers, one in Essex joining the Chelmer, near Chelmsford, one in Cambridgeshire, and one in Gloucestershire. The *Camel* in Cornwall is probably derived from the same root. The *Stour*, a name which occurs in Kent and Worcestershire, and with the addition of an e in Somerset, is said to be derived from *Es Duer*,† the water. This root probably appears in other names as Dore, in Hereford; Thur, in Norfolk; Durra, in Cornwall; the Dour water in Yorkshire; Dover, in Nottinghamshire; the Rother (red-water) in Sussex; the Adder in Wiltshire; and the Adur in Sussex; the Stort, in Hertford and Suffolk; the Torant, in Dorset; and probably in other names.‡ Ken is a Celtic word, said to mean white or clear,§ and is found in several names in Scotland. In England there is a Ken in Devonshire, and one in Westmoreland, and the name Kennet in Wiltshire may in all probability be derived from the same root.

* Irish local names explained.

† Parliamentary Gazeteer *voce* Kent. The meaning of the letter s is obscure, and the conjectures of philologists do not seem worthy of much credence.

‡ See a paper on Cymro Celtic names of places, by E. S. Jones, in the Transactions of the Royal "National Eisteddfodd" for 1883.

§ A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" derives this word from Ceann a Head or End, with much probability.

The Guash in Rutlandshire is probably derived from *Guaimeas*—quietness; and the Beult in Kent from *Beul*—a mouth or opening, a word frequently applied to rivers and their valleys, as *Beul Atha*, a ford.

Laugherne, the name of a brook in Worcestershire, is a name found both in Wales and in Ireland.

In addition to those words, which are clearly Celtic, we have a number of names, which, from the fact of their appearing with certain variations in distant districts, may fairly be assumed to be generic, though we may not with certainty determine their meaning.

The Thame, which afterwards becomes the Thames, appears as the Tame, in Warwickshire, again in Staffordshire, and again in Lancashire, as a tributary of the Mersey, near Stockport. Then we have the Terme, in Worcestershire, and the Tearn, in Northumberland.

May not all these be analagous to the Tay, in Scotland, and be derived from the Gaelic *Tamh*, quietness, a derivation supported by Pictet, in the "Revue Celtique," vol. 2. The Teign may possibly be of similar derivation, and signify the quiet river, and this may also be the derivation of the Coaly Tyne, in Northumberland.

Another name which appears to be generic is the Ouse. There is one river of this name in Yorkshire, one in Norfolk which has a tributary, the Little Ouse, and another the Ousel, one in Sussex, one in Cumberland, and an Ouseburn in Northumberland. There is also an Oux in Hampshire. I can find a Loch-Ousie near Dingwall, and the Oise in France is probably derived from the same. I cannot speak positively about it, * but Macalpine gives Oth, water, large body of water, and quotes the following as having a reference to Loch-Awe in Argyll, "Cha leithne Loch Otha a null na nall." Loch-Awe is equally broad whether you cross it hither or thither.

The name Colne seems generic, though I am unable to trace its derivation. There is one in Hertfordshire, one in Essex, and one in Gloucestershire. The name Rea appears in Shropshire, Warwickshire, Herts, and Worcestershire, and is from Ruith, to flow. From this root we have doubtless Rye in Yorkshire, Rey in Wiltshire, Ray in Oxford and Lancashire, Rhu in Cambridge, Rhea in Stafford, and probably Wray in Devon.†

* Taylor seems to think it a variation of *Uisge*. Names and places page 141.

† The Spanish and Portugese Rio is probably a cognate word and possibly the Italian Riviera and English river.

Another argument in favour of the Celtic origin of the names of the English rivers is the fact that the names of the rivers in Scotland are repeated in England, and it will generally be conceded that the names of the former are Celtic. Thus we have a Dee * and a Don in Yorkshire; a Leven in Lancashire, and a Leaven in Yorkshire; a Calder in Yorkshire flowing into the Aire, and another in Lancashire flowing into the Ribble; a Yarrow in Lancashire, and an Arrow in Herefordshire. Perhaps the Yar in Norfolk and in the Isle of Wight may be mentioned in the same connection, as may the Aire in Yorkshire and Ayr in Scotland.† In Somersetshire we have the Brue. This may be the representative of the Bruar in Perthshire. There is a Glen in Lincolnshire, and another in Northumberland; an Eden in Cumberland, and another in Kent. The name Douglas appears in Lancashire. The root of this is probably *Dubh*, black. From this may also be derived Dulas, a name which appears in Dorset, and is also frequently met with in Wales and Scotland. On the other hand, the word Geal, white, appears in the Calder, a name which is found in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and in Scotland, and in the Calder in Cumberland.

The name pool is supposed to be Celtic.—Poll in Gaelic signifying a pool, and in Irish a hole (Joyce). This name frequently appears in combination, as Liverpool, &c.. I think I have brought forward sufficient evidence in support of the Celtic origin of our river names, and I hope by drawing attention to the subject, that those learned in Welsh and other dialects of Celtic may further illustrate the subject. I have found a very great difficulty in discovering the names of the smaller streams; most works of reference and maps, unless of very large size, merely giving the names of the larger or principal rivers, while for philological purposes the names of the small streams are of equal importance with the larger. Perhaps some readers of this may be able to furnish me with names which have escaped me, and thus may enable me to throw more light on the subject.

Note.—Since writing the above my attention has been called to Mr Isaac Taylor's work, "Names and Places." His chapter on river names is most interesting, and though not prepared to accept all his conclusions, I must recommend the perusal of his work to all interested in this subject. He maintains that the principal rivers of Europe have in their names one of five Celtic roots—Avon, Devon, Esk, Rhe, and Don. The whole subject is treated in a masterly manner. I should like, in conclusion, to draw particular attention to Dr Joyce's valuable little work, "Irish Local Names

* This name is supposed to be from the root dia, god, and indicates river worship.

† Taylor derives these names from *garbh*, rough.

Explained." It has seemed somewhat strange that no name conveying the idea of size has presented itself. We read in Holy Scripture of the great river, and in Spanish and Portuguese Colonies we frequently find Rio Grande. A volume just published, however, "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" —dialects, proverbs, and word-lore—contains a paper on river names which, amongst other interesting matter, gives *Al Aune* as meaning the Great River. I do not know whether the writer is correct, but the name Alum occurs in Cornwall; Allen, in Dorset; Alon, and Alanus, or Alen, in Northumberland; and Alen in Warwickshire; besides similar names in Wales and Scotland.

I have been anxious to find the derivation of the name of England's noblest river, the Severn, but with no satisfactory result. The termination Ern or Erne occurs in the Erne in Scotland; the Tern in Shropshire, and I think there is a Terne in the Lake district, but beyond this I have been unable to go.

18th February 1885.

On this date Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, read a paper on the Ardnamurchan Bard—Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. Mr Mackay's paper was as follows :—

PRESBYTERIAL NOTICES OF MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASTAIR, AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES IN ARDNAMURCHAN AND MORVEN.

Through the courtesy of the reverend members of the Presbytery of Mull, I was recently enabled to peruse the earlier records of that Court; and I propose this evening to give you a few gleanings from them concerning our great Gaelic bard, Alexander Macdonald (better known as Mac Mhaighstir Alastair), and some of his associates, and throwing considerable light on the state of society in the Western Highlands during the first half of last century.

Macdonald is first mentioned in these records in September 1729, when he appears as teacher and catechist in the service of the Society for Propogating Christian Knowledge, and the Committee for managing the Royal Bounty, in his native parish of Ardnamurchan. This post he has apparently occupied for some time. His father was minister of Ardnamurchan in the days of Episcopacy, but refusing to conform when Presbyterianism was established, he was deprived of his living in 1697. He still continued to labour in the parish, however, and the bard was born there about the year 1700. The child early displayed signs of that intellectual vigour which distinguished him in after life; and,

as he approached manhood, his father dreamed of future eminence for him in the Church, while his chief, Clanranald, harboured the more worldly intention of educating him for the Scottish bar. The youth was sent to the University of Glasgow, which he attended for some sessions; but an early marriage made it difficult for him to prosecute his studies, and, like many another poor Highland student, he lapsed into a charity-teacher, supported by the Society and Committee which I have mentioned.

The Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge had its origin in the design of a few private gentlemen, who met in Edinburgh in the year 1701, to establish charity schools in the Highlands. Their first school was started at Abertarff, which was then "the centre of a country where ignorance and popery did greatly abound;" but the teacher was so harshly treated by the people, that he fled the parish in less than two years, and no successor was appointed. The Edinburgh philanthropists were, however, not discouraged. They planted schools in other parts of the Highlands, secured the co-operation of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, collected money throughout the kingdom, and, in 1709 obtained letters-patent from Queen Anne, erecting certain of their number into a corporation under the title which it still bears.

In 1725 King George the First gave a donation of £1000 to the General Assembly, "to be employed for the reformation of the Highlands and Islands, and other places where popery and ignorance abound." This donation, being annually repeated by the First George and his successors, was placed under the control of a Committee nominated by the General Assembly, and called the Committee for managing the Royal Bounty; and it was this Committee that joined, as we have seen, with the Society in supporting the teacher and catechist of Ardnamurchan.

The times in which Macdonald lived were wild and unsettled, and the people among whom he laboured prone to war and factious disputation; but catechist and teacher, and elder though he was, he was no peace-at-any-price man, and into the quarrels and disputes of his time he threw himself with all the energy of which his fiery spirit was capable.

Early in 1732 Mr James Stevenson, the minister of Ardnamurchan, was (to quote from the Presbytery records) "carried off by the Presbytery of Lorn to the parish of Ardchattan, within the bounds of the said Presbytery, and fixed minister there, without ever acquainting the Presbytery of Mull or parish of Ardnamurchan, to both which he was related." The Presbytery of Mull and parishioners of Ardnamurchan were naturally indignant; but the latter

speedily recovered their equanimity and looked round for another parson, and at a meeting of the Presbytery held at Tayinlone, in Mull, on 6th December 1732, the bard appeared "as Commissioner from said parish, with a petition signed by the gentlemen, heritors, and elders of said parish, directed to the Presbytery of Mull, craving one of their number to moderate a call for a minister to them." The Presbytery granted the prayer of the petition, and appointed Mr Archibald Campbell, minister of Morven, to supervise a call. This duty was performed, however, not by Mr Campbell, but by the Rev. John Maclean, of Kilninian and Kilmore; and on 9th May 1733, the bard appeared before the Presbytery in order to prosecute a call to Mr Daniel Maclachlan, a probationer. Mr Maclachlan being present, and the call having been offered to him, "he submitted himself to the Presbytery," who forthwith ordered him to be prepared at next meeting with an exegesis on the Infallibility of the Church, and a sermon on the text, "Not giving heed to Jewish fables and commandments of men, that turn from the truth." The probationer passed these "trials" to the satisfaction of the Presbytery, and the 15th of August was appointed for his ordination; but before that day arrived rumours reached the Synod of Argyll that the young man's moral character was not of a particularly high order, and the Presbytery was requested not to proceed with the ordination until the truth of these reports was inquired into. A libel, charging him with the odious crimes of drunkenness, swearing, and singing of indecent songs, was duly drawn up, and on 25th April 1734, the case came on for trial at Knock, in Morven, the principal witness being John Richardson, accountant to the York Buildings Company, who, at the time, were working the lead mines of Strontian; and among the other witnesses being "Collector Campbell," and "Robert Bowman, Officer of Excise"—names proving that even at that early period wild Ardnamurchan was not beyond the reach of the "resources of civilisation."

The case against Maclachlan broke down through insufficiency of evidence; and on 18th September 1734 he became minister of Ardnamurchan, to the great satisfaction, no doubt, of Mac-Mhaighstir Alastair, the Commissioner who prosecuted his call.

But, alas for the poor parish! In less than two months the new incumbent applied to the Presbytery for permission to go to Edinburgh for the purpose, as he alleged, of obtaining a Decreet for his stipend, and arranging for the erection of a second charge within his extensive bounds. Leave of absence was cordially granted. "The Presbytery having much at heart the desolate

condition of that spacious parish, and highly approving the design, did not scruple to allow Mr Maclachlan sufficient time for that purpose, even the whole winter session." The winter session, however, passed away, and Mr Maclachlan did not return. After a time reports reached the Presbytery that he left Edinburgh without making any attempt to get the Decreet, or arrange for the new erection; and that, after visiting Ireland, he made his way to London, where he filled the cup of his iniquity, by "writing and publishing a profane and scandalous pamphlet intituled, 'An Essay upon Improving and Adding to the Strength of Great Britain and Ireland by Fornication.'" Enquiry was set on foot; the reports were found to be too true; and the ambitious Essayist was deposed, and "excommunicated from the fellowship and society of Christians, as one unworthy to be counted a member thereof, to the example and terror of others." In these circumstances, the Presbytery, on 16th July 1735, appointed a Committee to visit the Charity School of Ardnamurchan, "and to recommend earnestly to Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster and catechist there, to be more than ordinary painful in catechising the people in the different corners of the said parish, and report his diligence by certificates from the places where he was employed." It is possible that Macdonald had incurred the suspicion, if not the displeasure, of the Presbytery in connection with the Maclachlan fiasco.

In addition to the loss of his living in Scotland, and his excommunication, Maclachlan's pamphlet brought him into trouble in England, where he was arrested, prosecuted at the King's instance before the Lord Chief-Justice, and imprisoned. Having, however, renounced and recanted his extraordinary doctrines before the Bishop of Rochester, he was in 1737 dismissed from prison, and allowed to go "over seas to Jamaica," where, a few years afterwards, he died.

The call to Maclachlan, and the subsequent proceedings against him, give rise to another *fama clamosa* in the neighbouring parish of Morven—that "Highland parish" which has become so famous for its clerical race of Macleods, and whose "Annals" have been so charmingly recorded by one of them. We have seen that the Rev. Archibald Campbell of Morven, was appointed to supervise the Ardnamurchan call, but that he failed to do so. Campbell, it was suspected, was opposed to Maclachlan's settlement, and rumour pointed to him as the one who reported the young probationer's drunkenness, swearing, and singing of indecent songs, to the Synod. The latter resolved to have his

revenge by fighting the minister of Morven with his own weapons, and at his instigation his relative, Alexander Maclachlan, tacksman of Lawdell, appeared before the Presbytery on 27th June 1733, and lodged an "information" against Mr Campbell, "charging him with the odious crime of intemperate drinking, swearing, and squabbling, and the neglect of his ministerial functions" —charges wonderfully like those preferred against Maclachlan himself, only that Campbell apparently had not the gift of singing. These charges could not be ignored, and on 15th August, the Presbytery met at Kill in Morven, and opened a preliminary enquiry which extended over three days, and ended in the following libel being given in at the instance of the said Alex. Maclachlan, and of Dugald Maclachlan in Glen, and Archibald Cameron in Rahuoy:—

"Forasmuch as we are well assured from undoubted evidence, that upon the 21st of April, or the first Wednesday after Easter last, betimes in the morning, the Rev. Mr Archibald Campbell, minister of the gospel in Morven, in company with John Maclean, Esquire, in Achaforce, and Mr Charles Campbell, now preacher in Ardnamurchan, set himself down to drink at the Change House of Knock, in Morven, after having drank a considerable quantity of cold drams and ale, they got some punch. Mr Campbell, being toast master, called for Mr Maclean's toast, who answered, sir, I give you your Lady-Mistress, which Mr Archibald taking amiss, told him he was impertinent, and gave him some very bad language. To this Mr Maclean answered he would take no notice of him, as he was but a silly fellow. Upon this Mr Archibald struck him violently upon the breast with his fist. Mr Maclean returned the blow; and they were then separated from one another by Mr Charles and his servant. Mr Maclean fancying himself affronted by this ungentlemanly treatment, told Mr Archibald if he was not a minister he should know how to use him, and get satisfaction. Upon this Mr Archibald said, God damn you, sir, if you let anything pass with me on that score; and God damn me if I let anything pass with you upon that consideration; for, by God, I am ready to fight you by to-morrow morning, anyhow you will. The sederunt having continued from about eight o'clock in the morning till six in the afternoon, the gentlemen were all very merry, especially Mr Archibald, who exposed himself quite drunk, to Allan McIan vic Ewen vic Alastar and Donald Bane his brother; John Macintyre, servant to Lachlan Maclean, Esquire, in Kinlochalin; and John Macwilliam, now beadle to the said Mr Archibald. As he attempted to make the best of his way home

he always staggered, stumbled, and fell down, and could never have made it out if Mr Charles and his servant had not come to his assistance, one under each arm. He, finding himself thus supported, told them he was not at all drunk. They allowing him to take his own swing, he immediately turned down, and, endeavouring to recover himself, cursed furiously, and damned the place. He at length got home; asked his wife for his supper. She answered she was in no great hurry to give him any, for that she fancied he had got his dinner pretty well wherever he was. Upon this he kicked her furiously several times. . . . . : Mr Charles reprimanding him was obliged to defend himself with one chair, he coming on with another, and, violently struggling, tumbled down in each other's arms. They both recovering, stript, got two sticks, and so cudgelled strongly, with great fury, for a great while. But being at last struck with a sense of their extravagance, they both sat down, mourned, wept, called the family to prayers, and so went to bed. . . . We, therefore, do hereby charge you, the said Reverend Mr Archibald Campbell, Minister of the Gospel in Morven, with the odious sins of drunkenness, swearing, squabbling, beating, and offering to fight with sword; and we desire the Reverend Presbytery of Mull may proceed against you with censure, according to the Discipline of the Church, by summoning immediately before their Judicatory, there solemnly to be sworn (as to the narrative of this our libel) the following witnesses, to wit. . . . In confirmation, therefore, of what we have hereby undertaken and desired as above specified, we subscribe ourselves, reverend sir, your obedient humble servants,

Sic Sub. { DUGALD MACLACHLAN.
ARCHIBALD CAMERON.
JOHN MACLACHLAN.
ALEXANDER MACLACHLAN. }

The Presbytery having considered the libel, admonished and exhorted the accused "to glorify God by an open and ingenuous confession of the crimes libelled;" but he failed to see the force of the strange exhortation, and refused to plead guilty. The case was accordingly sent to trial, and on 7th November the Presbytery met at Morven, and commenced to take evidence. For days the trial proceeded from morn to night, and on 12th November the Court was adjourned *sine die*, without closing the proof.

Mr Daniel Maclachlan, who had hitherto contented himself by assisting his kinsmen to conduct the prosecution on their own be-

half, now got a "Commission upon stamped paper" from them, authorising him to act for them, and to press the complaint to a decision. But he was in bad odour himself, and his progress as prosecutor was slow; and, although subsequent meetings resumed the proceedings, and took further evidence, it was only on 16th July 1735—after Maclachlan had deserted his own charge—that the debate on the evidence took place. Campbell's pleadings were able and ingenious. "The first article [Drunkenness, Swearing, and Fighting] is not proven, nor any part in it. . . . Swearing, no doubt, is a very great fault; but then it is certain that some may be excited to it by provocations and passions, when sober enough. But are the oaths libelled proved? Far from it. Does not Mr Charles and Mr Maclean agree that there passed but one oath? But they do not agree in the expression. One says one thing, and one another. If any asseveration that was swearing dropt from me, I am heartily sorry for it. But it was, I am sure, insensibly, and I cannot recollect any such thing."

It was stated in evidence against him that, when on one occasion, at the inn at Rahuoy, baptizing a child of the landlord of that establishment, he was "touched with liquor," went to bed without family worship, complained of the scarcity of the bed-clothes, and called the landlord *balach* and a liar. These charges he disposed of in the following manner:—"Allan Cameron alleges three reasons for which he believed me the worse of liquor, but he submits the weight of them to judgment. The first is no reason at all, it being certain that if I had not scarcity of bed-clothes I would not have used my big coat, which I used to give my servant when abroad, because however the master is served, *he* gets no supply. The second, calling the landlord *Balach*, has, I am convinced, been mistaken for *Allaich*, which in other countries is a familiar word, and never gives offence. But if I called him so, several will subscribe my opinion who know the man, and though I had called him a great deal worse. I travelled in a most boisterous, wet, and cold evening, over mountains and rocks, to oblige him, when I might have made him come my length; and everybody may see I had but a coarse and unkind reward. As for the third reason, my neglecting to pray, I own it to be a very great fault; but I am afraid 'tis one which I and others of my reverend brethren might have fallen into when far enough from liquor. Ministers of the most unsuspected temperance have been known to neglect prayer—sometimes a psalm even—in divine service on a Lord's Day. Whatever fault this be, I hope charity, nay, justice, will attribute to forgetfulness. For, the deponent being asked if

he thought this neglect being owing to my incapacity at the time, declared he did not, for that I discoursed articulately and freely enough on other subjects."

One of the witnesses having described Mr Campbell's state on a certain occasion by the word *corghleus*, which the Presbytery translated "the worse of liquor," the accused delivers himself of the following delicious dissertation:—"*Corghleus*, or the word inverted, *Gleus-cor*, shows no more than that cheerful humour which a moderate glass puts one in, which humour or temper is not his ordinary, or which he did not fully discover at first sitting down. That was the term the deponent used to express my disposition that night; but wrongously translated in the minutes. I appeal still to the deponent, with whom I was conversing, with some others, if this be not the notion he affixes to it. But further, this phrase, 'the worse of liquor,' admits of a great latitude; for if one exceeds the due measure that suffices nature, which with most constitutions is a single dram, he oppresses it, and is indisposed in his health—and in proportion as he exceeds this strict measure; so that he may be said to be the worse of liquor in both cases. Yet, is it not true that at every sitting, most exceed the precise measure? Notwithstanding of what I have been obliged to advance here in my own vindication, I am always obliged to acknowledge, and now do with concern, that a false modesty, with a mistaken notion of agreeableness, and an ill-placed confidence in my company, might, about this time [that is, before this prosecution was commenced], have inclined me sometimes to comply, beyond what I now and since condemn in strict duty and decency. I bless God for it, I can want liquors absolutely. I can boldly avow that I never did incline to them for their own sakes."

But these amusing pleadings, which I must not follow further, were of no avail. Poor Campbell was found guilty, and suspended for a year; and, although he resumed his ministerial functions at the end of that period, the wicked did not cease from troubling him, and he demitted or resigned in 1741. He died in 1754, in the twenty-fifth year of his ministry. His stipend as minister of Morven was £50 a-year.

Early in 1744 another great clerical scandal began to agitate the bounds of the Presbytery of Mull; and, as usual, Macdonald, the bard, had a finger in the pie. At a meeting of the Presbytery held at Aros in March of that year, and attended by the Bard, Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, and "Doctor Macdonald, brother to the Laird of Morar, commonly known by the name of Bishop Macdonald," appeared and lodged a complaint against Mr Francis

Macdonald, Presbyterian preacher at Strontian, and at one time Roman Catholic priest in Moidart, accusing him of incest with his sister, and other crimes. They gave in a circumstantial and well drawn "information," extending to twenty-five foolscap pages, and written "by John Stewart, drover in Knock, in Mull, and Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster at Ardnamurchan." The prosecutors being of the Romish Church, the first questions which the Presbytery had to consider were—"How far Kinlochmoidart, a professed Papist, should be received as an accuser against a minister, while he is actually under process for adultery before the Kirk Session of Ardnamurchan; and whether Doctor Macdonald, who is well known to us all, not only to assume the character, but also to exercise the functions of a Popish Bishop, should be sustained by us as a party in this question;" and "in case a process shall commence, how far Popish evidences shall be admitted, considering the known principles of that party, the slavish subjection in which they are known to be, particularly in that corner [Moidart], to the Bishop and lairds, and the rough and unpolished manners of the ignorant populace, who even already, as we are informed, threatened to destroy Mr Francis, who is become the object of their resentment, by his coming over from them, and having the impudence, as some of them term it, to live under their eye and act the Protestant minister;" and, "whether, if Mr Francis can make it appear that he had a moral character while a Popish priest, and that he was well liked as such by those who now hate him, this should not be sustained as a sufficient exculpation, especially seeing that she [his sister], is still a professed Papist, continues firm in giving one of the children she brought forth to the Bishop, and the other to Kinlochmoidart, who was suspected, even by his own lady, of going astray from the marriage-bed in that instance."

These were questions too weighty for decision by the Reverend Court, and a memorial embodying them was sent to the Procurator for the Church, Mr William Grant, subsequently Lord Advocate during the troubles at and after the Rebellion, and thereafter a Judge of the Court of Session under the title of Lord Prestongrange. "I am very apt," replied the Procurator, "to believe, or to apprehend, or suspect, that this accusation may proceed from malice or the resentment of Papists and Highlanders against one whom they look on as an apostate from the true Church. At the same time, I can't take it for granted beforehand, that the accusers are all villains, or that their witnesses will be all perjured, and, therefore, I think it concerns the

interest of religion in general, and the credit of the Church of Scotland, to give this matter a fair and full trial, that Mr Francis Macdonald may be vindicated, if he is innocent, as I hope he is, and, if otherwise, that he may be dismissed from his station in this Church. . . . . It is, in my humble opinion, no good objection against Dr Macdonald, for which he should not be sustained an accuser or complainer, that he is a Papist, or that he is a Bishop, or of whatever denomination in that persuasion, for he is still a Scotchman and a Christian; and I would be inclined even the rather to give a fair hearing and trial to his accusation, by reason of the singularity of his character as a pursuer before the Ecclesiastical Courts in Scotland." With reference to the other questions, Mr Grant advises the Presbytery "to examine all the witnesses whom the accuser shall adduce, who are liable to no other objection than their religion. At the same time," he adds, "I am very sensible that the circumstances mentioned in the papers I have read, of Mr Francis Macdonald's being what they call an apostate, and the visible marks of resentment conceived against him by persons who formerly appeared to esteem and cherish him, are such as may justly affect the credibility of these witnesses when the proof comes to be weighed, and advised, and compared with the exculpatory evidence."

Mr Francis Macdonald was in the pay of the Committee for managing the Royal Bounty, who requested the papers connected with the case to be sent to them for consideration. This was done; and in March 1745 it was recorded by the Presbytery that the accused had been removed by the Committee to Skye, and that the "clerk was appointed to signify to Kinlochmoidart that Mr Francis has left our bounds, so that we are no further judges of the controversy betwixt him and them."

The Sound of Sleat having thus been placed between Mr Francis and his accusers, it is not likely they followed him further; and, indeed, they were soon engaged in more exciting scenes. In July Prince Charles arrived at Lochnanuagh, resolved to conquer the kingdom; and his cause was immediately espoused by Kinlochmoidart, Bishop Macdonald (the Mr Hugh Macdonald of history), and Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. The Bard's later experiences as Presbyterian catechist and teacher had not been encouraging. When we first meet him in 1729 his salary is £16 a year. In 1732 it is raised to £18, whereof £3 is contributed by the Society, and £15 by the Committee; and it continues at this figure till 1738, when it drops to £15, being £3 from the Society and £12 from the Committee, "because the funds can bear no more."

Next year the Committee—"because the funds are exhausted"—give £11 only, and in November 1744 their contribution is further reduced to £9, making the total salary £12. That this remuneration did not keep the wolf from the door appears evident from the Presbytery's minute of 28th April 1741—the very year in which Macdonald gave to the world his *Gaelic and English Vocabulary*. "The visitors of the Charity School of Ardnamurchan report that when they attended there in order to visit said school, Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster thereof, sent an apology to them for absence, viz., that through the great scarcity of the year he was under immediate necessity to go from home to provide meal for his family. The appointment is therefore renewed upon said visitors."

In the *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, as well as in the sketches of Macdonald's life prefixed to the recent editions of his poems, he is said to have been *parochial* schoolmaster of Ardnamurchan. This, however, is not correct. In his day there was no parochial school in that parish, and throughout his teaching career he was in the service of, and exclusively supported by, the Society and Committee. On account of the great extent of the parish, his school was, as it was termed, "transported" from time to time. For the first few years he taught at Eilean Finnan; in March 1738, he was ordered to "set-up his school with his first conveniency, and as soon as may be at Killechoan;" and next year he and his school were "transported" to Corryvullin, where he closed his pedagogic career in 1745. Hitherto he has been supposed to have given up his school after the landing of Prince Charles; but at a meeting of Presbytery held on 15th July, four days before the Prince cast anchor in Lochnanuagh—the minister of Ardnamurchan reported "that the charity school in this parish has been vacant since Whitsunday last by the voluntary desertion of Alexander Macdonald, the former schoolmaster of this country." In the same way it has been assumed that he joined the Church of Rome to please the Prince; but the part he took with prominent Roman Catholics against the ex-priest in 1744, seems to indicate that secretly, if not openly, he believed in the doctrines of that Church even before he ceased to be catechist and teacher. At the same time it is right to note that in the preface to the *Gaelic and English Vocabulary*, published in 1741, he speaks in the highest terms of the work of the Protestant Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, and places "Popish Emissaries" among the evils from which the Highlands then suffered.

"In the Highland army Macdonald held a commission, and

was looked upon as a kind of poet-laureate to the Prince. "He was," observes Mackenzie of the *Beauties*, "the Tyrtæus of his army. His spirit-stirring and soul-inspiring strains roused and inflamed the breasts of his men. His warlike songs manifested how heartily he enlisted in, and how sanguine he was of the success of the undertaking." After Culloden he concealed himself for a time in the recesses of his country; and on the passing of the Indemnity Act, he received from Clanranald the office of Bailie of the Island of Canna—a position which he occupied when, in 1751, he published the first edition of his poems. He subsequently resided in Knoidart, and thereafter in Arisaig, where he is said to have closed his mortal career at a good old age. If we may credit Dr Scott's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ* (part V. p. 81), he was addicted to the use of opium, and died in a lunatic asylum; but in his day neither opium nor lunatic asylums were plentiful in the Highlands, and this story is highly improbable.

I have now fulfilled the object which I placed before me in commencing this paper; and if some of the circumstances which, in the interests of truthful historical enquiry, I have considered it necessary to relate, are unsavoury and unpleasant, they throw considerable light on the state of society in the Western Highlands during the first half of the eighteenth century; and for that reason, if for no other, they ought not to be suppressed. But in considering them we must keep in view that these presbyterial records, however accurate, only exhibit the worst phases of life. So long as a man lived without reproach no notice was taken of him; but if he chanced to lapse from the paths of rectitude, he was cited before the Church Courts, which faithfully chronicled the particulars of his sin. And that there was much goodness, and kindliness, and true chivalry within the bounds of the Presbytery of Mull, even in the stormy times of which I have been speaking, is not difficult to prove. When, for instance, the Church of Scotland was in the heat of that ecclesiastical conflict with Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, the most momentous event of which was the secession of 1733, the Presbytery of Mull showed an example of Christian charity and tolerance which it is unfortunate others did not follow: they instructed their Commissioners to the General Assembly to "side the most moderate party with respect to Mr Erskine's affair, as it is our opinion that if he be chargeable with nothing but defending the rights of the Christian people in the choice of their pastor, he ought to be treated with all tenderness and charity by such as differ from him and his adherents."

Then the Laird of Kinlochmoidart, who prosecuted Mr

Francis Macdonald, and who, in 1746, laid down his life for Prince Charles, on the Gallows Hill of Carlisle, was the hero of the beautiful story thus told by Sir Walter Scott in his first note to the "Monastery." "In the civil war of 1745-6, a party of Highlanders, under a chieftain of rank, came to Rose Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Carlisle, but then occupied by the family of Squire Dacre of Cumberland. They demanded quarters, which, of course, were not to be refused to armed men of a strange attire and unknown language. But the domestic represented to the captain of the mountaineers, that the lady of the mansion had been just delivered of a daughter, and expressed her hope that, under these circumstances, his party would give as little trouble as possible. "God forbid," said the gallant chief, "that I or mine should be the means of adding to a lady's inconvenience at such a time. May I request to see the infant?" The child was brought, and the Highlander, taking his cockade out of his bonnet, and pinning it on the child's breast: "That will be a token," he said, "to any of our people who may come hither, that Donald Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart has taken the family of Rose Castle under his protection." "The lady," adds Sir Walter, "who received, in infancy, this gage of Highland protection, is now Mary, Lady Clark of Pennycuik; and on the 10th of June still wears the cockade, which was pinned on her breast, with a white rose as a kindred decoration."

And, without further multiplying examples, you will find in the poems which Mac Mhaigstir Alastair wrote amid the hardships and distractions of his life, a grandeur of conception, a nobleness of sentiment, a power and felicity of language, and a richness of description, which would do credit to any nation in any age.

After the above paper was read before the Society, Mr Colin Chisholm communicated with the Rev. Charles Macdonald, C.C., Moidart, regarding the bard's place of burial, &c., and in reply he received the following letter :—

MINGARRY, MOIDART, 1st June 1885.

My Dear Sir,—The constant tradition here, and in Arisaig, is that the bard, Alastair Mac Mhaighstir Alastair, was buried in Arisaig. After leaving Knoydart he settled in Arisaig. For some time he was living at Strath-Arisaig; then at a place between

Camus-an-talamhainn and Rhu; finally he removed to Sanntaig, and it was at Sanntaig that he died. His remains were buried in the Arisaig Church-yard, close by the present Catholic Church of St Mary's.

John Macdonald, an old man, living near me, tells me that he was born on the very spot where the bard died, but not in the same house. This house, being probably a turf one, had fallen down, but John's grandfather, or father, built another of the same kind on the identical spot. I have examined into this account, and find that there is no reason to doubt it.

The old people add that on the night preceding the bard's death, two young men, belonging to Arisaig, had been sent to watch by his bedside, and to assist him in his last moments. These young persons were rather disappointed at the duty imposed upon them, because it prevented them from taking part in the rejoicings connected with a wedding which was taking place that night at Strath-Arisaig, and at which most of the country people were present. To relieve the monotony of their duty, they began reciting songs, and made an attempt at composing something of their own. The bard, who had been listening to their efforts, made some remarks upon their want of success. Fearing, however, that they might feel hurt or ashamed at what he had said, he helped them with a few verses of his own making. He had scarcely done this when he fell back on the pillow and expired.

The bard's father, Maighstear Alastair, is buried at Eilean Fhionan. Miss Bell Macdonald, Dalelea, who lived at Dalelea House before the Rhu Family came to Moidart, used to tell the younger people that the minister's body was under a monument having a skeleton (hideous enough) sculptured on it. This Miss Bell knew more of our local traditions than any other person in her time, and I have no doubt that she was correct in this.—Yours faithfully,

CHARLES MACDONALD.

25TH FEBRUARY 1885.

On this date Mr John Macdonald, merchant, The Exchange, read a paper on the Social Condition of the Highlands. It was as follows:—

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE HIGHLANDS—SECOND PAPER.*

He knows but little, I think, of Highland history who does not admit and deplore the absence in our day of some of those splendid elements of character, the kindly feelings of mutual confidence that bound the people to each other and all to their chiefs, the conditions of life and surroundings under which the people lived, so favourable as these were to the strengthening of those ties and the development of those traits of character for which our ancestors were distinguished. Contrast those times with the present, and look upon the almost distracted condition of the Highlands—agricultural and almost every other industry on the verge of ruin; and instead of the old feelings of mutual confidence and attachment to their chiefs, you have almost everywhere a discontented people, in some districts at open variance with their proprietors, the natural successors of those to whom in a former age they were so firmly attached. Look at the wilderness aspect of those straths and glens, which even in times and under circumstances less favourable to agriculture and stock-rearing in the Highlands, supported thriving contented communities. Look at the uncomfortable condition of the landless masses, who either struggle on patches of unsuitable soil or form the unproductive populations of the towns and sea-coast villages; and I think it must be admitted that whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the causes and remedies, there can be no difference of opinion as to the fact that the social condition of the Highlands is not satisfactory, and contrasts unfavourably with the past, in days not long gone by.

PAST GRIEVANCES AND WRONGS.

It is sometimes said that the mere rehearsal of grievances and wrongs, which, to say the least, originated in a past age, and for which a past and departed generation is mainly responsible, is neither fair nor of much practical effect towards having those grievances remedied. To this it may be replied that could there now be traced on the part of the Highland landowners, or that section of the public press which supports their past policy, symptoms of a generous acknowledgment of those wrongs, and a desire to trace the present agitated state of the Highlands to something

* For the first paper on the same subject by Mr Macdonald, see Transactions, Volume X., p. 239.

like the natural causes, then, I say, we might be expected to (and readily would) draw a veil over much of what is regretable and even discreditable in the past treatment of the Highlanders. We might then be asked from henceforth to say nothing more about the clearing of the straths and glens, or that purely commercial policy which, to make room for sheep and deer, drove the best of the people into exile, or to the morally as well as physically unhealthy atmosphere of the towns.

Where, however, in all the public utterances of landlords and that section of the press just referred to, do we find a trace of such an acknowledgment? On the contrary, is not the present unfortunate social condition of the Highlands attempted to be traced to almost every cause and influence except those which will by-and-bye be found the real ones?

LOCHIEL'S RECENT UTTERANCES.

In illustration of this, perhaps I may be allowed to refer to that excellent and sympathetic address recently delivered to this Society by our late chief, Lochiel. It may be taken as representing the views of the best and most sympathetic among our Highland lairds. In the efforts that must soon be made to heal the breach that apparently in the Highlands is widening between the owners and occupiers of the soil, Lochiel's expressed opinions must always deservedly exert a most important influence. In dealing, in that address, with the present agitation in the Highlands, he, however, as I humbly think, falls into two common errors. He under-estimates its importance and traces its origin to circumstances and incidents by far too recent and local in their character. He says—

"The history of the agitation in the North is short. It began not a very long time ago. It was insinuated by the quasi famine, owing to the bad harvest of 1882, and was brought into more prominence by debates in the House of Commons, and it finally received more notoriety by the appointment of the Royal Com mission."

This short and ready explanation of the present condition of the Highlands is not satisfactory to many who have given the subject some earnest impartial attention. Many—and their number is increasing—believe that the present agitation originated not two years or twenty years ago, but that it originated many years ago along with, or rather out of, that policy of the depopulation of the rural districts which so much altered and disturbed the social life of the Highlands. Every small holding extinguished so

as to increase the size of the big sheep farm, every acre of ground thrown out of cultivation to increase the dimensions of deer forests —these, and not a recent bad harvest, were the incidents that helped to develop it; and what more than the appointment of the Royal Commissioners gave this agitation its recent activity and notoriety, is the development of Mr Winans' deer forest, which, not content by the swallowing of thousands of acres of good land stretching from the East to the West Coast of Scotland, threatens to clear off the land of their ancestors the entire community of crofters and cottars, not even tolerating the bleat of Murdo Macrae's pet lamb on the fringe of this huge forest. These matters surely had, and have, something to do with the present condition of the North; and yet in Lochiel's excellent speech they found not a single reference.

OTHER CRITICISMS OF THE AGITATION.

There is, however, another class of speakers and writers who, when dealing with the present state of the Highlands, not only ignore the primary causes of the present trouble, but assume a tone and give expression to sentiments that certainly are not calculated to soothe the irritations that unhappily exist. I refer to those who profess to see in this movement an agitation originated and fostered by external influences only. By such critics those who venture to condemn the depopulating of the past, or demand the redress of present grievances, are branded as outside agitators, actuated by selfish and unworthy motives. Now, although the history of this movement warranted this tone and these insinuations in a greater measure than it does, I think it is an exceedingly ill-advised method of dealing with such a social agitation, especially among Highlanders. To attempt to suppress a constitutional agitation for the remedy of recognised and well-defined grievances by mere bullying; to drag the names of respectable and loyal citizens who express sympathy with the people through the press in columns of sarcasm and ridicule, is as foolish as it is unfair. Such treatment has a two-fold pernicious effect on this or any similar movement; it deprives the agitation of the advice and influence of many who, while quite in sympathy, are too sensitive to face the sneers and sarcasms to which connection with such a movement exposes them. But this is not all, for just in proportion as the more sensitive (not unfrequently the more real) people are alienated, in the same ratio does the control and guidance of the agitation fall into the hands of those whose personal feelings are not so sensitive, and who on that very account will, in

the final adjustment, show less regard to the feelings and interests of the other party in the conflict.

I do not know that there are many lessons that the modern history of Europe teaches more forcibly than this, or an error more frequently repeated in dealing with agitations for the redress of social and political wrongs.

After references to the case of France and of Ireland, the speaker proceeded :—

It is to be hoped, indeed, from the past history and character of the Highland people, we may say it is absolutely certain, that this Highland movement will never show any trace of similarity to that of France or Ireland. At the same time, I hesitate not to say that should this agitation in the future develop a more objectionable tendency, the responsibility will rest on the apathy of those who are now appealed to for reasonable remedies. To any one who has given the least attention to the past history of the Highlands, the theory that the present agitation and the unfortunate relationships existing in some places between proprietors and people is the mere outcome of outside influences and agitators, is as unlikely as it is absurd.

REAL ORIGIN OF THE AGITATION.

The present agitation would never have originated, far less assumed its present importance, did there not exist in the conditions and surroundings of the people abundance of that material on which such agitations flourish. The feelings and sentiments of a people, especially the Highland people, towards their superiors and landlords could never have undergone such a manifest change at the bidding of any outsider, however influential, or under the promise of rewards, however tempting. A little less than a century and a half ago the powerful influence and threats of the English Government was brought to bear on the Highlanders to induce or compel them to turn their backs on their chiefs and the cause they supported. What a strange contrast does the conduct of the people of that time present to the present. Then neither the threats, the promises, nor the dazzling reward of £30,000 offered by the Government, would induce the men and women of Skye to forsake their chiefs or the prince whom they believed to be their sovereign. Now the scene is changed, and the Central Government has to send the military to Skye to enforce those obligations which, in a former age, no pressure or reward would induce the people to violate. Such a change as this indicates in the temper and relationship of proprietor and people affords surely food for reflection, not

only to the proprietors, but to the nation as well. When troubles surround our wide-spread interests abroad, and when even still more alarming dangers manifest themselves in our large towns at home, it is surely not a time to alienate the affections of a people always the most loyal and law-abiding—a people who have more than once proved the country's protection in the hour of need.

In the face of the abuse heaped on those who now venture to sympathise with the present grievances, and condemn the policy which has so depopulated the rural districts in the Highlands, it may not be out of place to notice that, if they err, it is in the company of many with whom it is no small honour to have any association whatever.

That the Highland people have got but scant justice has been quite as earnestly expressed in the past as it is in the present day; and that by men and women with whom, in point of culture, patriotism, and sound sense, the modern critics will bear no comparison. Nearly a century ago, and just when in the new departure in the Highlands sheep and deer were replacing men, that lady of culture, Mrs Grant of Laggan, in some of those splendid "Letters from the Mountains," took occasion to denounce the clearances, and express her sympathy with the people. General Stewart of Garth, who thoroughly appreciated the character of the Highlanders and their military value to the nation, reiterated the same opinions. Hugh Miller, whose deep philosophical mind and scientific mode of thinking and writing would surely place him above suspicion as a mere agitator, saw the wrongs inflicted on the people, and denounced them in the severest language. The Macleods of Morven wept and sung melancholy dirges over the desolations that surrounded their once populous parishes. And what shall I say of that brave and gallant youth who, to the grief of his countrymen, recently lost his life in that struggle that has now cast such a halo of melancholy interest over the Soudan. In John A. Cameron, of the *Standard*, the Highlanders lost their latest and best friend. His life, short as it has been, was far too real to allow vague theories and sentiments have for him any attraction, and yet his chivalrous nature responded to some of the grievances of his native Highlands. During the earlier troubles in Skye his stirring letters to the *Standard* newspaper gave the social condition of the North an interest to the higher circles of English society that it never had before, and from the publicity thus obtained good will follow. Some of his latest literary work before leaving for the Nile were, I think, papers in some of the magazines bearing on Highland subjects. In one of these he

drew public attention to the degenerating composition of the Highland regiments, deploring that some of these were fast becoming Highland in name only, by the necessity of filling the ranks from the large towns. Another, a paper entitled "Storm Clouds in the Highlands," is full of melancholy interest, giving ample promise that had he lived the best interests of his native Highlands would have in him an earnest advocate. If it were really necessary to say more to vindicate the justice of the claims made on behalf of the Highlands by referring at greater length to the character of those who in the past as well as the present recognised and advocated those claims, I might furnish you with a list long enough of Scotchmen and Englishmen whose very names and association with this movement should protect it from the harsh criticism we are so accustomed to hear. When the critics and newspapers who ridicule the efforts of those who in the present day advocate land law reform in the Highlands shall be forgotten, a future age will set its proper value on the services rendered by such men as Professor Blackie, Mackay of Hereford, and the ever-increasing band who are at present fighting the people's battle. I would not refer to this matter so much for the more object of indicating the character and motives of the Highlanders and their public friends, even if this were necessary, as it is not, but I avail myself of this opportunity of protesting against harsh and unfair insinuations on public grounds, and in the interest of law and order throughout the Highlands, and as such criticism has a tendency to irritate and rouse feelings once awakened not so easily calmed down.

It is hardly necessary for me here to say that the greatest obstacle in the way of social reform in the Highlands at present is the conduct of those of the people who, in their efforts to obtain redress, do not strictly adhere to constitutional and peaceable means, and who, while able to do so, refuse to discharge obligations which honour and morality demand. Highlanders should at this time in particular remember that every act of lawlessness, as well as every unreasonable demand, throws discredit on their movement, and frustrates the best efforts of their friends.

Let me now assume that what I have so far been pointing out is to a certain extent at least correct; let me take for granted that you admit that there are in the circumstances and surroundings of the people grievances that call for remedies; let the characters and motives of those who advocate those remedies be at least respected; let landlords and factors, county officials, and a section of the press, for a time at least, sheathe those weapons of cold indifference and active irritation which have hitherto marked

their attitude towards this movement; and then, and not till then, I venture to say a foundation has been obtained on which good will and mutual co-operation may yet build a future of peace and prosperity for the Highlands.

CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE LEGISLATURE, PROPRIETORS, AND THE PEOPLE.

I say mutual co-operation, for if the present condition of the Highlands is to be improved, three parties must co-operate, each fulfilling their respective obligations—the Legislature, the proprietors, and the people. Speaking generally, this combined action must tend in the immediate direction of gradually reversing the policy which has for so long influenced land legislation, estate management, and the system of agriculture in the North.

The unnatural exodus of the people from the rural districts into the large towns and villages must be stopped: not by any arbitrary or artificial means, but by creating in the rural districts conditions of life and surroundings more attractive than at present exist. This process of clearing the people from the rural districts, and the natural effect of rapidly increasing the population of the towns, is unhealthy and dangerous. The whole tendency of the present land laws and systems of estate management encourages this process. What of the land that is not idle and unproductive is year by year passing into fewer hands; there is thus less labour needed and less food produced. A first step in the right direction would, I think, be the immediate alteration of those laws of entail and primogeniture that at present bind up so much land in the nominal hands of those who have neither the power or the means to develop its resources. A veto must at the same time be put on the further increase of deer forests, or such other arrangements as withdraws the land from its proper use, and limits the quantity.

Without the active interference of the Legislature, I think that from the present state of agriculture in this country, and the evident collapse of the past system of large farms, the good practical sense of the proprietors will encourage an immediate increase in the number and size of small holdings. Legislation must, however, give the tenant a tangible security of tenure, and an undoubted claim to whatever improvements he makes or additional value he adds to his holding, with a perfect right to dispose of his interest in the same to the best advantage. In connection with this, it is often said that security of tenure with or without leases already exists on most estates in the Highlands. In reply to this,

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it need only be said that that security of tenure a man holds dependent on the goodwill of his proprietor or the customs of the estate, is by far too unsatisfactory and precarious, compared with that security established by law. A change of proprietorship, a mere dispute with one of the estate officials, may disturb the former, while the latter is dependent only on his proper performance of his lawful obligations, and is much more conducive to independence and a greater incentive to industry. Placed in a satisfactory position in his tenure and in his rights to his improvements, I do not know that it would be desirable to fix rents by legal processes such as the proposed land courts. This, I fear, would tend to create new difficulties, and lead to frequent and expensive litigation, adding to the objectionable extent to which our social and business arrangements are already in lawyers' hands. An agricultural holding, like other places of business, must always be more or less affected by other circumstances than the position and nature of the soil, such as the amount of industry and intelligence brought to bear upon it; and no land court, however impartial, can on the whole so surely and safely determine the value of such holdings as the healthy action of the natural law of supply and demand.

LIMITED AREA OF LAND—DEER FORESTS.

Here, however, we are at once confronted with the great difficulty in the Highlands, the limited quantity of land available for the multiplication of small holdings. At present the tenant looking out for such is placed at an enormous disadvantage; he has to make terms for a commodity the value of which is naturally increased, and the supply of which is restricted by the long operation of unhealthy influences. This, however, is surely a difficulty that the wisdom of Parliament and the proprietors ought to be competent to deal with. The unprofitable history of large farms for the past few years, and the greater success attending the smaller holdings, clearly indicate that even in the interest of the rent-roll the increase in the number of the latter is advisable. The alternative of deer foresting large farms falling vacant, so much acted on of late, is one not in favour with popular opinion—in fact, it is not only in the rural districts but in the large towns becoming regarded as a social evil, limiting the food-producing capacity of the country. Any one who studies the signs of the times can see that "the coming democracy" has its eye on this and similar alienation of land, and if these matters once become the subjects of practical legislation, we may depend upon it that the

reforms effected will be much more drastic than the reasonable concessions that are now demanded.

DIFFICULTY OF STOCKING SMALL HOLDINGS.

But let me now suppose that the difficulty of the present limited area of land available for small holdings be got over by the voluntary breaking up of the large farms and the compulsory curtailment of deer forests, we are again confronted with the next difficulty, the want of means on the part of the great body of the people to stock such holdings. Now, every one admits that in the present condition of the Highlands this is a difficulty, but I cannot help thinking that it is a difficulty to some extent exaggerated, and a difficulty very much occasioned by the policy of the past, for which the people are less responsible than is usually admitted. On this account, the inability of the people to stock the land ought to be referred to in a more kindly and considerate manner than is sometimes done. If many of our Highland people have not the means to stock the land with, we must not forget that they once had means, and stock too, but in many instances by the sudden evictions from their holdings, they were compelled to part with stock at little value, and the want of subsequent employment soon dissipated the little means that the expenses of removal left.

In their present condition, however, the difficulty of want of capital is surely not insurmountable. Once let the Highland crofter have security in his tenure, and a legal right to whatever increase of value he gives his holding in the form of stocks or other improvements, and I am bound to say that the necessary aid will be forthcoming when required.

INVESTMENTS OF CAPITAL IN SMALL HOLDINGS.

To the merchant, the banker, and capitalist there is no safer investment than the requirements of the holders of moderately sized holdings on such secure footing as I have indicated. The scale of their operations does not expose them to the risks and expenses attending a more extensive system. The circumstances are better known to themselves and more readily ascertained by those who have dealings with them. Money invested on the security of industrious Highland small farmers and crofters, and thus employed in developing the resources of the Highlands, is surely as safe and well employed as in those foreign securities that have within recent years swallowed up so much of even Highland capital. I am told on reliable authority that within a

few years back considerably over a quarter of a million of money has been lost to Inverness and neighbourhood in investments of this class—surely a strong argument for seeking safer and more creditable investments at home.

For the investment of such capital, the Highlands at this moment offer a wide, profitable, and patriotic field. The food-producing powers of this country are being neglected, so that year by year we are becoming more and more dangerously dependent on foreign supplies. Not only in the towns, but in country villages and rural districts, the people almost live entirely on foreign food, and not only those commodities for the production of which our soil and climate are unsuitable, but those articles which could be grown and produced in this country better than in almost any other. Every shilling's worth of such food imported is so much added to the wealth of the nation we buy from, and is equally so much reduction in the wealth of our own. With, I suppose, about 35,000,000 of people in this country to provide food for, the British agriculturist has a wide field for the sale of his produce. If, as I have said before, we make a large allowance for such articles for the production of which our climate and circumstances may not be suitable, and in the position to compete with the foreign farmer, there is still a wide field in other articles in the production of which the British farmer, and particularly the Highland crofter, might profitably compete.

In a magazine the other day I came across some statistics of foreign food importations that in the present condition of this country generally, and in the Highlands particularly, were almost staggering. This writer, quoting reliable Board of Trade statistics, says that we import annually, apart from wheat and other kinds of grain, over £38,000,000 in articles that could easily and profitably be produced at home. I shall only mention a few of these, and in round numbers:—

Pork, cured and fresh	£8,000,000
Butter	11,400,000
Cheese	4,700,000
Eggs	2,400,000
Lard	1,800,000
Onions	1,000,000
Potatoes	130,000

And ten other articles of a similar class. Now, if we have in this country, and in the Highlands particularly, the two great factors in food production, the land and the people, is it too much to say

that if not in the interests of the people themselves, then in the wider interests of the nation, these two should be brought together.

We must not forget, however, that other remedies are proposed for the improvement of the social condition of the Highlands, and to one of these in particular I wish to draw your special attention. It is, you are aware, proposed that it would be better for us to buy our food from abroad than produce it at home, and the people are asked to improve their condition by emigrating to other lands. I shall not take up your time at present by refering to the fallacy of the former remedy, but I have a word to say as to the latter. I am not going to disparage emigration as a powerful and often successful means in improving the condition of the people; and when carried out under such favourable circumstances and generosity of spirit as seem to be the case on the estates of Lady Gordon Cathcart, I think such a remedy is deserving of praise. I confess, however, that I look with grave suspicion on many of the emigratory proposals now made to the Highlands. We have seen over and over throughout the Highlands that emigration, on however large a scale from a given district, does not improve the condition of those who are left, as the land thus vacated is not appropriated to them. In cases like these, emigration, as a remedy, is only a mockery. Districts might be named where the present population is only a percentage of what it once was; and yet the condition of the remnant left is worse than in the days of alleged congestion. This indiscriminate emigration from the Highlands may be one of the causes of the present poverty. From an industrial point of view the best portion of the population are driven away—the young, the active, and the more intelligent—leaving behind those less able to do for themselves. The former, to become our keenest competitors in the productive industries of other lands; while the latter become year by year the unproductive classes at home. Looking at the matter broadly, and in the light of much of what has come under my own observation, I am not sure that the glowing prospects of the successful career of the Highland emigrant is too often realised, at least in the measure expected. Of course there are many instances of emigrants getting on well in the land of their adoption; but, at the same time, I suspect that there are many cases of emigrants suffering privations, hardships, and ultimate failure, intensified by the absence of the soothing influences of home and kindred; and I suspect that the history of Highland emigration furnishes as many sad tales of this sort as throws a

shade of gloom over the bright side of the picture. Last year a remarkable instance of the uncertainties and hardships attending emigration came under our notice here. I understand that the facts are still under investigation, and may yet attract some attention. Shortly after the troubles that made the "Braes" famous, a body of Skye people (including some of those who were conspicuous in that trial) were induced to emigrate to North Carolina. According to the apparently-truthful story of two of the men who came back to collect as much as would bring home their families, their fares to the port of shipping, as well as their passage to North Carolina, were paid, they knew not by whom. The prospect of plenty work and good wages was held out to them on arrival, with other brighter prospects for the future. On their arrival, however, they discovered to their bitter disappointment that both promises and prospects were a delusion. Where work was obtained, the only wages given was the bare food, and the houses provided were the small one-roomed huts (as one of the men remarked) once occupied by slaves. The 70 emigrants, scattered over the country at long distances from each other, struggled on in the hope of better treatment so long as the means they brought with them lasted. Their condition, however, getting worse instead of better, and the food and the climate telling injuriously on their health, those who could do so left the place. The poor men who told this story in Inverness and other places had no means left to bring back their families. By the kind assistance of some friends and countrymen they have, I trust, by this time been enabled to rescue the remaining members of their families from the desperate condition into which they consider themselves to have been misled. The melancholy tale of the hardships and disappointment experienced by this small band of Skye emigrants is, I suspect, if all were known, not unfrequent in the history of emigration from the Highlands. The sufferings experienced by the earlier emigrants to the North American colonies are matters of history, and when one ponders over such records as these, one is forced to ask the question, is emigration really the only alternative? Can no other means be found to relieve the congestion of population in certain districts in the Highlands by presenting opportunities for migration to other districts where the presence of an industrious people would be a mutual benefit to themselves and the proprietor. What has already been done in this direction gives ample encouragement to do more. Let me give you one instance. Between 30 and 40 years ago a large number of the inhabitants of a Highland glen I know of had to leave owing to the new estate arrangements of large farms char-

acteristic of those times. I suppose that the large majority of those people shared the common fate usually attending such changes, either emigrating or finding shelter in the Lowlands. By what seems to have been a chance more than anything else, however, some 18 or 20 families got a settlement on a piece of not very promising land on the southern side of Knockfarrel, in the neighbourhood of Strathpeffer. Here those families and their descendants formed what I consider a model Highland township. Generously treated as they have been by their noble proprietrix, even in the absence of much early agricultural training, they have, by sheer hard work and industry, converted that patch of comparative moorland into one of the best cultivated and attractive clusters of small holdings to be found in the Highlands. The area of land under cultivation does not, I think, much exceed 150 acres; yet on this limited area has existed for so long almost as large a population as is to be found (holding land at least) in the extensive glen from which they migrated. Perhaps you will allow me to quote the complimentary reference made to this community by their factor, Mr Gunn, Strathpeffer, in his evidence before the Royal Commission:—"It happened that a colony of crofters who were removed from another estate, to the number of eighteen families, applied for this new land, and the Duchess of Sutherland, then Marchioness of Stafford, yielded to their importunities and gave them possession, granting them leases and materials with which to build houses. It is due to these people to say that, with scarcely one exception, they have proved to be excellent tenants in every respect. They are industrious, and farm systematically and well, and of this we have the best evidence in the fact that they pay their rents regularly, and that within the last few years most of them have substantially improved their houses, four of which have lately been slated." To this testimony it may be added, without fear of contradiction, that in their characters, social arrangements, and the discharge of all outside obligations, this little township is a credit to themselves and to the Highlands. Living compactly together, and having common experiences, they have retained among them many of those kindly feelings and mutual interest in each other so characteristic of the Highland people of the past. The old people among them, now almost passed away, were with few exceptions carried back to their native glen, wishing with true Highland instinct to mix their dust with those of their kindred. I have just referred to this case to show that if such comparative success has attended migration of an almost accidental

character, what could, and may still, be done under systematic efforts and greater encouragements. This continual cry about the glories of emigration, with its glowing prospects of wealth and fortunes, and entirely ignoring the possibilities of industrious well-doing at home, has a demoralising effect on the minds of the rising youth of the Highlands. Between the squalid misery so often pictured to us on the estates of Skye, and the ideal wealth of the emigrant, there is a wide field still unoccupied at home, however much that field may be despised by the false teachings of modern political economy. The maximum of happiness is not always found in the effort to amass a fortune any more than in extricating oneself from the toils and privations of poverty; possibly it is more to be found in the medium condition of constant industry reasonably rewarded. A complete reversal of the present agricultural system in the Highlands would bring the people nearer this condition than anything else I can think of. In agricultural and rural occupations perhaps, oftener than in any other, is realised the ideal life of the poet—

> "Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
> Onward through life he goes,
> Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees it close:
> Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose."

And as another of our own poets has beautifully expressed it, there may be more real pleasure and profit in constant industry than in the accumulation of wealth—

> "'Tis the battle, not the prize,
> That fills the hero's heart with joy,
> And industry that bliss supplies
> Which mere possession might destroy."

When legislation will give the Highland people a firmer footing on the land, and place more of it at their disposal; when the present agitation ceases, because its objects shall have been gained; then will arrive a testing time in the history of the Highlands as trying as any through which they have yet passed. If the people are to preserve not only their own reputations, but that of their ancestors, they will face the new and improved condition in a manner that will command respect. When present grievances are remedied there should be no desire to create new or imaginary ones, and there should be an earnest effort made to revive those

feelings of goodwill and confidence—feelings between proprietors and people so happily expressed in the good old motto:—"Clann nan Gaidheal an guaillibh a cheile." Then shall our western isles, our straths and glens, romantic in scenery as well as in history, become once again the home of a people who, while they brook no injustice, will readily acknowledge with gratitude such improvements in their social condition as wise legislation and the prudence of the proprietors may bring about.

4th March 1885.

At the meeting on this date, Duncan Mactavish, of D. Mactavish & Co., High Street, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member. The Secretary then read a paper by Mr Alexander Ross, Alness, on "Sir Robert Munro, VI. Baronet, and XXIV. Baron of Fowlis, who fell at Falkirk." Mr Ross's paper was as follows:—

SIR ROBERT MUNRO.

Sir Robert Munro was the eldest son of Sir Robert Munro, known as the "Blind Baron" of Fowlis. Sir Robert was born on the 24th of August 1684. His military and other achievements, as recorded by the sober pen of Dr Dodderidge, seem fitted to associate rather with the ideas derived from the high conceptions of poetry and romance, than with those which we usually acquire from our experience of real life. He was a gentleman of calm wisdom, determined courage, and unassuming piety. His life resembles a well-wrought drama, the scenes of which become doubly interesting as it hastens to a close. One of Dr Dodderidge's correspondents states that Sir Robert "was noted for the countenance he gave to Divine worship, both in public and in his family, and for the regard which he always expressed for the Word of God and its ministers;" and then adds, "that he was sincere in his friendship, and full of compassion even to the meanest of those around him; remarkable, above most, for his activity in the discharge of any office of friendship, where he had professed it; and for his great exactness in the performances of his promises."

Sir Robert was at an early age sent to Edinburgh University, where he highly distinguished himself. On leaving college, he entered the army as a captain in the Earl of Orkney's Regiment. In 1705, when only 21 years of age, he went to Flanders, where

he served for several years under the famous Duke of Marlborough. It was while serving there that he became acquainted with the celebrated Colonel James Gardiner, then a cornet of Dragoons, and formed with him that strict friendship which death alone terminated. On the peace of 1712, he returned to Scotland, and was elected M.P. for Ross-shire. In Parliament he gave an inflexible opposition to the measures which the Ministry were then taking to subvert the succession to the Crown, and with it, no doubt, the Protestant religion, of which the Royal Family was the strongest barrier.

On the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1715, Sir Robert readily gave his services to the House of Hanover. He immediately raised his clan, and was joined by a body of the Rosses, his company amounting in all to about 600 men. With these in November 1715, he encamped at Alness, and on the 6th of October following he was joined by Lord Reay, with an additional force of 600. He, in conjunction with the Earl of Sutherland and Reay, so harassed a body of 300 Highlanders, who, under the Earl of Seaforth, were on the march to join the insurgents at Perth, that the junction was retarded for nearly two months—a delay which is said to have decided the fate of the Stuart's in Scotland, as it prevented the Earl of Mar from crossing the Forth till the Duke of Argyll had gathered sufficient strength to oppose him. In consequence of his stand for the Government, Sir Robert exposed himself and his estate to the fiercest resentment of the Jacobites, by whom his lands were plundered and destroyed; while others, who pretended to be friends of the Government, saved themselves and their lands by capitulating to the enemy. Being appointed governor of Inverness Castle, Sir Robert, at his own charge, maintained 400 of his clan there till the Rebellion was quelled. And these, together with some other clans, well-affected to George I., kept possession of that important pass, so that the Stuart followers were prevented from making a stand there, after Argyll had dislodged them at Perth.

In 1716 Sir Robert was appointed one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the forfeited estates of the attainted. In this office he strenuously exerted himself to have erected, in the remote parts of the Highlands, parishes which would have their stipends derived from the confiscated estates. "In this manner," says Dr Dodderidge, "the Gospel was preached in places it had not been preached before, and new Presbyteries were formed in counties where discipline and worship of Protestant Churches had before no footing." It is stated that such was the compassion and hu-

manity which attempered his high courage, that by his influence with the Government he performed eminent services to the unfortunate families of those chiefs whose estates were confiscated.

Sir Robert was for thirty years a Member of Parliament for the Wick district of Burghs, during which time he distinguished himself as a consistent friend of both the people and the King, and as an upholder of the religion and liberty of the country. His fidelity and zeal for these had not to be purchased, solicited, or quickened, by personal favours. It continued through all that period unshaken and active, though from 1724, when his appointment as a Commissioner of Inquiry terminated, till 1740, he held no post under the Government. In the latter year, when the country was on the eve of what he deemed a just war, though he had arrived at an age at which the soldier commonly begins to think of retiring from the fatigues of active military life, he quitted the work of the senate for the dangers of the field, and passed a second time into Flanders. He had now held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel for 25 years, and "his heart was too generous and too warm not to accept of the same commission," which was then given him in the Highland regiment. This regiment was the 42nd Royal Highlanders, *Am Freiceadan Dubh*, or Black Watch. Such was his influence over the soldiers under his command, and their admiration of his character, that his spirit and high sense of honour pervaded the whole regiment.

When a guard was granted to the people of Flanders for the protection of their property, they prayed that it should be composed of Sir Robert's Highlanders. Among Sir Robert's papers there is still existing a copy of a letter from the Elector-Palatine to his Envoy at London, desiring him to thank the King of Great Britain, in his name, for the excellent behaviour of the Highland regiment, while they were in his territories, "which," he expressly says, "was owing to the care of Sir Robert Munro, their Lieutenant-Colonel, for whose sake," he adds, "he would for the future always esteem a Scotchman."

Sir Robert and his regiment's gallant behaviour at the Battle of Fontenoy, gained him lasting honour. He was among the first on the field, and having obtained permission from the Duke of Cumberland that his Highlanders should fight after the manner of their country, he surprised the whole army by a display of extraordinary, yet admirable, tactics, directed with the most invincible courage against the enemy. [Mr Ross then described in detail the doings of the regiment at Fontenoy; but as there is an account of that battle in Vol. X. of our Transactions, this part of the paper is omitted.]

As an acknowledgment of Sir Robert Munro's services at Fontenoy, as well as on former occasions, George II. appointed him to succeed General Ponsonby, who was slain at Fontenoy, in the command of the 37th Regiment, which was ordered to Scotland. This regiment took part in the Battle of Falkirk on the 17th of January 1746, where Sir Robert fell, the tragic circumstances of his death displaying still more his indomitable heroism. On that fatal day his regiment was placed upon the left wing of the army; but in the moment of attack it participated in the general panic which had seized the other regiments on the left, and fled, leaving its Colonel surrounded by the Highlanders, alone and unprotected. In this situation Sir Robert was attacked by six men of Lochiel's regiment, and for some time gallantly defended himself with his half-pike. He killed two of his assailants, and would probably have dispatched more, had not a seventh come up and shot him in the groin with a pistol. On falling, the Highlander struck him two blows across the face with his broadsword, which killed him on the spot. His younger brother, Dr Duncan Munro of Obsdale, who had, from fraternal affection, attended him to the field to afford him any medical assistance he might require, seeing his brother so hardly beset, ran to his assistance, but was only in time to witness and to share his fate at the hands of the same Highlander, who, after firing a pistol shot into his breast, cut him down with his claymore. Thus fell the brave and gallant Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis, in the 62nd year of his age. Both his body and of that his brother were next day honourably interred in Falkirk Churchyard, near where they fell, by the Macdonald's who, though engaged in the Rebellion, could not withhold their high regard for the memory of such an honourable and valiant man. The funeral was attended by Prince Charlie and all the Chiefs in the Highland army. His son, Sir Hárry, erected over his grave a large and elaborately-ornamented sarcophagus which is still a conspicuous object, and bears a suitable Latin inscription, detailing the good qualities of the honourable baronet.

At the beginning of the present century many anecdotes concerning Sir Robert were floating among the tenantry of Fowlis, which, if then collected, would have formed a handsome volume. They are all of one character—tints of varied but unequivocal beauty, which animated into colour and semblance of life the faint outlines of heroism traced by Dr Dodderidge. An old man—a Munro—who died eighty years ago, could for hours together narrate the exploits of his chief. He is described as a tall, upright,

greyhaired Highlander, of a warm heart and keen unbending spirit, who fought at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden, and Quebec. One day when describing the closing scene in the life of his almost idolised leader, after pouring out his curse on the dastards who had deserted him at the battle of Falkirk, he started from his seat, and grasping his staff as he burst into tears, exclaimed in a voice smothered by emotion, "Ochoin! Ochoin! had his own folk been there!!"

Sir Robert Munro was an elder in Kiltearn Parish Church, and discharged the duties connected with that office with characteristic conscientiousness and consistency as the Session Records of the parish, still extant, abundantly testify.

On the 29th of October 1724, the parishioners of Kiltearn resolved to give a call to the Rev. John Balfour, minister of Logie-Easter, as successor to the Rev. Hugh Campbell, translated to Kilmuir-Wester on the 21st of February 1721; and Sir Robert, George Munro of Lemlair, John Munro of Milnton, and David Bethune of Culnaskea, were appointed commissioners to prosecute the call before the Synod of Ross and Sutherland. The next notice of the matter is in a minute of the Session Records, dated 4th October 1725, where it is stated that "Colonel Robert Munro reported that he, with the commissioners nominated, had attended the Synod meeting anent the prosecution of Mr Balfour's call to this parish, and that the Synod transported him hither, yet by the appeal made by the heritors of Logie-Easter and the Presbytery of Taine from yr sentence to the next General Assembly of this Church, he found such insurmountable difficulties that they could not expect the obtaining of the said Mr John Balfour, wherefore he asked the Moderator of the Synod to call ane *pro re nata* meeting to recognose their said sentence, which the Moderator agreed to, and appointed the meeting to hold at Cromarty, on the 12th instant." On the suggestion of Sir Robert a deputation was appointed to attend the meeting of Synod, and prosecute the call. Thereafter, he "represented that the desolate state of this parish lay very much at his heart, which was the reasone that he with oyrs (others) joined to call this meeting, in order to concert upon a proper minister for the paroch." The Synod, at its meeting at Cromarty, reversed their former sentence, transporting Mr Balfour to Kiltearn, and, on appeal to the General Assembly, their sentence was confirmed. On the 8th of November following, the session and parishioners met to take steps to fill the vacancy, and unanimously agreed to call the Rev. William Stewart, Inverness. Sir Robert, his brother, Captain

George Munro of Culcairn; George Munro of Lemlair; John Munro of Killichoan (now called Mountrich); and David Bethune of Culnaskea, were appointed commissioners to prosecute the call before the Presbytery of Inverness. Mr Stewart, after some delay, accepted the call; and he was admitted to Kiltearn on the 8th of November 1726. He died on the 10th of October 1729. Sir Robert represented for many years the Presbytery of Dingwall at the General Assembly.

Sir Robert Munro married Mary, daughter of the Hon. Henry Seymour of Woodlands, in Dorsetshire, Speaker of the House of Commons, by his wife, Tregonwell Anderson. Mr Seymour was a lineal descendant of Sir Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, Protector of England from 1547 to 1549—being his great-grandson.

I shall conclude my notice of Sir Robert by a reference to a *fracas* which occurred at Dingwall in 1740, bearing on his election as M.P. for the Northern Burghs. As the law stood then, the retiring Councillors of a burgh chose their successors, and the right of election of members of Parliament for burghs was vested in Town Councils. It was natural therefore that intending candidates for Parliamentary honours should take some interest in municipal elections. Sir Robert knew that the Parliament then existing would in a short time be dissolved, and he resolved to stand for the Northern Burghs. It appears that the majority of the Magistrates and Town Council of Dingwall did not favour Sir Robert's candidature; and, to further his purpose, it is stated that he formed a project, in combination with his brother, Captain George Munro of Culcairn, then Sheriff-Depute of the County of Ross, and several others, to carry off the members of the Council who were opposed to him, and detain them till the election was over, which was to come off at Michaelmas following. The night before the municipal election of Dingwall Councillors, Captain Munro arrived in the burgh, accompanied by about 60 armed men, and surrounded the house where Kenneth Bayne of Tulloch and the other Councillors opposed to Sir Robert were at the time. He immediately took them prisoners, and carried them to Fowlis Castle. Here they were confined for the night, and next morning they were put on board a boat at Fowlis beach, to be taken to Orkney. The vessel had not, however, proceeded far when a terrific storm arose, and the sailors were obliged to run for the shore, and in the fear and confusion the Councillors escaped. They immediately made for Dingwall, where they arrived in time to take part in the municipal election. Sir Robert being informed

of what had happened, repaired at once to Dingwall at the head of 200 armed men, and was there joined by a number of men from Inverness. Having disposed of his men in such a manner as to be fully master of the town, he, with a few chosen men, proceeded to the Council house, took Tulloch and his friends prisoners, carried them to Tain, and placed them in the gaol there where they were detained till the Parliamentary election was over, after which they were set at liberty.

There are two accounts of the incident, taken on precognition, still preserved—one by Tulloch and his friends, and the other by Sir Robert. Tulloch's statement is as follows:—

"Some time preceding the election, Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis, member for Dingwall, etc., Lieutenant-Colonel of the Earl of Crawford's regiment, and at the time Provost of Dingwall, uttered some threats, and renewed those threats in a letter writ by his own hand to Kenneth Bayne of Tulloch, in case the Town Council should not elect his friends. The day before the election, Sir Robert had secretly conveyed to the house of William Fraser a party of 60 or 80 men in full arms; his brother, Culcairn, as a Justice of the Peace, with three other Justices called Munroes, and whose yearly income scarcely deserve a name, had likewise appointed that very day for beginning to repair the roads that lay within a short mile of the town; and, under that pretext, convocated nearly 200 men; who, instead of shovels, spades, and other instruments proper for mending the roads, were likewise armed with guns, swords, and pistols. The party that had been thus secretly conveyed to the town were concealed the morning of the election day in Fraser's barn and office-houses, until Sir Robert came to the house of Alexander Mackenzie (where Kenneth Bayne of Tulloch and nine more of the Council were met, in order to proceed together to the Council-house), and there again renewed his threats, unless such friends as he thought proper to name were brought upon the Council; but as the ten who were then present, and who made up two-thirds of the Council, besides that the office of Dean of Guild had become vacant by the death of Colin Mackenzie, which reduced the Council to 14, seemed unanimously resolved to support the rights of the town, and yield to no arbitrary demands for placing the absolute Government in the hands of any particular man, the furious Sir Robert, after several menaces, left them with these words—'Gentlemen, farewell, every man for himself, and God for us all.' Immediately upon his departure, the Councillors and whole inhabitants were alarmed with seeing 50 or 60 men in

arms rush out from Fraser's Close, under the command of Culcairn and one Douglas, late surgeon in Culcairn's Independent Company, and march straight to Mackenzie's house, where the 10 Councillors were met, and, without knowing any cause, to find the doors of the house broken open, and the whole Councillors carried away by an armed force. Mr Mackenzie's wife offering to go into the room, was drawn backwards by the cuff of the neck down a narrow turnpike stair, by which she was severely hurt and bruised. When the Councillors demanded to know for what cause they were so roughly used, five men appear as messengers, and apprehend so many of the Council; another collars a sixth, in virtue of a pretended warrant from the same Justices of the Peace, whose names have been already mentioned; but when the Councillors desire to see the several captions, and the warrant, and under form of instrument require to know for what sums, or at whose instance the captions are, and what cause was expressed in the warrant; declaring that they were ready instantly to pay any sums that should be contained in the captions, and likewise to find immediate bail to answer whatever was laid in the warrant; each of these, by order of Culcairn, is refused, and they are dragged out of town: while Sir Robert's butler was sent express to call the 200 men, convocated under the pretence of mending the roads, to join the cavalcade; and so many of the Councillors, from debts contained in these sham captions, several of which were actually suspended, and the suspension duly intimated, were carried prisoners in triumph to Tayne, sixteen miles distant; and the whole Councillors forced to forsake the town. The Councillors being thus removed, Sir Robert Munro, Mr Duncan, his brother, with two others who were in his party, proceeded to the Council-house, and made an election; which the other ten Councillers, with the Town-Clerk, having the books of the town, had done some short time before the alarm was brought that Culcairn and Douglas were marching at the head of their banditti to assault them. And scarcely had Sir Robert's election been over, when twenty or thirty of the armed men, who had left the town, returned, and found the Councillors' wives, and others of their female friends, not six men of the town being then in it, calling to Sir Robert to return their husbands and their friends; whilst he and Culcairn answered their complaints, by renouncing all title to common humanity, and ordering their banditti 'to fire sharp shot, east and west, to clear the street.' And these orders were accordingly obeyed, and thereby one boy of ten years of age was shot in the forehead, another shot at the mouth, the ball lodging in the root

of his tongue; and several women were wounded, particularly the wife of Alexander Mackenzie, who is since dead of her wounds, one in the cuff of the neck, which, according to the surgeon's declaration who dressed her wound, was large enough for him to turn his thumb in; and several other women are now lying in so dangerous a way that their lives are despaired of. In short, nothing but the shrieks and cries of women in the agonies of death were to be heard, while the streets were running blood, and to such a height did these barbarities proceed, that upon Sir Robert and Culcairn being told that Mrs Mackenzie was mortally wounded, their answer was, it would do her good to lose some of her foul blood."

Such is the account of the affair as given by Tulloch's party: the following is that given by Sir Robert Munro and his friends: —"On the 30th of September (the election day), five of the King's Messengers required Capt. George Munro of Culcairn, as Sheriff-depute, in terms of the will of letters of caption, to give his assistance in putting the same to execution, they having had certain information that the rebels had convocated a numerous body of men and women, and fortified themselves in and about the house of Alexander Mackenzie, vintner in Dingwall. Accordingly, the Sheriff, with about 10 or 12 in his company, attended with five messengers, who had each of them six assistants and no more, went to Mackenzie's house about ten before noon; where they observed a great mob and convocation of people; by whom they were assaulted, invaded, and opposed with stones and staves, in the discharge of their office, to the effusion of blood. During this tumult Mrs Mackenzie, the landlady, appearing extremely active, was in the calmest manner entreated by Culcairn to keep within doors lest she should be hurt, he having stood all the time in the close, and neither entered the house nor approached the stair leading to the room, where the messengers had by that time apprehended only three persons, viz., Bayne of Tulloch, Bayne of Delnie, and William Macneill, mason in Dingwall; and having brought their prisoners to the street, they (although the proclamation against riots were read) were attacked with stones, clubs, and batons, from a numerous mob, to the number of 200 to 300, who pursued the messengers for more than a mile out of the town, and wounded most of the messengers and their party; during which interval the town was in peace and quiet. But the mob despairing of rescuing the prisoners, returned to the town, and increasing their numbers, from the tenants of the neighbouring ground, to betwixt 300 and 400, they beset the house of Bailie William

Fraser, where Sir Robert and Captain Munro, with several other gentlemen were, and set fire to the straw-thatch of the house, on the alarm of which, Sir Robert and the gentlemen within the house came to the gate of the close, where a live coal was extinguished, which had been put to the straw-thatch. Then retiring into the house, to avoid any recounter with the mob, and to prevent mischief, they were thereafter alarmed by a servant acquainting them that they were undone, the mob being ready in great numbers to press in upon them from the streets; whereupon, the Sheriff, with Sir Robert, the Provost, and the two Bailies of the town, went to the close, and from that to the gate leading to the street, where the Sheriff read the proclamation against mobs, explained the same in Irish, and he and the rest of the gentlemen used their utmost endeavours to sooth and mollify them; but, instead of that, with greater rage, and uttering dreadful menaces, they attacked the gentlemen, pouring vollies of stones into the close where they were standing, particularly from a stairhead overlooking the close on the west, and over the roof of the house from the street, by which several were hurt, and the gentlemen obliged to retire to a low room in Bailie Fraser's house, which had no access or communication to the street either by door or window, in which place they continued confined and besieged for about two hours, during which time the windows of the storey above where they had been sitting were broken down by the stones thrown at them by the mob. Whilst thus pinned up, and apprehending every moment to be put to death, they got what arms they could for their defence, but they fired no shot that day, a part of the said arms being a blunderbus without flint or shot. They then heard a report of three shots in the streets; upon which they, in a body, left the room, and came out to the street, where they were informed that about twelve or fourteen men (among whom were three or four constables) with a few arms, but mostly with clubs and staves, were come from the country, upon information of the gentlemen being besieged, and in hazard of their lives; that those men being attacked by the mob, had fired the said three shots, and that they heard Mrs Mackenzie, who is since dead, and one man were wounded; and soon after one of the gentlemen in the company was sent to dress their wounds."

Such is the statement of the affair as given in by, or for, Sir Robert. Both accounts are said to be in terms of two precognitions taken at different times; but Tulloch's party alleged that the witnesses examined on behalf of Sir Robert were his brothers, his

gardener, butler, groom, and certain of his dependents. Warrants were issued by the Justiciary Court for the apprehension of Sir Robert and Captain Munro, and the case set down for trial in Edinburgh, but on Sir Robert's application the trial of the case was removed to the Circuit Court at Inverness. The jury returned a unanimous verdict against Sir Robert and his brother, fining them £200. Sir Robert appealed against this decision, but I have as yet been unable to discover with what result, the old documents from which I have unearthed the above being silent on that point.

11TH MARCH 1885.

On this date, the Secretary read a paper by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., on a Contract of Friendship, dated 1549, between Mackenzie of Kintail, Lord Lovat, and Chisholm of Comar. Sir Kenneth's paper was as follows :—

OLD CONTRACTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

In the sale catalogue of the Abertarff books and papers, which were disposed of at Inverness towards the close of last autumn, I was attracted by the entry, "Contract of friendship, Alexander Lord Lovat and John Chisholm, John Mackenzie, and Kenneth Mackenzie, 2nd May 1549;" and having given a commission for the purchase of this document, I became the possessor of a rather torn and ragged half sheet of foolscap, which was folded and endorsed "Contract of mutuall frendship betwix my Lord Louat and Jone M'Kenze of Kintaill." Internally the writing was in good preservation, except where the paper was torn; but it contained some words in which the characters and abbreviations were almost illegible. As illustrative of the state of society in the Highlands in the middle of the 16th century, it may have an interest for the Gaelic Society of Inverness, one of whose objects is to rescue from oblivion manuscripts bearing on the history of the Gaelic people. The document, which, so far as I am aware, has not hitherto been published, is as follows :—

"At Bewling ye second day of may in ye yeir of God ane thousand vc and xlix yiers it is appointit aggreit & fynale endit betwex ane nobill & potent lord Alexander Lord frayser of Louet Johne Chessolm of Comer on ye tane part and Johne M'Kenze of Kyntaill and Kennocht M'Kenze his sone and apperand ayr on ye toyr part in maner form and effect as eftr followis, that is to say

ye sayd Johne M'Kenze of Kyntaill and Kennocht M'Kenze his sone hes bundin and oblist yam selffis be ye faytht and treutht in yair bodeis ye haly ewangelist tucheit corporly that yai sall defend matayne & tak afald pt wt ye sayd Lord frayser of Louet and Johne Chessolm of Comer in yair querellis quhat sumeuyr in contrar all mortall man ye authorite my Lord of huntlie ye Erle of Suthyrland & James Grant of Fruquhy allanerly exceppit And in lykwyss ye sayd Lord frayser & Johne Chessolm of Comer hes bundin & oblist yam selffis be ye faytht and treutht in yr bodeis ye haly ewangelist tucheit corporly yat yai sall defend matayne and tak afald pt wt ye sayde Johne Mckenze and Kennocht his sone in contrar all man mortall ye authorite my lord of huntlye & ye lard of Balnagowyn allanerle exceppit and yis band of kyndnes mayd becauss of ye tendyrnes & kyndnes qlk hes beyne abefoyr betwex or forbears; and [for observing ?] and keeping and fulfilling of yis or band of kyndnes ye sayd Johne McKenze and Kennocht my sone hes subscribit and selit our part hereof to remane interchengeble wt ye sayd Lord frayser and Johne Chessolm. At Bewling the yeir day effoyr wretin before yir wytness Hewchon Symson off Brigend Alexander Bayne and Sir Wylleam Dow chaplane wt wderis diueress. And in lykwss ye sayds pteis abune wretin hes bundin & oblist yair kyn freynds [and serwands ?] in maner form as is abune wretin.

"Johne McKenze of Kyntail wt my hand led at ye pen
"Kennocht McKenze wt my hand led at ye pen."

Bonds of this nature seem to have been not uncommon at the period when the above contract was entered into. Law received but doubtful recognition, or at least its rule was too frequently superseded by that of might; and men who could not rely on their own strength as sufficient for their protection were glad to purchase the support of their more powerful neighbours, or exemption from their ill-will, or to strengthen the bonds of alliance with their kinsmen and friends. There seem to have been at least three distinct classes of bonds employed for these purposes.

(1) There were bonds of assurance in which one man undertook not to molest another. Thus, on 22nd October 1527, Hector Mackintosh, Captain of the Clan Chattan,* assures Ewen Alanson, Captain of the Clan Cameron, "hymeself, his kyne, party, purcheis and enyrdance, his & thare landis, gudis purcheis and

* Shaw's Mackintoshes and Clan Chatten, p. 198.

enyrdance" up to "ye fest of St Androw nixt to come." We may feel pretty sure that Ewen Alanson would need to keep good watch after the feast of St Andrew, the 30th of November following, but this bond secures him forty night's of peaceful sleep, so far at least as the Clan Chattan were concerned. Bonds of assurance were not always so limited in point of time. In 1593 Hugh Rose of Kilravock received* a bond of assurance from Huntly securing him and his dependents against molestation "be ws, our army, kyn, freyndis or Allane McConill dw off Locheall, Alexr. McRennald of Gargawche, our dependaris, their serwandis, dependaris or awaitteris wpoune thame, in ony maner of way:" and this assurance was to hold good till recalled.

(2) Another class of protective bond was that of manrent given by inferiors to superiors, under which protection was stipulated for, in return for a life-long obligation of military service. This seems to have been very commonly resorted to. It must not be supposed that all bonds of manrent were of this nature. In some the obligation was for menial service, and the stipulated return was a mere matter of wages. There has been preserved a bond† of this kind in which Thomas Davidson binds himself with a servant, to serve Hugh Rose of Kilravock as a gardener for a year, and thereafter if it pleases Kilravock for the rest of his life, receiving therefor during the first year meat for himself and his servant, and four pennies each working day, with a fee of one mark for the servant for the year, and also a chamber to lodge in; thereafter Kilravock, if he retains him, is to build him a house and give him such wages as are usually given to men of his craft. Four pennies a day, or two shillings Scots for six days work, is twopence of our money as weekly wage, while the servant's annual fee was but 1s. 1⅓d. The special feature of bonds of manrent, whether the obligations undertaken were of military or menial service, appears to be that they bound for life to a state of vassalage. They seem to be, indeed, a relic of slavery or serfdom, the manrent service being even assignable.

When Sir Jno. Campbell, brother to Colin, 3rd Earl of Argyll, made good his claim in right of his wife, Lady Muriel Calder, to the Cawdor estates, he found himself far from home and friends. Sheriff Nicolson, quoting Gregory, gives the proverb, "Is fada an éubh o Loch Obha, 'us cobhair o Chlann O'Duibhne," as having originated at a battle in Glenlivat between Huntly and Argyll in

* Kilravock papers, p. 274.
† Kilravock papers, p. 204.

1594. But in the book of the Thanes of Cawdor, where the proverb is given thus, * "S' fhada glaodh o Lochow; s' fhada cobhair o chlann dhoaine" [the last word evidently misspelt], it is said to have originated in a contest for the possession of the person of Lady Muriel Calder in 1500. Campbell of Inverliver had been sent by Archibald, 2nd Earl of Argyll, to take the child from her maternal grandfather at Kilravock, and bring her to Inveraray, Argyll and Kilravock having obtained a gift of tutors dative to her, and Argyll having the ward of her marriage. Inverliver was opposed by two of her uncles, Alexander and Hugh Calder, who overtook him with a superior party at Daltullich, and, pressing him to fight, caused him to utter the ejaculation which has passed into a proverb. Whichever story is true, whether the proverb originated before or after Sir John Campbell's time, there can be little doubt that the idea it expresses, a sense of imminent danger, and of distant relief, might very well have been uppermost in the knight's mind as he took possession of his wife's heritage. It was in these circumstances that his brother, the Earl of Argyll, assigned to him in the year 1522,† "the manrent and seruice of our traist frendis, and seruandis Alexander McAllane McRoyri and Donald Gromach McDonald Gallach and all thar kyne frendis and seruandis that dependis one them, etc." Such an assignation, though rare, is said by Mr Cosmo Innes to be "not without parallel." When bonds of manrent were given by considerable personages, they may sometimes have been compelled to do so by the pressure of circumstances; but quite as frequently such bonds had a commercial character, and were given as a *quid pro quo*, a return for gifts of land or other favours. The bond of the Grants in 1546, which is cited in the footnote,‡ was given by them in consideration of their having been infeft in liferent by Huntly in "his sex dawachs of his landis of Strathoune . . . . with the forest and glen of Glenawne, and keping of the hous and fortalice of Drummyne, togidder with the bailliorye of the lorschipe of Strathoune," and similarly in 1550 the Laird of Fowlis gives his bond of manrent to Huntly "for the quhilk (he says) the said nobill and mychty Lord hes giffen me his bond of mantenans, togidder with the sume of foarte pundis wsuall mone of Scotland to

* Cawdor Papers, p. 104.

† Cawdor Papers, p. 144.

‡ Among the Gordon Castle Papers (Spalding Miscellany IV. p. 214) there is preserved a bond of manrent given in 1546 to Huntly by "us James Grant of Freuchye, and Johnne the Grant, my eldest sone and appearand ayre."

be payit yeirlie induring the said space of my liftyme." There are many bonds extant approaching in character those of manrent, but in which the obligation is not expressly stated to be for life. They are generally between persons more nearly of equal station, and they may be met with, shading imperceptibly into deeds of the next class.

(3) This third class of protective bond is that between friends and equals, of which the transcript from the Abertarff papers is a fair specimen. The chief of Kintail and his son, who were parties to it, are also parties to a much more formal agreement of a similar kind* between them, and Campbell of Cawdor, Grant of Fruquhy, and Ross of Balnagown. This agreement, which is entered into at the Chanonry of Ross January 1545, contains a provision that if any of the parties fail in fulfilling their part thereof, the remainder shall take part against "the brekar fray their consall." It is difficult to understand by what other sanctions such a contract could have been enforced. A breach of its covenants could hardly have formed the ground of a civil action, not to mention that the very fact of such agreements been made, presupposed a state of society in which submission to law was uncertain. In the case of the contract between Lovat, Chisholm, and Kintail, which has been the foundation for these remarks, the covenant is affirmed with an oath on "the haly ewangel," a disregard of which might perhaps have been dealt with ecclesiastically. In 1570 Lord Lovat and Huntly entered into a contract of friendship† for the enforcement of which there is neither oath nor any other visible provision beyond the sanction which mutual interest supplied. Lovat wanted a feu farm of "the landis & names of Beowlyne with the salmond fischeing thereof," etc., and Huntley's influence is promised to obtain this for him from the Abbot of Kinloss. On the other hand, Huntly, who belonged to Queen Mary's party, had to maintain his position in the North against Lennox, who had been appointed Regent by Elizabeth, and wanting all the support he could get, he secures Lovat's aid by this agreement.

On the face of the contract between Lovat and Chisholm "on the tane part," and the two Mackenzies "on the toyr," there is nothing to show why it was entered into, nor does tradition or history so far as I am aware mention any special circumstance which called for a strengthening of alliances on the borders of Ross

* Cawdor Papers, p. 167.

† Spalding Club Miscellany, vol. iv., p. 227.

and Inverness at that particular juncture; and I am inclined to suppose that it may have been with some view of avenging his clan on the Macdonalds, with whom the Mackenzies had a hereditary feud, that Alexander Lord Lovat entered into this agreement. He was the son of Hugh, the fifth Lord, who with his eldest son by his first wife Ann Grant of Freuchy, and with most of his clan, fell in fight with the Macdonalds at the Battle of Blar na Leinne, on Loch-Lochy in 1544. Sir Robert Gordon says that 300 of the blood and surname of Fraser were killed at this battle, * "and there wes a rumor spred that there wes not one of the familie left alyve that was of manes state. Bot it happened by the singular benefite of God, that they left their wyffs with chyld when they went to the feight: by which meanes that familie wes afterwards raised and restored." But as yet five years only had elapsed: the Frasers who, in the interval, had come to man's estate could not have been very numerous, and their Chief might be willing enough to strengthen himself by alliances whether for defence or for vengeance.

Another explanation of this contract may be that it was a token of reconciliation between Lovat and Kintail. Hugh, Master of Lovat, who had been killed at Loch-Lochy, was a son of Ann Grant of Freuchy, and tradition says was left at home intentionally by his father, who did not wish his life endangered. But stung by the taunts of his step-mother, Janet Ross of Balnagown, who wished the succession opened to her own son (the Lovat of this contract), the Master followed his father, and with him lost his life. It might very well be, therefore, that the Grants of Freuchy felt some coldness towards the young Lovat and his mother. John Mackenzie of Kintail was married to one of these Grants (a daughter of John, the tenth laird, says the historian of the Mackenzies), and if so a sister of the deceased Anne Lady Lovat, and aunt of Hugh, who was the victim of his stepmother's taunts. There was thus a reason for coldness between the two families of Lovat and Kintail, which were, nevertheless, closely allied by blood—John of Kintail's mother having been a daughter of Hugh, 3rd Lord Lovat; and it is not unnatural to suppose that as this contract was "made because of the tenderness and kindness which has been before betwixt our forbears," so it bore witness to the close of a temporary estrangement.

This would seem to be the most reasonable explanation, were it not for the introduction of Chisholm as a party to the deed. I have been unable to trace any near connection by blood between

* Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, p. 110.

him and either Lovat or Kintail, and though there had been early alliances between their families, I think he must have been here conjoined with Lovat, rather because his lands, lying interspersed among those of the Frasers, the interests of the two families as regards defence from aggression were inseparable. The contract thus receives the colour of a defensive alliance rather than that of a deed of reconciliation. It may have been both; and the reservation by the Mackenzies of their freedom in the case of quarrel between Lovat and Grant, shows that if there had been a reconciliation between these families, doubts were felt as to its permanence.

The reservations made by each of the parties to the contract are not without interest. Both admit a prior allegiance to "ye authorite," *i.e.* the Crown, and to "my Lord of Huntlie." Huntly was at this time Chancellor of the Kingdom and Earl of Moray, and at a previous time had been her Majesty's Lieutenant-General for the North of Scotland; but "ye authorite" having been already "exceppit," it is evident that Huntly here stands for himself, and not for the Crown. When during the Queen's minority, he held the Lieutenancy of the Northern parts of Scotland, he had obtained a general bond from the nobility and barons of the North,* pledging them to obedience, and to maintenance of the law, and among the names attached to it are those of Lovat, Chisholm, and John Mackenzie of Kintail. Possibly this bond was regarded as one personal to Huntly, but unless his distinctive qualities and hereditary position had secured for him the attachment of the Highland Chiefs, one can hardly suppose that it would have been long regarded as of perpetual obligation.

The Mackenzies further exempt from their part of the agreement the Earl of Sutherland and Grant of Freuchy. The cause for this last has been already mentioned, and Kintail was bound by a bond of manrent of 1545† to the Earl of Sutherland.

On his part, besides the Crown and Huntly, Lovat only excepts from the contract his mother's relative, the Laird of Balnagown.

The document, signed by the Mackenzies, is described as "our part hereof," showing that there was a counterpart signed by Lovat and Chisholm to remain with the Mackenzies. Neither John nor Kenneth Mackenzie could write their own names, a rather unusual circumstance in persons of their degree at that period.

In a deed, cited by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, of the 9th August

* Spalding Club Miscellany, iv. 213.

† Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, p. 134.

1550,* we find the names of the witnesses Hugh Simsonne and William Dow, and we learn that Brigend was Easter Kinmylies, near Inverness.

Perhaps some members of the Society may know where the Brig stood. In a document of this sort there is some interest in filling up local details, and a local association is peculiarly fitted for doing it; but it is as illustrating the nature of social relations in Inverness-shire three centuries ago, that I have brought this interesting contract of friendship under the notice of the Gaelic Society of Inverness; and I hope it may be considered a not unsuitable contribution to the Society's Transactions.

On the same date (11th March 1885) Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Invernesss, gave a paper entitled "Unpublished Old Gaelic Songs, with Illustrative Traditions," which was as follows:—

OLD GAELIC SONGS.

The first song on my list for this evening is one composed by Donald Gobha for the first Glengarry Fencible Regiment. Here I may briefly state that the idea of embodying those Highlanders into a Fencible Regiment originated with the late Right Rev. Bishop Macdonnell of Canada, when he was a young missionary. He procured a meeting at Fort-Augustus in February 1794. An address was drawn up to the King, offering the service of a Catholic Corps, which Glengarry and Fletcher of Dunan handed to the King. A letter of service was received. The missionary was gazetted chaplain to the regiment. The corps volunteered for England, &c. The regiment was disbanded in 1802. In 1804 the Bishop obtained for them patent deeds for one hundred and sixty thousand acres of land in Canada.

ORAN DO REISEAMAID GHLINNEGARAIDH LE DONULL SIOSAL, *i.e.*, DONULL GOBHA.

Na'n deonuich sibh m' eisdeachd,
Bho 'n a dh' fhailig mo gheur orm,
'S na facail a leughainn dhuibh an drasd.

Gu bheil sinn' ann an solas,
Ged tha mnathan fo bhron dhe,
'S tha mo bheachd gur e dochas a's fhearr.

* Invernessiana, p. 222.

Tha iadsan a' caoidh nam macan
Tha triall thun na feachda ;
Cha 'n'eil sinne ga fachdain na'n càs

Ach faigh a nall dhuinn am botal,
Agus glaine no copan,
Gus an ol sinn an deoch s' air an slaint'.

Air slaint' an t-Siosalaich Ghlaisich,
Agus olamaid' as i ;
'S na robh slaint' anns a' phearsa nach traigh.

'S am fear nach ol i gu dubailt,
Call a dheudach 'sa shuil air,
Gus nach leir dha mo dhurachdsa dha.

Ach buaidh is piseach air Uilleam—
Dia ga dhion bho gach cunnart,
'S air gach duine chaidh bhuileachadh dha.

An t-og aigiontach, rioghail,
A chuireadh sgairt fo na miltean ;
'S leat am prasgan is finealt a dh'fhas.

An am a' chatha 's na comh-stri,
'S leat maithean Chloinn-Donuill,
Eadar Uidhist a's comhnard Phort-chlar.

Bha Gleannagaradh dhut dileas
An am cogadh no siochaint,
'S thig Mac-Dhughaill gle chinnteach ad phairt.

'S mar sud a's Clann-Choinnich,
Le'm brataichean soilleir,
'S thig Mac-Shimi na d' choinnimh o'n Aird.

Gur a lionmhor fuil uasal
Tha na d' bhallaibh a' bualadh,
Nach lamh mise an uair s' chur fos 'n aird.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh e thachairt,
Oighre Chomair nam macan,
Dha robh foghlum a's fasanan ard.

Bha thu tighearnail, feilidh,
Gun airce, gun eucoir,
Bha mar leomhan beum-cheannach, garg.

Bha thu iriosal, beachdail,
Gu h-ardanach, smachdail,
Rachadh daicheil am fasan nan arm.

B'ann a dh-fhasan nan Glaiseach
Bhi gu ceannsgalach, gaisgeil,
Le luths lamh gum biodh fachdain aig cach.

'S gur e fasan bu dual dhuibh,
'Nam caitheamh na luaithe,
Bhi gu bras-lamhach, cruadalach, borb.

Gur e suaicneas a bh'aca
An am dhol sios anns na batail
Dealbh an tuirc ann am brataich gun sgath.

Mur bhi ghiorrad 's tha m' eolas,
Chuirinn tuilleadh an ordugh,
Gus gum bitheadh an t-oran na b'fhearr.

Ach ghuidh mi Dia bhi gar seoladh
Anns gach onair an coir dhuibh,
Gus an till sibh air 'ur n-eolas a nall.

In my humble opinion the following version of th composed by Donull Gobha in memory of the "Fair Chisl 1793 is superior to the one published by us last year* ; there are nine additional stanzas in this copy. It has be from Nova Scotia by a gentleman who knows it to be the sung by Strathglass men among whom Donull Gobha li died in Nova Scotia.

ORAN DO SHIOSALACH SHRATHGHLAIS, LE DONULL SIO
i.e., DONULL GOBHA.

Gum beil mulad orm fein,
Chaidh mo chadal an eis,
An diugh cha leir dhomh ach eiginn sgleo.

Bho na ghlasaich mo chiabh,
Agus a sheachdaich mo bhian,
Thug an aiceid so dhiom an fheoil.

Bhuail saighdean mi goirt,
A rinn mo chlaoidh a's mo lot;
Bithidh mi tuilleadh fo sprochd ri m' bheo.

* See Transactions, Vol. X. p. 222.

'S e bas an t-Siosalaich ghleusd'
A bhrist air osnaich mo chleibh,
'S aobhar m' acain thu bhi 'n ceisibh bhord.

'S ann 's a' Mhanachuinn fo'n uir,
Dh' fhag sibh tasgaidh mo ruin,
Am mac, 's an t-athair le'm b'fhiu dhuinn falbh.

Chaill sinn Ruari an aigh,
Fear a dh' fhuasgladh gach càs ;
An diugh cha 'n aithne dhomh aicheadh beo.

Agus Dunnachadh na dheigh,
Bu shar cheannard nan ceud ;
Dh'eug e'n Lunainn, 's mo leir-chreach mhor.

So i bhuille bha cruaidh ;
An t-eug thug Alasdair bhuainn,
Craobh dhe'n abhul a b' uaisle meoir.

Crann seudair nam buadh,
A dh'fhag fir Albainn fo ghruaim,
'Nuair a dh' iundrainn iad bhuath thu, sheoid.

'S iomadh fear a bha 'm breis,
Eadar tuath agus deas,
'S iad fo ghruaim, ann an deiseachan broin.

'S gur a fiosrach tha mi
Gu'n robh meas ort 's gach tir,
Ann am Parlamaid righ 's aig mod.

'Nuair a shuidheadh tu'n cuirt
Bu leat eisdeachd' 's tu b' fhiù ;
Chuireadh d'fhacal gach cuis air seol.

Fhir a dh'oladh an fheisd
Mar bu chuibhidh dha'n treud,
'San teaghlach farsuinn bu shaibhir gloir.

Bha gach fasan a b'fhearr
Ann am pearsa mo ghraidh,
Ach co mhealas an drasd a chot'.

Far 'm biodh fidheal nan teud,
'S a bhi ga'n tathaich le beus,
Piob chruaidh, sgalant, le fileantachd mheoir.

Le fraoch Feadailteach binn,
A's e gu h-airgiodach, grinn
Cha robh an Alba a thug cis do cheoil.

Bho na thoisich an triath
Gun robh ainn dhibh bhi fial,
Eadar Sasunn nan cliar 's an Roimh.

Le bogha dhe'n iubhar le lann,
Cha bu chearbach do 'laimh,
Gum buingneadh tu'n geall 'sa choir.

Leat a chinneadh an t-sealg,
Ann an srath nan damh dearg,
Eadar Fionn-ghleann a's Cioch an fheoir.

Eadar Comar nan allt,
Agus garbh-shlios nam beann,
Eadar Gleann Srath-Farair 's an Caoran-gorm.

Cha b'e dublachadh mail,
A dh' fhag do bhancaichean lan,
Ach an torc-sona bhi ghnath na d' lorg.

Bu leat faghaid nan gleann,
'S fuaim nan gaothar na'n deann,
Fhir a leagadh na maing le sgorr.

Seall gur Gaidhealtachd Glais,
Na dian Galld' i le lagh,
Tuig a comas a's creid mar tha.

Mar tha 'n sean-fhacal ceart—
Mol a' mhachair 's na treabh,
Diomail fasgadh a' phris 's na fag.

Och ! 's mi na m' iomadan truagh,
An diugh ga d' iundrainn 's tu bhuam,
'S mo chul-taic anns an uaigh gun treoir.

Ach mile moladh mar tha,
Gum beil oighre na d' aite,
Friamh dhligheach dhe 'n chraoibh a dh' fhalbh.

Coisinn beannachadh Dhia,
Duine bochd na leig dhiot,
'S thoir lan cheartas do'n fhear a's coir.

Donull Gobha was at a wedding in Comar, Strathglass, where the *elite* of the neighbourhood were assembled. In the evening, after having enjoyed themselves to their heart's content, the guests were wending their way home, when by accident or design the brother of the bridegroom, Iain Mac-Thomais, appeared to a party of the young men, and soon had them inside a *sabhal-feoir*, where he tapped a cask of genuine Ferintosh whisky. Their drinking cup was a two-handled wooden cog (*meadar cluasach*), which was charged and sent round and round again and again until, as Donull Gobha avows in the following couplets, their vision was so much increased that they saw the handles of the cog getting longer and longer, the hoops doubling, and their good opinion of themselves immensely elevated at each successive round of the magic cog!

Dheanainn sugradh ris an nighinn duibh,
Agus éirigh anns a' mhaduinn.
Dheanainn, &c.

Iain 'ic Thomais 'ic Dhaibhidh,
Thug thu cail dhuinn nach robh againn.
Dheanainn, &c.

Cha b' e glaine bheag no strùbag,
Thug thu dhuinn ach cupa' maide.
Dheanainn, &c.

H-uile strachd rachadh mu'n cuairt dheth
Chite chluas a' fas na b'fhaide.
Dheanainn, &c.

'N àite cearcail chit' a dha air,
Barail ard a bha fas againn.
Dheanainn, &c.

Here is a song by Duncan Chisholm, *i.e.*, Donnachadh Buidhe. Duncan, I ought to remark, left his native Strathglass for Nova Scotia early in this century, he, along with his neighbours, having been evicted from their holdings in order to make room for sheep. I am indebted for the words of the song to a gentleman in Nova Scotia, whose father and grandfather I well remember before they left the Brae of Glencannich.

ORAN DHA NA CAOIRICH MHORA.

Ge b'e h-aon rinn an duanag, chaidh e tuathal an tòs,
Nach do chuimhnich na h-uaislean dha 'm bu dual a bhi mòr;
Na'm biodh feum air neart dhaoin' ann an caonaig no'n toir,
'S iad a sheasadh an cruadal, 's lannan cruaidhe na'n dorn.

Na Siosalaich Ghlaiseach bho chaisteal nan arm,
Na suinn a bha tapaidh 'nuair chaisgt' orra 'n fhearg ;
'Nuair theid iad 's a' bhaiteal, cha bu ghealtach an colg,
'S gu'n cuir iad fo'n casan luchd chasagan dearg.

Sibh a bhuaileadh na buillean, 'sa chuireadh an ruaig,
'S a sheasadh ri teine, gun deireas gun ghruaim ;
Na suinn a bha fulangach, curanta, cruaidh,
Nach leigeadh le namhaid an larach thoirt uath'.

La Blar Airidh-Ghuidhein rinn sibh pruthar air sluagh,
Ged bu lionmhor na daoine air 'ur n-aodann 'san uair ;
Cha deachaidh mac mathar dhiubh sabhailte uaith',
'S gu'n do thill sibh a' chreach air a h-ais do'n Taobh-tuath.

'Nuair a dh'eirich na curaidhean curanta, dian,
Gu luath-lamhach, guineach, 's iad ullamh gu gniomh,
Gu'n d' fhag sibh na miltean na'n sineadh air sliabh,
Gun tuigse, gun toinisg, gun anail na'n cliabh.

'Nuair theid iad an ordugh, na h-oganaich gharg,
Cha 'n'eil 's an Roinn-Eorpa na's boidhch' theid fo'n airm ;
'Nuair a gheibheadh sibh ordugh, bu deonach leibh falbh,
'S gu'n déanadh sibh feolach an comh-stri nan arm.

'S ann chunnaic mi 'm prasgan bu taitniche leam,
Eadar bun Allt-na- Glaislig a's braighe Chnochd-fhionn.
Nach leigeadh le namhaid dol dan air an cùl,
Ged tha iad bho'n la sin a' cnamh anns an uir.

Gur a tric tha mi smaointinn air an duthaich a th'ann,
Tha'n diugh fo na caoirich eadar raointean a's ghleann ;
Gun duine bhi lathair dhe'n alach a bh'ann,
Ach coin agus caoirich ga'n slaodadh gu fang.

'S ann tha aobhar a' mhulaid aig na dh' fhuirich 's an ait',
Gun toil-inntinn gun taic ach fo chasan nan Gall ;
Bho'n a dh' fhalbh an luchd-eaglais bha freasdalach dhaibh,
Co a ghabhas an leth-sgeul, 'nuair bhios iad na'n cas ?

Gur lionmhor sonn aluinn chaidh arach bho thus,
An teaghlach an armuinn a bha tamh an Cnochd-fhionn ;
'S bho'n a dh' fhalbh na daoin'-uaisle, chaidh an tuath air an glùn,
'S gu'm beil iad bho'n uair sin gun bhuachaille cuil.

B'iad sud na daoin' uaisle 'sna buachaillean ciuin —
Easbuig Iain 's a bhrathair, a's Iain Ban bha'n Cnochd-fhionn—
Na daoine bha feumail gu reiteachadh cuis;
Chaidh an duthaich an eis bho'n la dh'eug iad na'n triuir.

Dh' fhalbh na Cinn-fheadhna b' fhearr eisdeachd 'sa' chuirt—
An ceann-teaghlaich bu shine dhe'n fhine b' fhearr cliu;
Tha gach aon a bha taitneach air an tasgadh 's an ùir,
'S iad mar shoitheach gun *chaptain*, gun acfhuinn, gun stiuir.

Dh' fhalbh an stiuir as na h-iaruinn 'nuair a thriall na fir bhan'—
Na h-Easbuigean beannuichte, carranta, tlath,
'S ioma buaidh agus cliu bha' air an cunntas 'n'ur gnath;
'S ann agaibh bha'n t-ionntas a dh' ionnsuidh a' bhàis.

Cha bu bhas e ach aiseag gu beatha na b' fhearr,
Dol a dh' ionnsuidh an Athar tha 'n Cathair nan Gras;
Na seirbheisich dhileas dha 'n Ti tha gu h-ard,
'S a tha an toil-inntinn nach diobair gu brach.

'S mi-fhortan dha'r cairdean thug sibh thamh anns' an Lios,
Na h-armuinnean priseil lan sith agus meas,
Na coinnlean a b' aillte dheanadh dearrsadh na'r measg,
'S ann a tha na cuirp àluinn air an caradh fo lic.

'S ann fo lic air an aineol tha na feara gun ghruaim,
Nach fuiligeadh an eucoir ann an eisdeachd an cluas;
Gur e a bh' aca na'n inntinn toil-inntinne bhuan,
Le Soisgeul na Firinn ga innseadh dha 'n t-sluagh.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n comunn a bha toilichte leinn,
'Nuair a bha sinn mu'n coinneamh bha sonas ri'n linn;
'Nuair a chaidh iad 'san uaigh sgiot an sluagh as gach taobh,
'S iad mar chaoirich gun bhuachaill' air am fuadach thair tuinn.

Cha'n 'eil buachaillean aca no taic' air an cùl,
Bho na leigeadh fir Shasuinn a fasgadh an Dùin,
'S e naigheachd is ait leam mar thachair do'n chuis,
Gu'n do shleamhnaich an casan a mach dhe' na ghrunnd.

Tha mi 'n dochas gun tionndaidh a' chuis mar a's coir,
Gu'n tig iad a dh' ionnsuidh an duthchais bho thos;
Na fiùranan aluinn chaidh arach ann og,
Gu'n cluinneam sibh 'thamh ann an aros nam bò.

Ged' a thuit a' chraobh-mhullaich 's ged' fhrois i gu barr,
Thig planndais a stoca an toiseach a' bhlais;
Ma gheibh iad mo dhurachd mar a dhuraichdinn daibh,
Bidh iad shuas an Cnochd-fhionn—'s e bhur duthchas an t-ait'.

Agus Iain Chnuichd-fhionn, bi-sa misneachail, treun,
Glac duthchas do sheanar, 's gu meal thu a steidh
An t-ait' robh do sheorsa, bho 'n'oige gu 'n eug,
Am mac an ionad *an athar, suidh* 's a' chathair 's na treìg.

Bi togradh air d'eolas, a bhuain chno anns' an Dùn,
Far an goireadh an smeorach am barr oganan dlu;
Eoin bheaga an t-sleibhe deanamh beus mar chruit-chiuil,
'S a' chuthag 'sa' cheitein a' seinn a "gug-gùg."

Dh' fhalbh gach toil-inntinn a bh' aig ar sinnsreadh bho thos,
'S e mo bharail nach till iad ris na linntinnean òg';
Cha 'n'eil fiadhach ri fhaotainn ann an aonach nan ceo;
Chuir na caoirich air fuadach buidheann uallach nan cròc.

Dh' fhalbh an earb as a' choille, dh' fhalbh coileach an duin,
'S am buicein beag, biorach, bhiodh fo shileadh nan stùc;
Dh' fhalbh na feidh as an aonach—cha 'n ioghnadh sud leam—
Cha chluinnear guth gaothair no faoghaid 'san Dùn.

Leam is duilich mar thachair nach d' thainig sibh nall
Mu'n deachaidh 'ur glacadh le acanan teann;
Na'm biodh uachdaran dligheach na shuidh' air 'ur ceann,
Cha rachadh 'ur sgapadh gu machair nan Gall.

Cha b'i mhachair bu taitnich le na Glaisich dhol ann,
'Nuair a thigeadh an samhradh, ach braighe nan gleann;
Bhiodh aran, ìm, agus càise, ga'n arach gun taing,
Crodh-laoigh air an airidh, bliochd a's dair ann's an am.

Cha 'n'eil 'n 'ur ceann-cinnidh ach duine gun treoir,
Tha fo smachd nan daoin-uaisle chuireas tuathal a shron,
Nach iarradh dhe'n t-saoghal ach caoirich air lòn,
An aite na tuatha a bha buan aig a sheors.

Sgrios as air na caoirich as gach taobh dhe'n Roinn-Eorp',
Cloimh a's cnamhag a's caoile, at nam maodal a's cròic,
Gabhail dalladh na'n suilean, agus mùsg air an sroin,
Madadh-ruadh agus fireun a' cur dìth air a' phòr.

Guidheam bracsaidh 's na h-oisgean, 's ploc a's tuaineal na'n ceann
'Sa' chroimheag 'san iorbal, gu ruig an eanachainn 'san t-sron;
'S gun a h-aon bhi ri fhaicinn, ach craicinn gun fheoil,
Na cibeirean glas a' tarsuinn as gun snaithn' bhrog.

Maoir a's madaidh na'n deigh, gu'm b'e mo raghainn do'n phòr,
Bhi ga'n tarrainn gu priosan, 'sa bhi ga'n diteadh aig mod;
Gun dad de thoil-inntinn aig ciobair de'n t-seors',
Ach dol an tigh-obrach, 's an cuipe ri shroin.

Tha diochuimhn' orm fhathast 's cha n' fhaod e bhi ann,
'S an teid *factor* na duthcha an curban gle theann;
Gun snathain mu choluinn ach briogais gun bhann,
'S a bhualadh le slatan, bho chasan gu cheann;

hur ann an leaba gun dad a bhi ann
ı dris chur fo choluinn a's droighionn fo cheann,
cluaran air uachdar, 's a bhualadh gu teann,
n teid an cu-badhail do dh-Athall na dheann.

often heard my dear parents singing the following beautiful but when trying lately to write the words of it I could not ctorily succeed. My difficulty being made known to the of the "Celtic Magazine," he kindly lent me the MS. from I copied the whole song. I do not know the name of the : of the elegy, but it seems to me that it was composed in ry of Alex. Mackenzie, eighth laird of Fairburn, to whom tates, forfeited in 1715, were restored in 1731. He was ded by his eldest son, Roderick. See "History and Genea- ı of the Mackenzies," by Alex. Mackenzie, p. 385.

MARBHRANN DHA ALASTAIR FARBRAINN.

Gur muladach mi leam fhin,
Gun duine mu 'n cuairt,
Air bealach na pairce,
Ag amharc air d'aite bhuam ;
Gur lionmhor bean chraidhte,
Fear boineid a's paisde truagh,
Tha galach an drast,
Mu naigheachd a chraidh an sluagh.

'S lionmhor fleasgach na d' thir,
Fad seachdain nach cir a ghruag,
Agus cridhe tha sgith,
Bho'n thog iad a' chis ud bhuainn ;
Ged tha choille fo bhlath,
Gun d' atharraich pairt dhi snuadh,
Cha b'e samhradh le bhlàs,
Thug abhul na pairce bhuainn.

Gur guileach a dh' fhag Dimairt,
Bochdan an tuir,
Tha aobhar an craidh,
Mar sgail a lot air an suil,
Mu'n Alastair phriseil,
Righ bu mhaisiche gnuis,
'S a dh' aindeoin na chi,
Cha dirich fear air do chliu.

Gun tighinn ai

Cha b' eol dhon
An Alba no Sa
'S e 'n gille bu l
Bu toirteala lea
Gur tric a rinn
Sonas am Mona
Bho'n chaidh th
Gur tùrsach fear

Bho'n chaidh th
Gur tùrsach fir a
Na'n deanadh e t
Bhitheadh bròn a
Gur iomadh fear
'Nam thional do
Mu ghlac mhalair
Bhi 'n cisde chaol

Ann an cisde cha
Bha fear san robh
'S tu b' iochdmhoi
Ri cumail do dhai
'S tu bu duineile t
Dha facas dhe'n àl
Fhir cheannas na l
Sliochd Ruairidh n

Tha gach neach dheth na dh'fhag thu,
A theaghlach an àidh fo ghruaim,
'S iad mar chairt air a' chlàr,
A' facain a cheath'rnaich bhuath;
Am mac tha na d' aite,
A Ghradhaich neartaich suas,
Ach an coisin e' n cluith,
Bhi na cheannard air Tùr nam buadh.

'S ann am freasdal Mhic Dhe,
Tha do shliochd as do dheigh bhi buan,
Bho'n as iomadh na ceudan,
Ghuidheadh do sgeula cruaidh;
Iad a gearradh nam beum
Mu'n t-suil mheallaich 'n robh 'n fheil air chuairt,
S' iomadh fear agus te,
Thug am beannachd an deigh na fhuair.

'S iomadh maighdean ghlan ur,
Agus fleasgach a's boiche snuadh,
Tha sileadh nan deur,
Bho'n chuir iad thu, sheoid, na d'naigh;
Luchd iomain nam bo,
Ri iomadan mor bochd truadh,
Iad gun taisealadh coir,
Bho'n thaisgeadh do dhorlach bhuath.

'S beag neonach an gaoir,
'S cuis eagail an t-aog gun truas,
Tha tighinn mar mhaor,
Le bagar cha 'n fhaodar bhuaidh;
Cha' n'eil neach fò na ghrein,
S' urra teicheadh an ceum gha 'n gluais,
S' thug e marcach nan steud,
Bu cheannard air cheudan sluaigh.

Craobh nan abhal a b'aillte,
Nach 'eil aon anns a' phairc cho mòr,
Nach d' fhuirich ri h-aois
Ach a gearradh na maothan og;
Do fhear foghainteach treun,
Dha' m bu shoilleir 's dha 'm bu leur a' choir,
'S nuair a bhitheadh tu air feill,
'Si do lamh a rinn feile air or;

Gur misde fir Alba thu dh' fhalbh,
Bhuath uile gu leir,
Air chumachd, air dhealbh, air ainm,
Air ghliocas 's air cheil ;
Ged thigeadh Clann-Choinnich,
S na shloinninn-sa dhiubh gu leir,
Cha 'n fhaicear cho soilleir iad,
Tuillidh bho'n dh' fhalbh thu fhein.

'S iomadh fleasgach tha cianail,
Nam teannadh ri fion 's gha òl,
Eadar Cromba ud shios,
'S an ruigeadh e crioch Mhic-Leoid ;
'Sann a gheobhadh tu 'n t-aite,
Ann an Sasunn nan càl s' nan cleòc,
Ruith a sgeul ud fos 'naird,
Gun bhun eug dhut gun dail, a sheoid,

Lamh mhalairt nan crun,
Fear ceartais gun smur air mod,
Anns an t-saighdearachd chruaidh,
Sud na fir dha 'm bu dual bhi n tòs ;
Cha robh 'n taobhsa do 'n chrich,
Ris nach ruisgeadh tu pìc na d' dhorn,
'S bu shar lamh thu air tir,
An am tional an ní sa chro.

Tha mi nis air fàs mall,
'S mi ri iomadan gann mo sgeoil,
Cha n'eil teang ann am cheann,
Chuireas dreach air mo chainnt ach sgleo ;
Ruith a sgeula man cuairt,
Gun d'iomaich thu bhuainn, a sheoid,
Sud an nigheachd bha cruaidh,
'S iomadh fear bha ri suathadh dhorn.

I never heard who composed this Elegy, but the author i
it clear in the first verse that he is lamenting the death of "
Mac Alastair Oig," the ninth Laird of Fairburn. Next J
will be fifty years since I went to reside in England, and rem
for forty-one years in that land of liberty. From the
left my native district—Strathglass—in July 1835, till n
never heard as much as one verse of "Cumha Ruari 'ic Al
Oig." Consequently, this version may be imperfect, and if a

and a corrected or extended version of the song to the Secre-
of the Gaelic Society, or to myself, he will be conferring a
r on me.

CUMHA DO RUAIRIDH, FEAR FARBRAINN.

Sgìth mi ag amharc an droma,
Far bheil luchd nan cul donna fo bhron ;
Ann am Farbrainn an Tuir so,
Far am bu shilteach an suilean le deoir ;
Lot an suilean dha 'n gearan,
Bas Ruairidh, Mhic Alastair Oig ;
Gum bu dhalta 'Righ Alb' thu,
'S oighre dligheach Fhir Farbrainn an coir.

'S iomadh cridhe bha deurach,
An òm dhol fodha na greine Diluain,
Aig a' chachaileidh 'n dé so,
'S an deach na h-eachaibh 's na séis a thoirt uaibh ;
Shil air suilean do phéidse,
Sud an acaid a leum orra cruaidh ;
Ach 's ann ann a bha ghair bhochd
Dha do thogail air ghairdean an t-sluaigh.

Na 'm bu daoine le 'n ardan
A bhiodh coireach ri d' fhagail an cill,
Mur a marbht' ann am blar thu,
'Casgadh maslaidh as taire do 'n Righ,
Chan 'eil duine no paisde
A b' urrainn biodag a shathadh no sgian,
Nach biodh uil' air do thoireachd,
Eadar Cataobh 's Caol-Rònach nan ian.

Dh' eireadh sud 's an Taobh-tuath leat,
Mac-Coinnich, le shluagh air an ceann,
Eadar Leodhas 's na h-Earadh,
Cinn-t-saile, Loch-Carunn, 's Loch-Aills' ;
Bu leat armuinn na Comraich,
Agus pairt dh' fhearaibh donn' Innse-Gall,
Mar sud a's siol 'Ille-Chaluim,
'S iad a' dioladh na fola gu teann.

Dh' eireadh sud mu do ghuaillibh,
Na 'n cluinnt' thu bhi 'n cruadal no 'n càs,
Clann Eachainn nan roibean,
'S cha bu ghealtach an toiseachadh blair ;

Bhiodh da shlios Locha-Braon leat,
  'S ged bhitheadh cha b' ioghnadh leam e,
Mar sud 's a' Choigeach Chinn-Asainn,
  Dha do chomhnadh, fhir ghasda, 's an spairn.

Bu leat na Gordanaich rioghail—
  'S iad nach sòradh am fion mu do champ—
'S gun seasadh iad dileas
  Gus an cailleadh iad direach an ceann;
Clann-an-Toisich nam pios leat;
  Bha iad crosda 'n uair shineadh iad garg;
'S mur deach fad' air mo chuimhne,
  Thigeadh brod Chlann-'ic-Aoidh leat a nall.

Gheibhteadh iasgach mu d' bhaile,
  Agus fiadhach mu d' ghleannaibh gu h-ard;
Gheibhteadh boc agus maoiseach
  Anns gach doire 's air aodainn nan carn;
Bu leat Conainn gu iasgach,
  Agus Monar gu fiadhach, a sheoid,
Oidhche Challainn, na 'm b' aill leat,
  Gheibhteadh bradan bho'n Ain-eas gu d' bhord.

Gur trom tursach am bannal
  Tha anns an Tur bhallach a thamh,
'S iad a' spionadh an cuailein—
  Mo chreach, is goirt truagh leam an càs!
Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
  Gus an abuich na maothanaich og',
'S mas-a toileach le Dia e,
  Na 'm bu fad' ach an lion iad do chòt'.

'S tim dhomh sgur dheth mo mhulad—
  Mo chreach leir mi cha bhuidhnig e bonn—
'S ann is fheudar dhomh sgur dheth;
  Na d' dheigh theid gach duin' air an fhonn.
Mar na coilltichean connaidh,
  Tha na saighdean a' pronnadh nan sonn;
Sgith mi dh' amharc an droma
  Far bheil luchd nan cul donna gu trom.

This is a "Soraidh," or salutation, from John Macrae, *i.e.* Ian Mac Mhurchaidh, the Kintail Bard, to the people of Strathglass, in which he enlarges on their well-known hospitality and convivial habits; the musical sweetness and modest demeanour of their matrons and maidens, uncontaminated by modern fashions and frivolities;—

SORAIDH DO MHUINNTIR STRA-GHLAIS.

Fhir a theid thar a' mhonadh,
Bheir mise dhut dolar,
Agus liubhair mo shoraidh,
Gu sàbhailt,
Fhir a theid, &c.

Air faidead na slighe,
Na leig i air mhi-thoirt,
Gus an ruig thu 'n tigh-dibh'
Anns a' Bhraighe.
Air faidead, &c.

Bheir Seònaid an toiseach,
Gun mhòran a chosd dhut
Na dh' fhoghnas a nochd dhut
Gu sàbhailt.
Bheir Seonaid, &c.

Bidh failt' agus furan,
Agus òl air an tunna,
'S an stòpan beag ullamh
Dha phaidheadh.
Bidh failte, &c.

Theirig sios feadh na tuatha,
Ris an can iad na h-uaislean,
'S cha' n fhaigh thu fear gruamach.
Mu 'n fhàrdaich.
Theirig sios, &c.

Tha 'n duthaich ud uile,
Air a lionadh le furan,
Bho iochdar a bun
Gus a braighe.
Tha 'n duthaich, &c.

Le mnài ceanalta, còire,
Is grinne air am meoirean,
'S is binn ghabhas crònan,
Dha 'm paisdean,
Le mnai, &c.

Le maighdeanan maiseach,
Nach d'ionnsaich droch fhasan,
Ach ullamh gu
Taisbeanadh cairdeis
Le maigh deanan, &c.

Na rach sios thar a' bhaile
Ris an can iad Bun-chanaich ;
Thoir a mach ort
An Gleannan 'is airde*
Na teirig, &c.

Tha coig bailtean urad,
Gus am fiach dhut'do thuras,
Gheibh thu fiadhach a' ghunna
Bho phairt diubh,
Tha coig, &c.

I will now give you some of the hymns which used to be sung from my earliest recollection in Strathglass :—

CRABHADH DO DH-AINM IOSA.

Dh' fhoghnadh smaointean air t' ainm, Ios,
Gu sòlas dian a ghin' am chré ;
Cuilm bu taitniche na fion,
M' inntinn ga m' lionadh le d' spéis.

Cha taisbean binneas theudan ciùil,
Cha nochd seanachas no tùr sluaigh,
Cho luachor 's tha 'n t-ainm ud dhuinn,
'S aingle le umhlachd ga luaidh.

Gach ni tha 'm flathanas Dé,
Air talamh no fo 'n talamh shios,
Lubaidh an glun gu leir,
Nuair chluinneas iad ainm euchdach Ios'.

Ios' an t-ainm os cionn gach ainm,
Beatha m' anma 's mo leigh,
Ged is tric a thoill mi t' fhearg,
Bithidh mi leanmhuinn air do dhèigh.

'N uair a dh' iarras an saoghal 's an fheoil
Ormsa do-bheart a chur an gniomh,
Diridh mo spiorad mar is coir,
Gu Righ na Trocaire gu dhion.

* This alludes to Glencannich, noted at that time for happy tenantry and famous deer-stalkers.

Air sgiathaibh creidhimh agus grùidh
Teichidh mi gu gàradh mo mhiann,
Far an d' fhuilig Criost a phàis,
Is fallus ga fhàsgadh ro dhian.

'S a' ghàradh choisinn sinn am bàs ;
Pheacaich Adhamh, dh' ith e'm meas ;
'S a' ghàradh dh' umhlaich Righ nan Gras
E fhein, gur sabhaladh bho sgrios.

Bhuaileadh Cibear nan caoin bheus,
Sgapadh a threud 'sa luchd-dàimh,
Chaidh Criost an cuibhrich le ostal fhein,
Chuir pog an eucoraich e'n laimh.

Guilemaid mu d' dhiols', a Chriost,
Na d' bhall-buird am measg do naimh ;
O 's iad ar peacannan a sgiurs,
'S a sparr le cràdh an crùn mu d' cheann.

Choluinn, umhlaich sios thu fhein,
Aig bun a' chroinn-cheusd a dh-Ios',
'S na cuir tuilleadh e gu pein,
Ag urachadh a chreuchd' le d' ghniomh.

M' anam, umhlaich sios dha d' Dhia,
Las mar theine dian do ghaol,
Smaoinich na dh' fhuilig do Thriath,
Dh' ionnsaidh d' fhiachan a bhi saor.

Thug e ghoimh dhuinn' as a bhàs,
Thionndaidh e na phàras an uaigh ;
'N uair rinn e aiseirigh nan gràs,
'Choisinn air gach nambaid buaidh.

Cliu dha 'n Athair, cliu dha 'n Mhac,
Cliu dha 'n Spiorad neartmhor naomh ;
Trionaid chumhachdach nam feart,
Molamaid mu seach 's mar aon. *Amen.*

CRABHDH DO 'N SPIORAD NAOMH.

A Spioraid Naoimh ar n-ard threise,
Thig bho ghrian-chathair do ghloir';
Sgaoil gach ceo tha ga'r cur iomrall,
'S leig soillsean dhe d' sholus oirnn.

Thig, O Athair nan diol-déirce,
Do gach feumnach sìn do lamh ;
A Lamh bho'n tig gach rogha gibht,
Soilleirich gach cridhe dall.

A Righ na cofhurtachd 's an t-sòlais,
Bu tu Aoidh an àigh dha 'n anam ;
Cha 'n fhairich e teas no ganntar,
Is e na d' laimhs' a' triall gu aineol.

Is tu bheireadh furtachd agus tàmh,
Do 'n phiantach a bhios fo sgios ;
A mhal' air an laidh am pràmh,
'S ann agads tha sòlas di.

A Sholuis is aillidh snuadh,
Na bi 'n dubhar oirnn nar càs ;
Ach ann an cridhe do chreidich ghaoil,
Beothaich teine caomh do gràidh.

Gun do chomhnadhs', a Dhia thrèin,
Cha 'n 'eil sgoinn am mac an duine ;
Cha 'n 'eil ceann gun lochd fo 'n ghréin,
'S ann ad mheinnse tha sinn uile.

Glansa dhinn gach uile thruailleachd,
Uisgich le d' ghrasan ar tart,
Leighis gach anam tha leointe,
Striochd na rag-mhuin'laich ri d' reachd.

Taisich neimh a' chridhe chruaidh,
Bi d' chairt-iuil duinn anns gach gàbhadh ;
'S dha na creidich tha na d' earbsa,
Thoir seachd tiodhlaicean do gràidh.

Treoraich na creidich ri'm beo,
'S na treig iad an uair am bàis ;
Sabhail an anam 'o phian,
'S gu'm meal iad do shith gu brách. *Amen.*

TE DEUM, NO LAOIDH MOLAIDH DO DHIA.

Tha sinn, a Dhia, 'seinn do chliu,
Ag aideachadh gur tu ar Triath,
Toirt urraim dhut tha 'n domhan mor :
Athair gun tùs gun chrich.

Tha na h-Aingle naomh gu leir,
Tha Cumhachdan néamh gu h-ard ;
Tha Cherubim le caithream binn,
Is Seraphim a' seinn gun tàmh :

Is Naomh, Naomh, Naomh
Thu, Thighearna Dhia nan slòghh ;
Tha neamh is talamh lan,
Le d' mhorachd us le d' ghloir.

Tha còisridh ghlormhor Ostala,
Tha Fàidhean 's airde cliu,
Tha armailte geal nam Mairtirean,
Ga d' mholadh, a Righ nan dùl.

Anns gach àite a ta fo 'n ghrein,
Tha t'Eaglais naomh, a Dhia,
Ag aoradh dhut 's a' toirt geill ;
Athair na morachd gun chrioch.

Aig t'aon Mhac naomh tha h-uile còir,
Air urram is gloir mar-aon ;
Mar sin 's an Ti ni cobhair oirnn,
An treas pearsa do 'n Trionaid naoimh.

'S tus, a Chriosta, Righ na gloir',
'S tu Mac Siorruidh gun tùs,
Nach d' rinn tàir air com na h-Oighe,
Gu sabhaladh a cheannach dhuiun.

Thug thu buaidh air guin a' bhàis,
Dh' fhosgail thu dha d' chreidich neamh
'S tu tha 'n gloir Athar nan gràs,
Na d' shuidhe air deas laimh D'hè.

Thig thu thoirt breith air an t-sluagh ;
Gabh truas dhed mhuinntir fein,
A shaor thu le d' fhuil bu mhor luach,
A thaom bhuat troimh ioma creuchd.

Mealadh iad do ghloir gu bràch,
Air an aireamh measg nan naomh,
Fo sgéith do chumhachd biodh iad slan,
Ann an seilbh do ghrasan caomh.

Riaghail iad is dian dhaibh iul ;
Stiuir iad gu beatha bhuain ;
Molaidh sinn thu, Dhia nan dùl,
Gach là bithidh do chliù ga luaidh.

Molaidh sinn t' ainm gun tàmh,
Gu lath ar bàis 's na dheigh ;
Cliù bheirear dhut gu bràch ;
Dion sinn le 'd ghras o bheud.

Dian trocair oirnn, a Dhia nan gras ;
Reir ar n-earbsa dian trocair oirnn,
Mo dhochas tha unnads' a mhain ;
Chaoidh cha bhi faillinn orm. *Amen.*

ANNSACHD NAOMH MOIRE.

Fhir-tighe Naomh Moire, 's oid-altrum a Mic !
Tha saoghal mar fhàsach do dh 'anrach fann, sgith ;
Fo chiaradh nan speuran cha leir le mo shuil
Ach, annsachd Naomh Moire, na cuir-sa rium cùl
O annsachd Naomh Moire, 's tu thaghainn mar iùl.

'S tu dhiongas dha'n choigreach cùl taice 's ceann aoidh
Fhuair Iosa agus Moire sàr chobhair fo d' iùl
O Ioseph nam beannachd ! cha b'fheagal domh chaoidh
O annsachd Naomh Moire, ach thusa ri m' thaobh,
O annsachd Naomh Moire, na treigse mi chaoidh.

O Ioseph fhuair giftean 'us earras 'us cliù,
Mac samhuil air thalamh do dh-athair Mhic Dhe,
Bha Iosa mar Mhac dhuit ; gabh mis air do 'sgà,
O annsachd Naomh Moire, dhalta na àit',
O annsachd Naomh Moire mar dhalt duit gu bràch.

Bha dà ailleagain neamh air faontraigh nar measg,
Rinn thusa cùl taice dha'n Mhaighdinn 's dha Mac
Sheas thu athair do dh-Iosa ; bith d'athair dhomh chaoi
O annsachd Naomh Moire, 's bheir mise dhuit gaol,,
O annsachd Naomh Moire 's cha teirig mo ghaol.

THU RIAMH GUN SMAL.

A Mhoire ! 's eibhinn m'fhonn 's gur eutrom,
Lion aiteas clann Dé mi 'n diugh ;
Fhuair m' anam braon do dh-aighear Phàras.
B'e 'n sar aileas a bhi thamh ann tur !

Fonn.

An am bhi cuimhneachadh air do staid,
Air do mhorachd 's air do mhais,
'S eibhinn linn 'bhi seinn gun stad,
Thu riamh gun smal, thu riamh gun smal !

'S miann-sùil le Iosa do chruth rò ghlan
T' aghaidh ghlòirmhor is aillidh aoidh—
'S fo iùl-s' chaidh ur-laoidh an diugh 's gach aite
Le foirm fos n-aird ort san Eaglais naoimh.

Togaidh ainglean binne ceolmhor,
Suas fonn òrain a chinnidh-dhaonn'
'S thig naoimh Neamh na'n ioma comhlan
Thoir cìs mar 's còir do Bhanrigh nan Naomh.

Do ghin gun smal ! Rinn Dia riut gràs
Nach d'fhuair fo lamhs' mhain ach thu ;
Gràs a bhoisgeas a chaoidh mar dhaoimean
Air uchd saibhir Righ-nan-dùl.

MOIRE AN DU-BHROIN.

Sheas lamh ri Crann-ceusaidh Iosa a Mhàthair.—Eoin xix., 25.

Bu trom a bròn,
Bu ghoirt a leon
Bu dlù na deoir
Bho shuil na h-Oigh,
'S Sàr-Mhac òg
San dòruinn mhoir,
Ga cheusadh beò
'S i 'g amharc air.

Co chuala no chunna,
Measg mnatha na cruinne,
Tè eile a dh' fhuilig
Do chruadalsa, Mhuire !
Co è a b' urra,
Gun ghuth dubhach,
'S gun shuil struthach,
Aithris air.

Bha 'cridhe air a leòn
Lè claidheamh a bhròin,
B' úr acaid dh'i'm beo
Gach cneadh bha na fheols',
'S é bho chridhe gu dhorn,
Bho mhullach gu bhróig,
Gun eang, gun òirleach
Fallain deth.

'Sè mhiaduich a cràdh
Sa theannaich a spàirn,
Gur è 's ceann-fath
Dha osnaich 's dha phàis
'S dha lotan bàis,
Am peacadh gun agh
A rinneadh lè càirdean
Aineolach.

A mhìn Mhoir-Oigh!
A bhanrigh 'n du-bhròin!
Le Magdalen 's Eoin,
Thoir cead seasamh dhomhs',
Bho 'n 's ro-math mo chòirs'
Dhol fo d' mhulad 's fo d' leòn,
Sa shileadh nan deoir
Air Calbhari.

'S gach troidh 's gach dearna
'S mi chuir àlach;
Mo pheacadh bais-se
An t-sleagh a ràinig
Cridhe mo Shlanuighear,
'S mise a shàth i—
Fath mo nàire
'S m' aithreachais!

An crochadh ri craoibh
Tha cuspair mo ghaoil,
A chridhe fosgailt le faoilt
Sa ghàirdeanan sgaoilt
Gu m' fhalach na thaobh;
Sud ceann-uidh nan naomh,
Tearmunn 's dachaidh an taobhsa
Fhlathannas.

Crann-ceusaidh mo ghraidh,
Sud leabhar an aigh
As an ionnsuichear crabh,
Umhlachd gu lár,
Umhailteachd gu bás,
Olc a mhathadh do chách,
'S priomh-shubhailc a ghràidh
Sior-mhaireannuich.

Bho lotan bàis
Leum fuarain ghràs,
Nach traogh 's nach tràigh
A chaoidh nan tràth—
A Mhoire mo ghràidh !
Dian riumsa bàigh,
'S cha ruith iad gun stà
Dha m' anamsa.

A mathair, riamh
A fhuair na dh' iarr,
Air t'aon ghin Ios'
Guidh agus grios,
Gu maith é ar fiach,
'S gu leasuich ar gniomh,
'S gu meal sinn gu siorruidh
Flathanas.
Gliu gu brath do dhia.

As it is now getting late, and the time for us to wend our ay homewards, I will conclude with an *altachadh laidhe.* In my ung days in Strathglass the words of this *altachadh* were invariably the last words the people used after going to bed and before eeping ; and during the last 60 years I have never, on any night n my recollection, failed to say them myself :—

AN T-ALTACHADH LAIDHE.

Laidhidh mis 'a nochd
Le Moire 's le' Mac ;
Mathair mo Righ
Ga m' dhion bho'n olc.
Laidhidh mi le Dia,
'S laidhidh Dia leam ;
Cha laidh mi leis an olc,
Cha laidh an t-olc leam.
Eiridh mi le Dia
Ma 's ceadach le Dia leigeil leam.
Deas-lamh Dhia,
A Chriosta, gun robh leam.
Bho throidhean mo bhuinn
Gu mullach mo chinn
Guidhim Peadar, guidhim Pol,
Guidhim Moire oigh agus a Mac,

Guidhim air an da Ostal deug
Gun mise dhol eug a nochd.
A Chriosta chumhachdaich na gloire,
A mhic na h-Oighe 's gloine cursa,
Seachainn sinn bho thigh nam pian,
Tha gu h-iosal, dorcha, duinte.
Fhad's a bhios a' cholluinn na cadal
Biodh an t-anam air bharraibh na firinn*
An co-chomunn nan Naomh. *Amen.*

20TH MARCH 1885.

At the meeting on this date the Secretary, on behalf of Mr Charles Fergusson, Cally, Gatehouse, Kirkcudbright, author of the Gaelic Names of Plants, &c. (*vide* Transactions Vol. VII.), read a paper entitled—"The Gaelic names of birds, with notes on their haunts and habits, and on the old superstitions, poetry, proverbs, and other bird lore of the Highlands." The paper was as follows:—

THE GAELIC NAMES OF BIRDS.

PART I.

The collecting and preserving of the Gaelic Names of Birds is a most important but much neglected work, and one which is getting every day more difficult, from their being less used now, and from the death of old people who knew them. Not only are the Gaelic names dying out, but I am sorry to say many of the birds themselves are dying out as well. Many of our noblest native birds—the Great Auk, the Bustard, Stork, Bittern, &c., are totally extinct in the Highlands; whilst the Golden Eagle, Sea Eagle, Osprey, Ger Falcon, Goshawk, and a score of other noble birds, though quite common in every glen half a century ago, are now only to be found in the most remote and inaccessible corners of the Highlands and Islands; and if the ruthless slaughter that has been going on for the last generation goes on a few years longer, they will soon all be as extinct as the Great Auk, or the Dodo of New Zealand. I am glad to say, however, that some of the more patriotic proprietors in the Highlands are now trying to preserve the eagles, and other large birds of prey. One great cause of their destruction is the large price offered by sportsmen and collectors to gamekeepers and shepherds for the eggs of those rare birds, as well as for the birds themselves for stuffing.

**Air bharraibh na firinn*—On the roads of truth.

How numerous the breeding places of the eagle used to be in the Highlands can be seen by the number of rocks still called "Creag-na-h-iolaire" (Eagle's Rock). I know a dozen rocks of that name in Athole alone.

So far as I am aware, there is as yet no complete list of the Gaelic Names of Birds published. Alex. Macdonald (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair), in his "Gaelic Vocabulary," published in 1741, gives a list of about 80 of the more common birds; and Lightfoot, in his "Flora Scotica," published in 1777, gives about the same number, which may be thoroughly depended on, as they were supplied by that famous Gaelic scholar and naturalist, Dr Stewart, of Killin and Luss. In Grey's "Birds of the West of Scotland," a good many of the Gaelic names are given, as also, I believe, in Professor Macgillivray's work on Birds, whilst most of the common names are to be found in the Gaelic dictionaries, and in the works of our Gaelic bards. I first began collecting and noting down the Gaelic names of birds when a boy amongst the Grampians, and I have continued doing so to this day, but the idea of making them the subject of a paper for the Gaelic Society was first suggested to me by reading in Vol. VIII. of the Transactions the Rev. Mr Mackenzie of Kilmorack's speech at the annual dinner of 1879, in which he urged me to take up this subject, which I did. I was then in the wilds of Ireland, away from all assistance, but since I came to Galloway I have had the able help and advice of our worthy Sheriff Nicolson, who not only gave me all the aid he could himself, but took my list of Gaelic names with him to Skye and the North, and got several gentlemen there to add many of the names of sea birds which I had not got. To his splendid work on Gaelic Proverbs I am also indebted for many. I am also under obligation to another good Gael and able naturalist, Mr A. A. Carmichael, whose long residence in the Hebrides gave him a thorough knowledge of the many rare birds of the West Coast, and of the Gaelic names by which they are known to the Islanders. He very kindly lent me a mass of notes on birds, which I have freely used.

Shortly after I gave the Gaelic Society my paper on "The Gaelic Names of Trees, Plants, &c.," Cameron's complete work on that subject appeared, and I shall be very glad, indeed, if the same thing happens again, and if some learned member of the Society, far more able to do justice to this important subject than I am, will now follow me up with a complete work on our Highland Birds and their Gaelic Names.

I have much pleasure in giving the Society the result of my

labours, by giving the following Gaelic names for about 240 different birds, making up, as in many cases there are several different names for the one bird, about 600 Gaelic names altogether. I will begin with the King of Birds—

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

Latin—*Aquila chrysaetos.* Gaelic—*Iolair-dhubh, Iolair-bhuidhe, Iolair-mhonaidh, Fireun.* Welsh—*Eryr Melyn, Eryr tinwyn.*

The eagle seems to have been, in all ages and by all nations, honoured as a royal bird, and as much so perhaps in the Highlands as anywhere. From the earliest ages the eagle has been the emblem of swiftness, boldness, strength, and nobility. Our early bards delighted in comparing their heroes to the eagle. In *Cumha an Fhir Mhoir*, or Lament for the Great Man in *Dan an Deirg*, we have—

> "Bha t' airde mar dharach 'sa' ghleann,
> Do luaths, mar *iolair* nam beann, gun gheilt."

And in Tiomna Ghuill—

> "Luath mar *fhireun* an athair,
> 'S an ioma-ghaoth na platha fo sgiathaibh."

Again, in the same poem, the bard shows fine poetic imagination, in likening his wounded hero, the mighthy Gaul Mac Morni, to an eagle wounded by lightning—

> "Mar *iolair* leont air carraig nan cnoc,
> 'Sa sgiath air a lot le dealan na h-oidhche."

From the earliest ages, eagles' feathers—"Ite dhosrach an fhirein"—have been the distinguishing emblem of rank amongst the Gael. In more modern times, as Logan tells us, three eagles' feathers adorned the bonnet of a chief, two that of a chieftain, and one that of a gentleman.

The old Highlanders also used eagles' feathers for their arrows, the best for that being got from the eagles of Loch-Treig, in Lochaber, as we are told in the old rhyme—

> "Bogha dh' iughar Easragain,
> Ite *firein* Locha-Treig,
> Ceir bhuidhe Bhaile-na-Gailbhinn,
> 'S ceann bho'n cheard Mac Pheadarain."

This is an example of how the old Highlanders always put their wisdom and knowledge into verse, being well aware how much more easily poetry was remembered than prose. Another example

of this habit alludes to the age of the eagle as compared with that of man, other animals, and an oak tree—

> Tri aois coin, aois eich ;
> Tri aois eich, aois duine ;
> Tric aois duine, aois feidh ;
> Tri aois feidh, aois *firein* ;
> Tri aois *firein*, aois craoibh-dharaich."

Now, according to this, if we put the age of man at his promised threescore and ten, a deer's age will be 210 years, and that of an eagle 630 years—a very respectable age indeed. No wonder though it gave rise to the old belief that the eagle renewed his age, as the Psalmist puts it—

> "Tha d' aois air a h-ath-nuathachadh
> Mar *iolair* luath nan speur."

In olden times, long before the invention of firearms, no Highlander was counted a real finished sportsman till he had with his bow and arrow shot an eagle, a royal stag, and a wild swan, the three monarchs of the air, the earth, and the water. The sportsman of to-day may easily get the stag, but the eagle or the wild swan is now truly a "rara avis," though the eagle was so very common during last century, that we find Lightfoot, who accompanied Pennant on his famous tour in 1772, writing then in his "Flora Scotica" of the Golden Eagle—"In Rannoch eagles were, a few years ago, so very numerous that the Commissioners of the Forfeited Estates (after 1745) offered a reward of five shillings for every one that was destroyed; in a little time such numbers were brought in that the honourable Board reduced the premium to three shillings and sixpence; but an advance in proportion as these birds grew scarcer might in time perhaps have effected their extirpation." I am afraid in most cases that the Golden Eagle would prove rather a bad neighbour, however, as even the worst neighbours have some redeeming point, so had the eagle, for Logan tells of a pair that had built their eyrie near a gentleman's house in Strathspey, and collected so much game to feed their young that they kept the laird's larder well supplied, and on the arrival of any visitors, however unexpected, he had only to send some one to the eagle's eyrie where an ample supply of all kinds of game could be speedily obtained. I have found different versions of the same story common all over the Highlands. In Strathardle, during one of the great famines so common long ago, a poor man kept a very large family so fat and flourishing on the

spoil of an eagle's nest, and prolonged the supply so long by cl ping the young eagle's wings, when his neighbours were dying hunger that at last, he was supposed to "hae dealins wi' the Dei and accused of witchcraft, and only saved himself from being burnt by conducting his accusers to the eagles' nest, and showing them the source of his supply. He must have gone to the nest at night, or when he was very sure of the old birds being absent, as the eagle has courage enough to attack even an armed man, attempting to rob its nest. Numerous instances of this are on record, of which I need only give two from Goldsmith :—"A respectable person from Sutherland relates that two sons of a man named Murray, having robbed an eagle's nest, were retreating with the young, when one of the parent birds, having returned, made a most determined attack upon them. Although each had a stick, it was with great difficulty that they at length effected their escape, when almost ready to sink under fatigue." "The farmer of Glenmark, in Angus, whose name was Miln, had been out one day with his gun, and, coming upon an eagle's nest, he made a noise to start her and have a shot. She was not at home, however, and so Miln, taking off his shoes, began to ascend gun in hand. When about half way up, and in a very critical situation, the eagle made her appearance, bringing a plentiful supply to the young which she had in her nest. Quick as thought she darted upon the intruder, with a terrific scream. He was clinging to the rock by one hand, with scarcely any footing. Making a desperate effort, however, he reached a ledge, while the eagle was now so close that he could not shoot her. A lucky thought struck him, he took off his bonnet, and threw it at the eagle, which immediately flew after it to the foot of the rock. As she was returning to the attack, finding an opportunity of taking a steady aim, he shot her ; and no doubt glad that he had escaped so imminent a danger, made the best of his way down." When the eagle has the courage to attack even the lord of the creation himself, it is not so surprising that it would sometimes attack even the most powerful of the lower animals, and as an example I may mention the account that lately went the round of the papers of an attack by a golden eagle on a very large, powerful, and well-antlered stag in Strathglass, when, after a desperate and very prolonged struggle, the stag got the worst of it, and would certainly have been killed had he not managed to escape into the thick woods of Glassburn. I may mention, in passing, that the eagle is very destructive to deer, killing many of their young. Lightfoot says of the Golden

—"Most destructive to deer, white hares, and ptarmigans, most destroyed the deer of the Isle of Rum." I have given examples, and I could give many more did space permit; daring courage, strength, and ferocity of the eagle, as I find eral of the later works on birds, that many of our carpet alists, most of whom I am afraid have never even seen a live do not believe in an eagle ever attacking a man, even when ng its nest. To all such my advice, from experience is, if ever exchange their cosy arm-chairs by the fireside, where most of experience is gained, for the vicinity of an eagle's nest, even h they be able for the climb, they had better not try, unless are both able and willing to do battle with the eagle-papa, or, is worse, with the very much larger and more ferocious na; for in all rapacious birds the female is very much larger older than the male. To the daring robber of her nest, the s challenge on defiance, as given by the old Gaelic bard in mna Ghuill," in the Sean Dana, is significant enough—

"Co dhireas am mullach? no dh' fhogras
M' eoin riabhach na 'n leabaidh sheimh."
Who dare climb the eyrie's height? or disturb
My young grey birds in their quiet bed?

r writers also deny the possibility of an eagle being able to away a child, and say that there is no authentic case on d of such ever having happened. There is scarcely a glen e Highlands without its story, with plenty proof of such ng happened, and that not so very long ago; and in Ireland nd the similar stories quite common, and in both countries I always glad to find a happy end to such exciting stories, as in case I have come across the child was always happily re-ed unhurt, generally by the heroic efforts of his mother. The st distance I ever heard of an eagle carrying a child is the old tion of an eagle carrying a child across the stormy Minch, the Isle of Harris to Skye, a distance of over twenty miles. mentions a MS. account, written by Matthew Mackaile, ecary in Aberdeen, in 1664, and preserved in the Advocates' ary, Edinburgh, which says—"I was very well informed that agle did take up a swaddled child a month old, which the er had laid down until she went to the back of the peat-stack onton Head, and carried it to Choyne, viz., four miles, which, discovered by a traveller, who heard the lamentations of the er, four men went presently thither in a boat, and, knowing agle's nest, found the child without any prejudice done to

it. The following story I got from Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness:—

"Duncan Mor Macpherson, who lived at Inchully, Crochail, Strathglass, about the latter half of last contury, when a young lad, entered the eyrie of an eagle in a rock above Crochail. No sooner had he got into the nest than the old eagle appeared, and, making a swoop, clutched the boy with him in its claws, and flew away with him across the River Glass, which happened to be in flood at the time, and dropped the boy into the water at a head or creek called Lon-an-t-siugail, where, fortunately, the water was shallow, so that he managed to wade ashore. Whether it was that the boy got too heavy for the eagle there, or that it really intended to drop him in the water, I cannot pretend to decide. However, the good people of Strathglass to this day give that eagle credit for having the sense to really intend drowning the boy by dropping him in the water."

Though so bold and ferocious in a wild state, the eagle can be easily tamed, and is then very docile, as will be seen by the following story, kindly sent to me from Uist by Mr Carmichael:—"A few years ago Dr Macgillivray, of Barra, brother to the eminent ornithologist, got a young golden eagle, which became a most interesting pet with the Doctor's two boys. It had a house made for it on the face of the hill, about a hundred yards from the house, where it spent the night, but it spent most of the day with the Doctor's boys, to whom it seemed greatly attached. It would come at their call, and feed out of their hands, and walk about with them, and fly after them wherever they went. Nothing seemed to delight it so much as to get the boys away amongst the hills rabbit hunting. On these occasions it would always accompany them, and 'bark' with seeming delight. It would fly about their heads high in the air and perform the most graceful aerial evolutions. When an unfortunate rabbit showed itself, it swooped down upon it like a whirlwind, and triumphantly bore it away in its talons. The most perfect confidence, understanding, and attachment seemed to exist between it and the boys, but unfortunately this was soon snapped asunder. A young gentleman from Glasgow was on a visit to Dr Macgillivray at Eoligary. The morning after his arrival he went out about the house, and immediately the eagle came flying over his head, calling for its breakfast, and—'a' cur failte'—giving a friendly welcome to the stranger. The young gentleman, thinking this a good chance for practising at a big bird on the wing, ran back to the porch where the Doctor always kept several guns, and

consulting anyone carried away the gun and shot the He then triumphantly returned to the house, and roused e household in his excitement to ascertain the name of, now the splendid bird he had shot. Fancy the vexation octor and the grief of the boys on finding their noble pet in ies of death, and the unlucky sportsman still more to be erated." I shall finish those notes on the king of birds › old Highland nursery rhyme, imitating the cry of the nd referring to the royal bird's superiority over all the d race—"Glig, glig, glig, ars an iolair 's e mo mhac sa 's oirbh"—"Glig, glig, glig, says the eagle, it is my son who ver you all."

THE SEA OR WHITE-TAILED EAGLE.

Halietus Albicilla. Gaelic—*Earn, Iolair-mhara, Iolair-n, Iolair-bhuidhe, Iolair riabhach, Iolair-chladaich, Iolair il-na-greine, Iolair-fhionn.* Welsh—*Mor-Eryr, Eryr ffonwyn.*

› Sea Eagle used to be very common all over Scotland, espe- the Isles, and is now much more frequently met with than len Eagle. Till recently, the Erne was thought to be quite a bird. Now, however, it is found to be only the young of Eagle in the immature plumage. So numerous and de- › were those birds in Orkney and Shetland, that special ıre framed for their extirpation, one of them being, that ›on destroying an eagle is entitled to a hen from every the parish where it occurred. Grey quotes the following Bailiary, for the county of Orkney—

"Act 31.—Anent slaying of the Earn.
Apud Kirkwam, 8vo die 9bris. 1626.

'he which day it is statute and ordained by Thomas Buch- herreif-deput of Orknay, with consent of the gentlemen ›ors of Court present for the time. That whatever per- all slay the earn or eagle shall have of the Baillie of the ıe where it shall happen him to slay the eagle, 8d. from ›ik within the parochine, except from cottars that have no ınd 20 shill. from ilk persone for ilk earn's nest it shall them to herrie; and they shall present them to the Baillie, Baillie shall be holden to present the head of the said earn Iead Court."

Herrmann Moll's map of Scotland, published 1714, I following note on the Shetland Isles—"These islands also

produce many sheep, which have two or three lambs at a ti they would be much more numerous did not the eagles dest them." Mr Carmichael gave me the following anecdote of Sea Eagle—"A servant girl of Sir Norman Macleod of Bearnara was tending cattle on the small island of Hamarstray, Sound Harris. She saw what she conceived to be a *currach*, or curri with sail set, coming before a smart breeze towards the island which she was. She could not conceive what kind of craft it till it touched the shore, when, to her astonishment, she found t the craft was the dead carcase of a cow and the sail the spre wings of an eagle, that had its talons so deeply embedded in carcase that it was utterly unable to extricate itself or esca The girl unfixed its talons and took hold of the bird, but no soon had she done this than the ferocious bird fixed its talons in t girls thigh, and tore out the flesh from the bone. The wou healed up, but a hollow large enough to hold a large apple remained as the effect of the injury. The woman lived to an advanced age, and was an ancestress of Captain Malcolm Macleod who told me this."

Grey, in his "Birds of the West of Scotland," writes :—"In South Uist there is an eyrie every year on Mount Hecla. Mr D. Lamont informed me when I crossed to the locality with him last year (1869) that he had seen the old birds of this hill coming almost daily from Skye, with a young lamb each for their eaglets. The distance is about twenty-five miles. They never, he says, destroy the flocks in South Uist itself; hence the maintenance of their family does not add to the local taxation." Mr Carmichael gave me the following—"When I was at Barra Head last June (1868) I was told of an eagle which carried away a lamb from that island in autumn many years ago. The eagle was seen going away with the lamb in its talons, a chase was given, the people throwing down their sickles, but to no purpose. The eagle with its booty took to sea, to the utter astonishment of those who were in chase. Nothing more was thought of the matter, but two or three years after, when the owner of the lost lamb was driven in to Tiree on his way from Bearnaraidh, Barra Head, to Greenock, with a skiff full of fish, flesh, eggs, and fowl, the man in whose house "Iain Mac Dhonuill ic Ghilleaspic Mhic Illeain" found shelter had a few sheep, which were sharing with their owner the benefit of the fire at night. The sheep were of a peculiar breed, and as they resembled those John Maclean had at home, he asked his host where he got the breed. The Tiree man told him that two or three years before, while he and his

family were at the harvest near the shore one day, they saw an eagle with something white in its talons coming from the sea and alighting on a knoll hard by. They ran to the eagle, which was so exhausted that it was scarcely able to escape. They found that the white thing they saw the eagle carrying was no less than a ewe lamb, which was rather badly torn by the talons of the eagle, but was still alive. It was carried home and tenderly fed and reared. It grew and prospered, and in due time became the mother of lambs. When the Barra man and his entertainer compared notes, they came to the conclusion that the lamb brought by the eagle to Tiree, and now the dam of a thriving family, could be none other than the one carried away from Barra Head. This is said to have occurred about 90 years ago." The distance the eagle carried that lamb would be about 40 miles, and a lamb by harvest time must have been a great weight.

SPOTTED EAGLE.

Latin—*Aquila Nævia.* Gaelic—*Iolair-bhreac.* Welsh—*Eryr Mannog,*

A very rare bird, but found several times in Skye.

BALD EAGLE.

Gaelic—*Iolair-mhaol.*

I do not find this eagle mentioned in any book on British birds, its visits being so rare that it may have escaped notice. I have it on very good authority that a couple of those birds frequented Glenlyon for several seasons some years ago. I hope they may be there still.

OSPREY.

Latin—*Pandion Haliaëtus.* Gaelic—*Iolair-uisge, Iolair-iasgair, Iolair-iasgaich.*

The Osprey used to be very common in the Highlands, but is now almost extinct. So late as 1840 it is mentioned in the New Statistical Account of the Parish of Dunkeld as a common bird. Now it is only very rarely seen there on some of the wild upland lochs. I got the following anecdote of the Osprey's devotion in defence of its mate from Mr Carmichael—"Capt. Malcolm Macleod, Lochmaddy, a most intelligent, observant man, told me the following incident, of which he was an eye-witness:—Upon one occasion when crossing with the Lochmaddy packet from Dunvegan, and when two or three miles from Gob-an-Iroid, Dunvegan Head, he saw something strange fluttering on the water

two or three hundred yards to leeward. He bore down upon it, and found that it was a large Iolair Iasgaich or Osprey which had exhausted itself in its endeavours to carry away a large codfish it had secured, and which now lay floating on the surface of the sea. The noble bird lay exhausted beside its victim, and with extended wings and feathers saturated with brine screamed loudly. When the vessel was within about a hundred yards of the bird, the people on board saw its companion coming from Dunvegan Head. It was screaming loudly, as if defying its foes to injure its mate. It kept at an elevated height till within a few yards of the exhausted bird, when it swooped down with the noise of distant thunder and the speed of lightening, and with unerring aim secured its companion in its claws. It then began to ascend in a circle, gyrating, and extending the higher it went. When it got up to a very high altitude with the helpless bird still in its claws, it relaxed its hold, and down tumbled headlong and confusedly the exhausted bird, like Vulcan when he was kicked down from Heaven by his injured father. The falling bird seemed to make no effort to arrest its downward course till it almost touched the water, when, with one beat of its powerful pinion, it stopped its fall, and majestically sailed away and joined its companion in its flight towards the precipices of Dunvegan Head, where they had their nest."

GER FALCON

Latin—*Falco Greenlandicus.* Gaelic—*Seobhag-mor, Seobhag-mor-na-seilge, Seobhag mor ban. Gearr-sheobhag.* Welsh—*Hebog chwyldro.*

This large and very beautiful falcon, though almost extinct now, used to be quite common in the Highlands, and was very much prized as a hunting hawk. It is mentioned by Sir R. Sibbald in 1684, also by Pennant in his tour in 1772. Fair Isle used to be a favourite breeding place for the Ger Falcon. In Hermann Moll's map of Scotland (1714) in a note on Fair Isle, that famous geographer says—"Faire Isle, famous for the best hawks that are to be had anywhere." McGillivray mentions it as breeding in St Kilda a few years ago, its only known breeding place then in Britain, but I doubt now if it will be allowed even there to breed in peace. And if a solitary specimen of this noble and very conspicuous bird appears in any district of the Highlands, the gamekeepers make short work of him, and, in their ignorance, don't generally know even the value of this very rare hawk to collectors, so that fine specimens have even been known

to have been nailed to a kennel wall for the sake of the sixpence, which most keepers get for every head of so-called vermin from their employers, and which is the cause of the rapid extirpation of so many of our native beasts and birds. To most keepers of the sixpenny-a-head class all are vermin, from the Royal Eagle and noble Ger Falcon, down to the useful and harmless Kestrel or owl, whose sole food generally consists of mice, moles, and insects. There are now a few enlightened proprietors in the Highlands, who strictly forbid the wholesale destruction of our rarer birds of prey. May their number increase!

ICELAND FALCON.

Latin—*Falco Islandicus.* Gaelic—*Seobhag-mor-gorm, Seobhag Lochlannach.*

This is a rarer hawk in the Highlands than even the Ger Falcon. I do not believe it ever breeds in this country now, and is generally only a winter visitor.

PEREGRINE FALCON.

Latin—*Falco Peregrinus.* Gaelic—*Seobhag, Seobhag-gorm, Seobhag-mor-gorm, Seobhag.na-seilge, Seobhag-sealgair, Sealgair, Facon.* Welsh—*Hebog Tramor, Cammin.*

Though for its ravages amongst game the Peregrine is more hunted after by keepers than any other hawk, yet, I am glad to say, it has bravely held its ground, and is now perhaps the commonest of all our large hawks in the Highlands. I also find it regularly breeding in Galloway, both on the hills and the sea-shore cliffs. As its Gaelic name implies, this is the real hunting hawk of this country. For though the Gyr and Iceland Falcons were used for hunting the Crane, Heron, and other large game, the Peregrine was generally used for ordinary game, and is so to this day where hawking is carried on. I well remember my first acquaintance with the Peregrine began when a boy, being employed to take the young out of the rocks of Strathardle for the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh to hunt the moors of Loch-Kinnaird, where for a time he revived the ancient sport of hawking.

Buchanan mentions the Isle of Muic as being a very famous breeding place of the falcon about 1550, and in the Old Statistical Account mention is made of the famous falcons which for ages built their nests in the rock above Moulin, and which were reckoned the best hunting hawks in the Highlands, and about which the following curious tradition still lingers in Athole, which I never came across anywhere else, viz., that of there

being a king of birds, not, of course, in the sense that we use in English when we call the eagle the king of birds or the lion the king of beasts, but a distinct individual bird that was king of all the feathered race and decreed justice amongst the different tribes. The story I got from an old Athole sennachie long years ago:—"For ages before the foundations of the old Black Castle of Moulin were laid (and its history lies before all written record) these famous falcons under the king's special protection built their nests undisturbed in that rock above Moulin every season, till once upon a time, just as the falcon was preparing to lay, a huge old raven came from Badenoch, from the haunted forest of Gaick, and by its superior strength drove the poor falcon from its newly finished nest. Of course more than the raven tried that game in those days, for were they not the good old days that Rob Roy many centuries afterwards mourned when he said—

'The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.'

So, perhaps, the old raven was not so much to blame after all. However, there seems to have been more justice going on then amongst the fowls of the air than amongst men, for, after the falcon had used every possible means to dislodge the raven without success, it at last rose in wheeling circles higher and higher till it was almost out of sight, then it flew straight away southwards, and the good men of Athole thought they had seen the last of their famous hawks. Such, however, was not to be, for, on the seventh day after, the falcon reappeared, coming from the south, accompanied by a 'smart, slim, long-winged, white bird'—'Ian caol, sgairteil, fad-sgiathach, geal'—making straight for the nest. As soon as the old raven saw them coming, it rose in a great flurry off the nest, and flew to meet them, croaking out an apology to the stranger for his misbehaviour to the falcon. This apology, however, seemed of no avail, as the stranger with one stroke of his powerful wing dashed out the raven's brains, at the same time losing a feather from his own wing. Then he flew round for a little time, till he saw the falcon once more take possession of her hereditary nest, and then rose above the clouds and flew southwards, and was never seen in Athole since. The lost feather was picked up, and found to be so hard that, as my old informant put it—'Bha an iteag sin cho cruaidh 's gu'n tugadh i sliseag as a' mhaide dharaich a bu chruaidhe bha 'n Lagan Mhaolainn'—'That feather was

so hard that it would cut a shaving off the hardest oak plank in the Howe of Moulin," and he used always to conclude the story by saying very earnestly—'Agus 's e Righ nan Eun a bh' ann,'—'And that was the King of Birds.'" This story seems to point to an old belief, that somewhere away in southern lands there reigned a king over all the birds, to whom all the rest could apply for protection or redress when they had a just cause.

Another old belief somewhat similar, also common in Athole, was that an Albino or pure white rook was regarded and obeyed as a king by all the black rooks. Of course a pure Albino is so rare amongst rooks that it was sure to draw special attention, and get its special share of romance. An uncle of mine, who is a great authority on birds, told me that when a young man, about 50 years ago, in Strathardle, he spent some days trying to stalk and shoot a pure white rook, but as it always kept in the middle of a large flock of black ones, he could never get within shot of it, as the black ones always warned it of the approach of danger.

Many of the Highland clans carry a falcon on their arms, and in Gaelic poetry and proverb this noble bird is very often mentioned, either as an example of swiftness and nobility, or in reference to its use in hawking. Alex. Macdonald (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair), in his Gathering of the Clans to Prince Charlie, says of the Macleods—

"Gu'n tig na fiurain Leodach ort
Mar *sheobhgan* 's eoin fo 'n spag."

And of the Frasers—

"Thig ris na Friscalaich,
Gu sgibidh le neart garbh,
Na *seobhagan* fior-ghlan togarrach
Le fuaths blair nach bogaichear."

Alex. Macdonald again, in a verse which has now become proverbial, in alluding to the difficulty of changing the nature of things, and of the many impossible things that might happen before a fool could be changed into a wise man, puts the difficulty of changing the lazy carrion-eating buzzard into a noble falcon first—

"Cha deanar *seobhag* de 'n chlamhan,
Cha deanar eala de 'n ròcas,
Cha deanar faoileann de'n fhitheach,
Cha deanar pithean de thomas;

Cha mho nitear sporan sioda
De fhior-chluais na muice;
'S duiliche na sin filidh fior-ghlic
Dheanamh de chli-fhear gun tuigse."

The old Gaelic proverb says, alluding to the falons habit of always killing its quarry on the wing—"Mar a's àirde theid an calman, 's ann a's dòcha 'n t-seobhag breith air." From another old Gaelic proverb we learn that our ancestors were aware of a fact which a good many of their posterity seem to forget, viz.—That all birds could not be noble falcons, neither could all men be great men—"Is beò na h-eòin, ged nach *seobhagan* uil' iad."

THE HOBBY.

Latin—*Falco Subbuteo*, Gaelic—*Obag, Gormag, Seobhag-nan-uiseag.* Welsh—*Hebog yr Hedyad.*

This is another beautiful little hawk that has of late become very rare, and the few that are left are rapidly finding their way to the bird-stuffer. Dr Stewart mentions it in the Old Statistical Account as a common bird in the parish of Luss in 1795. It was much used in hawking for hunting small birds, especially the lark from which it got one of its Gaelic names.

RED-FOOTED FALCON.

Latin—*Falco rufipes.* Gaelic—*Seobhag-dhearg-chasach.* Welsh—*Hebog-big-goch.*

MERLIN.

Latin—*Falco æsalon.* Gaelic—*Seobhag-gorm-an-fhraoich, Meirneal.* Welsh—*Corwalch, Llymysten.*

This the smallest, but the most active of all our native hawks, is still quite common in most districts of the Highlands. As it always builds its nest on the ground amongst the heather, like a grouse, it has more chance of escaping notice than the rock or tree building hawks, whose nests are generally easily found. The Merlin was much used in olden times, especially by ladies, for hunting patridges, plovers, and other small game.

KESTREL.

Latin—*Falco tinnunculus.* Gaelic—*Deargan-allt, Croman-luch, Clamhan-ruadh.* Welsh—*Cudyll coch.*

The Kestrel gets his very appropriate Gaelic name, Deargan-allt, from his reddish colour, and from the fact of his so often

building his nest and frequenting the rocky banks of burns in the Highlands, and that of Croman-luch, from his living almost entirely on mice if he can get them; and when hunting for them who has not seen and admired him as he pauses and hovers in one spot high in the air, sometimes for many minutes, watching till he gets the mouse far enough from its hole, and then darting down with such rapidity as to have given rise to the Hebridean phrase—"Abhsadh a' Chromain-luch,"—Shortening sail, Kestrel fashion,—applied to awkward handling of a sail, letting it down too suddenly like the descent of a Kestrel.

I may here give a wonderful instance of the instinct of the Kestrel and the great care it takes of its young, of which I was a witness when a boy, but of which I have never seen any notice of in any work upon birds:—A pair of Kestrels had their nest in Kindrogan Rock, and as I was then a lad of 15 at school, and knew every hawk's nest and most other nests for miles round about, and was therefore very useful in that line to the keeper, he took me with him to shoot the Kestrels. When we got under the nest the old hen at once rose, and was shot, but the cock was wild, and kept out of range all day. Before leaving I scrambled to the nest, and found four very young birds in it, one of them blind of an eye. Next day the keeper did not get back, but I went, and as I was lying on the top of the rock a little to the east of the nest, the cock passed close by me with something white in his claws. I did not take any particular notice of this at the time, as I had often seen Kestrels carrying empty skins of small rabbits and moles, skeletons of birds, and other refuse out of their nests in their claws and dropping them at some distance, so as not to draw attention to their nests by such refuse lying about—all hawks do so. On the second day the keeper returned with me to try and shoot the cock, but as there was no signs of him I was again sent to the nest, when I found it empty, and we concluded that the young had died and being eaten by prowling hooded crows, so we proceeded eastward into the wood in search of sparrow-hawks' nests.

About half-a-mile on the keeper made a noise at a tree where there was an old hooded crow's nest, when out flew a Kestrel cock, at which he fired but missed. I was very much surprised, as not only had I never seen a Kestrel build in a tree before (they always build in rocks in the Highlands, but generally on trees in the Lowlands), but I had been up at that very nest three days before and found it empty. However, I was soon up the tree again, when, to my utter astonishment, I found the four young Kestrels, including the

one-eyed one I had seen in the nest in the rock. I at once remembered then seeing the old cock coming in that very direction with the white thing in his claws, and had no doubt but what he was then carrying his young ones carefully away, from their former dangerous home to this ready-made place of safety. The keeper had never come across such a case before, called the Kestrel an "artful dogder," or, perhaps, even something stronger, and was more determined than ever to slay him, so next day we returned very quitely expecting to get a shot at him on the nest, but, to our amazement, found the nest again empty. Judging from the former experience, and knowing of an old sparrow-hawk's nest a few hundred yards to the north, I made for it, and snug enough in it found my one-eyed young friend and his three downy brethren, while high overhead circled the gallant cock, beyond reach of the gun of the vengeful keeper. Next day an underkeeper was sent to the nest with orders to conceal himself at the foot of the tree, and await the cock's coming and shoot him on the nest. However, he might have waited there yet, for after losing all patience he ascended the tree, and found the nest once more empty. Where that much persecuted and devoted bird carried his young the third times I never knew, but I suspect he took them a long distance, for though I searched diligently, far and wide, I could get no further trace of them, only I hope he got them reared in safety as he so richely deserved. This is the only instance I ever knew or heard of, of a bird carrying its young to another nest out of the way of danger, and, as I am positively certain, that there is no mistake about it, I think it worth recording.

GOSHAWK.

Latin—*Astur palumbarius.* Gaelic—*Gos-sheobhag* (Alex. Macdonald), *Glas-sheobhag, Seobhag-mor, Seobhag-riabhach.* Welsh —*Hebog Marthin.*

The Goshawk is very rare now, though once common enough in all the wooded districts of the Highlands. Lightfoot mentions it as breeding in the forests of Invercauld in his time, and Pennant also tells of its nesting in the woods of Rothiemurchus and Glenmore in 1772. Grey mentions several places in the Highlands where it bred within the last few years. He also mentions a charter of the Avenel family, dated 1235, granting the estates of Eskdale to the monks of Melrose, but reserving the breeding places of the falcons and the very trees on which the Goshawks built, and which were not to be cut down, till it would be seen whether they came back to them next year or not. The Goshawk was the

most highly prized of all the short-winged class of hawks for hunting. I am very much inclined to think that the name Gos-sheobhag and its English equivalent are simply corruptions of its other name "Glas-sheobhag," which certainly is very descriptive of the bird's colour.

SPARROW-HAWK.

Latin—*Accipiter Nisus.* Gaelic—*Speireag, Speir-sheobhag.* Welsh—*Gwepia.*

The Gaelic name of this hawk is very descriptive, meaning literally, "the hawk with long or sharp claws," and certainly to any one seeing this bird for the first time, its long legs and very sharp curved claws are the most striking feature about it. The English name is simply a corruption of "speireag," and has no connection at all with "sparrow," as most people think. This hawk may take an odd sparrow occasionally, but so rarely that it never could have given it its name, as a plump partridge or fat pigeon is far more to its taste, and it is impudent and bold enough to attack and kill a bird three times its own weight and size. A singular instance of daring in a sparrow-hawk occured at Dingwall in November 1870. The hawk seeing a caged canary suspended near a window in the house of Mrs Grigor, from whom I learned the details, dashed through a pane of glass, broke the cage with the impetus of the same blow, and killed its pray as if the deed had been accomplished without any such obstruction as glass or wires. When apprehended, it was found that the hawk had, some time before, been trapped by one of its legs, which was wholly gone from the thigh downwards. I saw both birds about three weeks after the incident happened. I also know a gentleman's house in the North, where a few years ago, a wild pigeon closely followed by a sparrow-hawk dashed through the dining-room window, and so much at home did the hawk feel in its strange quarters, that when discovered he was coolly plucking the feathers off the pigeon and scattering them all over the carpet.

KITE OR SALMON-TAILED GLED.

Latin—*Milvus vulgaris.* Gaelic — *Clamhan-gobhlach, Croman-luchaidh, Croman-lochaidh, Croman-lachdunn.* Welsh—*Barcud.*

This distinct and very beautiful bird from being one of our commonest hawks has within the last 20 years become one of the rarest, and in a few years I am afraid it will be amongst "the things that have been" in the Highlands. It is oftener mentioned

in the poetry and proverbs of the Gael than any other hawk, caused doubtless by its being distinguished from all others by its beautiful forked tail, which seems to have drawn attention at a very early age, as Pliny mentions that the invention of the rudder arose from the observation men made of the various motions of that part when the kite was steering through the air. The kite used to be a great torment to the thrifty Highland housewives, as he was very fond of making a swoop on the barnyard and carrying off a fat fowl as often as he got the chance, to which bad habit the following old Gaelic proverbs refer:—

B'e sin faire '*chlamhain* air na cearcan ;
Gleidheadh a' *chlamhain* air na cearcan ;
Tha 'n *clamhan gobhlach* 'n am measg.

One of Duncan Ban Macintyre's most humerous songs refers to a practical joke by a certain Patrick on a farm in Glenorchy, who one night about dark saw a very fine favourite cock go to roost on the top of the house, and then went in and told some young fellows that it was a large kite that was roosting on the housetop. One of them at once got out an old rusty gun and shot the poor cock. This untoward incident inspired Duncan Ban's muse to write the "Marbhrann Coilich."

COMMON BUZZARD.

Latin—*Buteo Vulgaris.* Gaelic—*Gearr-chlamhan, Clamhan, Bleideir.* Welsh—*Bod teircaill.*

Any one who studies the Gaelic names of birds, as well as of plants, &c., must be struck with the very appropriate and descriptive names given them by our early ancestors, and with the knowledge of the nature and habits of the birds they must have had at the early date when those names would be given, as will be seen, not only in the names themselves, but in our ancient poetry and proverbs as well. The Gaelic name for the Buzzard—"Am Bleideir"—is very appropriate, as it is a very lazy, cowardly bird: all writers on birds blame him for that. One says—"The Buzzard just as frequently seems to wait until its prey comes to it, as trouble itself to go far in search of it." An old Gaelic proverb says "Cha'n ann gun fhios c'arson a nian *clamhan* fead," alluding to the buzzard's habit of whistling when hunting for his prey, which, of course, is as seldom as possible. And as he is a carrion-eating hawk, and will devour all sorts of rubbish, he did not get credit for bringing up his family in a cleanly way, for does not another old proverb say—"Cha d'thainig ian glan riamh a nead a' *chlamhain*"—ap-

plied to people from whom very much good is not to be expected, owing to the stock from which they are sprung.

ROUGH-LEGGED BUZZARD.

Latin—*Buteo lagopus.* Gaelic—*Bleideir-tonach, Bleideir-molach.*

The name of Bleideir-tonach, by which this bird is always known in Athole, is very descriptive; as his very rough feathered legs, which give him his English name, make him look rather heavy and clumsy behind. To any bulky, clumsy, bungling fellow the old forcible Athole phrase is applied—"Nach e am Bleideir-tonach e." In the New Statistical Account of Dunkeld mention is made of the great number of Rough-legged Buzzards that appeared in that parish during the winter of 1840.

HONEY BUZZARD.

Latin—*Peruis apivorus.* Gaelic—*Bleideir-riabhach, Clamhan-riabhach, Para-riabhach.* Welsh—*Bod-y-mel.*

The last Gaelic name, "Grey Peter," is that by which this bird is known in Glenlyon.

MARSH HARRIER.

Latin—*Circus rufus.* Gaelic—*Clamhan-loin, Puthaig.* Welsh—*Bod y gwerni.*

HEN HARRIER.

Latin—*Circus cyaneus.* Gaelic—*Breid-air-toin, Eun fionn* (*male*) *Clamhan-fionn, Clamhan-luch.* Welsh—*Barcud glas.*

The last Gaelic name, signifying mouse-hawk, is the name given to this bird in the Hebrides, as those mischievous little animals form a great part of its food there.

MONTAGU'S HARRIER.

Latin—*Circus Montagui.* Gaelic—*Clamhan-luch.*

This is known as the mouse-hawk on the mainland of Scotland.

EAGLE OWL.

Latin—*Bubo maximus.* Gaelic—*Cumhachag-mhor, Cailleach-oidhche-mhor.* Welsh—*Y Ddylluan fawr.*

The Eagle Owl is very rare now. One was shot near the Pass of Killicrankie a few years ago.

LONG-EARED OWL.

Latin—*Otus vulgaris.* Gaelic—*Comhachag, Cumhachag-adhar-aiche.* Welsh—*Dylluan gorniog.*

SHORT-EARED OWL.

Latin—*Otus Brachyotus.* Gaelic—*Cumhachag-chluasach.* Welsh —*Dylluan glustieg.*

BARN OWL.

Latin—*Strix flammea.* Gaelic — *Cumhachag, Cailleach-oidhche Cailleach-oidhche-bhan, Cumhachag-Bhan.* Welsh—*Dylluan wen.*

The hooting of this owl is supposed in the Highlands to foretell rain, hence the old saying "Tha *'chomhachag* ri bron, thig tuiltean oirnn"—the owl is mourning; rain is coming.

25TH MARCH 1885.

On this date G. H. Campbell, grocer, Church Street, Inverness, and Duncan Macmillan, assistant grocer, High Street, do., were elected ordinary members. The Secretary read a paper by Mrs Mary Mackellar, Bard of the Society, on the Educational Power of Gaelic Poetry. Mrs Mackellar's paper was as follows:—

THE EDUCATIONAL POWER OF GAELIC POETRY.

When a stranger visits the Highlands for the first time, he must be to some extent forgiven for concluding that the shaggy and rudely-clad natives are ignorant and miserable. He sees a people dwelling too often in smoky huts that are dingy and comfortless, and living on a diet so plain as to seem to the educated palate near akin to starvation. Then he considers their language a jargon that keeps him from any spirit contact with the speaker thereof; and, worse than all, he has probably read the remarks of some travelled Cockney who took a run through some district of the Highlands, and considered himself so well informed as to air his knowledge, or rather his ignorance, of the people and their habits in the pages of some periodical, or in the columns of a newspaper. All who read these come, as as matter of course, in contact with our people with preconceived ideas; and we all know that preconceived ideas set a traveller at a very serious disadvantage. I, at least, found it so on my first visit to London. I was very much disappointed to find that, though the Royal Augusta wore an imperial crown, and was clothed in purple, she had naked feet that were anything but clean, and the hems of her robes were torn and muddy. I had expected a glorious vision of glittering

grandeur, and upon asking myself concerning the foundation of such an expectation, I found it was no deeper than my first nursery rhyme—

> "Give me a pin, to stick in my thumb,
> To carry my lady to London toon—
> London toon's a beautiful place,
> Covered all with gold lace."

Perhaps the sneers of the travelled Cockney given in the pages of some newspaper had also affected me, and deepened my impression, that poverty and comfortless homes were evils unheard of in the great centre of civilisation, and that the favoured denizens of that land of light and sunshine saw filth, squalour, and poverty for the first time in our Highland glens. Going to London with such preconceived ideas, I got a shock when I found that the travelled Cockney had been trying to draw an impossible parallel between his own home and the cots of our peasantry. For, verily, our people on strath, glen, or mountain side lead beautiful, poetic lives, when compared with the dwellers in the slums and alleys of London. They may have lowly cots, and have many privations and hardships, but they have also many blessings, and much to give zest to life. They are, verily, like the strong, finely flavoured, brightly blooming heather on the hils; and those dwellers in the slums like the sickly plants they attempt to grow in their windows, without sunshine, and in a poisoned atmosphere. The Highlander has all day long the fresh air of heaven, the fragrance of the flowers, the ozone of the sea, and the pure sunshine—all of them unbought gifts showered freely from the Great Father, who made the country, and whose choicest blessings belong to those of His children who are reared in His own immediate presence and in His temples not made by human hands. These temples have the mountains for their walls, and the blue sky for their dome; and they are carpeted by flowers of a thousand hues, and the voices of the winds are like diapasons called forth from a mighty organ played by His own Almighty hand, and the little birds are choristers singing in unison; and surely such a choir should have a more civilising effect than the penny-gathering organ-grinder of the city, even if he has the addition of a grinning monkey who is a very adept in gymnastics.

The southern traveller who stays long enough in our mountain land to learn to know our people will be astonished to find how they have been misrepresented. He will find modest and beautiful maidens, and brave, true-hearted men who would de-

light with kindly souls and willing hands to serve him in his hour of need. He will find faithfulness among servants, courtesy and politeness among all classes. Not only so, but he will find a people who are educated even in the face of an entire ignorance of the three R's. All ideas of education are not necessarily confined to a knowledge of letters. Good stout old Earl Douglas was a perfect gentleman, I am sure, although he could thank St Dunstan that no son of his save Gawain could e'er pen a line; and so many a gallant Highlander, notwithstanding his ignorance of letters and even of the English language which is considered the high road to all culture, is an educated, well-informed man, full of high and noble thoughts, and having a very mine of knowledge. For this the Highlanders have been greatly indebted to an institution which mistaken though, perhaps, well-meaning, men have wrested from them—the *Ceilidh*. There the young mind, thirsting to drink from the fountains of knowledge, got it night by night orally, as our students in our Universities get it from their Professors: only these, instead of taking notes on paper, have every word graven on the tablets of the soul. There the youth heard a store of legends that no Arabian Nights could excel; there he heard the proverbs of his country fraught with philosophy and profoundest wisdom. He heard the battles of his country retold there, and learned to think of the hero as the great pattern to be imitated, and of the coward as the most despicable being in creation. To have had anyone of his kith and kin obliged to stand at the church, taking his tongue between his fingers and saying, "*Sid am bleidire a theich*," would be worse than death. The stories told at the *Ceilidh* were full of love and romance, but they always had a good moral, and the genius of the language in which they were told was of so lofty a kind that the unlettered could talk it in all its nervous eloquence and intensity, as well as in all its pathos and power, without the artificial aids of grammar or etymological manual. The young people at the *Ceilidh* drank in their mother tongue as they had drunk their mother's milk pure and unadulterated from their mother's breasts. The young man would go away from the *Ceilidh* elevated by the knowledge he had acquired there. He knew he was not a stray atom in creation. He had listened to the tales told of his clan, and felt that the halo encircling the brows of the heroes of his race reflected a glory upon him. His heart swelled with pride, and the greatness of the heroes of his race would have to be transmitted by him unclouded to his children. There was thus an obligation laid upon him, and he dared not do anything to bring shame to the

proud race from whom he sprang. He could not even with impunity marry the girl he loved if she were of a race whose deeds would disgrace his children.

But though proverb, tradition, and story served to educate the young Highlander at this wonderful institution of the *Ceilidh* (at which the dance also had no mean place), the great source of knowledge and of culture was in the poetry of the country; and if it is a sign of superior culture in the homes of rank and fashion to be able to quote the poets, it must necessarily be so also in our lowly Highland cots. I, who know the poets of both languages intimately, know of nothing as a teaching element loftier than the sentiments of our good old Gaelic bards. I pass by Ossian, whose poems are so well known in the different languages of Europe. Not to enter the controversy of whether they are really Ossian's or James Macpherson's, they are in either case Highland; and if their sentiments are considered too lofty for the minds of a primitive race like our Highlanders, we will pass them over to pick up and admire a gem whose right to be considered a pearl of the Highland shores has never been questioned—that is "The Desire of the Aged Bard." Let any one who cannot read Gaelic read that poem as it has been translated by Mrs Grant of Laggan, and say if there is anything purer, sweeter, or better in any of the poems of the last three Laureates. The beautiful poetic emblems are delicately handled, and the sympathy with nature is of a highly refined character. The old man rejoices in the visions of love and romance to which his eyes are closed for ever. He is glad to know that the flowers he loved are growing about his place of rest by the side of the wimpling brook, and no sweeter music can thrill his soul than the songs of the birds that he poetically calls "The little children of the bushes," and his high-souled memory of the days when he rejoiced in the cry, "The stag has fallen." There is no cowardly fear of death. He is sorry to leave the mountains he loves, but he knows his trembling hand can no longer awaken the harp. He knows his winter is everlasting, and he is willing to go to join his brother bards in their residence on Ardven. We are sorry that we have no other poem of this grand old man's, but it is a high compliment to the tastes of the people that even this one of his has come down to posterity—orally handed down "under the feet of the years" by an appreciative people. Next in antiquity, although generations have elapsed between, comes "The *Comhachag*," not so full of the poetry of romance as the other, not so fraught with eloquent words and lofty thought, but yet full of sound sense and

of historical and genealogical lore. This old Macdonald has a ring of manliness in his song that breathes of the free, wild hunter who killed so many wolves in his day, and who grudged the laying down of his bow and arrow at the feet of hirpling, stumbling, old age. The soul was young though the body was aged, and we are sorry that we have not a few more of the out-pourings of so grand a spirit. This is perhaps the only song in which we find a bard utterly despising the creatures of the ocean, from the shell-fish on the sea-shore to the deep-breathing whale that splashes among the billows. Down through the years the bards gave voice to the ennobling thoughts God gave them, and thus became the teachers of the people. What is loftier or more ennobling for a young man bent on wedlock than Duncan Bàn Macintyre's song to Màiri his wife. His admiration of her beauty and purity, his determination never to make her heart palpitate the quicker for any irritating words of his, and to protect her and provide for her in all circumstances, are beautifully expressed; and every one who hears that pure and sweet song must be all the better for it. Truth and faithfulness in love, and the hatred of everything mercenary in connection with marriage, are universal characteristics of our Gaelic songs.

"Ged a tha mi gann do stòras,
Gheibh sinn bho là gu là na dh'fhoghnas;
'S ciod e tuilleadh th'aig Righ Seòras,
Ged is mòr a Rioghachdan!"

seemed to represent the general feeling of the bards in regard to conjugal happiness. We need not say how much they have added to the military ardour of their countrymen by their praise of great and heroic actions, and their utter detestation of everything akin to cowardice and unmanliness. Not to go further back than Mackinnon, we may know the effect such thrilling battles as he has described would have upon all who listened to the stirring words. *Blàr na h-Olaind* and *Blàr na h-Eiphit*, speak of the rival soldier's high and lofty spirit, and although the bard was wounded almost unto death, he only refers to it in passing. It is of the noble daring of his officers, and the lofty courage and great deeds of his brother soldiers, of which he speaks so caressingly and so full of sympathy—

"C'uim nach tòisichinn 'sa' chàmpa,
Far an d'fhàg mi clànn mo ghaoil;
Thog sinn tighean sàmhruidh ann,
De dhuilleach 's mheang nan craobh."

I know many of the old people of Lochaber who can repeat every word of these songs, but the *Céilidh* has now vanished into a thing of the past, and the songs so full of profound wisdow and high teaching have been frowned upon as sinful; and, therefore, the young of the present day, with all their knowledge of the three R's, are less educated than their ancestors were.

Not only could the Highlanders sing the songs of their country, so full of sublime and noble thoughts, but they also could tell the names of the authors. They could give the right melody, and tell the story attached to each song, and the circumstances in which it was composed; and many a tear was shed and many a pang of sorrow experienced over the sufferings of those whose tale was told in such pathetic language, wedded often to the weirdest and sweetest of melodies. Of such tales was the one attached to the song—

"A Mhic-Neachdain an Dùin
Bho thùr nam baideal."

when Macnaughton of Dundarave fled to Ireland with his wife's sister—one of the Campbells of Ardkinglass—and the poor deserted wife's cry of pain echoes down to us through ages. Then there was the unhappy wife whose sister tied her hair to a stake on the sea-shore, where she was drowned,—

"Gheibh iad mise hug ò,
Anns an làthaich hi ri ho ro,
Mo chuailean donn hug ò,
Mu stob feàrna hi ri ho ro."

Such treachery was always execrated in the Gaelic songs and the sympathies won to all that was pure and noble, and as each of such stories had in them the power and interest of a great novel, the mind filled with them could be neither vacant nor uncultured. Love, faith, hospitality, bravery, energy, and mercy were praised in these songs, and every form of tyranny and wrong, cowardice, treachery, or meanness, was treated with the "hate of hate and the scorn of scorn." The description of scenery in the Gaelic songs is always beautiful. We cannot imagine any one further from the unappreciative Peter Bell, to whom a primrose was just a yellow primrose and nothing more, than a Highlander who could delight in the minutest details of Duncan Ban's *Coire-Cheathaich*, or some of Mac Mhaighstir Alastair's descriptive pieces. We regret very much that this cultivating influence has been wrested from the people, but we hope that even yet amidst this modern revival of Celticism our Gaelic bards will meet

with renewed appreciation, and that no minister or elder will dare to wrest from the people the songs that were sung by those whom God had gifted specially to make the world wiser and better. God who gave the proud flash of the eye to the eagle, who gave his gay feathers to the peacock, his thrilling song to the lark, and even his spots to the tiger, rejoices in beauty; and, verily, if His eye rejoices in loveliness of the outward form—in the red of the rose, and in the scarlet of the poppy—He must also rejoice in the beautiful thoughts that make the soul blossom in freshness like a well-watered garden; and people might as well turn the garden into a desert as wrest by fanatic and ignorant hands from the hearts of men the loveliness and gladness of which God made them full—which made them tender and sympathetic, and filled their souls with a chivalrous love for heroic deeds, that made them emulate the bravery of former generations, and made them patriotic and virtuous.

On the same date (the 25th March 1885) Mr Alexander Macdonald, audit office, Highland Railway, Inverness, read a paper on Celtic Poetry. We summarise it as follows:—

CELTIC POETRY.

Celtic poetry includes the poetry of Britanny, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, but in this paper Gaelic poetry is taken as representative of the rest; the other countries, however, are occasionally referred to for illustration, confirmation, or addition.

Poetry took literary shape before prose, for the simple reason that rhythmic language is almost necessary for the memory; and the memory was the only repository of literature in barbaric and savage times, before writing was invented. The Celts of ancient times were especially fond of poets; the classical writers continually refer to the bards that attended the chiefs and appeared at the feasts. And, if we may trust old Irish history, the poets were the most important class of men in the State; their privileges were extraordinary; they had right of hospitality from every person and the right of exacting gifts; they were themselves, on the other hand, divided into grades said to have been seven, and the highest poet had to know and recite, if called on, 350 tales or poems, the next, 175, and so on to the 7th, who recited 30 tales or poems. Some authorities give 10 or 11 grades. We know from Cæsar that the Druids taught poetry to their pupils, and probably embodied their doctrines in poetic form,

which, as they did not commit them to writing, would facilitate remembrance. We know, too, that the poets used to appear in battle, inciting their own side and hurling taunts and detraction at their foes. So powerful, indeed, was their influence that they could even stop the combatants when drawn up and ready for fight: "So," says the old writer who records this, "among the wildest barbarians passion yields to art and philosophy, and Mars reveres the Muses."

For ease of reference and for perspicuity's sake, we shall consider the subject of Gaelic poetry under the following heads:—The antiquity of Gaelic poetry; its heorism; its patriotism; its love; its power of description; and, lastly, its poetic value.

Much dispute has existed as to the antiquity of Gaelic poetry, and, indeed, all Celtic poetry that now exists. The Welsh claimed for their Triads and their Four Books of Wales, an antiquity that dates as far back as the 6th century. Indeed, Mr Skene thinks they actually were composed about that time, and handed on traditionally until the 12th to the 15th century, when they were written down. But, unfortunately for all such theories, their language is very modern; in fact, it is the language of the time at which they were written down, say the 13th and 14th centuries; and, again, their historical elements are too vague, legendary, and mythical to argue upon their intrinsic antiquity. The very same criticism applies to Irish literature; its earlist MS. is of the 10th or 11th century, say about 1100, and though the language does point to a century or two older for some pieces, yet little can be claimed with any degree of probability or regard to scientific accuracy, as older than the 9th century. Scotland is even worse off; passing over the Book of Deer in the 12th century, as of little literary though great linguistic importance, we come first to the Book of the Dean of Lismore, written about 1512. It contains poetry of two classes—the heroic and the contemporary. The contemporary poetry is of the ordinary mixed kind—elegiac, erotic, philosophic, religious, and, as is usual among the Gaels, genealogical or clannish. The heroic pieces deal with legendary and mythic characters, mostly the Féine. Some of them purport to be by contemporary authors, doubtless working in the old quarries of Fenian romance; but many are attributed to Ossian and several other Ossianic heroes. Prof. Windisch has shown the value of this reputed authorship of Ossian by a comparison with the older Irish tales and poems. In these tales or poems are introduced, after some narrative or descriptive passage, the char-

acters as reciting their opinions in poetry. It is the dramatic and narrative forms combined, but it is not for a moment implied that Cuchullin, Conchobar, Fergus, Finn, Ossian, Oscar, or the others were poets, but only that they said or sung the piece that followed. In the Dean's book Ossian and the others are actually named as the authors, not the sayers, reciters, or singers merely of the pieces. Then as to the character of these Ossianic ballads contained in the Dean's book; most of them are common to Ireland and Scotland, and belong clearly to the 13th on to the 16th centuries, but not later. The language in every case is Middle Gaelic; they are often in a Christian setting—Ossian and St Patrick speaking; and they are always apart from the prose narrative, which ought to include them. It is not safe to postulate any great antiquity for them; five or six hundred years must be their utmost age. As to Macpherson's Ossian, it is a thing by itself; it has no relation to any other Celtic poetry, ancient or modern, save to imitations of itself. In its love of natural scenery, it is Celtic; in its weird mythology and its historical references, it is Norse; in its vagueness and sentimentality, it is quite 18th centuryish and modern. The language is excellent, but it is *very* modern Gaelic. To sum up; we cannot claim any Celtic poetry to be much older than the MSS. on which they are written, for their language is of that date; hence little or no Celtic poetry can be traced back a thousand years, and the bulk of the older poetry is later than half that period.

The second point to be discussed is the heroism in Gaelic poetry, which is, in fact, one of its most characteristic features. The poetry breathes a spirit of magnanimity which was but the reflection of the character inherent in the Celtic race. Their battles, their feasts, and their every-day life were all conducted on principles of Homeric heroism—"they were like the people in Homer's time," says Diodorus. If animosities were keen, if cruelty was not absent, yet friendship and tenderness were correspondingly intense. An act of dishonour was unknown. How changed are the times now! Their frequent single combats form a proof as to the magnanimity and generosity of their character—combats in which any mean advantage was scorned. Scott caught the idea of the ancient Gael excellently in his Roderick Dhu. And the Fenian ballads, both those of genuine origin and those of Macpherson, breathe a spirit of heroism and old-world life and generosity that can only be compared to Homer and the early Greek heroes. Indeed, the Celts and Greeks were much alike; of course they were descended from the same Aryan stock, but, all the same, they kept a wonderful similarity to each other in their

te existence and under widely different conditions. Both
vere poetic and æsthetic; the Greeks were the originators
ic form in ancient times, and the Celts gave the magic of
to modern poetry.

ur third point is the patriotism of Gaelic poetry. The
nders have a remarkable position among the nations—a
aineer people deeply and passionately fond of their country.
they were at all times prepared to sacrifice their all—
lves. Whether under their chiefs, inspirited by the
of their bards and the strains of their music, or fighting
r general country of Britain, in regiments—"all plaided
umed in tartan array"—where have they ever been known
n their backs on the foe? The poetry is full of their
ic feeling; their country, its institutions and its glory, are
ial themes, potent to inspire both bard and people. We
nly refer to the last Rebellion as a proof of our position.
Highlanders clung to the old Stuart race with a passion,
nd abiding, and the mark which that struggle has left on
erature of the Gaels is correspondingly prominent, for a
part of Gaelic poetry and prose has Prince Charlie for its
Alexander Macdonald was in arms for the cause, and
st vigorous poems were written for it; while Duncan Ban, a
of the Crown at the time, was delighted to run his best in
before his Highland kinsmen. He could even be a coward
earance for his country's sake—possibly a higher pitch of
rifice than any else. The history of Ireland presents
r instance of Celtic patriotism. The struggle is also deeply
ted on its literature. When Wales irrevocably lost its
, it turned to its ancient stores of literature, and lived over
in imagination the Homeric times of King Arthur, "who
ome again, and thrice as fair." The beautiful Arthurian
s, which attracted Milton, and inspired Tennyson to pro-
n them his masterpieces, belong to the Bretonic branch of
elts; they sprung up in Britanny and in Wales. From
countries they overran mediæval Europe, and fired the
of the troubadours and poets of both the Teutonic and
ice nations.

ur next point deals with the love-songs of the Gael. Few
in the world can boast of such tender and affecting pro-
ns on the subject of love; the Gaelic language seems here
e manner born" made, like Anacreon, to sing of love alone.
songs glow forth from their hearts, pure as the crystal-
ed waters that stream out from the mountainous recesses

of their native country. At the shrine of this divine power, this all-pervading essence—love—was poured out nearly three-fourths of all their poetry. In adversity and in prosperity, in sorrow and in joy, the Highlander was equally mindful of breathing his feelings to woman. He lived for her, and died for her. She always exercised a peculiar influence over him that never failed to inspire and enliven his soul, however conditioned. He seemed to possess a very clear conception of the relation in which woman stands to man socially, and we seldom or never find him to have betrayed her confidence or dishonoured her fidelity. It was not as the phlegmatic, materialistic generations of our time do that the Highlanders of old loved. They might have been simple; but whether or not, they were certainly truthful. In this respect they can be compared to the Minnœ-singers of Germany, and to the Italians of past ages. This similarity, perhaps, can be accounted for through the affinity that exists between the languages of these nations, and the probable inheritance of some manners and customs at once common to all of them. But we are under the impression that neither the Italians nor the Germans possess love-songs that are more pathetic, more pregnant with intense feeling, more innocently natural, more sublimely spontaneous than the Highlanders of Britain. In this we hope we are not claiming too much for them. But where can we find anything more characteristically human, more true to nature under the fervent emotions of love, than the "Mair iBhan Og" of Donnachadh Ban.

We quote in proof these lines from William Ross, the "Burns of the Highlands:"—

"Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smeorach,
'S ge binn coisir 's gach crann,
'Seinn ciuil domh 'n coill smudain,
Theich mo shugradh-s' air chall—
'Tha mi daonnan a' smaointeach'
Air mo ghaol anns a' ghleann,
'S mi air tuiteam am mighean,
Gun a briodal bhi ann.

"'N uair a bhithinn-s' mo mhin-mhal'
An gleannan riomhach na cuaich,
No 'n doire fasgach na smeoraich,
Gabhail solais air chuairt;
Cha mhalairtinn m' oibhneas
O bhi ga h-eugmhais car uair,
Airson beartas fhir-stata
'Dh' aindeoin airdead an uaill."

In the frozen atmosphere of our day, all this ennobling, edifying, and beautifying element in our poetry, may very likely be sneered at. Love is now, like friendship, very much a condition of self-interest from a business point of view. But such it was not before now; and a true-hearted Highlander will admire his ancestors as much for their highly advanced ideas of this passion as for any other good qualification which they are known to have ever possessed. We find those nations always the best and the most civilised where woman is loved and respected. In giving her the position of trust and eminence to which she is virtually entitled, man raises himself considerably beyond such as cannot appreciate her. Love therefore is never to be despised. It is the sunshine of life, and the light of the social world.

The descriptive element of Gaelic poetry is, in our opinion, the most poetic of all that enters into the constitution of it. When describing the magnificent scenery of the land of the heather and craggy bens, the Gaelic poet was more truly himself than at any other time. The sublimity of conception, the variety of idealities, and the striking felicity of expression displayed in all songs and poems descriptive of our hills and glens, of our mountains and valleys, of our streams and rivers, and of our woods and forests, are undoubtedly the masterpieces of Gaelic poetry. Here the Gaelic poet drew his inspiration from all the glorious manifestations of nature on earth known to him; and the harmony with which he evolved his poetic creations from such betrays the unlimited use of that Heavenly gift of humanising and transubstantiating nature's external world peculiar to a poet. In reading the poetry of the Highlands of Britain, it is evident that the reflective organs of the poets' minds were remarkably impressionable to the beautiful scenery of their native land, and that their representations or reproductions of those impressions affected deeply the race to whom they were delivered. The Highlanders seem to have been as susceptible to the beauty of their native country as they were to that of their women. It was the source of their patriotism, the nucleus around which nearly all their affections revolved, and the centre from which their most ambitious aspirations took their rise. The poets knew this, and failed not to make extensive use of it in appealing to the passions of the people. From the bards of heroic times down to the poets of our own day, nearly all have dwelt more or less upon this idea, and interspersed their works with direct or indirect references to the all-glorious charms of the picturesque magnificence of Highland scenery. There is no better criterion by which to go in judging the mental

advancement of a nation than its descriptive poetry; for it is from this that we can have revealed to us, not only the impressionability of a nation, but, more particularly, the civilisation of a nation, which is of incomparably greater consequence from a philosophical stand-point. In this light the Highlanders of old present to us, as now conceived through their descriptive poetry, a picture of refinement that truly astonishes us.

Little now remains to be added regarding the last part of our subject—the Poetic Value of Gaelic Poetry—in other words, how many or how few of the elements that constitute poetry are to be met with in the Gaelic poetry of the Highlands of Britain? We need not recapitulate what we have written regarding it to confirm here the genuineness of it as poetry. Does it not create worlds of love and friendship in the minds of the brave sons of the Gael? Does it not engender the tenderest affections in their hearts? Does it not, even now, awaken the most glorious associations in their souls? And, not only in these respects, but in all others that mark true poetry, we have in the Gaelic portions of Celtic poetry, as a whole, something that approaches to poetic perfection. They are an ocean of poetic passion, a sea of poetic intensities, a forest of poetic fancies, they teem with poetry's soul-stirring sentiments, and are all alive with poetry's life-sweetening dreamings; even the very language in which they are written is peculiarly and supremely poetic.

1st April 1885.

On this date, after the transaction of some routine business, Mr D. Campbell, of the *Northern Chronicle*, proceeded to give, with the aid of maps specially prepared, a brief account of the provinces and the divisions of the old Kingdom of Alba, after which he went on to show that Alba had two main lines of defence. The northern one extended from the Moray Firth to Inverlochy. The southern one, which before the appearance of the Scandinavians was by far the more important of the two, began on the Drumalban watershed, passed down Glenlyon to Fortingall, called of old Fotherchill, and thence to Dunkeld, where it bi-forked. Inverammon, or Rathammon, at the mouth of the Almond, and Perth, in Gaelic Baile Feairt, formed a sort of front defence to the regal seat of Scone, while from Dunkeld following the hills, then crossing Strathmore to Dunsinnane, and thence curving along the chief range of the lower Grampians, stretched a long chain of fortified places to Dunottar, which was of old variously written Dun-fother and

Fother-dun. Logie-Pert, like Perth, derived its name from "feart," which was the usual name for a small round fort, while a larger erection was, it would seem, called "fother." In Glenlyon, which had twelve of these round forts, the people called them generally "The Castles of the Feinne," but they had particular names for some of them. It appeared that Kenneth Macalpin advanced his southern defence line to Strathearn. Forteviot and Dundurn were the two chief strengths of the new line. Another Kenneth, he who was reigning when "the Pictish Chronicle" was written, about 990 fortified the banks of the Forth. Then, by degrees, the old importance and true history of the old Pictish chain of forts were forgotten. Mr Campbell referred to the dedications of the churches of the district, in proof of his argument that the line he described was that on which the men of Fortrenn, and at times the men of all Alba, mustered in days of old. Most of the region of the southern forts continued to be crown lands until the death of Alexander III. He had no doubt it would be found, on due investigation, that the northern chain also stretched through territories which belonged to the Crown until a comparatively late period. In conclusion, he urged strongly, that the Gaelic Societies should co-operate to bring out a Gaelic map, that is a map giving the old Gaelic names of districts and place as correctly and completely as possible.

10TH APRIL 1885.

On this date, Mr John Whyte, librarian, Inverness, read an interesting and suggestive paper on "the Principles of Gaelic Translation." The paper was an introductory one, and will be given in its amplified and extended form in next year's Volume of Transactions.

On this same date the Secretary, on behalf of Mr Alexander Mackintosh Shaw, London, author of the History of Clan Chattan, read a paper on Mackintosh's Cairn, Glentilt. Mr Mackintosh Shaw's paper was as follows:—

MACKINTOSH'S CAIRN IN GLENTILT, AND ITS LEGEND.

This paper has been written with a double object, in addition to the primary one of helping *Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis* to wile away part of an evening. On the one hand, I desire to show how

easily a tradition of some ancient event may have been disseminated and have become localised in various districts, and, therefore, how necessary it is for any person wishing to use such a tradition for historical purposes to satisfy himself, by careful examination of all its conditions, that it is genuine, and even then to take it *cum grano salis*. On the other hand, I wish to draw the attention of members of the Society to the subject of Highland tradition and legend generally, with a view of inducing them to aid in this field of research. The excellent paper of the Rev. Mr Watson, Kiltearn, on "The collecting of Highland legends, and the necessity for collecting them now," printed in Vol. VI. of the Society's Transactions, has had some result, certainly, but none commensurate with the quantity of material or the importance of the subject. There must still be many traditionary stories which have not yet appeared in print, and unless these are placed on record now, they may be for ever lost; for newspapers and cheap literature have as withering an effect on them as the east wind has on the early fruit-blossom. Losing them, we should undoubtedly lose some help, greater or less, towards obtaining a knowledge of past times and manners, and probably, in addition, some means of verifying the better known stories which have been made public property. In the following remarks, I will first "say the tale as 'twas said to me," and then endeavour to indicate some possible standing-ground of history for it. I do not claim to have succeeded; to a great extent my endeavours are only by way of conjecture, for, except the facts of its existence and of its being applied to two different districts, the story has nothing certain in connection with it. Possibly this paper may elicit further information.

About a mile to the north-east of Loch-Loch, among the hills of Ben-y-Gloe, in Perthshire, is a cairn known generally as Mackintosh's Cairn, sometimes as Comyn's Cairn (Carn a' Chuimeinich). It is said by tradition to mark the spot where, some centuries ago, a great chief of the Comyns was killed by a certain Mackintosh, who raised the stones as a monument of his act.

The story of the feud which culminated in the erection of this cairn has been told more than once. The main incidents, as narrated on the authority of local tradition by Colonel J. A. Robertson (author of *Gaelic Topography* and other works) in a little volume entitled *The Earldom of Atholl*, privately printed in 1860, are as follows:—The Comyns, on obtaining a footing in Atholl, at once commenced their usual practice of attacking their neighbours. Among these were the Mackintoshachs, or Mack-

intoshes, descendants of the old Tosachs or Thanes of Glentilt, who were attacked by the Comyns at a feast and all murdered, except a young child in a cradle. This child, Ewen, also called "Sherigan," grew up, and some fifteen years after the massacre attacked the Comyns at a place called Toldamph (Toldamh, near Blair Atholl) and defeated them. The Comyns fled up Glentilt, and turned in at the stream which issues from Loch-Loch, but Ewen, taking a near way through the Hills of Ben-Gloe, by a stream called Cromaldun, met their leader at Loch-na-diodd, and shot him. Colonel Robertson says that these events are supposed to have taken place about or soon after 1260, and that Ewen had a son named Angus, who obtained a "bounding charter" to his lands.

In *Legends of the Braes o' Mar*, by John Grant (Aberdeen, 1876), the story is given in more detail. According to the generally accepted version, Comyn, Lord of Atholl, coveting the lands of Tiriny, the heritage of Mackintosh, surprised the latter's house in the night, and put all its inmates to the sword except a child, Mackintosh's son, whose cradle, being overturned in the scuffle, was overlooked. The child was discovered next morning by one of Tiriny's tenants, called Croit-a'-bhoineid (or Bonnet-croft, from his paying a yearly rent of a new bonnet), and was by him secretly conveyed to the relatives of the murdered mother, Campbells in Argyll. Comyn followed up his cruel act by adding the lands of Tiriny to his own, and continued to "go on still in his wickedness."

The boy thus saved was well brought up by his Argyllshire relations, and was once a-year visited by the faithful Croit-a'-bhoineid, who passed for his father. As he grew up he became an expert archer, and on one occasion, when he had reached the age of eighteen years, the worthy crofter, seeing his skill at the bull's-eye, exclaimed, "Bravo! Tiriny, broader far than the round on that target is the brow of your father's murderer." "Are not you, then, my father?" asked the youth; and then Croit-a'-bhoineid related his sad tale. Young Mackintosh was as eager for revenge as his old friend could desire, and plans for obtaining it were speedily matured between them. With a band of picked men—given by the Campbells, according to some, by the Mackintoshes of Inverness-shire, according to others—the two went to Tiriny, in Atholl. Their followers lay concealed while they applied for shelter at the house of an old woman who had fostered the murdered Tiriny. She at first would not believe their story, and refused them admittance; but on being repeatedly assured that the son of her foster child was really there, she said, "Let him breathe through the key-hole, for I would know the breath of a Mackin-

tosh." The youth did as she desired, and was immediately welcomed as a true Mackintosh.

Our authority continues—"Some have it that the nurse had learned the Big Cumming was honouring by his presence the marriage of one of his retainers; that the Mackintosh partisans got between him and the castle; that the alarm was given, and that Cumming rushed to his stronghold, but finding himself intercepted, directed his flight up Glen-Tilt. Others say that an ambush was led near the castle; that a party of Mackintoshes came forward to make a feint assault, and afterwards fled, drawing out the Cummings in pursuit; that the ambush intercepted their retreat; and that those who escaped from the short combat which ensued fled with their leader up Glen-Tilt. The streams that join the Tilt, all the way to its source, recall, by their names, the places where some of the fugitives fell. Thus we have Allt na Maraig (pudding burn), Allt na Stroine (nose burn), Allt lurg na Smeara (the burn of the shin of marrow), and so forth.* Alone at last, Cumming the Big turned away by Loch-Loching, east of Ben-y-Gloe nan Eag. But young Mackintosh and Croitbhoineide still pursued. They kept on one side of the loch, the murderer on the other. As he sat down to rest on a large stone, raising his hand to wipe away the perspiration, an arrow from the bow of Tiriny pinned that hand to his brow, and the Big Cumming fell dead. Carn a' Chuimeinich still marks the spot." (*Legends of the Braes o' Mar*, *p.* 29.)

This story, in its main features, is so true to the wild spirit of the times in which its incidents are supposed to have happened—times when right often had to give way to might, and when men were accustomed to measure out justice for themselves—that we can scarcely refuse to believe that it had some foundation in fact. It is quite possible, of course, that it is nothing more than an ancient mythological story, handed down from the remote ancestors of our branch of mankind, to which local colouring and surroundings have been given and additions made by successive story-tellers to suit the taste of their audiences. There are many popular stories, some even finding a place in grave histories, which modern research has traced back to this source—notably the story of William Tell and the apple, which figures, *mutato nomine*, among the legends of England and Scandinavia as well as of Switzerland, and is given as a legend of Braemar in the book

* These names do not necessarily indicate connection of the places bearing them with such events as those of the legend.

already quoted. The principal incidents of the story before us would fit in closely with such a theory, and the story might be taken as representing the destruction of summer by winter, and the subsequent overthrow of the destroyer by a new summer; or it might be a myth of the ever recurring conflict between the sun and night. In the latter case the prowess of the youthful hero as an archer would lend probability to the theory. If, however, the story were such a myth, we should doubtless find it elsewhere than in the Highlands, among other nations descended from the great Aryan stock; but there is no trace of it in this direction.

On the whole, then, we are perhaps justified in regarding it as historical rather than mythological. There can be no doubt as to its being an old story, for the names of the actors in it are names which have ceased for some centuries to have any connection with the district, and the country people through whom the story has come could have had no knowledge of such connection otherwise than by tradition. In any tradition of more than two or three generations it is vain to expect correctness in more than principal facts, still more vain to expect dates and individual names; and in this case we have to be content for the purpose of historical enquiry with knowing that the parties concerned were the Comyns on the one hand and the Mackintoshes of Glentilt on the other. The name given to the saviour of the infant Mackintosh, and the conversation between the two, according to the foregoing detailed story, have no doubt been added during the steps of the tradition.

It is not necessary here to trace the origin and history of the Comyns; their deeds, good and bad, and their accessions of wealth and power in various parts of Scotland, are well known to every reader of Scottish history, although their early history, as given in the Peerages, is somewhat meagre and contradictory. The Mackintoshes of Glentilt, or of Tiriny, are less widely known; in fact, very little is known of them even by the best informed. Mr Skene, in *Celtic Scotland* (vol. iii., p. 274) says that "no doubt" [an expression, by the way, which does not always imply certainty] they proceeded from the family which held the office of Thane or Toshach of Glentilt, one of the thanages held under the Earl of Atholl, and that this family was descended from Eugenius or John, brother of Reginald of the Isles, who acquired the thanage from Robert, Steward of Scotland (afterwards Robert II.), before 1371.*

* By a misprint, 1471 is the date given in Mr Skene's book. An Alexander Mackintosh of Tiriny appears in the Privy Council Records in 1590, but the thanage of Glentilt had been disposed of by the descendants of Eugenius in the beginning of the century.

Thus they would be of the same line as the Macdonalds. But there appear to have been other Mackintoshes in Atholl for some time about the 15th century, the Clan Chattan of Inverness-shire having had a colony there. The MS. history compiled by Lachlan of Kinrara about 1670, from three MSS. of the previous century, says that the posterity of Angus Og, third son of Angus 6th of Mackintosh and his wife Eva, settled in Glentilt in Atholl. The 6th chief of Mackintosh died in 1345, and the children of his third son would probably come into the 15th century; but there are reasonable grounds (which will be advanced in due course) for supposing that the removal of Angus Og's descendants to Atholl did not take place until nearly the end of that century. But at whatever period the removal took place, in 1595 we find Duncan, who then represented Angus Og's posterity, and who (or his immediate predecessors) had acquired Dalmunzie, giving a heritable bond of manrent to the 16th chief of Mackintosh, and promising in it to defend him as his "naturall cheiff," thus acknowledging his descent from the Clan Chattan Mackintoshes. Assuming that Mr Skene's account of the origin of the Tiriny Mackintoshes is correct, there would be in the 16th century two sets of Mackintoshes in Atholl—those of Tiriny, Macdonalds by extraction, springing from the thanes of Glentilt, and those belonging to the Clan Chattan; and the question now is, which of these has the greater interest in the cairn and its legend? The Atholl tradition, as gathered by Colonel Robertson—a native of the district—and by the writer of the Braemar Legends, would appear to give the honour to the former; but, as has already been suggested, local tradition cannot always be depended upon for accuracy in the names of persons, and, supposing that the story was really connected with the Clan Chattan Mackintoshes settled for a time in Atholl, it would be but natural to expect that after their removal across the hills to Dalmunzie, the incidents would in the course of a few generations come to be applied to the other Mackintoshes who remained in the district. Tradition always has a tendency to localise events, and no doubt this tendency has been a powerful help towards the preservation of old stories such as that of Mackintosh's Cairn. How many of us, even now, in reading or hearing of a stirring or romantic incident, unconsciously lay the scene in some locality which we know, and which is promptly conjured up before our mental vision. Such mental portrayal of events seems to be particularly a gift of the young, whose world is usually a small one. I well remember that in my first youthful reading of "The Last of the Mohicans," all the inci-

dents of that captivating story were presented to my mind as taking place within and about a certain well-known wood of not more than twenty acres in extent; and that, similarly, John Bunyan's famous "Pilgrim" made his "Progress" along roads and paths trodden by my feet, and received entertainment at houses where I was a frequent guest. And so deep were these first impressions that even now, after a lapse of more than thirty years, when reading the story of Fenimore Cooper or the allegory of Bunyan, I find myself once more in imagination among the well-known banks and glades where I first knew La Longue Carabine, or accompanying Christian along a miry ditch-bordered country lane, overshadowed by sombre trees, which to me was the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Nearly every reading boy of imaginative mood, unless his tongue is tied by the reserve which usually accompanies that mood, will acknowledge similar experiences.

The Atholl youth of two or three centuries ago, on being told a thrilling tale of Mackintoshes slaughtered by Comyns, would almost as a matter of course associate the victims with the only Mackintoshes known to him, those living in his own neighbourhood; on hearing of the young Mackintosh's revenge, he would mentally pursue the Comyns through the defiles and over the hills which he best knew, and as the tale of the pursuit went forward he would have no difficulty in imagining that several of the pursued were brought to bay at such and such a pass or crag, that the blood of others dyed such and such a burn, and that the crowning event, the slaughter of the great Comyn himself, took place at a similarly appropriate spot. As he grew up, the story and his own mental picture of its incidents would become fused; we can even imagine him, while both were fresh in his memory, giving his version to his playmates, and with their assistance, acting the pursuit over again; or, in his mature years, telling his story, localised according to the ideas of his youth for the sake of impressiveness, to his descendants. In this way the story, though originally told of some far distant locality, would gradually and easily become identified with his own district.

All this supposing, as I said, that the story really belongs to the Clan Chattan Mackintoshes, and not to the other Mackintoshes in Atholl. Now for the grounds for such a supposition. In the first place, there is no distinct evidence that the Comyns were at any time powerful in Atholl, or even that they had possessions there. Nisbet in his "Heraldry" (part iv. p. 71) mentions a "David de Cumine, Comes de Atholiæ, Dominus de

Strathbolgie," as giving a grant of land, confirmed by Alexander II. in 1239; but no such person appears in the Peerages, and it seems clear that there is some mistake on Nisbet's part. In 1239, according to Douglas, the Earl of Atholl was Patrick. He in 1242, was succeeded by David de Hastings, who became 7th earl in right of his wife, Patrick's aunt, and was succeeded about 1269 by John de Strathbogie, of the Macduff family, who likewise acquired through his wife. He held the earldom until 1283. Although the Cumyns had thus no right in Atholl, it is fair to mention the *possibility* of their having seized and occupied it for a time during the unsettled state of the kingdom in the 13th century—a period about which there is little detailed information. There is, however, no actual evidence of such an occupation. Another possible connection of the Comyns with Atholl may perhaps be found in the marriage in 1152 of Richard Comyn, the first of his name holding lands in Scotland, to Hexilda, alleged grand-daughter of Malcolm Ceannmor's brother Donaldbane; but all the author of *Family Records of the Bruces and Comyns* (p. 395) can say of this lady is, "Why Countess of Etheletela we have not been able to discover, but Hexilda, being of the royal house of Ethel or Atholl, probably succeeded to the appanage of her grandfather, Donaldbain, who appears to have been chief of Atholl;" and if Hexilda was Countess of Atholl, it is strange that her right was not transmitted to her husband or family. In the next century there is a connection which is quite distinct, though distant. David, Earl of Atholl, grandson of the John de Strathbogie (a Macduff) already mentioned, married one of two grand-daughters of that John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, who was killed by Bruce at Dumfries in 1306. On these ladies devolved the representation of the Badenoch-Comyn family; and Earl David may have given hospitality to some of the dispossessed followers of his wife's family.

Enough has been said, however, to show that the domination of Atholl by the Comyns, in the manner and to the extent pointed at in the traditionary story, is without foundation in history.

In the next place, almost the identical story told in the Mar Legends, with the exception of the part taken by Croit-a'-bhoineid, is told of the Shaws in Rothiemurchus, originally Mackintoshes of the Clan Chattan,* and for the story, as applied to them, there

* A somewhat similar story is told of the Macaulays and the Morrisons in the Lewis; the alleged period being about the 15th or 16th century.

is historical foundation. For a great part of the 14th and 15th centuries, the Comyns and Mackintoshes were at deadly feud, in both Moray and Badenoch. The origin of the feud is unknown, but may perhaps be referred to the Comyns' jealousy of a rising clan living near them and yet remaining independent of them. In 1230 one of the Comyns (a Norman family, be it remembered) was made Lord of Badenoch; and six years afterwards a right to the adjoining district of Rothiemurchus was acquired by the 4th chief of Mackintosh, who sent his warrior son Ferquhard to occupy the lands. We may be sure that the Comyns would regard this occupation with disfavour, and would not be disposed to leave the newcomers in peace; no doubt cause of quarrel was easily found or made, and before the close of the century the Comyns and Mackintoshes were in arms against each other. The breach was widened in the War of Independence, the Mackintoshes taking the patriotic side with Robert Bruce, the great foe and rival of the Comyns, and the destroyer of their once immense power. The feud continued, though apparently with intermissions, until about the middle of the fifteenth century.

The traditionary story of Rothiemurchus was obtained in that district some twenty years ago, by my friend and fellow-clansman the late Rev. W. G. Shaw. It is given, somewhat briefly, at page 139 of the account of Elginshire in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1845), and more fully in vol. i., page 333, of the *Celtic Magazine* (1876), where, however, the hero, Shaw of Rothiemurchus, is wrongly reported as in after life murdering his step-father, Dallas, and thereby forfeiting his property.

The Rothiemurchus story, as has been observed, closely resembles that told of the Mackintoshes of Atholl. The chieftain of the Shaws is murdered, with most of his supporters, by the Comyns, who seize on his possessions; his son, an infant, is saved by a nurse, who takes him to the Baron of Strathardle (according to one account, to his mother's relations), and then returns to her home; the child grows up into a strong, brave young man, and, with a band of followers, visits Rothiemurchus, with the object of recovering his patrimony. He goes at night to the house of his nurse, who at first will not believe that it is he who seeks admittance, but on his breathing through the key-hole at her request, is at length satisfied, and admits him joyfully. An attempt on the part of one of the youth's followers to deceive her by the breathing process had failed. Young Shaw finds that his arrival is well-timed, the chief men of the Comyns being expected back on the following day from a raid in the low

country; he lies in ambush, in a pass which they must traverse, the nurse standing on the Callort Hill, and giving warning of the enemy's approach by calling "Tha na gobhair anns a Challort" (The goats are in the Callort); and, as the unsuspecting Comyns arrive in detached parties, driving the cattle they had "lifted," he falls upon them, and cuts them to pieces. The scene of the massacre is still known as *Lag-nan-Cuimeineach*—the Comyns' hollow.

All this story of the Shaws is as circumstantial and as probable as that told of the Mackintoshes of Tiriny, and the evidence for its being a story of events which took place in Rothiemurchus is quite as strong as that for its relating to Atholl—perhaps stronger, having regard to the considerations already advanced as to the connection of the Comyns with the two districts.

Assuming that the Shaws of Rothiemurchus—or, to speak correctly, the branch of the Mackintoshes afterwards known as Shaws—were the actors in this drama, it is not difficult to fix the period at which the events occurred. To begin with, an important clue is furnished by the Rev. Lachlan Shaw at p. 42 of his *History of Moray* (Edin. 1775), where he gives the name of the murdered chieftain of the Shaws as *James*. The historian of Moray, however, makes this James live some eighty years too early, and it is interesting, as bearing on the study of tradition generally, to enquire into the reason for his so doing. It is a well known fact that traditionary stories, besides their liability to become localised, have a tendency to crystallise round the name of some distinguished individual. The great hero of Rothiemurchus history and tradition was that Shaw Mor (the Scha Ferqwharisone" of Wyntoun's "Cronykil") who in 1396 led the Clan Chattan champions to victory in the battle of thirties at Perth, who received as a reward from the chief of Mackintosh the *duchus* of Rothiemurchus, and whose grave is still to be seen in the parish church-yard; and it is extremely likely that in the time of the Rev. Lachlan Shaw—that is, about the middle of the 18th century—the people of the district had come to regard him as the youth who had so gallantly recovered his own. At any rate, the reverend historian appears to have understood from the tradition he heard that Shaw Mor himself was the youth, and that the name of the murdered father was *James*; so that, not knowing the pedigree of the Shaws, he sets down James as their first chief and the father of Shaw Mor, and the date of the seizure by the Comyns as "about 1350."

The account of the Shaws in the *History of Moray* is full of errors. Its author was to a great extent dependent on tradition

for his information concerning ancient times, and was so ignorant concerning the history of the Shaws—now clear as to its main features from extant deeds and other documents—as to be unaware that they were known as Mackintoshes until the middle of the sixteenth century, or that Rothiemurchus passed from them by sale, and not, as he relates, by forfeiture on account of a murder. The James Shaw of "about 1350," whom he makes their first chief, never existed; but Shaw Mor's son and successor was named *James*, and was killed at Harlaw in 1411, fighting on the side of Donald of the Isles. He left two young sons—Alasdair, or Alexander "Ciar," who, first of his line, acquired a right to Rothiemurchus; and Adam, who became ancestor of the Shaws of Tordarroch in Strathnairn. Both brothers are mentioned in bonds and deeds of various descriptions.

With the clue afforded by the name *James* in the *History of Moray*—a work, be it remembered, now more than a century old—we may reasonably assume that, if the Comyns ever seized and held Rothiemurchus, and if they were ever massacred by the young ancestor of the Shaws, who had been an infant at the time of the seizure, it must have been soon after 1411. In that year the head of the Mackintoshes in Rothiemurchus, *James*, son of Shaw Mor, was killed at the "red Harlaw," no doubt with many of his followers; his two sons were infants (the elder appears, from a deed of 1499, to have been actively engaged in 1492), and Rothiemurchus would thus be left in a comparatively unprotected state. Where the Comyns who seized upon it came from cannot now be stated, but it is not too much to suppose that some of them had remained, as outlaws or "broken men," in and about Badenoch, after that district had been wrested from their heads by Robert Bruce. Wherever they came from, Comyns appear to have settled themselves in the district; tradition is positive as to this; and it is highly probable that the island castle or fort in Loch-an-Eilan—traditionally ascribed to the Comyns, but said by some to have been the work of Alexander Stewart, Wolf of Badenoch—owes its existence to them. It is difficult to imagine a motive for the Wolf's building such a fort in Rothiemurchus, on Church land, and outside his own lordship; but on the other hand, a band of outlaws, such as the Comyns probably were, would actually need a stronghold to which they could retire when hard pressed, and doubtless one of their first acts, after seizing the district, would be to provide such a refuge.

To go further, if the scene of the events described by tradi-

tion was really Rothiemurchus, and if the time was soon after 1411, as I have endeavoured to show must have been the case, there can be little or no doubt that the young hero of the tradition was Alexander "Ciar," son of James, son of Shaw Mor. There is one circumstance in Alexander's history which possibly points to him as the recoverer of the lands of Rothiemurchus, and that is that he was the first of his line who possessed a right to them. These lands were Church lands, the property of the Bishops of Moray, from whom the Mackintosh chiefs held them in feu. Alexander Ciar's father and grandfather had held them from their kinsman, the chief of Mackintosh, only as *duchus*—that is, they had had the occupation and use of them as tenants at will. But in 1464, says the Kinrara MS., Duncan, 11th of Mackintosh, "disponed his right of possession and tack to his cousin Alister Keir Mackintosh, *alias* Shaw, the third from Shaw, *alias* Gilchrist vic Ian." The Episcopal Register of Moray, under date 4th September 1464, confirms the MS., for it records the terms of the charter to the new tenant :—"Carta feodifirmœ ab Episcopo cum consensu capituli facta Alexandro Keyr Makyntosy, terrarum ecclesiasticarum de Rothymurchos, in vice com. de Innernes; Reddendo 24 mercas annuatim," &c., &c. The MS. gives no reason for the chief's thus transferring his right to his relative; but may not the explanation be that he did it out of a feeling of gratitude to Alexander Ciar for winning back the lands and destroying the troublesome enemies who had seized them? Viewed thus, his act was one of simple justice; and Duncan, if we may judge by the character given of him by the family chronicler, was a man from whom such an act might reasonably be expected.

On the whole, we have sufficient weight of probability to justify the conclusion that the incidents of the legend, if they ever took place at all, took place in Rothiemurchus and not in Atholl. How then did the story of them find its way to Atholl and become a part of the traditionary history of that district? This is a question which, like most questions connected with our subject, cannot be answered with certainty; we are still thrown back on probabilities, and must be content if we can discover any circumstances in which the story *might* have travelled southwards to Atholl. Such circumstances are found in the statement of the MS. History of the Mackintoshes, already referred to, that descendants of Angus Og, a younger son of the 6th chief, settled in Atholl. When this settlement took place, or by which of Angus Og's descendants it was made, is not stated; but there are sufficient grounds for a reasonable conjecture on the point. On the

15th May 1482, "Donald M'Intosche Angusson" entered into an agreement with Lachlan "Badenoch," brother of the 11th chief of Mackintosh, that he (Donald) should take "in all possibill hast" the castle or tower of Kilravock, and hold it as constable under Lachlan—who, by the way, was brother-in-law of the baron of Kilravock, Hucheon Rose. Donald performed his part of the agreement, surprising the castle, killing the constable and watch, and doing great damage. How long he held the castle does not appear, but in 1498 a royal summons was issued against Donald, at the instance of the next baron of Kilravock, for "the wranguis distructioun of the hede hous of his tour of Kilravock, the grete hall of the samyn place, with kichin, baikhous, &c., &c." The circumstances are mentioned in the Rev. Hugh Rose's *Genealogical Deduction of the Family of Kilravock*, written in 1683-4, and both the agreement between the two Mackintoshes and the royal summons are printed in full in *The Family of Kilravock* (pp. 146-166), edited by Cosmo Innes for the Spalding Club—the agreement being particularly interesting and instructive in regard to the manners and customs of the period.

There can be little doubt that this Donald Mackintosh, son of Angus, was either grandson or great-grandson of the Angus Og mentioned in the Kinrara MS. No other Angus from whom Donald could have sprung appears in the Mackintosh genealogy, and it is evident from the terms of the agreement that Donald was a person of some standing in the clan. Thus part of his reward for the capture of Kilravock Castle was the hand of Lachlan Badenoch's daughter Margaret, with 40 merks of tocher, and it is not likely that Lachlan, the brother of the chief of Mackintosh, would have given his daughter to an obscure person; moreover, Donald and Margaret appear to have been within the degree of consanguinity which required a Papal dispensation for their marrying, for under the agreement the bride's father is to bring "the dispensacione owt off Rome on his expens." Further, Donald, having no seal of his own, is of credit sufficient to procure the seal of no less a person than William, Thane of Calder.

The fact of his being summoned by royal mandate to answer for such acts as the capture and destruction of Kilravock Tower and the murder of its defenders under trust—particularly at a time when the Mackintoshes were in anything but pleasant relations with the governing powers, their chief being at the date of the summons imprisoned in Dunbar Castle—would, as we can readily imagine, cause Donald to quit a neighbourhood where he was well known and within reach of the law; and he in all pro-

bability was the Mackintosh descended from Angus Og who moved to Glentilt, as stated in the MS. History.* He and those who accompanied him would doubtless carry with them the stories of events in which their clan, and perhaps some of their own immediate progenitors, had taken part, and not the least memorable of these would be the story of the Mackintoshes and Comyns in Rothiemurchus.†

If this was really the way in which the story was introduced into Atholl, it is interesting to note that in its new home the story has always kept to the old name of the people who were for a time so overridden by the Comyns, while in the district in which (as assumed) the events occurred the name has been changed. In Atholl the story has always been told of Mackintoshes; in Rothiemurchus, for at least a century and a half, it has been told of Shaws. As has already been observed, the Shaws of Rothiemurchus were originally

* The family of MacRitchie, connected with the parishes of Clunie and Caputh in Perthshire for at least two centuries (they have documentary evidence as far back as 1683), have a tradition that the first of their name was a Mackintosh, who, with his brother, fled *south* to Dunkeld after a family quarrel in which a chief was killed; and that one of the brothers was of great bodily strength, being able to hold a stag by the horns. In the course of a long and interesting correspondence with one of this family a few years ago, I was led to the conclusion that the MacRitchies are an offshoot from the Mackintoshes of Dalmunzie. This being so, they are descendants of the Mackintosh or Mackintoshes who founded the colony of that name in Glentilt, and their tradition, instead of referring to the first of their name of MacRitchie, may really refer to the founder of the colony. A tradition of the circumstances of Donald Angusson's flight from Inverness-shire to Atholl might easily become distorted in the course of more than three hundred years into that held by my correspondent's family.

The following remarks in one of the later letters of my correspondent have no particular bearing on the subject of this paper, but their suggestiveness to the mind of a tradition hunter, will perhaps be deemed a sufficient excuse for my quoting them :—"This Dalmunzie research has proved, to all but the most fastidious, that we are descended from Mackintosh stock, and that the fact has been revealed through a tradition 200 years old . . . . As my father died before I was old enough to care much for research of that kind, I cannot say how much of my tradition came directly from him, or how much I heard repeated by my brothers; but I *know* that we used to have a vague belief that we shared the blood of Mackintosh of Mackintosh. . . . An unimportant part of the tradition is one that I think stamps the whole with a certain amount of authenticity, namely, that which accords to my ancestor (or his brother) such great personal strength that he could hold a deer by the horns. This is one of those small details that could never be corroborated, but it is just the kind of thing that makes one feel that the brother from whom we descend, directly or collaterally, was 'a real man,' and not a myth."

† The presence of the name *Angus* in the local tradition, as told by Colonel Robertson, is perhaps worthy of note.

Mackintoshes; their great eponymus, Shaw Mor, was a Mackintosh, being great-grandson of the 6th chief; and his descendants used and were known by the name of Mackintosh for several generations after his time. Thus his grandson, Alexander Ciar, the assumed hero of the story under consideration, appears as Alexander Ciar Mackintosh in nearly a dozen extant deeds and documents dated at various times between 1464 and 1499, while Alexander's grandson, fourth in descent from Shaw Mor, is similarly called Mackintosh—"Alanus Keyr Makyntosh"—in the charter by which he sold his family's rights to Rothiemurchus to Lord George Gordon, and in its confirmation by the Bishop of Moray, both deeds being dated as late as 1539. This alienation of their inheritance may have been the occasion of the family's change of name from Mackintosh to Shaw, but it is not until the 17th century that we begin to find mention of the latter name in Rothiemurchus, where, it should be mentioned, most of the family remained down to the early part of the last century. The writer of the MS. Mackintosh History, writing about 1660-70, speaks of Alexander and his grandson as Alexander and Allan Kiar "Mackintosh *alias* Shaw," showing that in his time the change of name was of such recent date as to be remembered, or even that it was still not fully established. But whenever the change took place, it would of course involve a corresponding change in the traditionary story.

These considerations with regard to the name of the old occupiers of Rothiemurchus lead naturally to a summing up of the whole question, for it would be a most remarkable coincidence if precisely similar events had occurred both in Rothiemurchus and Atholl, and if the actors in these events had been in both cases Comyns and Mackintoshes. Such a coincidence, however, is scarcely probable, and we may reasonably assume that the events of our story occurred in only one of the two districts. That this district was Rothiemurchus is testified to by local tradition, which is not less strong than the tradition in favour of Atholl, and which is to a considerable extent corroborated by the history of a Rothiemurchus family; while the localisation of the story in Atholl can be accounted for, though not with certainty, yet with a large measure of probability, by the migration to that district of some Mackintoshes (assuming that Donald Angusson and his family are pointed at in the MS. History) at the close of the 15th century, a time when the occupiers of Rothiemurchus were still known as Mackintoshes. Unless, indeed, the improbable coincidence above suggested took place, the fact that the story has become localised in Atholl with the *Mackintoshes* as actors in it

proves that it must have been told there for at least three hundred years.

If, then, the events described in our story never occurred in Atholl, what is the meaning of the cairn among the hills near the head of Glentilt? What event or personage does it commemorate? No certain answer can now be given to these questions. One of its names, that of Comyn's Cairn, has in all probability been given to it merely on account of a supposed connection with the story, and may be of comparatively recent date. The better known name, Mackintosh's Cairn, is most likely the correct and original name. It probably denotes that the spot is the place of death or burial of some Mackintosh in the olden time—it may be of the Donald Angusson who was driven from his clan and friends in Inverness-shire for his share in the "Raid of Kilravock," or it may be of some descendant of the ancient Toshachs or Thanes of Glentilt. But whoever the individual so distinguished was, the facts and considerations which have been advanced are perhaps sufficient to show at least that there are good reasons for doubting whether the cairn has any connection with the story or legend so often told concerning it.

15th April 1885.

On this date, Dr Morrison, West Bow, Edinburgh, was elected an ordinary, and John Macgregor, 100 Castle Street, Inverness, an apprentice member of the Society. Thereafter, the Rev. Alex. Bisset, Stratherrick, read an introductory paper on "The Gael, his Characterstics and Social History." It was as follows:—

THE GAEL—HIS CHARACTERISTICS AND SOCIAL HISTORY.

Part I.

The branch of the human family designated "The Gael" possesses an interest which for remoteness of origin and continuity of a special type of character, far surpasses that of any other people of Europe. Two great families spring from the "cradle of the human race," known to the student of History as the Celtæ and the Goths. The Celtæ appear to have taken the lead, and to be the first inhabitants of Europe. The Goths followed, and in the advancing stages of civilisation gradually supplanted the

original inhabitants. With the advantages derived from following the pioneers of colonisation, the Goths instituted laws and forms of rule and government, which form the germs and roots from which has sprung, with varying and succeeding changes, the economic policy which now governs Europe. Driven before succeeding waves, and yielding to amalgamated forces, the Celts broke up through the British Isles. Confined by the insular character of these, their last settlement, they made a determined stand, and have kept up an increasing opposition in habit and sentiment to each invading power, whether Goths or Romans, or later of Saxons and Norsemen.

That Great Britain was peopled from Gaul by the advancing Celts, and Ireland peopled from Britain is the most approved theory of the early colonisation of these islands. The Celts adhered to the patriarchal forms and manners of life, and in the form of tribes whose habits became moulded by local circumstances, they, in the course of time, frequently came into unpleasant relations, and even violent contact one with another. Petty jealousies between kith and kindred invariably led to animosities and divisions. The stronger seek to overpower and conquer the weaker; the oppressed retaliate, feuds and dislikes, the remembrance of inflicted wrongs and of hardships endured, are the fruitful causes of the weakness of the Celts, and to these causes may be traced their gradual decay and their all but final disappearance as a distinct people. United they prove an invincible force, while Culloden Moor betrays the weakness of divided councils and interests.

The remarks in this paper are confined to the "Scottish Gael," who is now admitted on the best authority to have originally inhabited Caledonia. Colonel Robertson, in his "Gael of Alban," says of the Caledonians—"They were the men who were otherwise called Picts, whom the Romans could not subdue in their Highland refuge, nor Anglo-Saxons drive out of more than the southern plains; and in the Highlands they have remained:" and Skene, the highest Celtic authority known, agrees with him in confining the Irish settlement which took place in the sixth century of the Christian era to Argyllshire; and both maintain the identity of the language of the Picts with the modern Gaelic of the Highlands. A long and keen controversy has been kept up as to the origin of the name of Scotland. Scoti Vagantes or "Wandering Scots" appear first in Britain about the year 360 as strangers who came to plunder the Roman province. For centuries a severe contest raged between Irish invaders and the Picts, and while the invaders gave their

name to the whole territory of the Picts, a very small portion, viz. Dalriada (Argyllshire) is admitted to have remained in their possession. Skene says that the name (Scotland) came originally to be improperly applied to Caledonia, and that in the course of time the whole territory of the Picts came to be known as Scotland.

It is somewhat amusing to observe how many Scotchmen of the present day indignantly repudiate all connection with their cousins of the Sister Isle, while Irish writers persistently claim the glory of having conquered the Picts; and point to the name given to the conquered country in proof of the flattering view they contend for. Whatever may be said of the civil conquest by the Scoto-Irish of the Pictish Kingdom, there can be no question that, to Irish Missionaries belongs the glory of finally effecting the moral and religious conquest of the ancient Caledonians. Christianity was first introduced into Caledonia by Roman soldiers and missionaries in the train of the Roman armies. The Romans penetrated into the very heart of Scotland, reaching as far as Inverness. Julius Cæsar invaded Britain about fifty years before the birth of Christ, but it was in the subsequent campaign under Agricola that the Caledonians and the Roman legions met, and engaged repeatedly in severe struggles. Tacitus, who was married to a daughter of the Roman General, Agricola, wrote an account of his father-in-law's campaigns. He writes, that the first campaign commenced in the year of our Lord 78, and that in two campaigns the territory to the Forth and Clyde was annexed to the Roman Province. Tacitus is described as the ablest and most philosophical of the Roman writers, and he informs us that at this period the Caledonians resembled the neighbouring tribes of South Britain, and that in social life, and civil government the people resembled savages. We must remember, however, that the Romans applied the term "barbari" or savages to all who had not been brought under the Roman sway.

Chalmers states that at this early period the whole extent of North Britain was inhabited by twenty-one tribes, who were connected by such slight ties as scarcely to enjoy a social state. Lord Macaulay writes, that the Primitive Britons were very little superior to the natives of the Sandwich Islands in the nineteenth century. Druidism was the form of worship adopted by the Caledonians, and Roman historians state that the Druids offered human sacrifices. One Roman historian, Diodorus Siculus, states that it was customary to keep prisoners under ground for five years and then to offer them up as offerings to their gods by having them impaled and burned in great fires along with quantities of

other offerings. Cæsar also mentions that the Druids offered human sacrifices, and made vows to offer such, as the gods would not be content with less. The same author mentions that the chief deity worshipped by the Druids was Mercury, who was regarded as the guide of men in their journeys, the inventor of arts and the god of gain and commerce. Next to Mercury they worshipped Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva. We are also told that the head of the household had the power of life and death over all his dependents, and that near relations had a community of wives. The Druidical priesthood held the chiefs as well as the people in complete subjection. So that it was the priests who reigned in reality, and the chiefs or kings were merely tools for executing their designs. They are thus represented to us as the most implacable enemies of the Roman invaders, as well as the inveterate foes of the missionaries of the Christian religion. Yet notwithstanding the social, moral, and religious degradation in which the inhabitants of Caledonia were involved at this time, we find that the various tribes were instructed, civilised, and converted to the faith of Christ. Tertullian says "that before the end of the second century the Christian religion had made wonderful progress; that Christians were to be found everywhere throughout the Roman Empire, in the towns, in the villages, in the fields, in the army, in the ships, and even in the Senate itself. He further says the kingdom and the name of Christ have extended to places that defied the arms of Rome." From this we see that Christianity in Britain had spread before the end of the second century beyond the Roman Province to that part of Caledonia, now the North of Scotland, which had not been conquered.

The people lived on the milk of their flocks and the produce of the chase. Such were our ancestors when the influence of the Christian religion was first brought to bear on their character. In the course of time various influences came to act on their lives. They came under the more settled government of more powerful chiefs and eventually kings, and from contact with their more favoured and civilised neighbours of South Britain, and in the course of time by frequent intercourse with the more polished nations of the Continent, and especially with France, the Caledonians came to form a noble nation remarkable throughout Europe for gallantry, military prowess, indomitable courage, and a love for learning and the fine arts. In the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries Scotland, according to Tytler, shone as high in the eyes of Europe as she does now. A Scotchman, John Duns Scotus, in the reign of Alexander III., 1250,

was ranked as one of the most learned men in Europe, and he lectured at the University of Oxford to 30,000 students who attended the University in his time; and Scotchmen were famed throughout Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries for their knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, and philosophy.

The virtues which distinguish Scotchmen are characteristic of the Gael; and although the language of the Gael has gradually given way to the Saxon tongue throughout the greater part of Scotland, the character of the Scotchman has not become assimilated to that of his southern neighbour. The canny Scot is but the shrewd observant and sharp-witted Celt in English character. Communities, like individuals, are the creatures of circumstances. From the fact of their occupying a less favourable field for commercial enterprise a portion of the community has continued longer beyond the reach of Southern influence; and this portion it has become fashionable to stigmatise as ignorant, lazy, and unworthy to be classed with their more opulent neighbours. The mountaineers or Highlanders, as their very name indicates, are debarred from prosecuting those industries which have proved a source of wealth to their neighbours who are placed in more favourable circumstances. The Highlanders have been harshly dealt with. Slow to abandon those feelings of attachment and loyalty to their chiefs and superiors, inherited through ages of patriarchal customs and social usages, they found themselves ignored, abandoned, and expatriated by those very men whom they were taught to obey, to serve, to love, even unto death.

When the cry came to be, "Mak' money, Jock, mak' money; honourably if you can, but mak' money," and when money and not men became the object of many a landlord's ambition and aim, his devoted subjects were ruthlessly driven from their dearly cherished homes and forced to seek that shelter in foreign lands, which they were denied in their own. Instead of giving their subjects the chances and the encouragement to husband their resources and to turn their native hills and glens to the best of profit, strangers were invited to speculate in the industries for which the country was found best suited, viz., pastoral farming. What would be thought at the present day if a similar process were adopted to remedy the evil of congested fishing communities on the West Coast and throughout the Western Isles? Would the suggestion to drive the population away to the Soudan or Afghanistan, and to invite south country trawlers to take possession of the whole fishing ground, be for a moment entertained? The idea would give rise to horror and scorn, and would not be

for an instant tolerated. Yet this is akin to the Highland Clearances.

The Education Act of 1872, and the presence in Skye of about 500 marines mark an epoch in the history of the Gael. Education will create laudable ambition, and incite enterprise, while the present agitation in Skye and throughout the Highlands, however much we must condemn the manner in which it is partly conducted, will, I believe, have the effect of teaching the Highlander a more manly independence.

22ND APRIL 1885.

On this date, H. Mackenzie Munro, 42 Union Street, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member. Some routine business having been transacted, Mr George J. Campbell, solicitor, Inverness, on behalf of Mr Hew Morrison, F.S.A., Scot., Andover House, Brechin, read a paper on the diary of a Sutherland Minister—(the "Maighstear Murchadh" of Rob Donn)—between 1726 and 1763. Mr Morrison's paper was as follows:—

NOTICES OF THE MINISTERS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF TONGUE FROM 1726 TO 1763: FROM THE DIARY OF THE REV. MURDOCH MACDONALD OF DURNESS.

In this paper I propose to give you a brief notice of the Diary kept by the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald of Durness, and a few notes upon the ministers of the Presbytery of Tongue from 1726 to 1763, with occasional references to other ministers in the North.

First, then, as to the Diary itself:—It may not be out of place for me to state that in the winter of 1881, I wrote a short essay on "Rob Donn," which was read at a meeting of the Glasgow Sutherland Association, and which gave rise to a lengthened controversy as to whether Rob Donn was a Mackay or not. From researches I made in the Register House and the records of the Presbytery of Tongue, and from information obtained from other sources, I came to the conclusion that Rob was surnamed *Calder* and not Mackay. In the course of a visit to the Rev. Mr Findlater of Lochearnhead, who has a duplicate of the MS. from which Rob's poems were edited, I learned that in 1840 Mr

Findlater, while acting as Probationer in Cantyre, had come to the knowledge of the existence of a diary kept by the Rev. Mr Macdonald of Durness (Rob Donn's "Mr Murchadh.") He made several attempts to get a perusal of it, but in vain, and for many years could not find what had become of it.

I at once telegraphed to the Rev. Mr Graham of Campbeltown, who assured me of the existence of the diary in the possession of a gentleman whose address I got. I proceeded next morning to Cantyre, and I have now the diary before me. I may say that there is no mention by name of Rob Donn in it at all, though there are several references to events which Rob has commemorated in verse, which serve to throw light in a highly interesting manner upon the songs of our great northern bard. The MS. is in eight octavo volumes, extending to over 4000 pages in all. The writing is very legible and regular, and very small and close, so that each page contains more than a page of twice the size of the ordinary writing of to-day.

It is somewhat disappointing to find that the greater part of it is taken up with religion, that is, as a record of the spiritual experiences of the writer. It is an indicator of the rises and falls of the religious barometer. Each day's sins are lamented and confessed, and the feelings which are supposed to indicate a retrogression are as carefully, though sorrowfully, recorded as are those which show an upward and forward advance in the higher life.

Poverty of soul, the want of spiritual appetite, indolence in the performance of duties, and a relish for the things of the world, as well as a concern for the proper ordering of his own wordly affairs have each their value placed upon them in the sliding scale, which indicates the retrograde motion, while the experiences of the opposite nature are as carefully reflected upon, and ascribed their due place in the Christian life.

Things secular were of importance only in so far as they served spiritual ends, a treatment of them which has unquestionably deprived us of much of what we should wish had been recorded regarding the events of the time over which the diary extends. Here, for example, is an instance :—

Under the date, Sabbath evening 19th December 1740, we have the following :—"There is something just now on the wheels in this place of no small importance, which, therefore, I have been laying before Thee, O, my God, for a good issue;" and a little further on, under the date April 3, we have the same matter referred to in much the same manner—"This morning acquainted

that a certain project in which I was somewhat concerned, is blown up: I have the more Peace in this, that I did put a Blank in God's Hand, with respect to it, and thus I am bound in the event to submit to His better Will. There are many, perhaps, who are pleased at the Disappointment who probably will make no better of the matter than I meant to all concerned." This project, whatever it was, was set on foot by Mr Pope, the minister of Reay, as appears from a marginal note.

It would be unfair, however, to suppose that all secular topics were thus scantily treated, for many are taken up and dwelt upon at great length.

Mr Macdonald was a great reader, and a close student of the works of men of his time, especially of those who wrote on religious questions. We find him writing long criticisms of such books as Henry Scougall's "Life of God in the Soul of Man," Boyle's "Seraphic Love," Gurnal's "Directory," Boston's (who, he says, borrowed from Gurnall) "Fourfold State," Bennet's "Christian Oratory," which he read in public, and Hervey's "Meditations," *&c., &c.*

It would be not only interesting, but useful, in judging of the clerical cast of mind a hundred and fifty years ago, to make a list of the books read, together with the criticisms upon them by Mr Macdonald. Such a thing would be too tedious for a paper of this nature, but we do not find him confining himself so much as one would be inclined to think to such works as those mentioned. We find him spending the greater part of three day's in reading "The History of a Foundling" by Henry Fielding, of which he notes "a performance which tho' it has the air of romance, or some other such fiction, yet contains rules and models of human nature, which may greatly contribute to the improvement of mankind in virtue, and particularly it is calculated to form the manners of those who despise instruction in a more serious dress." He was also very fond of poetry, and an admirer of Pope, of whom and of his works, as they come to hand, notices frequently occur. So much was he taken up with Pope's "Messiah" that he translated it into Gaelic and recited it to his parishoners in the course of his visits to them, and when they, as was their custom, after having a fellowship meeting on the first Monday of the month, adjourned from the church to his house. It has often been a matter of some surprise to students of Rob Donn's poems, that so many of his ideas are so nearly related to those of Pope. This, to which we have referred, is the explanation of it, for Rob Donn was for many

years living at Balnacille, near the manse of Durness, i had many opportunities of hearing his minister discourse on Po

In the latter part of his life he was much taken up w. Young's "Night Thoughts," and carried the book with him eve where, frequently reading as he went. He committed the grea part of it to memory, and so much was he enamoured of it that the 26th November 1762 he addressed a long letter to the auth which he signed "Phila Gathos," but in which he tells that he h the pastoral charge of the parish in the North of Scotland, which Farout Head was situated, as he might see by the map. Young replied, and as this production of that writer has nev been published, we give it here:—

"27th January 1763.

"Rev. Sir,—I thank you much for your very obliging letter, and should be extremely glad of your further correspondence, if my correspondence with this world was not so near an end. Such is my age and indisposition that I cannot show you that respect, which I cannot but collect from your pious pages, to be greatly your due. God prosper your wise pursuit of higher correspondence than this world can afford, and grant that after the fullest happiness this scene admits of, you may attain the glorious reward of your having here your conversation in Heaven.—I am, Sir, with great truth and gratitude, your most faithful and most humble servant, E. Young."

When his son Patrick was studying in Edinburgh we find him asking him to procure some new work or other. He complains of the little interest taken in books in that part of the country, and declares that in the Presbytery bounds there is only one reader in the proper sense of the word, and that was Mackay of Strathy. Few of the common people could read at all, and he had great difficulty in getting them to do anything in that way, but the middlemen, or tacksmen, were not only men of intelligence, but of good education. The tacksman of Ribigill in Tongue was a writer, and as a lawyer was known among the common people as "Forbes of the Quirks." Then the Popes of Eddrachillis were lawyers also. The tacksman of Skerray, and the Gordons of Skelpick, Langdale, and other places in Strathnaver, were the counsellors and leaders of the people. Mr Charles Gordon of Skelpick is referred to in this diary as a gentlemen of a charitably liberal mind, and from an example of his writing in a deed of renunciation of Wadset, in Dunrobin charter chest, by Mr George Gordon of Langdale, in favour of the Earl of Sutherland, we conclude that his education was "liberal" also.

Mr Macdonald established schools in the outlying parts of the parish, and was at great pains to get a schoolmaster for the parish school when a vacancy occurred. The progress, however, was not very encouraging, and in December 1737, he writes—"I have been at more than ordinary pains in public and private with the people to incline them to consider their ways, and particularly because very few of them can read, I have been endeavouring to shame and frighten them out of their unaccountable neglect of getting the Questions, wherein the principles of the Protestant religion are most accurately and summarily set down, and my pains to this purpose for some seasons past have not been altogether useless."

He lived to see a great change in this respect, and we find him testifying to the superiority in knowledge of his people over those of the neighbouring parishes. He commenced what was known as a fellowship meeting in which religious matters alone were discussed, but there was always an after meeting to talk over the news of the day, and the political questions of the time. At these meetings a part of some book was read, when those present were asked individually to give their opinions of the statements of the author. This created a taste for reading and for acquiring knowledge, which bore fruit in improved moral habits and intelligence.

It may be interesting to observe that Mr Macdonald notes that at one of these meetings the death of Mr Pelham had been the subject of talk and comment. It is more than probable that Rob Donn was present, and had the subject of conversation fresh in his mind when he went to Polla, where he composed the "Elegy to Ewen."

A great part of the diary is taken up with references to the Reay family, to Lords George and Donald, who lived at Balnacille, in Durness. He made allusions to their visitors, which are very interesting. One of the visitors he mentions I will refer to:—In 1759, Dr Pococke, then Bishop of Ossory, made a tour in Scotland, and was for some time the guest of Lord Reay. Mr Macdonald made his acquaintance, and from his remarks upon him, seems to have been profoundly impressed with the knowledge of places which he showed. I cannot find that he knew his work on the East, published 14 years previously, but he was led to believe that the worthy bishop was then engaged collecting materials for what might soon see the light in print, and was somewhat concerned as to what might be said as to the parish of Durness. Dr Pococke never published his notes, but in 1849 his MS. was secured for the British Museum, and I would commend a perusal of

it to any member who may have the time and opportunity to consult it. I came to know of its existence only three or four months ago.

The allusions to the Rebellion of 1745 are numerous, and he relates how Lord Reay called out all the men of the parish, and how he himself accompanied them, and on the confines of his parish preached to them a sermon, notes of which are given at some length.

But his references to the Reay family, the Rebellion, the modes of travelling, and the condition and habits of the people must meantime be left over.

I will now give a few notes upon the members of the Presbytery of which Mr Macdonald was a member. The Presbytery of Tongue was erected by the General Assembly of 1726. Four parishes were disjoined from the Presbytery of Caithness and two from that of Dornoch, which latter two were restored to Dornoch Presbytery in 1727 and 1736.

The parish of Durness was the largest and most important in the north of Sutherland up to 1724, when it was divided into three parishes as follows:—Tongue on the East, Durness itself round each side of Loch Eriboll, and Eddrachillis to the West.

In the records of the Commissioners of Teinds, it is stated, under date 15th July 1724—"Anent the summonds and action of disjunction, modification, and locality, raised before the Lords of Council and Session, att the instance of Master George Brodie, minister of the Gospel at Durness; Mr Hugh Corse, Moderator of the Presbytery of Caithness; and Mr John Dundas, advocate-procurator for the Church of Scotland, against the Honourable George, Lord Reay, and the Officers of State as representing his Majesty for his Highness's interest;" that, "True it was and of verity that the paroch of Durness in Strathnaver, was about fifty miles in length and more than nine in breadth, having therein about 2400 catechizable people, which made it impossible for one man to perform all the necessary ministerial duties to such a dispersed and numerous people, and also on account of bad roads for travelling by reason of greatt mountains, hills, rocks, marish grounds, quagmires, waters, and arms of the sea coming far up the country, and for the better accommodation of the inhabitants there had been five churches or places for publick worship in the foresaid paroch, at which the minister used to officiate by turns . . . and children died without baptism. . . . The General Assembly did by their act, dated 13th May 1721, grant a recommendation for a voluntary contribution through all the paroches

of Scotland, to be gathered from house to house; and appointed the procurator and agent for the Church to raise and carry on all processes needful for the erecting and settling as many preachers in the foresaid bounds as the said publick collection then recommended, and the teinds thereof would admit. . . . The Committee of Presbytery travelled the parish from Torrisdale in the East to Glencoull in the West, and recommended that the parish of Tongue should extend from Torrisdale to West Moan, nine miles, and Strathnelness to Letter Lyall, eight miles, containing 800 examinable persons; that Durness should extend from West Moan to Keoldale, twelve miles, from Clashneach to Strathurradale, ten miles, also containing 800 examinable persons, and in each of these there was already a church in the most central parts. They also recommended that Eddrachillis should extend from Tarbert to Glencoull, thirteen miles, and from Duart-beg to Auldinrinie, nine miles, the district having 700 examinable persons. The teinds were £560 Scots for each of the parishes to be paid by Lord Reay and his successors in these lands, possessors, tennants, and intromitters, with the rents, and the collection was to belong to Lord Reay, to be laid out in land or other good security in the name of the Church."

I will now briefly notice the members of Presbytery who were contemporaries of Mr Macdonald, under each parish, beginning with Eddrachillis in the West. This parish, as noted above, was erected in 1724, and the first minister of it was Mr George Brodie, mentioned in the deed of disjunction. Mr Brodie was a man for whom Mr Macdonald entertained the highest respect. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Inverness in 1714, and was ordained to the parish of Durness in 1715 at Reay, which is over sixty miles distant by road. He continued in Durness till 1724, when of his own free choice he went to Eddrachillis, where he laboured till his death in 1740. Mr Macdonald alludes to his death, and his remarks may be worth quoting, as Mr Brodie's name is still not infrequently mentioned in the north of Sutherland, where his fame as a man of prayer is not yet dead. Under date, Saturday 1st March 1740, writing in Badcaul, Mr Macdonald notes:—

"One of those alarms which I have got this week at the expense of others was by the sudden and surprising death of the minister of this place, who departed this life Sabbath last in a manner which should be as instructive as it was stunning. He was taken ill in his bed some night of the last month when turning speechless (overwhelmed, it seems, with blood), he surprised his wife and family who were in the utmost confusion for some

hours, till, after calling the neighbourhood, he recovered speech, and being bled he was mending as to health after so days' illness to such a degree that he was offering to preach l Lord's day, had he not the help of a probationer his friend. did eat, and drink, and talk that morning in pretty good hea of body and soundness of mind, projecting to go to the Presbyt a few days thereafter, and sent me word (which I got the ve evening of the day whereon he died) to that purpose. He was his own desire left alone in the house, the rest having gone church by his positive order, but when towards the close of worsl two of the women of the house came to kindle fires, &c., tl found him dead; upon which one of them went to give the alar ing news in the congregation, who upon the last psalm poured out of the kirk and found him as they were told."

Mr Macdonald preached his funeral sermon on the 2nd March, the funeral took place on Tuesday the 4th. Shortly after Mr Brodie's death, while at the Synod which met at Thurso, Mr Macdonald attended the communion at Olrig, and refers to the young preachers of the time thus:—"The method of preaching now in fashion by the young set of ministers, who have got up within these few years is not so pleasing to such who have been acquainted with the good old way. Morality is mostly insisted on by this new tribe, and perhaps it is not without reason that some of the more judicious hearers are afraid of a legal extreme, though they might also advert that practical Christianity may have been in the preceding period, too much neglected. How difficult it is to guard against extremes, and to keep from the right and the left hand in whatever religious duties."

Mr Brodie was succeeded by Mr George Mackay, one of the clan Abrach, a branch of the clan Mackay, who possessed Achness at the north end of Loch-Naver in Sutherland. His was a short ministry, extending to less than two months. It was supposed that his sickness and death were brought about by a reputed witch whose daughter Mr Mackay had reproved in the severest manner. Mr Macdonald, who attended the funeral, and makes lengthy remarks on the case, says—"In short never was a scene of more opposite circumstances within the compass of my knowledge, and I think the case has hardly a parallel in history or experience."

Mr Mackay was succeeded by Mr William Henderson, who died within a year of his ordination. The next was Mr John Munro, a native of Uist, who was ordained at Tongue in 1743 and died in 1755. Of these two, and of the next incumbent, Mr Falconer, who was a native of Inverness, Mr Macdonald does not

make frequent mention. Shortly after Mr Falconer's arrival from Fort-Augustus, where he had previously acted as missionary, he visited the manse of Durness, and the minister says "That he promises to be an agreeable member of society, and fit in body and mind for the pastoral charge designed to him.

Of Mr Macdonald himself, a pretty complete and extended biography could be written from his own notes. He was born in 1696, and was educated principally at the Parish School of Fearn, in Ross. He was impressed with religious thoughts from an early age, and his parents resolved to set him apart for the Christian ministry. He studied at St Andrews, and was much thought of by the Principal of the time. He graduated in 1722, and was ordained to Durness in 1726. He was married to Agnes Coupar, daughter of the minister of Pittenween. He had four sons and seven daughters. His eldest son, Patrick, was minister of Kilmore, Argyllshire, and was a most accomplished musician like his father. He edited a collection of Gaelic airs, several of which are given as original, and some of which have been attributed to Rob Donn. From references up and down in the diary, many of the airs must have been composed by Mr Macdonald, who not only taught his children to sing, but encouraged them to compose airs. His son Joseph, and his daughter Flora, who was married to the Rev. Dr Touch, of Edinburgh, were particularly apt scholars in music, according to their father's account, but there is no special mention of Patrick as a composer, though he is spoken of as an accomplished violinist, having been taught to play by Mr Kenneth Sutherland, on whose death Rob Donn composed one of his best poems. His youngest daughter was married in Durness, and the late Mr Murdoch Lowe, Lloyd's agent there, was his grandson,

Mr Macdonald was Presbytery Clerk down to the time of his death, and took a great interest in all ecclesiastical questions.

There were two or three rather peculiar cases that exercised the Presbytery. One of these was the question of appointing a lay missionary to the district of Strathmore, in the parish of Durness. It appears that Mr John Mackay or Maceachin of Mussel, Rob Donn's early friend and patron, was at the bottom of the agitation, but the Presbytery refused to hear of such a proposal, as an extraordinary affair, known as "Tuiteam Halmadarie," had been the outcome of some lay preaching in the Heights of Strathnaver. The Presbytery, on the occasion of discussing the question, met in Strathmore, the most sublimely beautiful, but now the most lonely and houseless glen of the Reay country.

Another question that exercised the minds of the members was what Mr Macdonald designated "The Abridged Communion." His uncle, the Rev. Walter Ross, minister of Tongue, and Mr Macdonald took opposite sides in the controversy that ensued upon this point. It is needless to refer to the services common then, as now, at the Communion season. We find that Mr Macdonald was far from favourable to the Friday meeting, when the "men" had their field-day. And as he was anxious to compromise the affair of the abridgment, as proposed by the minister of Tongue, by having the Fast on Friday, instead of on Thursday, and the other services as usual. This brought on him a good deal of odium, and, indeed, for a time he was suspected of having set on foot the project to curtail the services to those of Saturday and Sunday.

The following extract explains the whole matter:—"We (that is, the minister of Eddrachillis and himself), agreed to write a letter to the minister of Tongue, who, in the absence of the brother in Eddrachillis, should have had that solemnity. Accordingly the letter was sent, but it brought us an answer proposing that such an occasion should hold in every parish of the country, in one day, in the abridged method of beginning the work on Saturday, and ending it on Sabbath evening, or, as an alternative, that the Supper should be on the same day celebrated in Eddrachillis, by the brother of that place and me, and by the two other brethren in the parish of Tongue, and that in the abridged way foresaid. But neither of these proposals being acceptable to the public, on account of the novelty and impracticability of the scheme, there was a meeting of Presbytery appointed for deliberating on the affair on the 14th curt., at Tongue, where we met, and as there was an appearance of the people, represented by so many of their elders, who remonstrated against the new project in both its branches, the majority of the Presbytery agreed that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper should hold at Tongue, in the wonted solemn way, sometime in October next. The minister of that parish was not for this, as he took it in his head last spring to emitt a pamphlet proposing the abridged method mentioned in form of an address to the Venerable Assembly of this Church. But as there was no regard had to it by act or overture of that Supreme Court, the Presbytery did not look upon themselves as bound to humour the author, by commencing a war with the people or with the standing practice of the nation, the rather that the little alteration made already in our bounds, was so much exclaimed against, though the thing took place here, and in some other parishes

(viz., beginning the work on the Friday) by concert of the Synod, and an express order of our Presbytery in summer 1750. The remonstrances of same, I say, against this gentle alteration, came by way of appeal to the Assembly of 1751, whose passive conduct gave so much encouragement to the contraveners, that some of us thought it inconvenient, if not dangerous, to improve upon that alteration, by going into a scheme of a still more abridged nature. For my own particular part, I had the greatest reason to oppose this novel scheme, as my obedience to the Synod's Court and my Presbytery's appointment had greatly exposed me to the popular odium, as if I were at the top and bottom of all the division, nay, some went so far as to reckon me author of that pamphlet, as I had it in word and writ from several quarters. It was high time for me, therefore, to do myself justice, and fall upon ways to make every man father his own offspring, and, accordingly, I stood by the standing method of celebrating the Holy Ordinance. Nay, though I were as much for the innovating scheme as I am suspected by some, I would reckon it no affront to my judgment to resile from a method that was like to raise a flame in the Church, remembering the excellent poet's observation—

> 'Some positive, persisting Fops we know,
> Who, if once wrong, must needs be always so.'—POPE.

I know that the number of days and dyets at these occasions is a thing indifferent in itself, and, therefore, have all freedom to join with those who celebrate the ordinance in the longest or shortest way. . . . . I have the satisfaction of reflecting that I was very willing to prevent the abuses committed by buying, selling, feasting, &c., on the vacant Friday, for which reason I agreed with those who began the solemnity on that day, so am I far from making the circumstantials of that holy ordinance a love of contention. . . . . Contention is a greater evil than the abuses committed by private persons, therefore I am ever willing to go into that side that is attended with least inconveniences."

In the parish of Farr, the Fast on Thursday was reverted to, but it was more on account of popular clamour than any other reason. The men were keen to have their field-day restored, and we find that Mr Macdonald, when officiating there several years afterwards, took a somewhat curious method of procedure on that day. Writing on Saturday, 3rd July 1762, before preaching in the Church of Farr, he says—

"Yesterday we had a sort of meeting, long in desuetude at

such occasions, till of late by the ignorant zeal of the populace supported by some clergymen who affect ecclesiastic patriotism. . . . . The nature of this meeting of old was to give opportunity to the ordinary swarm of professors for displaying their talents in putting and answering questions concerning what they call 'experimental godliness.' But, as it was ordinary in such conventions to start questions either frivolous or ill stated, and to allow ignorant people to harangue on them at random, perhaps without touching at all, or very superficially, on the subject in debate, while the ministers present allowed them without control, correction, or direction, to ramble on in their indigested stuff. I, yesterday, after consulting my few brethren, offered to read a piece of Henry on the Sacrament, and ask about in the congregation who best understood and remembered what was read. This took, and the burden of the work was laid upon myself. I know not yet how this innovation as it may be thought was relished by the giddy people, but as this is my way at home, I find good by it."

Though for a time in abeyance, the Fast on Thursday was reverted to in the bounds of the Presbytery. In his ministerial capacity, Mr Macdonald was held in high esteem, as may be inferred from what Rob Donn has sung of him. He joined his parishioners in their festivities, and was ever a welcome visitant in the house of sorrow. He gave medical advice in cases which, from what he has recorded of them, would require the skill of a properly qualified medical practioner. He was charitable to a fault, and in times of scarcity assisted the needy as long as the limited stock of provisions at the manse held out. On two occasions he mentions famines which caused the death of several of his parishioners. On one occasion no fewer than a dozen persons died during the week.

The most interesting parts of his records are the notes he made of a journey to Cawdor, and another to the General Assembly. In the latter case he started on 20th of March, and only arrived at his father-in-law's at Pittenweem when the meeting of Assembly was half over. He made frequent journeys to Caithness, and many of his remarks on them are amusing and others very interesting. One of these I quote here as it refers to a very interesting period in the history of the Highlands. He visited Thurso in June 1746, and preached in the church there "at the pressing desire of some eminent and worthy persons in the absence of their own minister, who is now for about a year out of the country and kingdom in a state almost of exile, by reason of his faithful ap-

pearance in favour of the Government and against the enemies thereof, who therefore made the place too warm for him; though some even of his friends wish more of the wisdom of the serpent were mixed with the harmlesness of the dove."

While at Thurso he remarks on the arrival there of a contingent of the Royal Forces, as follows:—"On the Monday thereafter I had the pleasure to witness some companies of the King's forces coming in to the town of Thurso, and though they were only 250 in number, yet I thought there was something regularly awful in their appearance. The pipe sounding in the front, and the drum a good way behind towards the rear, sounded something agreeably formidable in the ears of the Government's friends, somewhat agreeable indeed; and no less formidable to the enemies thereof. Thought I with myself, from this small swatch of what I saw and heard, how mad are that set of men who, in the midst of prosperity and plenty, and under the influence of the most mild and merciful Government, have made such an unreasonable insurrection, as has thrown them upon the thick bosses of the buckler of a power that can order, nay, command many thousands of such, and still more terrible troops in its own defence against its foes. This sight was the more noticeable to the well-meaning inhabitants, nay, and to the opposite party too, though in different ways, from the consideration of the unruly and dissolute crew, who some months before were in the place, and thought the day and cause there own. One might read men's minds in their faces, as they were differently affected on either side of that question."

In July of next year he attended the meeting of Synod at Dornoch, and among the remarks he makes upon his brethren is the following, the gentleman referred to being the ministers of Tain and Edderton:—"I had occasion to understand a most melancholy scene, occasioned by the discord of two ministers, whose flourishing circumstances from without made them such objects of envy and esteem, that some think they were ripe for a Providential check, lest they should be exalted above measure. This they got by an out-cast among themselves, whereby they fell foul of one another in such an outrageous way as that the one of them is like to bear the marks of it for life." Mr Macdonald died in the autumn of 1763.

Mr Walter Ross, minister of Tongue, was, as we mentioned, Mr Macdonald's uncle, and the entries in the diary concerning him are very numerous and lengthy, but seldom of a flattering nature. Mr Ross was translated from Creich in 1730. He demitted office in 1761, and died in September 1762. Mr Mac-

donald remarks freely on his worldliness and marked war hospitality even to the brethren of the Presbytery. Whil ministers of Durness and Eddrachillis had enough to do to r ends meet on their limited incomes, Mr Ross was saving m To show that this charge against him by Mr Macdonald wa groundless, I give the following extract from the Regist Sasines kept in the Register House :—

"In presence of me, Notary Public, and witnesses subscri compeared personally George Buie in Kirkiboll, as attorne and in name and behalf of Mr Walter Ross, minister of the g in Tongue, Annabell Stewart his spouse, and Barbra Ross daughter, and with us past together with John Mackay in K boll, Bailly in that part, specially constitute by the prece Sasine after insert to the grounds of the lands and others r tively after-mentioned: Having and holding in his hand heritable bond, made, granted, and subscribed of this date b Right Hon. Geo. Lord Reay, to, and in special favour of th Mr Walter Ross, Annabell Stewart, and Barbra Ross, whe for the principal sum of 4000 pounds Scots, paid and advanc the said Walter Ross to the said Lord Reay, his lordship be bound and obliged to infeft and sease duly, validly, and suffici the said Mr Walter Ross and Annabell Stewart, in conjoin and liferent, for her liferent use allenarly, and the said B Ross in ffie, which failing the heirs or assignees of the sai Walter Ross heritably, but under reversion in manner herein specified. In all and haill the towns and lands of Arda Rians, Inchvery, and Kirkiboll, exclusive of the gliob with h biggings, tofts, crofts, annexis, connexis, sheallings, gras mosses, muirs, common pasturages, parks, pendicles, and univ pertinents thereto belonging, as the same are presently poss by Donald Rie, Hugh Macrancorchie, Donald Macangus John Macleod, and Angus Macranhoustane in Ardachow, &c. all lying in the shire of Sutherland, and Barony of Far, and p of Tongue, to be holden of the said Lord Reay, his heirs and cessors in free blanch for the yearly payment of a penny money, upon the ground of the said lands, if the same be req allenarly, or from the said lord of his immediate lawful sup of the same, as freely in all respects as he holds, or might hol same himself, as the said bond itself containing clauses of Re tion and Reversion, pro-cry of Resignation, precept of S assignation to writs, and evidents mails and duties, clau absolute warrandice, and sundry other clauses do more fully Which heritable bond the said George Buie, attorney, for

presented and delivered to the said John Mackay, Bailly in that part, desiring and requiring him to execute the office of Bailliary thereby committed to him, and the said Bailly perceiving the said request to be just and reasonable, received the said heritable bond into his hands, and delivered the same to me, Notary Publick, to be read and published with the precept of Sasine therein mentioned in audience of the bystanding witnesses, which I accordingly did, and of which precept of Sasine the tenor follows *verbatim*. . . . . Written on 6 pages of stamped vellum by Daniel Forbes, and signed by Lord Reay in presence of Hugh Mackay of Bighouse, and Patrick Doull of Winterfield. Declaring as it is declared in the foresaid heritable bond that the lands and others foresaid shall be redeemable by the said Lord Reay, his heirs and successors by payment making to the said Mr Walter Ross, spouse, daughter or foresaids at the term of Whitsunday or Martinmas thereafter (within the New Kirk of Edinburgh, being the place of consignation or redemption) of the said principle sum 4000 pounds and annual rents thereof that shall be resting at the time on premonition of six months at their dwelling by a Notary Publick. *Laus sit Deo.*"

The part Mr Ross took in the matter of the abridgement of the Communion has been already referred to. When he demitted office in 1761, he was succeeded by Mr John Mackay, minister of Eddrachillis. Lord and Lady Reay were very anxious to get Mr Mackay settled, and it is not a little amusing at this time of day to read of the means used to get a quorum of Presbytery. Writing at Ribigill, in Tongue, on the 15th May 1762, Mr Macdonald says, "On my arrival at Port Chamil (west side of Loch-Eriboll) I found an express with a letter from Mr George Munro, entreating me to come to Tongue, as our correspondent from the Prebytery of Dornoch, without whom there could not be a quorum, would come no further. In the letter there was, by order of the Grandees here, a boat to be sent for me next day, but finding myself greatly the worse of my walk to Port Chamail, I returned the express who was to be at Tongue in such time as might hinder the offered boat from setting out. In expectation whereof, I went the next day to Island Chorie, to which place notwithstanding all my precautions, the boat came at night with a feather bed and blankets for my accommodation at sea from Lady Reay, together with a second letter from the minister of Farr earnestly pressing me to come over all impediments to the Presbytery's seat, by the positive orders of said lady in absence of her lord. However surprising and disconcerting this new command

was, finding the sea so very mild on the morning of Wednesday, I came off early and before 12 o'clock we arrived at Tongue."

In Farr, Mr John Skeldoch was the first of whom Mr Macdonald writes. Mr Skeldoch was translated from Kilmonivaig in 1732. He was a "man of the world," and was rather unpopular with his own people. He farmed or held in tack one or two of the townships of Strathnaver, and bought the cattle of the common people, who regarded him more as a drover than as their own pastor. He was reproved for his conduct in this matter, but all to no purpose. Mr Macdonald notes—"The brother who was at odds with his Presbytery and people, and whose cause I espoused beyond the allowance of some, who set up for my directors, is found daily to get the better of his opponents, and his innocence is more and more cleared up according to the promise—Psalm 37."

The case was frequently before the Presbytery, and seems to have been one of worldliness and inattention to ministerial work. In April 1737, the case was debated at a meeting of Presbytery, and Mr Macdonald states that the affair was one arising from "malice of hearts and scourge of tongues." He goes on to make reflections on the case, and says that the accusers were so "malicious that their indignation and revenge are more and more whetted by every new disappointment, but they are egg'd up to all by the doctrine of some who plainly declare that good intentions will justify bad practices, or that God will never impute to a man his honest error."

The ecclesiastical machinery was set in motion, and on the occasion of the Communion in Durness in the summer of 1737, the members of the Church of Farr had either to receive tokens of admission to the Sacrament from their own minister or not communicate. Many accepted the terms of the Church, and it is with more than ordinary satisfaction that we have it stated that this mode of procedure not only cured the disaffection in Farr, but opened the eyes of the sympathisers of the malcontents to the untenableness of their position. But ten years afterwards the same parties were before the Church Courts again. This time the man Mr Skeldoch sent south with the cattle of the small tenants, disappeared, and the money having gone also, raised the whole of the people against Mr Skeldoch. Mr Macdonald attended "two meetings of Presbytery, held within three days of each other, on the affairs of a certain member of our small number who gives himself and others a great deal of trouble, perhaps unexcusably, nay, unaccountably. I have been this man's friend, while it was possible for me to do so, consistently with charity and honesty;

and this from a conviction of the hard measures I thought he always had from his parishioners, whose ways with him are to this day somewhat odd, ever lying at the catch for his halting, which should teach him the most cautious walk; but instead of this, when I find him continually involving himself in things that common prudence might make him shun, nay, when his worldly mindedness breaks out in such glaring instances, as might even be reckoned faulty in a Laick, and all this in opposition to the warmest admonitions to the contrary from myself and others privately and publicly, I must in all likelihood change sides, and that without the imputation of a feeble or uncharitable disposition, as far as I can be a right judge of my own actions." Again, on the 8th June 1747, the following entry appears:—"This day se'en-night I set out for a meeting of Presbytery, which met at Farr on the perplexed and thorny affairs of one of our few members, who is like to involve himself more and more notwithstanding the many reproofs he gets, and the many resolutions under which he pretends to put himself from time to time." He was libelled by the Synod of 1747, "by reason of his strange conduct in secular affairs, as to which he never gets better though often reproved." The Synod, which met in Thurso in the summer of 1748, suspended him for a time. A motion to depose him was lost by a small majority. By an entry, dated 8th July 1750, we see a little further into Mr Skeldoch's affairs—"There are still more traces of his worldly than spiritual industry about his house. Everything goes on with the utmost exactness that concerns the outward man, though he has the least call of any man of my acquaintance so to vex himself or others, and yet though he be now from home upwards of three months few of his people wish for his return. O! may I be more and more reduced as to the things of a present life, rather than be in such an otherwise situation."

Mr Skeldoch died on the 25th June 1753, having been minister of Farr for twenty years. He was succeeded by Mr George Munro, who was ordained 23rd May 1754. He seconded the attempts made by the minister of Tongue to curtail the Communion "occasion," and Mr Macdonald generally calls him the "shadow" of Mr Ross of Tongue. "His failings," says Mr Macdonald in 1761, "are greatly drowned in that one consideration of his shining benevolence."

The scrappy form in which I have presented these notices makes me feel ashamed of the injustice my haste and want of time have done the writer of the Diary. If these notes add a few facts to the history of the places or person they treat of they have

a certain interest, but I trust they have not proved wearisome nor altogether void of interest to any of you.

Mr Campbell, in reading the paper, gave some interesting traditions relative to Mr Skeldoch and Mr Munro, the minister of Farr, and he also quoted the following notes, relative to some of the ministers, referred to in the paper from "Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ":—

1726—Murdoch Macdonald, A.M., born 3rd May 1696; elected Irish Bursar by the Synod of Fife, 28th September 1720; obtained his degree at St Andrew's University, 9th May 1722; licensed, 15th September 1725; became tutor in the family of Mackay of Rhmenic; presented, 24th August, and ordained 28th September 1726; died, 23rd August 1763, in his 68th year and 37th of his ministry. "A most melodious and powerful singer;" had four sons and seven daughters, with such a family, and a stipend of £44. 8s. 10⅔d. it is not to be wondered that this pious and good man did not repine under "straitened circumstances" and, "wordly affairs much in disorder."

1754 and 1779—George Munro, minister of Farr, got a church built in 1774; as a man he was distinguished by simplicity of character, frankness, sincerity, benevolence, and hospitality. As a minister, by an ardent zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls. An Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile.

1762—John Mackay, minister of Tongue. "He was a preacher of the first order, and Lord Reay used to observe "that for preaching, praying, and singing, he could match the Presbytery with any other in Scotland."

1730—Mr Walter Ross, Tongue. "He was a man of fine preaching talents, but whose reserved manners and secluded habits were not calculated to gain upon the rough, frank Highlander."

29TH APRIL 1885.

On this date the following new members were elected:—Dr D. U. Urquhart, Widnes, near Liverpool, Honorary; Serjeant A. Fraser, Kingussie; and William Durie, the Custom-house, Inverness, ordinary. The Secretary thereafter, on behalf of Mr D. Mackinnon, Professor of the Celtic Languages and Literature in the University of Edinburgh, read a paper on the Fernaig Manuscript. Professor Mackinnon's paper was as follows:—

THE FERNAIG MANUSCRIPT.

The collection of Gaelic poetry, known as the Fernaig Manuscript, was made by Duncan Macrae in the year 1688 and the years immediately following. The MS. consists of two small volumes of paper in pasteboard cover—about eight inches long by three broad. Several of the leaves are loose, although it does not appear that the volumes were ever much used, and one or two are double leaves, folded in. At present the collection contains about 4200 lines. At one time it contained 600 lines additional, for six leaves, closely written upon both sides, have been very neatly cut out. The latest date to be found in it is the year 1693. In the first volume one page is left blank, which the writer evidently meant to fill up at some future time. The second volume contains several blank leaves at the end. Whether the compiler grew weary of his self-imposed task, or whether the material at his disposal was exhausted, or whether sudden death brought his labours to a close, we shall probably never know.

Little is known regarding the history of the Manuscript. In the beginning of the present century it was in the possession of Mr Matheson of Fernaig, father of Sir Alexander Matheson of Lochalsh. In the great edition of Ossian's poems, published in 1807, the late Rev. Donald Macintosh describes the MS. as follows (vol. iii. p. 572):—"Mr Mathison of Feernaig, Ross-shire, has a paper MS. written in the Roman character. The orthography is very bad, like the Dean of Lismore's poetry; it is dated 1688, and consists of songs and hymns by different persons, some by Bishop Carswell, Bishop of the Isles." The Manuscript afterwards disappeared; and when Mr Skene wrote, in 1862, the introduction to the book of the Dean of Lismore (p. xlii.) he stated that it was at the time amissing. It fell somehow into the hands of the late Dr Mackintosh Mackay, who was in Australia when Mr Skene wrote. On the death of Dr Mackay, his trustees handed the little MS. over to Dr Skene, whose property it now is.

I have said that the Manuscript was written by Duncan Macrae. The first volume contains on its first page the following title:—

"Doirligh Loijn Di
Skrijvig Lea Donochig
Mack rah 1688."

Who this particular Duncan was cannot be affirmed with absolute certainty. There were no doubt many of the name alive

in 1688. It may be safely concluded that the Manuscript was written in the country of the Macraes. The great mass of the poetry, and the accent and idiom of the writer, as I shall afterwards show, belong to the district, while the fact that the Manuscript was found in Fernaig points to the same conclusion. The writer was besides a highly intelligent man, who wrote his native language well, and no mean poet—nearly one-fourth of the contents of the collection being ascribed to the "Skripher." Now, there were two Duncan Macraes living on the shores of Loch-Duich at the time of the Revolution, whose memories are still preserved in the district, and who might fairly be credited with the compilation of such a document as this.

One of the two is known as Big Duncan of Glenshiel. He composed verses, some of which are still remembered in the glen. But this man was more of a warrior than a poet. Several interesting anecdotes, illustrating his enormous strength, are still fresh in the memory of his clansmen in Kintail and Glenshiel. I remember of having read somewhere that Macrae was once travelling with a friend on business in the Isle of Skye. The two came upon a considerable party of Skyemen engaged in settling a local quarrel by arms. Macrae and his friend, though they had no earthly interest in the matter, at once resolved to take part in the dispute as they would in a game of shinty; and in order to preserve the balance of power unimpaired, they arranged to take opposite sides. When the fight was over, the friends resumed their journey on their own proper business. Duncan Macrae of Glenshiel was Major of the Kintail Regiment, and fell at Sheriffmuir. Tradition records that with one stroke of his terrible sword he cut through both trooper and horse before he fell; and a correspondent informs me that this identical sword is preserved in the Tower of London and shewn still as the Great Highlander's sword.

The other claimant is Duncan Macrae of Inverinate, the chief of his name. This is a most interesting character. He is remembered in the district by the name of *Donnachadh nam Pios*. His father was Alexander Macrae of Inverinate, a man of whom little is known; but his grandfather, the Rev. Farquhar Macrae, minister of Gairloch, and afterwards of Kintail, was a man of mark. Mr Farquhar was a student of Edinburgh, and so distinguished in classics and philosophy that it was proposed in 1603 to make him Regent of the College, in succession to James Reid. But Lord Seaforth interposed. His Lordship was more concerned in having a good minister in the west of Ross-shire than a good

Regent in the College of Edinburgh. Mr Farquhar accompanied the Earl of Seaforth to Lewis in 1610, when, if one may credit the family historian, he baptized all under forty years of age and married a large number. The minister accumulated considerable wealth, and added largely to the family consequence and dignity in the locality. He was accused of being a worldly man, caring more for his own secular affairs than for the spiritual welfare of his people. Be this as it may, he was undoubtedly a man of great ability and force of character, and, as Bishop Maxwell said with some truth, "lost in the Hielands." When General Monk went through Kintail in 1654 he carried off, we are told, "360, but not the whole, of Mr Farquhar's cows, for which, after the restoration of King Charles II., he was advised to put in his claim; but his love of the change of affairs made him decline it, and at his death he had as many cows as then, and might have had as many more, were it not that they were constantly slaughtered for the use of the family, when he had his grandchildren and their bairns about him." (Genealogy of the MacRas, Camden, South Carolina, 1874, p. 23.)

Duncan Macrae of Inverinate was the eldest of a numerous family. His father, Alexander, eldest son of Mr Farquhar, was twice married, and left a family of nine sons and four daughters. Two of the sons, John and Donald, were ministers respectively of Dingwall and Kintail. The seventh son, Murdoch, came by a sudden and violent death. He was out shooting

"A' cheud Aoine 'n gheamhradh fhuar,"

and did not return. After a search of fifteen days, his dead body was found at the foot of a large rock in Gleannlic. Two elegies composed in connection with this event are found in one of the very interesting papers contributed by Mr William Mackenzie, the Secretary of the Society, and printed in the Transactions, vol. viii., pp. 102-5. Two verses enumerate all the sons of this family, except Alastair Og, the fourth son. They are found on p. 104 of vol. viii. of the Transactions, and are as follows:—

"'S tùirseach do sheachd bràithrean gràidh
Am *parson* ge h-àrd a leugh,
Thug e, ge tuigseach a cheàird,
Aona bharr-tùirs' air càch gu léir.

Bho thùs dhiubh Donnachadh nam Pìos,
Gillecriosda, 's an dithis de'n chléir,
Fearachar agus Ailean Donn
Uisdean a bha trom 'n ad dhéigh."

I am satisfied that this Donnachadh nam Pìos is the compiler of the Fernaig Manuscript. One would infer from the first of the verses quoted above, that one of the ministers of the family composed a poem on the occasion. In the Manuscript are found verses by a "Perse Eglish, anno 1692," which begin—

"Cill-duich mo thàmh, cha luidhe dhomh sèimh," &c.

The author is the Rev. Donald Macrae, at the time minister of Kintail, or Kilduich, as the parish was then called. (Cf. Fasti Eccl. Scot., v. p. 103.) The cause of the author's disquiet was, however, not personal but political. The first poem attributed to the compiler may very probably have had its origin in this family bereavement. It is headed—I discard the phonetic spelling—

"Laoidh a rinneadh leis a' Sgrìobhair
an àm mulaid,"

and opens as follows:--

"A shaoghail, 's diombuan do mhùirn,
'S mairg a ni tùrn nach fhiach;
Ged bhiomar an diugh ri ceòl,
'S gearr bhiodh bròn 'g a chur sios.

Chunn'as, cha'n fhad' o'n uair
Cuirm is ceol is suairceas glan,
Taobh stigh dh' fheasgar an cuairt
Chunn'as sin sluagh ri gal.

'S mairg a ni bun 's an t-saoghal
Bho'n is baoghalach e gach uair,
An ti bu mhiann leinn (an) diugh againn
Sud 's a' mhadainn air bhreith uainn."

Anecdotes without number are still repeated in Kintail and Glenshiel about Donnachadh nam Pìos, his high character, and especially his great ingenuity and mechanical skill. It is said that when he attended the University of Edinburgh, he devoted a considerable portion of his time to cabinetmaking and engineering. Many stories are still told in the district in proof of Macrae's attainments as a skilled workman. It is said that on one occasion a vessel was dismasted in its passage through Kyle-Rhea. Duncan Macrae spliced together several pieces of wood, and constructed them into a solid and sufficient mast. The grateful captain gave Macrae the famous silver herring, which

remained for generations in the possession of his family, and which possessed the very desirable virtue of attracting herring from far and near to Loch-Duich. For this and similar proofs of mechanical talent, the people of Kintail say that Duncan Macrae obtained the name by which he has always been remembered among them. It has, however, to be observed that *pìos* in Gaelic literature is frequently used for a cup, and especially a silver or valuable cup. In this signification it is often applied as an epithet to individuals, and it would be peculiarly applicable to a man of Macrae's tastes and pursuits. In this Fernaig Manuscript, "Allister M'Curchi," writes:—

"Ni air mhaireann Eachann òg
Mac [C] ailean nan seòl 's nam *pìos*;"

and the "Tinkler" would seem to consider entitled to certain ecclesiastical privileges one,

"'Bha riamh ag òl á *pìosanan*
Gun di-chuimhn' bho aois òig'."

In the well-known Ossianic ballad, called "Oisean agus an Cléireach," we find

"Iomadh clogad maiseach cruaidh,
Iomadh tuadh, is iomadh gath,
'N cath Righ Lochlainn nam *pìos*
Bu lionmhor mac righ is flath;

and Duncan Bàn Macintyre says that in Lord Glenorchy's "talla" would be found

"Uisge-beath' ann am *pìosan*
A' sìor ghabhail sìos nan deoch-slàinte."

Macrae, according to the traditions of Kintail, was concerned in bringing the water into the city of Edinburgh. The oak trees still to be seen near the site of the old house of Inverinate are said to have been reared by this enterprising man from acorns which he brought from France.

What is more to the present purpose, Duncan Macrae is believed to have possessed considerable poetic talent, to have composed songs, and to have collected those of others. Captain Matheson of Dornie, who has made a most extensive collection of the poetry of the district, repeated to me several lines attributed to Donnachadh nam Pìos. The lines are found in the

Manuscript, and attributed to a "certain Harper . . and pretended to be composed be on Gillimichell M'Donald, Tinkler":—

"Ged their iad ris na ceardainean
Gur gnàth leo bhi ri òl,
Cha'n 'eil misg no mearan orm
'G aithris diù mo sgeoil ;
Ach sud mar tha mo bharail-sa
Ge h-amaideach mo ghlòir,
An Righ-sa thainig a dh'annas oirnn
Gur feallsa e na ceò."

Tradition reports that John Macdonald—Iain Lom—retreated for safety to Kintail after the Keppoch murders, and according to a correspondent of Mr Mackenzie, the Secretary of the Society, the famous Lochaber bard is credited with the elegies on "Murachadh MacAlastair." Donnachadh nam Pìos and Iain Lom were contemporaries. John Macrae, the second son of the family of whom Duncan was the eldest, was laureated at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, on 12th July 1660 (Fasti Eccl. Scot. v. p. 298.) Duncan would thus have been born at least as early as 1640. Iain Lom witnessed, as a very young man, the battle of Inverlochy in 1645, so that he would probably have been some twenty years older than Macrae. Both lived till after the Revolution.

The writer of the Fernaig Manuscript was not only a man of high intelligence, he was also deeply religious man. His own compositions, as well as the general character of the collection, prove this. He was an ardent Episcopalian ; a vehement Jacobite. He was also evidently a man of assured social position in the district. Duncan Macrae undoubtedly was all this. He was the head of his name : chief of a subordinate, but an old and warlike, clan. Many of his family were Episcopal clergymen in the district. His grandfather, Mr Farquhar, we have seen, was minister of Gairloch and Kintail. Two sons of Mr Farquhar entered the Church : John became minister of Dingwall and Donald minister of Kintail. Two brothers of Donnachadh nam Pìos, also John and Donald to name, were ministers of Dingwall and Kintail in Duncan's own day. The family historian mentions several others who entered the Church. The Clan were followers of the Mackenzies, and in those days were concerned in the management of the Seaforth estates. Duncan's great-grandfather, Christopher Macrae, was constable of Island-Donan : his

father, and afterwards himself, was factor for Seaforth in Kintail. Mackenzie was a zealous Jacobite at this period.

Finally, several of the authors whose productions are recorded in this collection and nowhere else, can be proved near relatives of Duncan Macrae of Inverinate. For example, six poems are attributed to "Fear na Pàirce." Macculloch of Park, near Dingwall, was Macrae's maternal great-grandfather. The Laird of Raasay is the author of some verses. Duncan Macrae was married to the heiress of Raasay. The minister of Kilduich has a long poem in the collection. The minister of Kilduich in 1692 was Macrae's brother. Several other authors were evidently men of note in the district, with whom Macrae of Inverinate was on friendly terms. The Macraes and Mathesons frequently intermarried. Duncan's sister, Mary, was married to Matheson of Fernaig of the day.

On these grounds I have come to the conclusion that Duncan Macrae of Inverinate, still fondly remembered in Kintail by the familiar name of Donnachadh nam Pìos, was the compiler of the Fernaig collection of Gaelic Poetry. He was undoubtedly a remarkable man, and a character pleasant to contemplate. I have no reason to doubt that there were many like-minded Highland gentlemen living in those days—cultured, liberal, and pious men; but undoubtedly Duncan Macrae, the engineer and mechanician, the ardent ecclesiastic, the keen though liberal-minded politician, the religous poet, and collector of the literature of his countrymen, is as different from the popular conception of a Highland Chief of the Revolution as can well be conceived. We have it on the testimony of Lord Macaulay that Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel was not only a great warrior, not only "eminently wise in council, eloquent in debate," but also "a patron of literature." It is a high character to attain in that rude age, and from so severe a judge of Highlanders as Lord Macaulay undoubtedly was. Duncan Macrae did not possess the great gifts, physical or mental, of "Eoghan Dubh." With kindly exaggeration the English historian calls Lochiel the "Ulysses of the Highlands." By no figure of speech would we be justified in claiming such a high-sounding title as this for Donnachadh nam Pìos. And yet the Highland Chief who, amid the distractions of civil war, and in the scanty intervals of leisure wrested from a useful, honoured, and industrious life, sat down to compose Gaelic verse, and to collect the poems composed by his countrymen and neighbours, is highly deserving of our affection and admiration. Such a man was Duncan Macrae. His end was tragic. His wife was heiress of Raasay; but she, more zealous for the dignity of her own clan than for that

of her husband, secretly conveyed the title-deeds of Raasay t relative of her own, and deprived the Macraes of the lands. Dun Macrae prospered notwithstanding. He bought the lands of Affa from The Chisholm, and went to the east country to complete titles. His attendant on the occasion possessed an unfortun gift, known as "*An Eolas Aoin*'," or "*Or na h-Aoine*," by wh he could cause the death of any one seen by him crossing stream upon a Friday. When returning from the east count with the titles of Affaric, it is said, in his possession, Macrae a his attendant attempted to cross the River Connag at Dorisdu The river was in flood. The attendant crossed safely; and thin ing that his master had also gained the bank, he turned his avert eyes upon him, when the flood carried the Chief to a swirling po Strong saplings grew upon the edge of the pool, by the help which Macrae could swing himself on solid ground; but ever a anon the attendant was constrained to look in his direction, wh he instantly dropped into the water. The Chief was drowne "by which accident," says the family historian, "the family l much property by the destruction of bonds and other papers had by him." A pibroch called "Cumha Dhonnachaidh nam Pios," was composed upon the occasion, of which the minister of Glenshiel has only recovered the first two lines:—

"'S grianach an là, ho!
Thainig lighe anns an abhuinn, hi!

Captain Matheson has been able to trace the following stanzas of an elegy composed to Macrae's memory, it is said, by his wife, Janet Macleod of Raasay:—

"Na'n iomradh sibh, 'illean,
Sheinneadh mise dhuibh iorram,
Air mo laimh cha b'e binneas,
Bu bheus dhi;

Tighinn a nuas Caolas Scalpa,
'S ann a chuala mi naigheachd,
B'e mo dhiubhail mar thachair,
'S b'e 'm beud e;

Gu robh Donnachadh mo chridhe
'Ga ghiùlan le lighe,
Fear mor meamnach, tighearnail,
Beusach."

Apart from the interest which attaches to the particular document and its enlightened compiler, the value of the Fernaig Manuscript in the history of Gaelic Literature is very great, for two reasons :—

I. It is written phonetically, and it thus enables us to obtain a reliable key not only to the diction and idiom of the writer, but to his very pronunciation and accent.

II. It is a genuine collection of the popular literature of the Highlands, from the works of several individuals residing in districts of the country widely apart, and living at different periods of time.

All languages are written on a system approaching more or less closely to one of two types—the phonetic type, and what may be called the etymologic type. The phonetic type was the original one; but when once a language is reduced to writing, the written form lags behind the spoken sound, in the inevitable change to which both finally succumb. Thus we have literary languages presenting a system of orthography widely diverging from the current pronunciation of the day. We attempt to pronounce Latin and Greek more or less as we find them spelled; but we know that the Romans and Greeks pronounced their own language quite differently from what we do. The correct pronunciation of English can only be acquired through a long and painful exercise of the tongue and memory by those who learn the language from books; yet we know that English orthography once fairly represented the *phonēsis* of the dialect which forms the basis of the literary speech. The Celtic tongues are peculiar in these two respects, that most of the consonants alter their sound according to the character of the neighbouring vowel in the same word; and that the initial sound of a word is very frequently altered through the influence of the final sound of the preceding word. To the first peculiarity is due, as Dr Stewart observed long ago, the orthographical law which obtains in Gaelic and Irish technically known as "Leathan ri leathan, is caol ri caol"—a law which demands that the first vowel of a syllable must be of the same character with the last vowel of the preceding syllable: *fĕumail* but *fĕineil*; *dallag* but *caileag; canaidh* but *càinidh*,—where the terminal syllable assumes or discards a vowel, according as it contains or does not contain a vowel of the same order with the vowel immediately preceding. The change caused on the initial sound of a Celtic word through the influence of the terminal sound of the preceding word appears in one or other of two forms, known respectively as *Aspiration* and *Eclipsis*. *A mac* is *her son* but *his son* is *a mhac*. In certain parts

of Skye and Lewis *an duine*, *an dé* are pronounced *a nuine*, *a né;* while probably over the whole Highlands the *c* in the phrase *an ceart uair*, when pronounced quickly, becomes *g*, *an-geart-uair*, or as written in the Fernaig MS., and as pronounced in Tiree, "*in gest ouhre.*" A few examples of a phonetic process, directly the opposite of *Eclipsis*, has been observed in Armoric, and named by Zeuss *Provection.* Instead of the initial sound being replaced by a weaker sound of the same order, as in *eclipsis*, the sound is hardened through the influence of the preceding sound. We have in Gaelic almost an analogous case in *do mhàthair* but *t'athair ; tainig* = *do* + *anic*, where the *d* in certain situations becomes *t*. On account of these peculiarities, the Celtic dialects differ far more in form than in sound or meaning, when they are written on different orthographical systems. As matter of fact, the Welsh dialects and Manx are all written phonetically, while Irish and Gaelic adhere more to the etymologic system. The one system represents more or less accurately the pronunciation of the day ; the other preserves the form of the word. Each system has its advantages and disadvantages ; and I need hardly add that each system is only partially carried out. No language is written on a purely phonetic system ; no language can be so, for no people pronounce alike ; while on the other hand the basis of the orthography of all languages is phonetic, and no change in the pronunciation, however great, is able entirely to obliterate the evidence of the fact.

The publication and extensive circulation of the New Testament in the latter half of last century has so far stereotyped our Gaelic orthography. But it is notorious that before that event, Highlanders in writing their own language asserted their right to spell as they pleased in the most unsparing fashion. From a scientific standpoint we ought to be grateful to them for their impatience, or ignorance, of orthographical laws. The *West Highland Tales* derive no small share of their great literary and philological importance from the fact that the pronunciation as well as the idiom of the various reciters is reproduced. Irish orthography is artificial in the extreme. The orthographical law now so rigidly adhered to was of old frequently disregarded, where there was no phonetic principle to warrant its application ; and I am inclined to think that the reason for its universal adoption in Middle Irish was that the grammarians of the day mistook a phonetic law of wide but not unlimited application for a purely mechanical rule. Our Gaelic MSS. are almost all written in the Irish character ; and the Irish orthography is pretty closely adhered to, but not by any means invariably so. In the entries on the Book of Deer, as well

as in the Zeussian MSS., and in the Book of Armagh, the law of "Leathan ri leathan, &c.," is ignored. It is frequently transgressed in all the Manuscripts I have examined, while further concessions to the phonetic principle are repeatedly met with. Thus, in a beautiful song composed on the Earl of Argyle after 1680, and written down by a very competent scribe before 1690, I find "dhuasgil" for "dh' fhuasgail," and even "ghuar" for "dhubhar"—(Adv. Lib. MS. xxxvi.) :—

"Mar ghuar do bheus tra nóin."

As is well known the Dean of Lismore's MS. is a further departure from the Irish orthography, and a nearer approach to a purely phonetic system. The Dean writes :—

"Sai la guss in dei oy nach vaga mai finn
Chanaka rem rai sai boo zar lym."

The same ballad is found in MS. xlviii. in the Advocates' Library, written by one of the M'Vurrichs, bards of Clanranald, men who received a literary training. M'Vurrich writes :—

"Se la gus an de, [o] nach faca me Fionn
Ni fhaca re mo re, se budh faide leam."

There are only two words different of these 19; but only two of the 17 words that are common to the two MSS. are spelled in the same way. The Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, commenting on a Gaelic song found in Lochaber and written phonetically (Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 367), suggests that a phonetic system of writing Gaelic may have prevailed over the central and eastern Highlands, where the Irish influence was less felt or unknown. The orthography of the Fernaig MS. so far supports Dr Maclauchlan's view. The orthography of the MS. is a combination of the Irish and a phonetic system. The writer uses all the letters of the English alphabet, a special character (printed *y* in the specimen of Macrae's orthography given below), for *th* (sometimes for *h*); and several of the contractions common in MSS. of the period. There are certain rules which he rarely transgresses; but his page presents the widest and apparently the most capricious divergencies in orthography. "Fear na Pàirce," is the author of six poems in the collection, and the name occurs six times. Now "Fear," a word of four letters, is on each occasion spelled in a different way :—

"Ferr; ffyerr; ffherr; ffeherr; feher; fferr."

This is, of course, an extreme case; but even here there is a sort of method in the madness which undoubtedly exists.

As a specimen of Macrae's orthography I give, *verbatim et literatim*, five beautiful verses addressed by "Donochig M'Ryrie" to Seaforth, on the death of his son.—

5 rein di reinig leish ī Donochigs er
vaiss vick vigyk kennich.

"Trein ī maighk hug ir leoin
Cha veyeir ir toir er gi braigh
Shjn ga di hroggi feaghk
Eashin iss mo nairt no kaigh.

Viick keynnj doinighe di vaighk
Da neyer iss moir nairt iss bry
Eg ro vaid dheijghk di chuirp
Ver shea ghuit gho no tri.

Di zhonj Abram ī vaighk
Si noibyird fo smaighk Vick Dhe
Ffûerh ea graisin vo mj rj
Agell rijst eg ī fein.

Er i vroin shin kuirss smaighk
Doinyi Dhe zuitt maighk i rijst
Ga roih shin gûih leat
Cha chûyj zuitt strep ri Chrjst.

Hug Dhe zuitt vrrimb is smaighk
Er gigh maighk ha foyid fein
Rish i nanvjjn koûmbs ī choir
No leg leoin lea dhûin trein
Trein ī maighk etc."

There is here considerable irregularity, *ghuit* and *zhuitt*; *doinighe*, *zhoni*, *doinyi*; *shea* and *ea*; but there is nothing in the orthography to prevent the comprehension of the meaning, almost on the first perusal, by an intelligent reader. There are also a few peculiarities of the writer—e.g., *Dhe*—the only form in which the word is used in the MS.; irregularities in aspiration, *dheijghk*, *Chrjst*, *dhuin*; the use of *v* for *u* in *vrrimb*. The characteristic of Macrae's orthography undoubtedly is the perfect representation it gives of the most peculiar features of the pronunciation of Gaelic in Kintail at the present day. Take the above passage—*bho* is of

course common to the North as against the *o* of South Argyll—*trog* (hroggi) for *tog* is also heard over a wide district. *Gh* and *dh* are pretty much alike in sound, and consequently often interchanged in our orthography, as *gho* above for *dho* (a). But Kintail provides the strongest example of the conversion of the aspirated *d* into unaspirated *g* of all places known to me—*reinig* for *rinneadh*; *Donochig* for *Donnachadh*. *M* passes easily into *b*: the Jews are a notorious example; so any one of ourselves is when we have cold in the head, or becomes if only we hold the nose and pronounce *m*. I know of no place in the Highlands where *b* is added to *m* as persistently as in Kintail: *urrimb*, *koumbs* for *urram*, *cum-sa*. Throughout the MS. one of course finds more perfect examples. The pronunciation and idiom of the North-west are apparent in every line—*cumhann* and that class are invariably *cuhig*, *fuilig*, &c.; *chon* for *thun*; *dar* for *an uair*; *éistneachd* for *éisdeachd*; *sivill* for *saoghal*, &c., &c. After a careful examination of the orthography in connection with the admirable rhythm, I am convinced that the pronunciation of the Kintail men and women of to-day is exactly that of their fathers and mothers 200 years ago.

The same may be said of the diction and idiom. A few uncommon words are found; but some of these survive as provincial terms. Strange idioms occur in the poems attributed to Carsewell, Sir John Stewart, and several of the religious pieces; but when one comes to the political songs of the day and district, the idiom is exactly that of to-day. Instances of *Eclipsis*, a feature of Scottish Gaelic which our grammarians unfortunately overlooked, are met with in the MS. as they are met with in the mouths of the people still.

I proceed to give further specimens of the contents of the MS. On a loose slip of paper is—

"A phrophesie made before the situatioune of Invernes"

which is not very legible or intelligible. The last line gives the pronunciation of "Tom-na-hiùraich" as far back at least as 1688—

"I dig M'Pethaig i mach
Lea laijn agas lea luthrich
Tuitti ni Ghayle ma saigh
Ma voirlûmb toim ni hurich."

Thirty-six lines are given as the composition of "Oishen M'Phyn." These lines were recited in Kintail with hardly any change in 1866, and appear in "Leabhar na Féinne" p. 106. The same verses were sent with a translation to the *Inverness Courier* by

"Nether-Lochaber," and from thence copied to *The Gael* in September 1872. 36 lines, attributed in the MS. to Bishop Carsewell, are found in the Dean of Lismore's MS., attributed to Donnachadh Og (pp. 118-9 of Gaelic Text.) 16 lines being—

"Ni. x. Phatrj aind ī meetterrighk dain"

are printed in Reid's Bibl. Scot. Celt., p. 177, as an extract from Calvin's Catechism. So far as I have able been to discover no further portion of the contents of the MS. has hitherto been printed. There are some admirable didactic verses entitled—

"Pairt de Chomhairle Mhic Eachain Ic Fhearachair do Mhac-an-tòisich, a dhalta,"

which bear a strong resemblance, one or two being almost identical, to—

"Comhairlean duine ghlic d'a Mhac"

printed at p. 394 of Nicolson's Proverbs.

Several of the authors of the poems are well-known men; others again are quite unknown; while some of the poems are anonymous. Bishop Carsewell is credited with 28 lines besides the 36 wrongly attributed to him. Sir John Stewart of Appin, who flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century, and whose "Faoisid" or Confession is printed in Calvin's Catechism (Reid, p. 173), is the reputed author of 84 lines. "Allister Monro, feher teiggisk va aind Stranaphir" is the author of 108 lines. He died before Dec. 22, 1653 (Fasti Eccl. Scot. v. p. 346.) The writer is the acknowledged author of 12 poems, in all 1028 lines. His brother, the Rev. Donald Macrae, has 120 lines. His great-grandfather, Fear na Pàirce, wrote 6 poems, in all 336 lines. "Gillicallum Gairph M'Illichallum" has 16 lines. He is of course Laird of Raasay. "Murchig Maighk Vick Curchi" is the author of 6 short poems, containing in all 184 lines. He is no doubt "Murchadh Mor Mac Mhic Mhurchaidh, fear Eichildi," who was factor for Seaforth in Lewis; and who composed two poems published in Ranald Macdonald's Collection. (Ed. 1776, pp. 23, 185.) This Murdoch was no mean poet. In the MS. he appears as a political and religious writer. He shows keen observation of nature, and has a ready command of happy diction and appropriate metaphor. In a "Krossanighk" or "Dialectic poem," composed "san àm a reiceadh Righ Tearlach, anno 1648," the poet moralizes on the unequal apportionment of happiness and misery in the world :—

"Mar dhuilleach nan geug,
No coip tuinn air fairg';
Mar bhun blas breig,
Mar bheum sruth ri carraig.

Mar dhealt romh nòin,
No sneachd 'n am gréin,
'S minic saoi fo dhòruinn,
Is daoi fo mhòran péin."

None of this author's poems in Macrae's Collection approaches in poetical merit the pieces attributed to him in Macdonald's Collection, and especially that admirable lyric in which he describes his life in Lewis (R. Macdonald p. 185):—

"Tha mise fo ghruaim,
'S gun mi 'n caidreamh a' chuain,
Cha chaidil mi uair air chòir."

The

"Loth philleagach bhreun,
Fo phillean 's fo shréin,
Aon ghille 'n a déigh le lòd,"

which carries him on land, is a contemptible creature in comparison with his—

". . . . . làir
Air linne nam bàrc,"

whose admirable qualities are forcibly described :—

"Iubhrach shocrach a' chuain,
Dha 'n cliu toiseach dol suas,
Bhiodh giubhas dosrach nam buadh fo sheòl.

Ruith chuip air a clàr,
'S i druideadh fo sàil,
Bu chruit leinn a gàir fo sheòl.

Cha'n iarradh i moll,
No fodar no pronn,
Ach sadadh nan tonn r'a sròin.

B'e sud m'aighir 's mo mhiann,
Ge do ghlasaich mo chiabh,
'S cha b'e slat agus srian 'n am dhòrn.

His life ashore in Lewis was equally attractive—

"'Nuair a ghabhte' gu tàmh
Ann an cala-phort sèimh
Cha b'fhallan bho m' laimhs' an ròn;

and no wonder though the Bard sends the following passionate "Soraidh" across the "Cuan-sgìth," as he elsewhere calls the Minch :—

"Fhir a dh' imicheas 'n iar,
Bho nach cinnteach mo thriall,
Bi 'g innseadh gur bliadhn' gach lò.

Beir an t-soraidh so nunn,
Air fad chuan an fhuinn,
Far am faighte' na suinn ag òl.

Gu eilean an fhéidh,
'S gu eirear an éisg,
Far nach paigheamaid féich air lòn.

Gu comunn mo rùin,
Nach cromadh an t-sùil,
'N àm tromachadh dhuinn am pòit."

"Allister M'Curchi" was probably a local bard still remembered by the name of "MacMhurchaidh 'ic Iain Ruaidh." Four poems are ascribed to him, three of which are religious. The fourth is somewhat the reverse. Here the poet represents himself as in early life a sailor, a jolly bachelor, and a general favourite in society. His patrons are now gone, and his company is despised, so he will turn a religious man, apparently because he cannot make better of it :—

"Tuirseach dhuinn ri port,
Cha'n ioghnadh mo dhos bhi liath ;
Thug mo chridhe troidh air ais,
Mar Oiseau an déigh na Fiann.

. . . . .

Ni air mhaireann Cailean ùr,
B' allail a chliu is e òg,
Ged a ghabh se ruinn fearg,
Ghiorraich e gu dearbh mo lò.

. . . . .

Ni air mhaireann Ruairi Gearr,
A chumadh spairn ris gach neach,
Laoch nach geilleadh ach 's a' chòir,
B'eibhinn leis slòigh is creach.

Smaoineamand air ceannard an Tùir,
Bho'n d'fhuaras muirn is mi òg ;
B'eibhinn leis seobhag is cù,
B'annsa leis a chliu na 'n t-òr.

. . . . .

Iomadh caraid a chaidh bh'uam,
Bho faighinn-se cùirt is lòn ;

Ged tharladh mi nochd gun chuirm,
Mo dheoch is e bùrn ri òl.

. . . . .

Do bhi osnaich de mo dheoin,
Gun chosnadh air muir no tìr,
Do na chrann cha tugas fonn,
B'annsa long agus fìon.

. . . . .

Faigheamar leabhar bàn,
'S an gleidheamar gach là tuigs,
Gach uair gu'm biomar ag osnaich,
Ochadoin is mi fo thùirs'."

"Alister M'Cuistan" and "Donochig M'Ryrie" are both evidently natives of the district. "Ioin M'Kenzie" has two elegies "Err baise Chennich Oig, anno 16—," and "Err baiss Ioan nj Comrj 168 —." He certainly belongs to the west of Ross-shire, and was probably himself of the Applecross family. One poem bears the following curious title—"An song made be an certain Harper, on ye attempt of some offic'rs yt for fear quat their commissions in K. W. Service, and pretended to be composed be on Gillimichell M'Donald, tinkler, as follows." "Gillimichell's ansr to ye ford lyns" is a long poem of 240 lines, and is the last in the MS. The Harper might no doubt be Roderick Morrison, "An Clarsair Dall," who would be nearly 50 years of age at this time. But a verse of the poem has been recovered in the district, and attributed to Macrae, the writer of the MS.; and I am not without suspicion that the Harper and Tinkler are introduced to conceal the true author. K. W. is of course King William. Some of the poems, and these among the best, *e.g.* "An address to the Highland Gentlemen who fought at Killiecrankie," are anonymous. Two are avowedly translations: "Couh Ioan Vreittin, or Jock Breittans complent, Irished to the toon qn the king coms home in peace again. June 1693 :" "Another Irished by the same author called the true Protestants complent, anno 1693." I have not been able to discover the name of either author or translator of

these two ballads. Two authors are simply designated as "Gillebride" and "Donnachadh Mòr," while another is described as "a sincere royalist."

From the above summary of the contents of the MS., it will be seen that while the bulk of the poetry is contributed by natives of the district, the collection includes the productions of Carsewell in South Argyll and Mr Munro in the north of Sutherland, while it contains verses dating back to at least the beginning of the sixteenth century, as well as several composed in the last decade of the seventeenth. It thus provides us with specimens of the popular poetry of the West and North Highlands for 200 years.

The poems are in the main Political and Religious, with a few which might be called Ethical, or, preferably, Didactic. There is hardly a song. There is no love song or drinking song; nor does either wine or woman figure very prominently in the MS. Of what I have called the Ethical poems, that addressed to young Mackintosh is certainly the best. It is only an extract, and Macrae left a blank page in order to insert the remainder some other day, which unfortunately never came. In order to be "great and good," his foster father counsels Mackintosh as follows:—

"Biodh toiseach ri ràite riut,
Ma tharlas dhuit bhi 'n tigh an òil;
Gur minic thainig bho dhibh,
Gloir a b'fhearr a stigh gu mòr.

'N àm comhairle bi gu mìn,
Na tabhair i ach gu mall;
Far am bi thu bi gu beachd,
Na bi aca bhos is thall.

. . . . .

Bi foighidneach ris an airc,
Na caith cealg air duine bochd;
Fear conais na bi da réir,
Na dean teum d'a faighear lochd.

Bi gu mòr bi gu maith,
Mu ghabhail rath na bi gun réim;
Thoir do chomhairle ma seach,
Air gach neach a bhios 'n a feum.

Air an t-saoghal na dean sannt,
Tuig nach bi thu ann ach uair;
'S nach 'eil de t'aimsir a bhos,
Ach tionndadh na bois mu'n cuairt.

A mhìorachd leig ma seach,
Tuig nach buidhinn i 'neach àgh ;
Ge h-uireasbhuidh air do mhiann,
Bi furachar air riarach chàich.

. . . . . .

Air do charaid na gabh àm,
Na lean e gu teann 'n a leum;
Aon ni dhiomolas tu 'chàch,
Ionann sud gu bràth na dean.

Na bi ro mhòr na bi beag,
Ri fath dhaoin' na caith do chuid ;
A laoich mheamnaich na dean trod,
Na h-ob ma 's a h-éigin duit."

'he religious poems, which comprise about one-half of the , are creditable performances; but they do not attain to ıigh poetical merit. They might be described as short ser- in verse, put into this form for the religious instruction of ople. There is no great variety in the versification. In one, attributed to Carsewell, is the accent of polysyllabic allowed to fall on the final syllable—a common feature in versification, but one which has disappeared from Gaelic :—

"Bho'n is eigin duit dol am fád,
Feuch a'd dheigh is feuch romhád ;
Feuch fothad is fos do chiónn,
Feuch gach taobh m'ad thimchióll.

ev. Alex. Munro shows considerable dexterity in stringing w names and Scripture incidents into melodious verse :

"Sadrach, Mesach, Abednego,
Do dhealbhaibh bréig' nach ìsl'eadh,
Dhion 's an àmhuinn bha gu gràineil,
Triuir's 'n aireamh t' fhìrinn.

ıme author shows a leaning towards a phase of teaching is characteristic of us still—

"Claon toil m' fheol', mo bheatha, 's m' òig',
Saoghal fòs, 's na deamhnaidh,
Stri gu calma, sìor chlaoidh m' anma,
Chaoidh gu damnadh siorruidh."

he doctrine of these writers, whether Reformed or unre-

formed, Episcopalian or Catholic, is not different from what hear now, though the mode of expression is to us often stra Our heathen ancestors, it would appear, had pretty definite ceptions of Heaven, while Hell seems to have been more negative idea. We have genuine Gaelic names—*Dia*, *neamh*, *flaitheanas*, *tighearna*, referring to the one, while on the other hand *diabhul*, *deamhan*, and *ifrinn* are all Latin. This would imply that our ancestors' idea of hell was negative and vague—the bad, the cowardly did not attain to the good place; or that their hell was so entirely different from that taught in our Christianity that the old names had to be discarded, if they ever existed. One can hardly adduce Macpherson's Ossian as evidence of the beliefs of our remote ancestors, but the view I have indicated seems to be contained in the remarkable passage which opens the third Book of "Cath Loduinn"—

"Tha mo shealladh air linnte dh'aom;
Cha'n fhaicear ach caol na bh'ann,
Mar dhearrsa na gealaich tha faoin,
Air linne tha claon 's a' ghleann:
An so dh'eireas dealan a' chòmhraig;
An sin thuineas gun sòlas, neo-thréin;
Cha chuir iad an gnìomhan air chòmhla
Air aimsir tha mòthar 'n an déigh.

The writers of the religious poems, like many other teachers of religion and morals, consider that hate and fear are more powerful incentives to correct conduct than love and hope. They dwell more upon the terrors of the Law than upon the promises of the Gospel; they are more detailed in their descriptions of the place of woe than of the place of bliss. As with David Mackellar, a religious poet of the middle of last century, hell is described as a place of cold as well as heat. Macrae says of the wicked, in a poem on "Latha a' Bhreathanais," which may not have been unknown to Dugald Buchanan,

"Imichidh iad so gu truagh,
Dh'ifrinn fhuair 'm bi fuachd is teas;

and "Fear na Pàirce" puts the same ideas in even sharper contrast—

"Dh'ifrinn fhuair 'm bi teinte lasrach."

Satan is described as "fear gun iochd," "aingeal soluis," "fear

bhuaireadh an t-saoghail." The more common term is "abharsair," again a Latin word—*adversarius;* and Munro speaks of

"Beul làidir breugach Shatain."

His "clergy" as well as his "angels" dwell with him in the place of torment:—

"Far am bi 'n t-abharsair am péin,
Aingle 's a chléir air fad."

In the poem on the "Day of Judgment," above referred to, Macrae has a glowing description of the joy that awaits the just—

"Eibhneas e nach faca sùil;
Eibhneas e nach cuala cluas;
Eibhneas e nach teid air chùl;
Dhoibh-san d'an toirear mar dhuais.":

The name of the Deity is indeclinable. It is invariably written Dhé. Not infrequently He is addressed as "*Sibh,*" *you,* the German *Sie,* instead of *thu,* the invariable practice in our day. The Saviour is "Iosa," "Criost," "Mac Dhé," "Mac Mhuire," "Mac Oigh nan Gràs." The influence of the warlike character and habits of the people upon their language and metaphor is strikingly illustrated in the epithets these Ross-shire poets of two hundred years ago applied to the Supreme Being. "A Dhé churanta làidir," "cuir-sa gu treun as mo leth." Allister M'Curchi is not satisfied in applying the epithet "Captain" to the Saviour, but adds

"Ceannard sluaigh le 'm pillear tòir";

and in the verses formerly quoted (page 322) the poet says that the heir of Seaforth cannot be rescued when Death heads the foray—

"Sin ged a thogadh feachd,
Esan a's mò neart na càch."

In one poem only is a distinctly controversial attitude taken up. The poem is more political than religious; and besides it is one of the translated ballads. The writer is an Episcopalian. He has no sympathy with Catholics in their prayers for the dead or in the worship of images; while he denounces the dogma of the real presence in language more vigorous than elegant:—

"Nach mor am *blasbheum* ri éisdeachd
Dha 'n tì leughas gu mion e,
Corp th' air deas laimh mo Dhé-sa
Chur gu déisneach 'n ar mionach."

Still he is willing to acknowledge the Pope as "Ard-Easbuig;" and will not go the length of denying baptismal regeneration. He points out that there is no branch of the church

"Gun a cron fein bhi 'n a h-achlais,"

as is manifest from the example of the Presbyterian branch,

"Nach géill do Righrean no dh' Easbuig."

With commendable charity, while he prays to be freed

"Bho bhraighliom 's bho bhreugan
Phresbiterian is Shagairt,"

he admits that his own party is not without reproach:

"Tha ar cuid annainn féin deth,
Mo chreach léir sin e thachairt;
Ach 's truagh nach b'airidh gu léir dhuinn
'S a bhi réidh air a' cheartas."

Several of the writers are very frank and detailed in the confession of their sins; but perhaps they do not expect to be understood in a strictly literal and personal sense. For example, Macrae himself writes:

"Och! ochoin! a Dhé,
Truagh mo sgeul, O Rìgh!
Cha do thréig mi 'n t-olc,
Ach na thréig an t-olc mi.
Cha d'thréig an t-olc mi,
Ach na thréig mo neart," &c.

"Donnachadh Mòr," whose effusions are appropriately entitled "Breisleach Dhonnachaidh Mhòir," would perhaps prefer that we should regard him as using the language of hyperbole, if he be not actually "raving," when out of a very copious vocabulary he describes himself as "laddron," "meirleach," "sionnach," with several "aggravating" adjectives attached to each of these picturesque substantives. Besides

"Minic do bha mi milleadh òg-bhan
Bristeadh pòsd' is pòiteireachd."

. . . . . .

Gnàth dhomh cealg is peacadh mairbh
Farmad fearg d'am mhòr losgadh." &c. &c.

s the most interesting of the religious poems is one by the
er on keeping the Sabbath. It is entitled:

osdhanachd de ghne chomhluadair eadar a' Cholunn 's an
t-Anam, a rinneadh leis an Sgriobhair."

ılogue opens as follows:—

Cholunn—Chualas guth air mhadainn
'S mi 'm chadal a'm' ònar,
n t-Anam—Cha'n i chòir a th'agad
Bhi luidhe fada Di-dònaich;

maintained with great spirit. The soul accuses the body
y misdeeds, and especially of the sin of Sabbath breaking.
dy retorts with some humour:—

"'S ann's cosmhuil thusa nis
Ri fear misg is carrain.
. . . . .
Gur truagh an deireadh comuinn duit
Bhi soillearach' mo dhò-bheairt,"

ısibly adds, in reply to the main charge—

Na seòladh tu dhomhsa
Mar is còir dhomh chleachdadh;
Cha bhristinn a le m' dhò-bheairt,
De mo dheoin a feasda.

ves the author the opportunity he seeks; and he explains
ws upon keeping holy the Sabbath day as follows:—

. . . . .
"Dhuisgeadh tu 's a' mhaduinn,
Bhiodh t'aigne saor o fhuathas;

Ann an àm dhuit éirigh,
B' fheumail dhuit do chaisrig;
Ann an ainm na Trianaid,
'N do chriochnaicheadh do bhaisteadh.

'Nuair chuireadh tu ort t'aodach,
Mar "beihoile" do fhear aitim;
Rach' tu air do ghlùinibh,
Dheanadh tùirs' a leth do pheacaidh.

Ghuidheadh tu Dia 'n t-athair
A leth a mhic Iosa,
E dheonachadh maitheanais,
Ann ad shath is t' uile ghnìomharr'.

Shiubhladh tu gun seacharan,
Ma sheachnadh e àm dhuit,
Dh' éisdeachd tuille teagaisg
Ann an eaglais do chill sgìre.

An sin a' gabhail rathaid duit,
Na labhair ach an fhìrinn;
Bi dearbhta gu faigh thu ann
Do radharc luach do shaothair.

Ach na bi-sa dichuimhneach,
Ma chìtear leat na bochdan,
Air ni thoirt an iasad dhaibh,
Mar dh' orduich Criosd is ostail.

'N uair theid thu steach do'n eaglais,
Air 'n fhear-theagaisg bi cuimhneach;
Na biodh t' inntinn mearanach,
Thoir aire air gach ni chluinn thu.

Dar thig thu mach an deighidh so,
Mar a rogha leat bhi t' ònar,
Taobh-sa 'n comunn 'leihoile,'
Na taghail luchd na pòite.

Bi furanach cairdeach,
Ris na bràithribh cearta;
Na gabh fiamh no nàire
Ced dhean thu càch a sheachnadh.

Siubhail rìs gun seacharan,
Dhachaidh dh' ionns' do theaghlaich;
Gach ni chualas leatsa,
Aithris dhaibh is meòraich.

These precepts seem to me well adapted to the circumstances of a country where the parishes are as large as counties, where churches are far apart, and roads are few; and the picture which Macrae so vividly draws of a Sunday in Ross-shire 200 years ago, is, in its lights and shadows, true to the life in many a Highland parish to-day.

The political ballads are perhaps the most valuable part of the collection. They constitute about one-half of the total contents of the Manuscript. They have a decided ecclesiastical as well as political bias; for the authors, who are all Episcopalian as well as Jacobite, identify, not without cause, Presbyterianism in Scotland with the Government of the Revolution. But the various writers show not only an intelligent comprehension of the political situation, but also a most commendable tolerance towards their political opponents, whether ecclesiastical or civil. The ballads are upon the whole pure in tone; they are written in very vigorous language; there is great variety in the versification; and the ring of the verse is simply perfect. The idiom is pure and the diction copious; but technical terms, political, military, and ecclesiastical, are freely borrowed from English. We have graphic pictures of the state of the country; and references to local celebrities of the day which are very interesting. The clan system is in full vigour; and the poet seems to excel himself when his Chief is the theme of praise. In Kintail the name that overshadows all others is Mackenzie. He is "Seaforth," once indeed to meet the exigencies of rhyme "Forth-sea," but more commonly "Mac Coinnich." The minister of Kilduich thus speaks of the Seaforth of the day—

"Bu mhaith Coinneach nam buadh tha mi 'g ionndrainn uam,
'S e nach ceileadh a chruas 's a' chùirt ud;
Sàr Iarla 'n Taobh-tuath dh' fhàg deurail mo ghruaidh,
'S mor iarguin aig uaisle dhùthch' air;"

and another, addressing the chief, says proudly—

"'S gur h-e b' fhasan riamh dha t' aitim
Bhi tapaidh 's an rìoghachd,
Falbh mar ghaisgich, feileadh breacain,
Fo bhrataich nan rìghrean."

Other men of note in their day and district are frequently referred to—

"Aonghas nan Gleann a bha inbheil 's an Fhraing."

Again—

"B' ann duibh Maighstear Ailean agus Alastair fearail
Le iomadh ceann baile 'n a gheard."

. . . . .

Og Ghearrloch bho thuath le armuinn gun ghruaim"

is called upon to join the chief. The following gives a vivid picture of the unsettled state of the country in the years following the Revolution :—

"Chaidh ceartas air chùl duinn,
Leis na cùrsannan th' ac'-sa ;
Gradh, creideamh, is dùil mhaith,
Chaidh an triuir sin air seachran.
Ni 'bhàrr tha 'g ar ciùrradh,
Airgiod smùid agus sesse ;
Cha lugha ar cùram
Ma dhùblar oirnn feachda.

Beairt eile mar chàs oirnn
Dh' fhàs a' mheirle cho fasant' ;
Fear ri spuilleadh na ròidibh,
Goid bhò agus chapull ;
'S ged gheibht' fear còrr dhiubh
Dheanadh sgeoil dhomh chionn taisgeil,
Ni na h-uachdarain tòir air
Cho cheart 's is beò e 'n a chraiceann.

'S ged chuir Uilleam a nall orr'
Comanndair a chasg so ;
. . . . . .
Cha'n urrainn e cheannsachadh,
Antlachd Loch-Arcaig ;
'S na mairt a ghoidear leo 's t-samhradh
'S iad 's lòn geamhraidh dha chaiptin-s'.

Those who have taken the part of William and Mary in the national quarrel are denounced in unsparing terms. They are traitors ; and traitors will be traitors still—

"Caochlaidh iad mar chaochlas sruth
Seumas an dé, 'm Prionnsa 'n diugh."

As for William and Mary, these Highland bards exhaust all the vocabulary and imagery at their command in painting their guilt. Mary is the daughter of the banished King ; William is his son-in-law and his nephew. The revolt of Absalom against David is a parallel case ; and these deserve Absalom's doom. Again—

"Fhuair Achitophel àite
Ann am Mairi 'cheart rìreadh."

ı insult to the nobles of Britain that insignificant Orange provide a Sovereign for them :—

"Cha lugha mhasladh do mhaithibh Shasuinn
Iad bhi cur as daibh féin le 'n deoin ;
Chaill iad beairteas ris gu frasach
Is luingeas mharsanda na's leoir."

Christian Kings are called upon, in a passionate lyric com- n the year 1692, to interfere in this dynastic struggle and ɔre the rightful King to Britain :—

"Rinn iad Banrigh dhaibh mar sgàile
De Mhairi 's a' mhulad-sa,
Is righ d'a céile ann an *style*
Bho nach oighrich Willie."

onarchs of Europe are told that if such deeds are justified wned head is safe. The Scottish nobles are adjured by ɔatriotism, their religion, and their loyalty to lay aside ifferences and unite in restoring the exiled James to his and much needed rest to the country. At the time the ıl outlook is gloomy. The anonymous author of the ess to the Highland Gentlemen who fought at Killie- ɔ," has preserved in his own Gaelic accent the cry of the ı soldiers for quarter in that short and sharp struggle :—

"Bu lìonmhor 's an uair ud
Curaidh gluasad 's e leointe,
Cinn, aid, agus gruagan,
Fir gun chluasan gun chòmhradh ;
Cha chluinnt' ann a dh' eubh
Ach '*Alleise*', agus '*Vo is me* ;
Quarters for Jesus'
Bu Bheurla dhaibh 'n còmhnuidh."

ıthor most forcibly and accurately describes the political ɔn as it appeared to the Highland politician of that day—

"Ach 's mor m' iomaguin 's mo smaointean
Thaobh gach cùis a ta 'g éirigh,
Gu'm bi Breatann dheth ciùrrt,'
Fuil bhrùit' ann an Eirinn ;
Gu'm bi bristeadh a' chnaimh,
Eadar Màiri is Seumas ;
'S gu'm bi 'n smior aig an Fhrangach,
Mu'n ceannsaich sibh chéile."

But the good time will come when right will triumph over might; and it is the duty of all patriots to work and pray for its speedy arrival. The waiters upon Providence, whom Macrae treats with great contempt, will be left out in the cold—

"Iomadh tighearna 's post',
Nach eòl domhsa n(o)is chur an dàn,
Tha 'n trath-sa gu moiteil,
Le phràbar gu bosdail a'd phàirt;
'S ann diubh sin Cuilfhodair,
Granndaich, is Rosaich a' chàil."

Those who took a more active part on William's side will be treated very much according to their rank and zeal in his cause. By similes, sometimes more forcible than delicate, their utter collapse is vividly pourtrayed:

"Bi'dh cinneadh Mhic Aoidh 's am mnathan 'g an caoidh
. . . . . .
Bi'dh Iarla sin Chat 's e miamhail gu ceart,
'S e triall tarsainn as do *New land.*"

The "Tinkler" accuses Argyle of aiming at the crown—

"Cleas Mhic Cailein fhiar-shuilich,
Bha 'g iarraidh thun a' chrùin."

When things are righted, this Highland Chief will be the first to be called to account—

"Gheibh Mac Cailein air thùs dhiubh,
Dh' aindeoin a chùirte
'N galar bu dùthchasach dha."

According to Macrae, treachery and disloyalty were hereditary in the house of Argyle—

"B'e dhùthchas bho sheanair,
Bhi daonnan ri mealladh gach tì;
'S cha b' fhearr e thaobh athar,
Ged bu mhor a mhaitheas bho 'righ;

but "The Maiden" will prove an effective remedy for this family disease:

"Le maighdeann sgoraidheach sgathail
. . . . . .
'S ged thuit e cha'n athais dha i."

Altogether the Fernaig Manuscript appears to me to be an important contribution to our stock of Gaelic Literature. The political and religious intelligence, the devout and tolerant spirit, the strong sense and literary power displayed by the various writers in rude and turbulent times, are creditable to our people, while the enlightened compiler is a Highland Chief of whom not only the Macraes, but all his countrymen may well be proud.

6TH MAY 1885.

On this date Canon Thoyts, Tain, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., on unpublished letters of Lord Lovat, between 1739 and 1743. Mr Mackintosh's paper was as follows :—

SOME LETTERS OF SIMON LORD LOVAT, 1739-1743.

No matter that turns up in connection with Simon Lord Lovat ever fails of being interesting. At present the North is moved by the appearance of a claimant to the Scottish Lovat Peerage and Estates, whose success would add a hundred-fold to the romance and interest attaching to Lord Lovat's career.

The letters after given show Simon at his best, being written after he had succeeded in assuring his position to the title and estates, and when it would seem his hitherto chequered life would be thereafter one of repose and prosperity. They nearly all concern social and domestic affairs, and are in this respect valuable, indicating his real character by and through daily life and transactions. The most pregnant public allusion is contained in the letter to Mackintosh in December 1743, and shows that Lord Lovat was in close communication with the Stuarts, and hoped for an immediate landing.

Taking the letters in their order, I make a few comments. They are chiefly addressed to Mr Duncan Fraser, a well-to-do merchant of Inverness, elder brother of Simon Fraser, sometime Commissary at Gibraltar, who purchased the estate of Borlum, calling it Ness Castle, father of the well-known and respected Marjory, Lady Saltoun.

The first letter is dated 20th May 1739, and his Lordship's kindness of heart is shown by his determination to right the lady whose cattle were stolen, and which were promised to be restored through Barrisdale, one of the captains of the watch, known as Coll Ban. Mrs Mackenzie had just lost her only brother, the Rev. William Baillie, minister of the third charge of Inverness, son of the well-known Rev. Robert Baillie, of Inverness. Lord Lovat's correctness in his affairs, is shown by his laying down the rule of settlement of accounts, taking place monthly. The Governor of Inverness Castle referred to, was no doubt Grant, who was accused in 1745 of somewhat hastily surrendering the Castle to Prince Charles.—

Dear Cousin,—I gave you the trouble of a line yesterday, but received no answer. I hope this will find you and your people in good health, and I assure you and them of my kind humble service. You was yesterday busy at the melancholy occasion of the burial of my dear friend, Mr William Baillie, which gives me great grief and concern. I beg you go from me, and wait of his sister, Mrs Mackenzie, and give her my most humble duty, and tell her that I have not fortitude to write to her upon her brother's death, but that I beg to know how she is, and that she may expect my friendship more than ever, and when the tribute that she must pay to nature is over, that I will expect to see her. In the meantime you may let her know that Barrisdale is my very good friend, and that he has actually a party in pursuit of the thieves that stole her cattle, and acquaints me that he does not doubt of success, so that I make not the least doubt of recovering her payment of her cattle.

Let me know if you have recovered all my things out of the Pledger, and when I may send for them. The bag of hops may be kept in a good place in town, where you will think it safe from being spoiled, for we have no good place for it in this house. I entreat you may remember what I told you at parting, that we may clear accounts once a month, and then there will be no difficulty about vouchers for payment. Thomas Houston is to be out here to-morrow morning. I have desired him to wait upon the Governor, and to make him my compliments. If you have heard anything about his diet for Edinburgh, I entreat you to let me know it.

I likewise entreat you may know as of yourself, what day the President comes to Bunchruive and Achnagairn, and goes through this country to Brahan, and if he dines at Bunchruive or Achnagairn, and what day he goes south, that my posts may

be in good order as he passes. I shall long to hear from you. If there is any news in town, I hope you will send them, and I am, with sincere esteem, dear Duncan,

Your affectionate cousin and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 20th May 1739.

The next letter is dated 12th June 1739, and in part refers to Lord Lovat's son, Alexander, who died at Dunmaglass in 1760, unmarried, a General in the Dutch service. At this time he was but a child, his father, however, describing him as having a large head. Notice may also be taken of his Lordship's patriotic intention to purchase a picture of Sir William Wallace, because, as he says, "he always loved to preserve the glory and honour of old and ancient families," though his desire was thwarted by Mr Evan Baillie of Abriachan (brother to Hugh Baillie of Dochfour), his Lordship's bailie and cashier, who probably knew that money could ill be spared.—

Dear Cousin Duncan,—I have sent the bearer, John Young, General of our Taylors, to take off clothes for my little boy Sandie, so I entreat you go with him to any shop where you can get it most reasonable, and be so kind as to see him cut off as much good, strong drugget, as will make the child a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, with lining and all other furniture conform. I hope his periwig is now ready, that you bespoke, and a little hat for him. It must not be very little for he has a good large head of his age. Be so kind as let me know the prices of everything, and what you bought out of other shops, that I may send you in the money immediately. If Mr Donald buys any books, and that you pay the money for them, I shall send you in that at the same time.

I am very glad that the Governor is so well. I shall have the honour to write to him to-morrow, and though he should go to Culloden before I go into town, I will certainly pay my respects to him there, as I would do at Inverness, if he will allow me. I just now got your letter, and I give you a thousand thanks for sending him the salmond in my name; it gives me greater pleasure than twenty times the value of it, for I cannot express the honour and value I have for my dearest Governor.

Pray tell Evan Baillie that it was merely for the insinuations that he made to me in his letter, that I yielded my resolutions of purchasing Sir William Wallace's picture, for I always loved to preserve the glory and honour of old and antient families. Pray show this to Evan when he comes home.

I offer you, and your father and mother, and all the family, my kind humble service. I hope your mother will remember what I recommended to her in the Roup. Forgive all this trouble, and believe that I am, very sincerely, dear Duncan,

Your affectionate and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 12th June 1739.

The third letter is dated 1st June 1740, and shows what a good style Simon kept up. Four-and-twenty guests from different quarters was a large assembly, and contradicts the statement that his house and menage were mean.—

Dear Cousin Duncan,—I received this evening your letter. I am glad that you are well after your great fatigue of drinking, &c.

I have sent in John Forbes with money to pay Lachlan Mackintosh's hogshead of wine, and to see if there be any provisions had for me in town, for I am to have a throng company with me to-morrow. I believe I will have twenty-four covers, for I am to have strangers from several corners. I have ordered John Forbes to cause send in horses for all Lachlan Mackintosh's wine, and for six dozen of the Spanish wine, and for what provisions can be had. I offer you and your worthy mother my affectionate humble service, and I wish your honest father, and my friend William, a safe return home, and I am with a sincere friendship and regard, dear Duncan,

Your affectionate cousin and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 1st June 1740.

The seal is almost entire. Small deer head, surmounted with coronet, around "Je suis prest."

The fourth letter is dated 23rd June, same month, and is interesting as showing that there was an upper dining-room at Beaufort, and that east winds ran on till midsummer. This circumstance is important, for the prevalence of east winds about Inverness has been supposed to be a comparatively modern evil. Most old people now-a-days will affirm that in their younger days the prevailing winds were from the south-west, and the summers earlier.—

Dear Cousin Duncan,—I hope this will find you and your honest father and mother, and my friend William, and all the

family in perfect health, and I sincerely assure you and them of my kindest respects and humble service.

I have sent in the bearer for my post letters, which I entreat you despatch as soon as possible, with any other news you have in town. I got so much cold by going out yesterday, with the easterly winds, and by dining in the High Dining-Room, that I had the ague all night, and I am just now going to take a vomit.

I hope you have delivered my commission to Mr Grant. I shall long to hear from you. And I am, with a sincere esteem and regard, dear Cousin Duncan,

Your most obedient and most faithful humble servant,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 23rd June 1740.

Send 1s. 6d. more of farthings per bearer.

The fifth letter is the scroll of one from Duncan Fraser, to Lord Lovat, within which the letters were found wrapped up. It is without date, but the reference to Mr Speaker Onslow's re-election for the third time, fixes it to have been written in December 1741; also the reference to the numbers prayed for in church, shows that it was written on a Sunday. It will be observed that though Mr Fraser gives gossip, which he knew would please his lordship, yet he knows, though so familiarly treated in the letters, his own position, and addresses Lord Lovat with every respect. I cannot throw light on the identity of the Doctor and Miss Stewart who are mentioned; and the reference to the Duke of Hamilton, through an undecipherable word, is obscure.

No date (December 1741 ?)

My Lord,—I am honoured with your Lordship's. Am concerned you passed last night so ill. But hope the doctor will remove all such, as well as recover your legs, and continue your good spirits, which with your perfect health and happiness I sincerely pray.

The King's speech is here enclosed as in a Tuesday's *Evening Courant*. The Speaker is a third time placed in his chair.

I saw Miss Stewart last night at the Modists (Modistes ?) and told her my surprise at her departure from your Lordship's, upon the doctor's appearance, to which she made the same answer your Lordship wrote me of the other, which I would fain take to be ominous. Considering they will probably meet at your Lordship's ere the ensuing merry days are over, when I persuade myself your Lordship will not miss to egg the proper parties pro-

ceeding, so as to make him quit making one of the number of your country bachelors.

I am concerned for the sad melancholy ——* of D. Hamilton. We had 63 prayed for, this day.

The sixth letter, dated 7th February 1742, is highly amusing, and shows the unhappy position of his Lordship, when the youth Maclean who shaved him, ran off. He complains that though he has 18 to 20 men servants, no one was qualified to shave him.—

My Dear Cousin Duncan,—I hope this will find you and your honest father and mother, and all the family in perfect health, and I sincerely assure you and them of my affectionate humble service.

That lazy, light-headed rascall, John Maclean, has behaved so insolently and impertinently for this long while past, that I was determined to keep him no longer than till Whitsunday next in my family. But some capricious whim having seized him, he left my service this day without the least provocation, and I am resolved that he shall never put a razor on my face again. I have wrote to Edinburgh myself, and my secretary has wrote to Aberdeen to get me a riding footman that can shave and dress, but as I have not among eighteen or twenty men servants any one that can shave me till I get a new servant, I entreat, my dear cousin Duncan, that you will find out some boy in Inverness that will come out with the bearer, or to-morrow evening, and if he pleases me I will keep him till I get another servant, and if he is inclined to stay with me, I will perhaps engage him to serve me as riding footman. I don't think you can miss to find some lad that will be fit for my purpose amongst your barbers in town, and I shall pay him thankfully for his pains.

If you will be so kind as to do me the favour to come out here to see me on Tuesday, I will send in my own pad early on Tuesday morning for you, and you will bring my post letters along with you. But if the day be as bad as this day is, I must delay the pleasure of seeing till a better day. William, Culmiln's son, who came in to see me an hour ago, says that this is the worst day that came this winter. Jenny, and the Chamberlain and his wife, and Mr Baillie, and Gortuleg, who are all here, joins with me in making you our affectionate compliments. And I am, without reserve, my dear Duncan,

Your most affectionate cousin and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 6th and 7th February 1742.

* Word illegible.

The seventh and last, dated 21st November 1743, is addressed to the Laird of Mackintosh, and the politeness of the courtier is here seen to its full. It is sad to think that so soon after its date, such trouble fell on his Lordship and the Earl of Cromarty. At this time, 1743, Simon states there was nothing but "mirth and affection," and that the Earl and Doctor Fraser "were enough to make a hundred rejoice if they were in company."—

My Dear Laird of Mackintosh,—It gave me vast joy to know by Invercauld and Dunie that you and the worthy Lady Mackintosh, and dear Miss Farquharson, are in perfect health. I pray God it may long continue. There is no man on earth wishes it better, and I humbly beg leave to assure you and the good Lady Mackintosh and Miss Farquharson of my most affectionate, humble duty, best respects, and good wishes, in which my son joins me.

I owe my dear Lady Mackintosh ten million of thanks for doing me the honour to engage her lovely brother, the young Laird of Invercauld, to see me in this little hut. His visit has given me vast pleasure, and I have enjoined my son to live in great friendship with him all his life. He will make the prettiest gentleman that ever was called Farquharson, which I wish from the bottom of my heart. I was so lucky as to have here the Earl of Cromarty, and Lord Macleod, his son, and his governor, and Dr Fraser, when Invercauld came here. They are all still here, except Lord Macleod, who is gone to Edinburgh to his colleges. I never saw more delightful company than they have been and continue so. The Earl and Dr Fraser are enough to make a hundred rejoice if they were in company. There was nothing but mirth and affection among us. Dunie will do me justice that I drank your health and the good Lady Mackintoshes, as a family health, every day, and when the toast went round Lady Mackintosh and Miss Farquharson were not forgot.

I am sorry that young Invercauld is so pressed with time, that he could not stay two or three weeks to make up a thorough acquaintance with my son, that they might contract such a friendship as would last all their days after I am dead and gone. But I hope after this their acqaintance won't be to make whatever they meet.

I beg my dear Laird of Mackintosh that you may do me the honour to let me hear from you once every week or ten days, that I may know how you and the good Lady Mackintosh and Miss Farquharson do. You have only to send your letters to Duncan Fraser's by any person that comes to Inverness, and I will send

my letter to him for you, so that we may correspond without your having the trouble of sending a servant to Beaufort, or my sending one to Moyhall, unless some extraordinary thing happen.

We expect great news by this post. If I have anything extraordinary, I will acquaint you. I pray God preserve our friends, and restore the liberties of our country, and I am, with a most uncommon esteem, attachment, and respect, my dear Laird of Mackintosh, your most obedient and most faithful, humble servant, and most affectionate cousin, (Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 21st November 1743.

Altogether, these letters show Simon to have been kindly, hospitable, and charitable; for it must be presumed that the lot of farthings he wished, were intended for wandering beggars—a class he used to converse with when he met them.

I have the good fortune of possessing several other letters from Lord Lovat; also a volume, "Crawfurd's Officers of State," which was in his library, with his book-plate, wherein part of his designation is "Governour of Inverness." It has also on an early blank page, a long holograph note in Latin. Books with his plate are rare, as the Castle and whole contents were utterly destroyed by fire by the Hanoverian troops immediately after the Battle of Culloden.

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John Whyte.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Maclennan.

BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a' Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS."

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn :—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 'sa' Ghailig ; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd, agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd ; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad ; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh--ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd ; còir agus cliu nan Gaidheal a dhion ; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait' am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn ; agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh :— Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneimh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt ; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dligheach, feumaidh tri buill dheug an crann a chur, Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

4. Paidhidh Ball Urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna .	£0	10	6
Ball Cumanta	0	5	0
Foghlainte	0	1	0
Agus ni Ball-beatha aon chomh-thoirt de .	7	7	0

5. 'S a' cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn ; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Gaelic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects. Admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and, if he or she have a majority of votes and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of .	7	7	0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mois. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhrai gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a' chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile ; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta ; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuidheachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheannamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneimh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachhdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic speaking Members on the roll; but if any alterations be required, due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting the Society with its twelfth Volume, the Council has again to announce a larger Volume than any of its predecessors; and it is a further matter of congratulation that, while former Volumes were larger by reason of two or more years' work being issued together, this Volume contains but the record of one Session's work only. Nothing could at once better prove the wealth of the Gaelic material with which we deal, the usefulness of the Society's work, and the energy and vitality of its members. It will be found that the papers and lectures in this book are not merely interesting in themselves, but also most important in their bearing on Highland History, Antiquities, and Literature. The Volume begins with the Society's July Assembly last year, and ends with the winter and spring papers in May, thus containing exactly a year's record of work. The last Session has probably, in respect of papers, lectures, and discussions, been the most active the Society has ever had.

In taking a general survey over men and work in the Gaelic and also in the wider Celtic field, we have first, with sorrow, to record the death of the veteran Gaelic scholar, the Rev. Dr Thomas Maclauchlan, of Edinburgh. For the last generation Dr Maclauchlan was our leading Gaelic scholar; he was practically arbiter in matters of Gaelic literature and scholarship, a position which he filled with honour and good judgment. He was the connecting link between the old literary school of Gaelic writers and scholars, and the new school of critics and philologists. His works have had a most potent effect in bringing Gaelic studies into good repute among British scholars, and his editions of the Dean of Lismore's Book, and Bishop Carsewell's Prayer Book, have done more than anything else to give people a proper idea of what the history of the Gaelic language must have been. The

translation of the Dean's Book was a most arduous task, and, considering the state of Celtic scholarship at the time, a marvel of accuracy and learning. His other chief works are "Celtic Gleanings," and the "Early Scottish Church," while he also wrote the history of Gaelic Literature in Keltie's History of the Highlands, a piece of work which is unique in its excellence. He was also engaged on the revision of the translation of the Gaelic Bible. Dr Maclauchlan was chief of our Gaelic Society in 1880, and, besides doing his duty as that year's chief, his name appears often in our Volumes as the author of papers delivered before the Society and printed in our Transactions.

In Gaelic literature, considerable activity and interest are manifested. Mr Lachlan Macbean, a well-known member of our body, besides translating into beautiful English verse the poems of Dugald Buchanan, has returned to his old love of music, and has issued a selection of the most popular Gaelic psalm tunes; while Mr Henry Whyte is still adding to his "Celtic Lyre." Rev. Mr Cameron's first volume of the *Scottish Celtic Review* has been completed by the issue of number four. And while these words are being penned, Mrs Mackellar's translation of the Queen's "More Leaves" has been handed in to us, fresh from the press. Who but the queen of our modern Gaelic poets should translate our Queen's book?

In general Celtic scholarship and literature there are one or two events of importance to record. The *Revue Celtique*, the most important of Celtic periodicals, devoted as it is to Celtic philology, antiquities, and the editing of texts and MSS., is now edited by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, one of our foremost Celtic philologists, M. Gaidoz, who started and who so ably conducted the *Revue* for fifteen years, having sought well-earned repose. Mr Stokes has published in the last volume of the Philological Society's Transactions two treatises of vast importance to Celtic Philology. The first work—over one hundred pages in length—discusses in a concise form "Celtic Declension." It is undoubtedly the most important contribution that has yet been made to the subject since the time of Zeuss. It contains not only Old

Irish and Old Welsh Declensions, but also attempts to restore the Old Celtic Declension. A concise account is given of the "desmential changes," and also of the Gaulish inscriptions. The other paper is upon the Neo-Celtic Verb Substantive, and it contains a most important account of vocalic change. Dr Kuno Meyer has published valuable editions of the *Cath Finntraga* and *Merugud Uilix*. Professor Rhys has been the Hibbert Lecturer for this year; his subject was "the Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by Celtic Heathendom." He passed in review the whole subject of Celtic Religion and Mythology, and advanced such interesting and startling theories that his published work will be waited for with some eagerness by enthusiastic Celtists.

The Educational Minute of May of last year, which we described in Vol. XI., has been embodied in the new Scotch Code. But unfortunately, though Gaelic is allowed as a specific subject, it is, nevertheless, not placed upon the specific schedule: only a note at the bottom of the page informs the public that Gaelic may be taken as a specific subject, "provided it be taught upon a graduated scheme, to be approved by Her Majesty's Inspectors"! The Gaelic to be taught is to be settled for each school by the caprices of teachers and inspectors! Evidently, however, this is only a temporary device, and next year we may hope to see Gaelic on Schedule Four beside Latin and Greek. A committee of this Society drew up a Gaelic Scheme that may be worth reproducing in the circumstances:—

1st Stage. Reading of 50 pages of ordinary Gaelic prose. Reciting of 50 lines of Gaelic Poetry. General knowledge of Gaelic Declension.

2nd Stage. Reading 100 pages of Gaelic poetry and verse. Writing to dictation from the same. Reciting of 100 lines of Gaelic Poetry, with meanings and allusions. General knowledge of Gaelic Grammar.

3rd Stage. Reading of Gaelic prose and verse. Reciting of 150 lines of Gaelic poetry. Composition of a theme in Gaelic, and some knowledge of the history, construction, and literature of the Gaelic language.

The above scheme is as difficult as can be allowed with a view to any practical good being intended to result from the concession of Gaelic as a specific subject; and, as such, we venture to think, it is worthy of consideration in official quarters.

We must not close the introduction to this Volume, the *magnum opus* of the Society, without referring to its editor, our secretary, Mr Mackenzie. Mr Mackenzie has been appointed Principal Clerk to the Crofter Commission, and, although this means the loss of his invaluable services to us, we sincerely congratulate him on a step of advancement so well-deserved for his unremitting energy in the Gaelic cause. Our very best wishes follow him. His decade of work for the Society will be a proud memory for him as it is, in the excellence of its results, an honour to us. He has fitly crowned his work by the energy of last session, leaving to his successor the Gaelic Society in a condition which, because flourishing and in good order, will be all the more difficult to maintain.

INVERNESS, August 1886.

TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Fourteenth Annual Assembly of the Society took place in the Music Hall, Inverness, on the evening of Thursday, 9th July 1885. The chair was occupied by Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, Chief of the Society. He was supported by Sir K. S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Rev. A. Macdonald, Logie-Easter; Mr William Fraser, of Elgin, Illinois; Mr A. Macdonald, Balranald; Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr Alexander Macdonald of Treaslane; Bailie Mackay, Bailie Ross, Mr Duncan Shaw, W.S., Inverness; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr F. Macdonald, Druidaig; Mr R. Maclean, Ardross; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank; Mr A. Macbain, Raining's School; Mr A. Mackenzie, Ballifeary; Mr A. Mackenzie, Silverwells; Mr P. H. Smart, drawing-master; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, High Street; Mr William Mackenzie, secretary, &c. There was a large attendance of the members of the Society and their friends, as well as the general public and strangers from a distance who came to Inverness to take part in the Wool Fair. While the company were assembling, the pipers of the Rifle Volunteers, under Pipe-Major Ferguson, perambulated the principal streets, Pipe-Majors Maclennan, of the 2nd Battalion Cameron Highlanders, and Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, at the same time playing a selection of Highland airs in the entrance lobby. Shortly after eight o'clock the proceedings commenced by

Mr Mackenzie, the Secretary, intimating apologies for absence from the following gentlemen:—Lord Dunmore, the Earl of Seafield, Lord Archibald Campbell, The Chisholm, Mr D. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P.; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe; Mr K. J. Matheson, yr. of Lochalsh; Major Rose of Kilravock; Mr J. Douglas Fletcher, yr. of Rosehaugh; Mr Angus Mack-

intosh of Holme; Sheriff Blair, Inverness, Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Captain O'Sullivan, Inverness; Mr Charles Innes, solicitor, Inverness; Mr A. Burgess, banker, Gairloch; Mr P. Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston; Ex-Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Mr James Barron, Inverness; Mr L. Macdonald of Skeabost, and others.

Professor Blackie wrote:—

"Broughton, Peeblesshire, 3rd July.

"Dear Sir,—You are very kind to wish to keep me longer as a Highlander, but I have done my work in that quarter, and must now submit to die as I was born, a Lowlander. Nevertheless, had I been free to wander about at this season, I might have done myself the pleasure to visit the fair city, whose beauties, I think, I once sang in a sonnet; but, unfortunately, this year I am tied down to Tweedside, doing family duty from which only the imperative call of public work could withdraw me. With best wishes for the success of your gathering on the 9th, believe me, sincerely yours, "JOHN S. BLACKIE."

The Chief, on rising to speak, was received with loud cheers. He said—When travelling in a railway carriage a few months ago, I read a report of a meeting of this Society, and saw that I had been elected Chief for the year, I thought there must have been some mistake, and it was not until I arrived at home and found a letter from our worthy Secretary, confirming the report, that I fully realised the great honour which had been bestowed upon me. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, we have met here to-night to celebrate the fourteenth annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and holding as I do a very strong opinion that, if we, as a Society, ever allow political questions of any sort, no matter how important, or of how great interest they may be to us, to appear at our assemblies, from that time dissension and strife will spring up amongst us—(Hear, hear)—and we will soon drift apart, and thus do away with the great power for good, which I am certain this Society can bring to bear on the people in whose welfare and prosperity we take, and should take, so active an interest. (Applause.) Holding these opinions, I do not intend to say one word which can be turned by my bitterest political opponent into a channel which I never intended, or even to mention a subject which is never for long out of our thoughts, or our daily conversation. That our Chief at the last annual dinner had to do this we are aware, but on that occasion it was

almost forced upon him, and you would all have been much disappointed if he had not chosen the subject he did for his speech, but I know he is the last man who would wish to establish that as a precedent. (Applause.) I have to congratulate the Society that since the loss of Cluny, which was so feelingly referred to by Lochiel on that occasion, none of our members have been taken from us, and on the other hand we have to welcome a great number of gentlemen who have since joined us. It is, as I have already stated, now fourteen years since this Society was first started, and the success which has attended it is remarkable. Not only is it still living and flourishing, but it appears destined in the future to exercise a still more powerful influence over all that pertains to Celtic literature and Celtic life than it has even hitherto accomplished, and those of us who have followed the Transactions, as they appeared from year to year, must have been struck with the marvellous amount of research, involving enormous labour, and in all cases a labour of love, on the part of the authors of those papers; and it is not too much to say that it is principally owing to the efforts of the members of this Society that a large quantity of Celtic poetry, history, and tradition have been rescued from oblivion. (Cheers.) The success of the past ought to encourage us to harder work in the cultivation of the language, poetry, antiquities, and history of the Scottish Highlands, to promote which is one of the main objects of the Society. The revival of Celtic literature must, I think, produce good results on the character and interests of the Gaelic people. When the revival took place, as you may remember, the language and customs of the race were on the eve of disappearing; the movement for a Celtic Chair was brought forward, and mainly owing to the great zeal and enthusiasm of one of the honorary chieftains of this Society, successfully carried out; from that time, the interests which it is the province of this Society to preserve have prospered, and all that is worth preserving is now certain to be saved from destruction. (Cheers.) There is one subject which this Society has always taken a great interest in, and that is the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools Last year, for a reason which I need not mention, it was my duty, as well as my pleasure, to enter into more schools, and to converse with more teachers than often falls to the lot of one man—(Laughter)—and I found that the feeling was unanimous that it was essential that there should be a special grant for the teaching of Gaelic, and I cannot see any reason why a boy or a girl should not be taught Gaelic as thoroughly as they are taught English. (Cheers.) Necessary as it is for children to

learn English, so that they may be able when they grow up to fight the battle of life, I am not at all certain that they would not be able to fight this battle better, and with more hopes of success, if they could speak not only English but Gaelic as well. (Hear, hear.) Personally, I regret that I am not able to speak Gaelic, and though, perhaps, I am now too old to hope to attain any great result if I were to try and overcome this defect, I can only trust that if, in years to come, it should be your wish to confer the honour you have paid me on my son, I may be one of the company who will listen to him making a Gaelic speech in this room, even though I may have to get him to translate it afterwards for my special benefit. (Applause.) I have often been much struck—in spite of the concessions which were granted by the Government in 1875 and 1878, practically teachers, even when the children only understand Gaelic, make very little use of that language in the schools—at the rapid strides which the children make, and which speaks very highly both of the natural sharpness and cleverness of Highland children, as well as the trouble and patience which teachers must exercise to bring this about. I remember one teacher in a Highland parish telling me that though he himself was quite ignorant of Gaelic, he found the children who attended his school very soon, by the help of the different picture maps on the walls, and with a little patience on his part, were able to understand and speak English thoroughly. The day for saying that a knowledge of Gaelic was any hindrance to success in life is of the past. (Cheers.) Now that it is recognised as one of the ancient languages, we shall find that those amongst us who are not only able to speak, but read, and what I believe is more difficult still, to spell Gaelic—(Laughter)—will be looked up to as being a great deal superior to those poor unfortunates who cannot do any one of them. (Cheers.) I was talking to our Secretary the other day, and asked if it was not probable that we could devote some of our funds towards forming a bursary for the promotion of Gaelic. He told me that at present we were hardly in a position to do so, and I wish to impress upon you that the remedy for this lies in your own hands. Those of you who are not members of this Society, I hope will at once belong to it—(Applause)—and those of you who are should try and prevail upon as many of your friends as you can to join it, so that we may be in a position not only to go on preserving and publishing works bearing on Gaelic literature in our Transactions, but that we shall be able to give special prizes to the poorer amongst our children for proficiency in that language.

(Cheers.) You must remember, if it had not been for this and kindred Societies, Highland education would never have received the attention which it now does, and I think therefore it is incumbent on us all to do what we can to help and increase their prosperity. In conclusion, let me add that though I have briefly referred to one or two of the main objects which this Society has in view, one of the most important of them—notwithstanding that you will not find it in its constitution ; for it is supposed to be so well understood and so engrafted in our hearts, that it was unnecessary to put it into print—is, that it is desirous above everything to encourage kindly feeling among all classes, and to promote the welfare and happiness of everyone ; that it is not only our business to see to the preservation of the language and customs, but to maintain all that is elevating and noble in the character of the Celt at home and abroad ; and that we wish to uphold that character for honour and right feeling which has always hitherto been characteristic of Scotland, and which has enabled her to enroll in the most brilliant pages of history so many of the names of her sons—(Cheers)—and I earnestly trust that some of the able and influential Gaelic speakers who belong to this Society will, even at some self-sacrifice, try and instil this important object into the minds of the people, and let them understand that our great desire is, not to set class against class, but to recruit in our ranks all men, whether they be rich, or whether they be poor, so that in time those who may be in need of either advice or counsel may come to look upon this Society as a sure place to obtain it. (Loud cheers.)

Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Logie-Easter, delivered the Gaelic address. He was received with loud and hearty cheers. He said: —Fhir na Cathrach, a mhnathan uaisle, agus a dhaoin uaisle,—Tha mise an comain Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis, air son gu 'n do ghabh iad a leithid de dheagh bharail dhiom 's gun do chuir iad romham beagan bhriathran a labhairt 'n 'ur eisdeachd 's an ionad so anns a' chànain a tha ro dhluth do chridhe gach fior Ghaidheil —cànain bhinn, mhilis nam beann. Agus a nis b'fhearr leam gu'n robh air a thiodhlacadh orm a h-aon de na teangaibh sgoilte bha aig na ciad Chriosduidhean a chum, ma tha feadhainn an so aig am bheil cluasan Sasunnach gu 'n cluinneadh iad mise labhairt riutha 'nan cànain fein. Ach o nach gabh sin deanamh, dh' iarrainn air gach aon fa leth misneachd a ghlacadh car beagan mhionaidean, agus cuimhneachadh gu faigh foighidinn furtachd agus gur searbh a' ghloir nach faodar eisdeachd rithe. 'Nuair a sgriobh an Run Chleireach thugamsa ag innse gu 'n robh 'n dleasnas tlachdmhor so air a chur romham dh'fheoraich mi dhiom fein,

c'arson a chuir iad cuireadh ormsa air son oraid Ghailig a thoirt seachad? Thubhairt mi rium fein gu faodadh e bhith gu 'm b' eol do chuid de 'n chomunn-riaghlaidh gu 'm buininnse do chearn de 'n Ghaidhealtachd anns a bheil a' Ghaidhlig fhathast air a labhairt gun truailleadh, agus gun mheang, agus mar sin gu faodadh comas a bhi agam air beagan bhriathran Gaidhlig a chur an altaibh a chéile gun cheann no earball Beurla bhi air gach dara h-aon. Cha'n urrainn domhsa radh mar a thubhairt Mairi a' Ghlinne gu'n do rugadh mi ann an Eilein a' Cheo, far am bheil beannta siorruidh na Cuilthionn a folach an cinn arda 's na neoil. 'S ann a bhuineas mise do "Uidhist bheag riabhach nan cradh-ghiadh" anns an Eilean Fhada—na ceud cladaichean 's an righeachd air am bheil stuadhan caolas America a' briseadh, agus far am bheil an sealladh mu dheireadh r'a fhaotainn de 'n ghrein air dh' i a bhi "fagail gorm astar nan speur" agus a' triall gu "paillinn a' clos anns an Iar." Agus, Fhir na Cathrach, cha'n aobhar naire leamsa mo dhuthaich 'nuair a chuimhnicheas mi gur ann aisde dh' fhalbh Fionnghal Dhomhnullach, bean uasal a bhitheas a h-ainm cubhraidh gu brath ann an cuimhne gach Gaidheil. B' ann do Sgir na h-Earradh, duthaich mo bhreith, a bhuineadh Mairi Nigh'n Alastair Ruaidh a sheinn ann a rannaibh nach teid air di-chuimhn am feasd mu'n "Talla bu ghnath le Macleoid." Faodaidh mi aireamh am measg mo luchd-duthcha, Iain Mac Codrum, Smeorach bhinn Chlann Domhnuill; Eachann Mac Leoid a rinn an luinneag mhilis sin "Oran do Choileach Smeoraich;" agus Gilleasbuig Domhnullach, Gille-na-Ciotaig, a rinn an t-oran magaidh, "Tha Biodag air Mac Thomais," oran a bha gle iomraideach bho chionn beagan mhiosar, ach a reir coslais gu 'm bi la 'us bliadhna ma 'm bi a' bhiodag sin a rithist air a toirt a truaill. Air dhomhsa muinntir cho ainmeil riutha sin aithris am measg mo luchd-duthcha, cha'n ioghnadh ged a chanainnse mu 'n Eilein Fhada mar a thubhairt am bard Leoghasach m' a dhuthaich fein—

"'S e eilein mo ghraidh e,
'S bha Ghaidhlig ann riamh,
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu brath as
Gu 'n traigh an Cuan Siar."

Bhiodh e gle iongantach mar an ceudna mur biodh tlachd ro mhor agam ann an cainnt mo mhathar, agus mur a biodh gradh nach traoigh 's nach teirig 's nach fas fann agam do "Thir nam beann 's nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach." Gu cinnteach tha e toirt mor thoil-inntinn dhomhsa bhi faicinn gu bheil spiorad cho fior Ghaidhealach a' gluasad am measg muinntir Inbhirnis, Ceann-

bhaile Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba; gu bheil sibh a' cur romhaibh gu 'n cum sibh suas cliu bhur sinnsir agus nach talaidh ni sam bith bhur cridheachan air falbh bho ghradh 'ur duthcha agus 'ur cànain. Bha la eile ann, Fhir na Cathrach, eadar ceud agus leth-cheud bliadhna roimh 'n diugh, agus cha mhor nach biodh naire air duine air son a bhi 'na Ghaidheal. Bha na Goill a' deanamh air air a' h-uile ni Gaidhealach, agus cha b'urrainn dhuit di-moladh bu mho a dheanamh air rud sam bith na radh gu'n robh e "gle Hielan'." Bha daoine do nach b'aithne Ghaidhlig a deanamh a nach nach robh innt' ach seann ghoileam gun doigh; gu'n robh i leanamh tuilleadh cron no maith, agus mar bu luaithe gheibheadh bas gur e b'fhearr. A leig mi leas a radh ribhse gu'n d'thainig caochladh cur air clo Chaluim? Fhuair ard luchd-foghluim a nach gu'n robh a' Ghaidhlig na cànain gle aosda agus mar sin gu'n robh i 'na meadhon ro fheumail air son a bhi tilgeil soluis air sachdraidh agus gne chanain eil. Thuig na Gaidheil fein gu'n robh ionmhasan ro luachmhor foluichte ann an cànain, bardachd, ceol, beul-aithris, agus cleachdaidhean an duthcha, a bhiodh nan call do-labhairt an leigeil air di-chuimhn; agus a bharrachd air a sin, gu'n robh coraichean aig na Ghaidheil fein a dh' fheumadh a bhi air an agairt. B'ann uaith sin, Fhir na Cathrach, a dh' fhas suas na Comuinn Ghaidhealach a tha'n diugh air feadh na righ-achd, mar tha Comum Oiseineach Oil-Thigh Ghlascho, anns an na robh mi fein aon uair na'm Run-Chleireach, agus an t-aon is sine tha mi 'm barail de na Comuinn Ghaidhealach; Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis, agus feadhain eile de 'n t-seorsa cheudna ann an Glascho, an Duneidin, agus an Lunainn. Anns na Comuinn sin tha na Gaidheil a' feuchainn ri bhi seasamh guallainn ri guallainn a' cumail greim daingean air canain agus cleachdaidhean an duthcha, agus mar sin a bhi coimhlionadh na h-oibre a thug am Freasdal dhoibh ri dheanamh mar mheanglan maiseach agus torrach ann an saoibh mhoir chinneach na talmhainn. Ach faodaidh a' cheisd a bhi air a faighneachd, Ciod a tha agaibh r'a radh air bhur son fein? A bheil bhur n-eachdraidh mar chomunn ag innse gu bheil sibh torrach ann an oibribh.? Agus 's e mo bharail-sa nach leig Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis a leas eagal a ghabhail roimh'n cheisd. Cha chreid mi gu'n canar mu bhur timchoill gu'n can sibh moran s nach dean sibh ach beagan. Cha'n urrainn domhsa 'nam sheas-amh am Baile Inbhirnis a bhi diochuimhneachadh batail a bha o chionn cheithir bliadhna eadar sibh fein agus ard chomunn riagh-aidh na righeachd ann a' Lunnain, 'nuair a dh' fheuch na daoine nora a bha 'n ughdarras atharrachadh a thabhairt air tartain nan eiseamaidean Gaidhealach. Tha cuimhn' agam mar a chuir sibhse

bhur cinn agus bhur guallainn r'a cheile—mar a chaidh an crann-tara mu 'n cuairt bho ghleann gu gleann, bho sgir gu sgir, agus bho shiorramachd gu siorramachd, gus mu dheireadh, mar bu dual 's mar bu ghnath, gu'n d'thug sibh striochdadh air na Goill. Ghleidh sibh do na reiseamaidean Gaidhealach an t-eideadh a bhuineadh dhoibh o chian, anns an deachaidh iad gu iomadh batail agus buaidh, le brosnachadh agus caismeachd na pioba-moire—eideadh anns 'n do dhoirt iomadh gaisgeach bho thir nam beann, fuil chraobhach a' chuim, a' seasamh suas air son coir agus cliu na righeachd, air son coir theallach agus dhachaidhean a dhuthcha. Agus is cinnteach mi nach biodh so cho furasda dheanamh mur a b'e gu'n robh sibh a' faotainn neart o' bhi air 'ur n-aonadh r'a cheile ann an comunn de'n t-seorsa so. Tha e 'na chomharra maith air an deagh obair a tha na Comuinn Ghaidhealach a' deanamh, nach robh riamh a leithid de mheas air cànain agus litreachas nan Gaidheal 's a tha 'nar linn fein. Bha cheist air a cur riumsa, 's cha'n 'eil fada uaith, Ciod e 'm feum a bhi cumail suas na Gaidhlig—'s cinnteach gu faigh i bas co dhiubh, agus nach 'eil e cho maith siubhal a leigeil leatha ann an sith? B'e so an fhreagairt a thug mi dha, Ciod e 'm feum dhuitse bhi 'g a d' chumail fein suas le ithe 's le ol, oir gheibh thusa mar an ceudna bas la eigin? Tha Ghaidhlig cosmhuil ris a' h-uile ni talmhaidh agus aimsireil, tha i cosmhuil ris a' Bheurla fein, gheidh i bas ' nuair a thig a h-am. Cha'n 'eil i 'n deigh galar a' bais a ghabhail fhathast; tha i beo, slan, fallainn, agus c'arson nach faigheadh i 'n ceartas a tha cànaine eile 'faotainn le bhi g'a labhairt, g'a sgriobhadh, agus g'a teagasg, an aite feuchainn air gach laimh a bhi tabhairt dhi a buille bàis? Cha'n 'eil againne, dhaoin' uaisle, ach aon fhreagairt do 'n cheist am bu choir a' Ghaidhlig a bhi air a cumail suas. Air a chor is lugha bhiodh e iomchuidh urram na h-aoise a thabhairt dhi, oir cha'n 'eil teagamh nach i h-aon de na canainibh is sine tha 'n diugh air a labhairt air aghaidh na talmhainn. Bha leabhar air a sgriobhadh le fear a mhuinntir Ghlascho, Lachlan Mac-a-Leathain, no "Lachlain nam Mogan" mar a theirte ris, gu bhi dearbhadh gu 'm b'i Ghaidhlig a' cheud chanain. Cha 'n e mhain gur

"I labhair Padruig Innisfail nan Righ,
'S a' faidh naomh sin Calum caomh an I,"

ach, fada cian roimh sin, gur

"I labhair Adhamh ann am Parras fein
'S gum bu bhinn a' Ghaidhlig am beul aluinn Eubh."

Ni-headh, Fhir na Cathrach, ma 'n robh duine riamh air thalamh, tha seann fhilidh ag innse dhuinn:—

"Nuair a bha Gaidhlig aig na h-eoin,
'S a thuigeadh iad gloir nan dan;
Bu tric an comhradh 's a' choill,
Air iomadh ponc, ma's fior am bard."

Ma bha Gaidhlig aig na h-eoin 's mor m' eagal gu 'n do chaill iad i. Co dhiubh chreideas sinn e no nach creid, cha d' fhuair mise naigheachd riamh air duine chual eun a' labhairt Gaidhlig, ach aon fhear, agus b'e sin Murchadh nam Port. Air dha tigh'n dhachaidh bho chuairt air Tir Mor, bha e gearan nach cuala e focal Gaidhlig fad 's a bha e air falbh, gus an cual e coileach a' gairm ann a' *Forres.* Ach ciod air bith cia mar tha so, co dhiubh tha Ghaidhlig aosda no chaochladh, 's fhiach i bhi air a cumail suas, agus air a' cleachdadh agus a rannsachadh air a sgath fein. Nach i so an teanga 's 'n do chuir Oisein an cèill euchdan Fhinn agus Chuchullain, 'nuair a thubhairt e ann am feasgar a bhreoiteachd agus a dhoille,

"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein,
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."

Nach ann innte sheinn Donncha Ban "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" agus "Cead Deireannach nam Beann," agus a chuir Mac Mhaighstir Alastair r'a cheile a' bhardachd chumhachdach sin "Sgiobaireachd Chlann Raonaill," agus a chuir Tormod Mac Leoid a mach an "Cuairtear," agus an "Teachdaire Gaidhealach" ann am briathraibh cho milis, ceolmhor, binn, ri sruthaibh seimh na Marbhairn. C' aite 'm bheil orain is luraiche na tha r' am faotainn ann an "Sar Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach," no 's an "Oranaiche" fein, agus c'aite 'm faigh thu leithid de ghliocas, de thuigse, agus de dh'abhachdas 's tha r' am faicinn ann a Leabhar Shean-fhocal an t-Siorraim Mhic Neachdainn? Ni mo bu choir dhuinn a bhi smaointinn gu bheil linn nam bard air siubhal seachad, gu bheil clarsach nam beann air tuiteam ann an tosd bhithbhuan. Tha trusgain nan seann fhilidh an deigh teachd a nuas air guaillibh a chaitheas iad le urram, agus fhad 's a bhitheas Mairi Nic Ealair, Eoghainn Mac Cola, agus Niall Mac Leoid, agus feadhain eile 's 'a cholluinn daonna, cha bhi na Gaidheil gun bhaird 'nam measg a chumas suas an cliu agus an onoir. Ach, Fhir na Cathrach, bu choir a' Ghaidhlig a chumail suas agus a bhi faotainn ceartais air sgath an t-sluaigh a tha 'ga labhairt—na ceudan mile de luchd-aiteachaidh na Gaidhealtachd d' an i is cainnt mhathaireil; agus d' am bheil Bheurla mar theanga choimhich. Gidheadh 's aithne dhomhsa na sgireachdan is Gaidhealaiche ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, agus an sin tha

maighistearan sgoile a' teagasg, aig nach 'eil lideadh Gaidlig 'n an ceann ; agus eadhon far a bheil maighstir sgoile Gaidhealach, cha chluinn thu bho bhliadhn' ùr gu Nollaig focal Gaidhlig air a leughadh no oran Gaidhlig air a sheinn. Tha so' nam bharail-sa na aobhar naire, ach tha mi nis toilichte fhaicinn gu'm bi misneachd air a tabhairt seachad le tabhartasan bho 'n Pharlamaid, air son a' Ghaidhlig a theagasg ann an sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd, agus do'n luchd teagaisg is fearr fuireach anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus iad fein a dheanamh ni's eolaiche air canain an duthcha. Ann a bhi tabhairt fainear an t-suidheachaidh anns a bheil litreachas agus canain nan Gaidheal cha'n urrainn domh a bhi di-chuimhneachadh gu bheil a nis Cathair Ghaidhlig air a suidheachadh ann an Oil-Thigh Dhuneidin, agus gu'n robh so air a thabhairt mu'n cuairt le saothair agus dealas aon duine—duine bhitheas ainm air chuimhne aig na Gaidheil fhad 's a bhitheas bainne aig boin duibh, no fhad 'sa dh'fhasas fraoch air sliabh. Agus tha Chathair sin air a lionadh le duine tha 'n a smior Gaidheil, 'n a ard sgoilear, agus a tha 'n deigh e fein a thabhairt suas do'n obair le uile chridhe agus le uile neart. Agus a nis canamaid le durachd ar cridhe; gu ma fada beo Blackie gu bhi faicinn saothair a laimhe soirbheachadh, agus gu ma fada beo MacIonmhuinn gu bhi teagasg ann an Cathair Ghaidhlig Dhuneidin. Buaidh 'us piseach orra ; saoghal fada 'n deagh bheatha dhoibh le cheile. Tha mi'n dochas, agus tha mi cinnteach, gu'n dean a' Chathair Ghaidhlig feum ann an iomadh doigh agus do iomadh aon. Far a bheil doctairean, luchd-lagha, luchd-teagaisg, agus ministeirean aig am bheil suil am beatha a chur seachad anns a' Ghaidealtachd bu choir dhoibh, air a' char is lugha dol aon seisein a dh'ionnsachadh gu Professor MacIonmhuinn an Duneidin. Bu choir gu h-araidh do'n chleir so a dheanamh. 'S iomadh ministeir a tha deanamh' droch dhiol air deagh chomh-thional leis an t-seorsa Gaidhlig anns am bheil iad a searmonach-adh an t-soisgeil dhoibh. Chuala mi mu aon fhear, agus 'n uair a bha e 'g urnuigh air son nam bochdan 's ann a thubhairt e—"A Thighearn, bi cuimhneach air na buic." Bha aon fhear sonruichte na mhinisteir ann a' Sgire Dhiurinnis 's an Eilein Sgianach, ris an cainte' "Sutar," agus tha ainm gu maith air chuimhne, leis na rainn a bha air an deanamh dha le Gilleasbuig Aotrom. Ged a bha "Sutar" 'na sgoilear ann an canainibh eile cha robh e ach gle fhad' air ais's a' Ghaidhlig. B'ann mar so a thubhairt Gileasbuig ris:—

"'Nuair a theid thu do'n chubaid
Ni thu urnuigh bhios gleusda,
Bidh pairt dh'i 'na Gaidhlig
'Us pairt dh'i 'na Beurla;

Bidh pairt dh'i 'na h-Eabhra,
'Na Fraingis, 's 'na Greugais,
'S a' chuid nach tuig cach dhi
Bheir i gair' air Fear Gheusto."

us a nis am faod mi ma'n criochnaich mi tarruing a thabhairt ni eile tha na Comuinn Ghaidhealach air a ghabhail os laimh. sin cuis nan croitearan. Chan 'eil mise dol a chur mo sheula na rinn na croitearan no leis na bha air a dheanamh 'n an ainm. hearr leam nach robh iad air an cuis a lagachadh le aon ghniomh laghail. Ni mo tha mi dol a shuidhe ann am breitheanas is a dhiteadh nan uachdaran gu h-iomlan. "Chan 'eil gur gun irean, 's cha'n 'eil coille gun chrianaich," agus cuiridh beagan dhroch uachdarain droch ainm dhe'n chorr. Ach tha mi 'ga h so, 'nam biodh na h-uachdarain Ghaidhealach--cha'n e an adhainn a tha ann an duigh, ach an fheadhainn a bha rompa ir fuireach ni bu mho am measg an tuatha; 'nam biodh iad an canain ionnsachadh agus dol a mach 's a steach 'nam measg la feille 'us Di-domhnaich, an aite bhi cosg an storais le idhealachd agus straic ann an Lunainn; agus 'nan robh iad r so an deigh greim a chumail air an oighreachdan, cha bhiodh fhicheadamh cuid dhe na h-uilc fo'n robh iad ag osnaich air chd air luchd aitichidh na Gaidhealtachd. Bha'n t-uachdaran r bu trice mo 's coltach ris a' chuthaig; dh'fhaodadh e tighinn n duthaich beagan laithean 's an t-samhradh, ach cha b'fhada uair am fhalbh. B'e sin aon rud air an robh duine bochd aon r a' gearan 'n uair a thubhairt e—

"Uachdaran nach faic sin,
Bailidh nach dean ceartas,
Ministeir nach dean baisteadh
Dotair nach toir feairt oirnn,

us sgaoth do dhiabhuil bheag eile de mhaoir 's de chonstabuill, am fear is isle post 's e 's airde focal." Cha'n 'eile duine air lamh leis an docha tir a' bhreith na'n Gaidheal. Co dhiu tha e chd no beairteach, tha e 'na fhior fhaoileig an droch-cladaich, l a dh'fhaodas an gleann 'san robh e og a bhi lom creagach is neo-thiorail, ged nach tigeadh as deigh na curachd ach a inteag 's an t-sealbhag cha'n 'eil cearn dhe'n chruinnece cho inn 'na shuilibh-san. Tha e coltach ris an fhaoileig ann an oran omhuill nan Oran—

"'S ann air slinnein an aigeich
A rinn mo mhathair an t-eun diom,
'S a dh'aindeoin uidil 'us anraidh,
Cha tig an la theid air di-chuimhn'
Mo ghaol do'n bhad."

Fhir na cathrach, cha'n 'eil mise 'g radh air a shon sin gu'm bu choir do dhaoin' oga, laidir, fallain, fuireach an diamhanas aig an tigh far am bheil ni 's leoir aig a' chirc le sgrioban gu'n lion i sgroban. B'fhearr dhoibh gu mor a bhi bogadh nan gad, agus ged nach biodh aca ach an t-ubh beag le bheannachd, mar a bha aig mac na bantraich's a' sgeulachd, dol a shiubhal an t-saoghail 's a dh'iarraidh an fhortain. Ach ma dh'fhalbhas iad, falbhadh iad le'n toil fein, agus na biodh iad air an co-eigneachadh. Cha'n urrainn do dhuine air bith a thoirt a chreidsinn ormsa gu'n do rinn na tighearnan Gaidhealach an ceartas 'n uair a dh'fhasaich iad bailtean agus sgireachdan, 'n uair a bha iomadh aitreabh agus coisir mhuirneach air a sgapadh agus gun air fhagail far an robh iad ach larach lom gun chloich gun chrann. 'N uair a bha luchd shoithichean dhe'n tuath air am fogradh a dheoin no dh'aindeoin gu duthchana cein a chum aite reidh a dheanamh do chaoirich agus do fheidh. Agus ged a tha mi cinnteach gu'm bu choir cothrom a thabhairt do chuid dhe na croitearan dol far am fearr an dean iad beolaint, bhiodh e chum maith na righeachd gu'm biodh aite taimh air fhaotainn dhoibh ann an Alba chaomh nan stuc 's nan carn. 'S e na croitearan cnaimh-droma agus feithean na Gaidhealtachd agus b'olc a dheanadh an duthaich as an aonais anu a' latha chunnart agus ann an uair na deuchainn—

"Ged a gheibheadh tu caogad
Mhuilt'us reithichean maola,
'S beag a thogadh a h-aon diubh
Claidheamh faobharrach stailinn."

Cha'n 'eil e furasda dha na Gaidheil an cruaidhchas troimh 'n deach' an luchd-duthcha a dhi-chuimhneachadh. Ach cha'n urrainn do Achd Parlamaid peanas a dheanamh air na mairbh no furtachd a thabhairt do mhuinntir a tha na ficheadan bliadhna fo'n fhod. "Beannachd leis 'na dh'fhalbhas, cha 'n e dh'fhoghnas." Ach tha mi'n dochas gu leasaichear cor na muinntir a tha beo. 'S e so seachduin Feill na Cloimhe agus tha mi cluinntinn gu bheil cuid dhe no tuathanaich mhora a bhitheas cruinn an Inbhirnis a leigeil seachad pairt dhe'n gabhalaichean. Cha'n 'eil iad a' faotainn a mach gur fearr cluan a dh'fhearran na cuan a

dh'fhearann. Ma tha so fior, tha mi'n dochas gu faigh na croit-earan tuilleadh fearainn, co dhiubh gheibh iad e le Achd Righ agus Parlamaid no air dhoigh air bith eile, agus gu'm bi an suidheachadh anns gach ait' am bheil iad air a dheanamh ni's fearr na bha e o chionn fhada. Cha do thogadh an Roimh an aon la, agus cha'n fhaigh na Gaidheil an coraichean ann an latha; ach is cinnteach mi gu'n tig am an soirbheachadh ann a' freasdal De, luath no mall; gu'm bi coir air a cur air steidhe agus eucoir air a smaladh. Fhir na cathrach, 's mor m' eagal gu'n do chum mi ro fhada sibh, ach ge fada 'n duan ruigear a cheann. Rachaibh air aghaibh mar fhior Ghaidheil gu duineil, misneachdail, treibhdhir-each; cumaibh suas canain, bardachd, beul-aithris agus cleach-daidhean nam beann; tagraibh cuis 'ur luchd-duthcha a tha diblidh agus bochd, agus na cuireadh a h-aon agaibh smal air ainm agus cliu a' Ghaidheil. 'S e deireadh gach comuinn deal-achadh. Beannachd Dhe leibh. (Loud cheers.)

An attractive programme of Highland music and dances was gone through in admirable style. Some interest was evinced in the first public appearance in Inverness of Miss Jessie N. Mac-lachlan, whose musical abilities were so highly spoken of, and judging from the hearty reception which she met with on this occa-sion, the expectations formed were more than sustained. Her rendering of "Caismeachd Chlann-Chamaroin" and other Gaelic as well as English songs, was marked by perfect enunciation and genuine feeling. Her voice is clear and ringing, with well-balanced strength both in the lower as well as in the upper registers, and as a ballad singer she exhibits a thorough appreciation of her theme. An encore was awarded on each appearance. Miss Nora Thomson of Aberdeen, gave "Wae's me forPrince Charlie" with much feeling, and as an encore sang "Cam' ye by Athole." She subsequently gave the "Macgregor's Gathering" with much spirit. Miss Hutcheson, whose reappearance showed that her efforts at former festivals of the Society were appreciated, sang with her accustomed sweetness "Fear a' Bhàta," and "Thug mi Gaol," securing a hearty encore for her first song. A selection of Highland melodies, consisting of old bagpipe airs, was played in an admirable manner by Miss Shaw, Thornhill, whose arrangements were at once ap-preciative and sympathetic. Mr Paul Fraser in "Mairi Bhoidh-each," sang with much care, and his rendering of "The Garb of Old Gaul" was full of spirit. Mr Ross Campbell, elocutionist, gave "The Gowk's Errand" in a style which convulsed the audience with laughter, and proved Mr Campbell to be a mimic of considerable talent. Pipe-Major R. Mackenzie danced Gille-

Calum with his customary ability, and he also took part in the Highland fling with Pipe-Major Ferguson, Mr Mackenzie, jun., and others. In an interval of five minutes between the first and second parts of the programme, Captain Chisholm discoursed excellent music on the pipe, and also played a reel in which the dancers joined. The pianoforte accompaniments were played with much taste by Mr M'Walter, Inverness. At the close of the programme,

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers, and to the ladies and gentlemen who had entertained them that evening. (Loud applause.)

The Chairman, on behalf of the performers, as well as on behalf of Rev. Mr Macdonald and himself, returned thanks, intimating at the same time that at the close of the meeting an opportunity would be given to such as desired to join the Society.

A most successful gathering was then brought to a termination.

Through the kindness of Messrs Macbean & Sons, Union Street, and Councillor Snowie, the platform was decorated with tartans and stags' heads.

The following is a copy of the programme :—

PART I.

Address—The Chief.

Oran Gailig—"Caismeachd Chlann-Chamaroin"—Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan.
Scotch Song—"Wae's me for Prince Charlie"—Miss Nora Thomson.
Oran Gailig—"Mairi Bhoidheach"—Mr Paul Fraser.
Sword Dance—"Gille-Calum"—Pipe-Major R. Mackenzie.
Pianoforte Selections—"Highland Melodies"—Miss Shaw.
Oran Gailig—"Fear a' Bhàta"—Miss Hutcheson.
Scotch Song—"Dark Lochnagar"—Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan.
Dance—"Highland Reels"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Interval of Five Minutes—Bagpipe Music.

PART II.

Gaelic Address.—Rev. Archibald Macdonald.

Scotch Song—"Macgregor's Gathering"—Miss Nora Thomson.
Oran Gailig—"Thug mi gaol do'n fhear bhàn"—Miss Hutcheson.
Oran Gailig—"Muile nam Mor-bheann"—Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan.

Song—"The Garb of Old Gaul"—Mr Paul Fraser.
Humorous Scotch Reading—"A Gowk's Errand"—Mr Ross Campbell, Elocutionist.
Oran Gailig—"Cruinneachadh nan Gaidheal"—Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan.
Dance—"Highland Fling and Reel o' Tulloch"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Vote of thanks to the speakers and performers—Sir K. S. Mackenzie.

8TH DECEMBER 1885.

A largely attended meeting was held on this date, when Provost Macandrew delivered the inaugural address for the Session of 1885-6—the subject being "The Early Celtic Church in Scotland." Provost Macandrew's paper was as follows:—

THE EARLY CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

What I have undertaken to do to-night is to give some account of the Christian Church as it existed in Scotland in the earliest Christian times, and before it fell under the influence and authority of the Bishop of Rome. The Christianity of Scotland came from Ireland, and at the outset of our enquiry it is necessary to consider when and by whom the Irish were converted. The Roman world become officially Christian about 321, and at that time Britain, up at least to the Southern wall, was a Roman province, and presumably it became Christian as the rest of the Empire did. We know that a Christian Church existed among the provincial Britons at the time the Romans took their departure, and continued to exist among those Britons who were not subdued by the Saxons. But whether the Christianity of the Roman Province extended itself among the unsubdued Caledonians to the North, or among the inhabitants of Ireland, is a matter as to which we have no certain light. About 397, thirteen years before the final abandonment of the province by the Romans, St Ninian, a bishop of the Britons, built a Church at Whithern, in Galloway, and is said by Bede to have converted the Southern Picts; and the Southern Picts are said by Bede to have been those living between the Firths of Forth and Clyde and the Grampian range. Whether Bede is right in this is a matter about which I shall have something to say farther on; but if the Picts to the south of the

Grampians were converted by Ninian, they appear soon to have lapsed into paganism. Again there are evidences of a tradition in Ireland that Ninian went to that country and preached Christianity, and he is commemorated there under the name of Monen—the term of endearment "mo" being very frequently prefixed to the names of saints—while, at a later period, the monastery at Whithern, supposed to have been founded by Ninian, was undoubtedly resorted to by Irish ecclesiastics for instruction. Bede states that about 430, Palladius was sent by Celestine, the Roman Pontiff, to the Scots (that is the Irish) that believed, to be their first bishop, and from this it might be inferred that Christianity had made some progress in Ireland before that. In the 8th century there is no doubt the Irish believed that they had been converted by Saint Patrick: and that a saint of this name did go to Ireland about the year 432, and became at least a main instrument in the conversion of the Irish, is beyond doubt. There remains a confession or account of himself by St Patrick, and a letter by him to Coroticus, the British prince then reigning at Dumbarton, which those competent to judge accept as genuine. From these it appears he was born in the Roman province of Britain, that his father was a deacon, and also a decurio or "bailie" of a Roman provincial town, that his grandfather was a presbyter, that his father lived in "Bannavern of Tabernia," that in his youth he was carried as a captive to Ireland and remained there for six years, that he then escaped and returned to his parents, and that he afterwards went back to Ireland as a missionary, and in or about his 45th year was ordained a bishop. In his confession he says that he converted many in Ireland who had hitherto worshipped unclean idols, that he had ordained many clerics, and that the sons of the Scoti, and the daughters of princes, were seen to be monks and virgins of Christ. All this seems to be authentic, but it is singular that Bede, while he mentions Palladius, makes no mention of Patrick, and that, when about 100 years after his death, the Irish and Scottish Church came in contact with the Church of Rome, and had to defend their peculiar customs, they do not appeal to the authority of Patrie. Columbanus, in his controversy with the Clergy of Gaul does not mention him, nor does Colman of Lindesfarne, in his controversy with Wilfred, in presence of King Oswy, appeal to his authority, and Adamnan only once mentions him incidentally as "Patrinus the Bishop." In the Irish annals there is frequent mention of a saint who is called *Sen*, or old Patrick, and who is said in one place to be the tutor of Patrie, and in another to have

been the same as Palladius, and the later lives of St Patrick are evidently made up of the acts of two distinct persons who are confounded.

It is certain, however, that about the year 432 Christianity was firmly established in Ireland, and it would appear that the type of Church then established did not differ in any respect from the Church in other parts of the Western World. It was a Church with three orders of clergy—bishops, priests, and deacons—and in which the bishops had the rule, if not over distinct districts or dioceses, at least over the churches which they had themselves established. The conversion of the Irish, it will be seen, was almost contemporaneous with the final departure of the Roman Legions from Britain, and with the arrival of the Saxons. Soon after the time of Patrick all intercourse between Ireland and the outer world seems to have ceased for upwards of 100 years, and during this time there grew up in Ireland a Church constituted in a manner entirely different from that founded by Saint Patrick, and exhibiting features which do not appear to have distinguished the Christian Church in any other part of the world at any time. And after this Church had fully developed itself in Ireland, it manifested an extraordinary missionary zeal which lasted for several centuries, and spread its establishments from Iceland to Italy, and covered the continent of Europe with bands of Scottish monks, apt scholars, and eager teachers. It was to this burst of missionary zeal that our ancestors owed their conversion in or about the year 565.

It may be well to consider for a moment what the political condition of Scotland was at this time. About the beginning of the century, Fergus Mor M'Erc, of the Royal Family of the Scots of Dalriada, in Ireland, had led a colony of Scots into Scotland, and established himself in Argyllshire; his descendants had somewhat extended their dominions, and had crossed the mountain range separating Argyllshire and Perthshire—but about the time of which we now speak, Brude, the King of the Picts, had attacked them and driven them back within that range which from that time formed the boundary of the Scottish Kingdom during the whole time of its existence. The Picts held the whole country north of the Friths of Forth and Clyde; the Welsh or British Kingdom of Strathclyde, extending from Dumbarton to the River Derwent, was maintaining a struggling existence against the Saxons, and Galloway was inhabited by a race of Picts, who remained distinct, and retained the name of Picts, until long after the time of David First. It is usually said that the Picts in

Scotland, north of the Friths, were divided into two nations, the Northern and the Southern Picts, and that the mission of St Columba was to the Northern Picts. I venture to suggest, however, that this is a mistake. The statement rests on the authority of Bede, who, as I have mentioned, says that Ninian converted the Southern Picts. But in Bede's time King Oswy had extended his dominions up to the Grampians, and thus for a time created a division between the Picts subject to his authority, and those beyond the mountains who remained independent, and thus probably misled Bede. He heard or read that Ninian had converted the Southern Picts, and assumed that they were those subject to the Saxons; but I think it is obvious that the Picts, with whom St Ninian came in contact, were those of Galloway, and they would naturally, in his time, be designated as Southern Picts, as distinguished from the Picts dwelling beyond the Northern Wall. The statement in the Saxon Chronicle is as follows:—

"A. 565. This year Ethelbert succeeded to the Kingdom of the Kentish-men, and held it fifty-three years. In his days the holy Pope Gregory sent us baptism, that was in the two and thirtieth year of his reign; and Columba, a mass-priest, came to the Picts, and converted them to the faith of Christ; they are dwellers by the northern mountains. And their king gave him the Island which is called Ii [Iona]; therein are five hides of land, as men say. There Columba built a monastery, and he was abbat there thirty-seven years, and there he died when he was seventy-two years old. His successors still have the place. The Southern Picts had been baptized long before: Bishop Ninia, who had been instructed at Rome, had preached baptism to them, whose church and his monastery is at Whitherne, consecrated in the name of St Martin: there he resteth, with many holy men. Now in Ii there must ever be an abbat, and not a bishop; and all the Scottish bishops ought to be subject to him, because Columba was an abbat and not a bishop.

"A. 565. This year Columba, the presbyter, came from the Scots among the Britons, to instruct the Picts, and he built a monastery in the Island of Hii."

Be this as it may, however, it is quite clear that the Picts never were divided politically into two nations. We have lists of their kings, and they never had more than one king at a time, and there can be no doubt that Brude M'Mailchon, who was converted by Saint Columba, reigned over the whole Pictish race north of

the Friths—his seat being at Inverness. His successor appears to have had his capital at Abernethy, and there is some ground for the conjecture that the Pictish kings may have been chosen alternately from two families, the one having its possessions and settlements south of the mountains, and the other north of them, but so far as I have been able to trace, there is no authority for holding that there was any political separation except during the thirty years that the Saxons held dominion up to the Grampians. I think, therefore, that we may safely hold that St Columba's mission was to the whole Pictish nation ruled by Brude, as his Church undoubtedly was established among them.

The reason of Saint Columba leaving Ireland is by one tradition said to have been that he was excommunicated, and sentenced to perpetual exile by a Council of the Irish Clergy on account of his having been the cause of the bloody Battle of Cuildreanhne. But this is contradicted by all the facts of the Saint's life—for he repeatedly went from Iona to Ireland, and undoubtedly retained the rule over all the monasteries which he had founded in Ireland, and a most powerful influence in that country till his death. Adamnan mentions, however, that a sentence of excommunication was unjustly passed on him, but that it never took effect, or was recalled at the Council at which it was pronounced. His removal from Ireland, therefore, need not be attributed to any other cause than the missionary zeal which had taken possession of him and his contemporaries at that time; but it may have had a partly political object, for at that time his kindred, the Scots of Dalriada, were being hard pressed by King Brude; they were Christian, and he may have feared that they would be destroyed, and resolved to make an effort to save them. And it is a fact that from his time for very many years there was peace between the Picts and the Scots.

Whatever the impelling cause, in 565 Saint Columba sailed from Ireland and landed in Iona, and, finding it a suitable place for his purpose, he established there a monastery of monks on the model of that which he and others had previously established in Ireland, having obtained a grant of the island, according to Bede, from Brude; but, according to other accounts, from the King of the Scots of Dalriada. From thence he went to the Court of King Brude, then at Inverness; and he appears soon to have gained him over to the faith, and to have always retained a great influence over him. During the remaining years of his life he seems to have laboured mainly among the Picts, and before his death he had converted the whole nation and established his

Church securely among them; and so vigorous was it that, within less than forty years after Columba's death, it undertook the conversion of the Northumbrians, and established a Church among them which existed, under the primacy of Iona, for thirty years, when it retired before the advancing Church of Rome.

As I have said, the Church which developed itself in Ireland, and of which the Scottish Church was long a branch, had certain peculiarities which distinguished it from all other Churches. To state these distinctions in a word, it may be said that the Church was a monastictribal Church, not subject to the jurisdiction of Bishops.

Monasticism was first introduced from the East, but it was well known in the Roman Church before the time of St Patrick, and we have seen that he says that through his means the sons of the Scoti and the daughters of princes became monks and virgins of Christ; but in the Roman Church monasticism was an order within the Church, existing along with a secular clergy, and subject to the jurisdiction of the bishops. In the Church which developed itself in Ireland, and was introduced into Scotland, on the other hand, the whole Church was monastic, and subject to the jurisdiction, not of bishops, but of abbots, who were not necessarily, and, in point of fact, seldom were bishops, and while the Episcopal Order and the special functions of the Episcopate in the matter of ordination and the celebration of the mass with Pontifical rites, was recognised, the bishop was not a prelate, but a functionary and official of the Church, living as a monk in the monastery, and subject to the abbot. This peculiarity of the Church was for long a battle ground between Presbyterians and Episcopalians, and founding on a passage in Fordun, it was maintained by the advocates of Presbyterianism that the Church of St Columba was a Presbyterian Church, in something of the sense in which that word is applied to the present Churches in Scotland—but this contention is now exploded. In the sense of equality among the clergy, either in the matter of power or of functions, the Church was entirely different from the Presbyterian Churches. The abbot, although he might be only a presbyter, ruled over the whole community with absolute power. On the other hand, while the bishops had no jurisdiction, they were recognised as a distinct and necessary order of clergy, with certain functions which the presbyter could not assume, and the Church had thus the three orders of clergy, and that regular succession of Bishops, which are looked on by some as essential requisites of a Church. The respect in which St Columba himself held bishops is shown by an anecdote told by Adamnan as follows :—

"*Of Cronan the Bishop.*—At another time a stranger from the province of the Munstermen, who, in his humility, did all he could to disguise himself, so that nobody might know that he was a bishop, came to the saint; but his rank could not be hidden from the saint. For next Lord's day, being invited by the saint, as the custom was, to consecrate the Body of Christ, he asked the saint to join him, that, as two priests, they might break the bread of the Lord together. The saint went to the altar accordingly, and, suddenly looking into the stranger's face, thus addressed him:—'Christ bless thee, brother; do thou break the bread alone, according to the Episcopal rite, for I know now that thou art a bishop. Why has thou disguised thyself so long, and prevented our giving thee the honour we owe to thee?' On hearing the saint's words, the humble stranger was greatly astonished, and adored Christ in His saint, and the bystanders in amazement gave glory to God."

We find too that when a mission was sent to a distance, the leader was ordained a bishop, so that he might be able to ordain local clergy, and in this case the office of abbot and bishop was generally combined. The three abbots who ruled at Lindesfarne, while the Church there was subject to Iona, were ordained bishops at Iona.

The tribal organisation of the Church seems to have been a counterpart of the tribal organisation of the people among whom it arose. There seems to have been no head of the Irish Church. Each saint bore rule over all the monasteries founded by him, and his disciples, and the abbot of the head monastery succeeded to this jurisdiction. Thus the Abbot of Iona, which had the premacy among the foundations of Columba, ruled over all the monasteries founded by him in Ireland and Scotland, and this continued till the community at Iona was broken up. The monks belonging to the foundations of one saint thus formed an ecclesiastical tribe, and in the same way the monks in each monastery formed a sub-tribe. There was, too, a regular law of succession to the headship of a monastery. We find mention of lay tribes and monastic tribes in the Brehon laws, and elaborate rules are laid down for the succession to an Abbacy. Thus the succession was first in the tribe of the patron saint, next in the tribe of the land, or to which the land had belonged, next to one of the fine manach, that is, the monastic tribe, or family living in the monastery, next to the anoit Church, next to a dalta Church, next to a compairche Church, next to neighbouring cill Church, and lastly to a pilgrim. That is, if there was a person in the monastery of the tribe of the

patron saint fit to be abbot, he succeeded; if not, then the succession went to one of the tribe from whom the land had been acquired, and if there was no such, then it went to all the others in succession, the Churches mentioned being connected in various degrees with the foundation, the headship of which was vacant. According to this rule, we find that for more than a hundred years the Abbots of Iona were all of the tribe and family from which Columba himself was descended.

The peculiarity which, however, appears to have attracted most attention from the Roman clergy, when the two Churches came in contact in the seventh century, was the time at which the Scottish clergy celebrated the festival of Easter, and their form of tonsure, and these were for long subjects of contention. The difference in the mode of calculating Easter is easily accounted for, as the Scottish Church adhered to the method which was common to the whole Western Church, previous to 457, when all connection between Britain and Ireland and the Continent ceased; and during the time of isolation a new method of computation was adopted by the Roman Church; but the mode of tonsure is not so easily accounted for. The Columban Monks tonsured the front of the head from ear to ear, while in the Roman Church the crown of the head was tonsured. The former mode of tonsure was that adopted at one time by the Eastern Church, and it may point to some Eastern influence on the Irish Monastic Church at the time of its development.

Such, then, was the Church established by St Columba in Scotland in its outward aspect and organisation. Of its internal economy and of the daily life of its members, as exhibited in the parent Monastery of Iona, we can, by careful reading, obtain a tolerably clear picture from Adamnan's life of the founder, written by an Abbot of Iona, about eighty years after St Columba's death. And, as Iona was the parent monastery, it was no doubt the pattern and example of the others. The monks in Iona lived together as one family, each having his separate house or bothy, but taking their meals in common. They lived in strict obedience to the abbot, they were celebate, they had all their property in common, and they supported themselves by their own labour. There are numerous notices of them labouring in the fields, bringing home the corn, milking cows, and so forth, and they had a mill and a kiln. Their food seems to have consisted of milk, bread, fish, the flesh of seals, and beef and mutton. They had numerous services in the church, they were much given to reading and repeating the Scriptures, and

particularly the Psalms, and they were diligent scribes. There are repeated notices of their labours in writing—the last labour in which St Columba was engaged was copying the psalter—and, naturally, they became the teachers of the community. They were also much given to hospitality, for there are frequent notices of the guest chamber, and of the arrival of guests, and of additions made to the meals on account of such arrivals.

From this monastery, as a home, Columba's mission was conducted. As we have seen, he got a grant of the Island of Iona, either from the King of the Picts or the King of the Scots; and his method seems to have been to go in the first instance to the King or Chief of the territory in which he arrived, to interest him in his mission, then to obtain a grant of a village or rath, or dune with surrounding land, and then to establish a monastery, under the protection and patronage of the chief: in fact, to establish and endow his Church. Of this method we have an account in the Book of Deer, the contents of which, philologically, were so ably dealt with by Mr Macbain last season. The monastery of Deer was, perhaps, the very last of the Columban foundations which retained anything of its original character, and in this relict of it which has come down to us we have the legend of its establishment, which admirably illustrates St Columba's method.

Columcille, and Drostan, son of Cosgrach, his pupil, came from Hi, as God had shown to them, unto Abbordoboir, and Bede, the Pict, was Mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from Mormaer and toisech. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Columcille because it was full of God's grace, and he asked of the Mormaer, to wit, Bede, that he should give it to him, and he did not give it, and a son of his took an illness after (or in consequence of) refusing the clerics, and he was nearly dead (lit. he was dead, but if it were a little). After this the Mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should make a prayer for the son, that health should come to him; and he gave an offering to them from Cloch in Tiprat to Cloch pette meic Garnait. They made the prayer, and health came to him. After that Columcille gave to Drostan that town, and blessed it, and left as (his) word "Whosoever should come against it, let him not be many yeared (or) victorious." Drostan's tears came on parting from Collumcille. Said Columcille, "Let Déar be its name henceforward."

Having thus established a community, they were placed under the superintendence of a subject abbot to prosecute their work of

bringing the tribe among which they were established to a knowledge of the truth, and from the monastery thus established there branched out cill churches, anoit churches, and all the other subordinate establishments which I have mentioned, and there went forth pilgrims and teachers, and sometimes colonies of monks, to establish other monasteries. Columba's idea of the method of spreading Christianity seems to have been—first the establishment of a separate Christian community in the midst of the people to be converted, the leading by the members of this community of a pure and self-denying Christian life, practising the precepts which they taught, and exhibiting the effect on their own lives of a belief in the doctrines which they preached; and next, the reading and teaching of the Scriptures, and the preaching of its doctrines. That his influence long survived him, and that a pure and holy life was long characteristic of the clergy of his Church, is amply testified by Bede, who never mentions any of the clergy of the branch of the Church of Iona, which existed, as I have said, for 30 years in Northumberland, without—while deploring their ignorance and perversity in not observing Easter at the proper time—praising their chaste and self-denying lives. Thus he says of Colman, the last of the three abbots and bishops of this Church, who ruled at Lindesfarne, and who returned to Iona on the King and people adopting the Roman time of celebrating Easter:—

"The place which he governed shows how frugal he and his predecessor were, for there were very few houses besides the church found at their departure; indeed, no more than were barely sufficient for their daily residence; they had also no money, but cattle; for if they received any money from rich persons, they immediately gave it to the poor; their being no need to gather money, or provide houses for the entertainment of the great men of the world; for such never resorted to the church, except to pray and hear the Word of God. The King himself, when opportunity offered, came only with five or six servants, and having performed his devotions in the church, departed. But if they happened to take a repast there, they were satisfied with only the plain and daily food of the brethren, and required no more; for the whole care of those teachers was to serve God, not the world—to feed the soul, and not the belly."

And again of Aiden, the first of these bishops, he says:—

"I have written thus much concerning the person and works of the aforesaid Aidan, in no way commending or approving what he imperfectly understood in relation to the observance of Easter;

nay, very much detesting the same, as I have most manifestly proved in the book I have writen, "De Temporibus;" but, like an impartial historian relating what was done by or with him, and commending such things as are praiseworthy in his actions, and preserving the memory thereof for the benefit of the readers; viz., his love of peace and charity; his continence and humility; his mind superior to anger and avarice, and despising pride and vainglory; his industry in keeping and teaching the heavenly commandments; his diligence in reading and watching; his authority becoming a priest in reproving the haughty and powerful, and at the same time his tenderness in comforting the afflicted, and relieving or defending the poor. To say all in a few words, as near as I could be informed by those that knew him, he took care to omit none of those things which he found in the apostolical or prophetical writings, but to the utmost of his power endeavoured to perform them all."

As I have said, the Columban monks naturally became the teachers of the community, and their are numerous notices of persons of distinction residing in the monasteries for the purpose of being instructed. Oswald, the King of Northumbria, when driven into exile, lived for several years in Iona, and was there instructed. The clergy had a great reputation for learning, and Bede tells us that many of the nobles and princes of the English resorted to them for instruction. In what their learning consisted is an interesting question. That they wrote Latin well is evidenced by writings which have come down to us, and we are told that when Columbanus, in the year 590, went to Gaul, he was able to converse freely in that language. It would also appear that he had some knowledge of Greek, for he talks about the meaning of his own name in that language. It does not appear, however, that, previous to their coming in contact with the outer world, they had any knowledge of Roman or Greek literature, or of the writings of any of the fathers of the Roman, Greek, or Eastern Churches. And Bede more than once, as in the passage I have read about Aidan, mentions that they taught only what was contained in the Scriptures. The literary remains of the Church which have come down to us, consist entirely of the lives of saints, with the exception of an account of the holy places, written by Adamnan, from information given to him by a bishop of Gaul, who was driven to Iona by stress of weather, and resided there for a winter—some letters of Columbanus to the Pope, and to a Council of the clergy of Gaul; and there are some hymns and poems attributed to St Columba, but whether any of them are authentic

seems doubtful. That he wrote poetry, and was a friend and patron of bards, is beyond all doubt, and Bede mentions that writings of his were said to be in existence in his time. It would rather appear, therefore, that as the lives of the Columban clergy were an effort to translate its teaching into practice, so their learning consisted in a knowledge of the Bible, the transcribing of which was one of their chief occupations.

Their architecture was of the simplest and rudest, and if their general state of culture were to be judged by it, we should pronounce it of the lowest. Their churches were constructed of wattle work of branches, covered with clay. We frequently hear of the cutting of branches for the building or repair of churches; and Bede tells us that when Aidan settled at Lindesfarne he built a church there, after the manner of his country, of wood thatched with reeds. The monks, as has been said, lived in "bothies,' and these seem to have been erected by the occupants, and to have been of slight construction. In the Irish Life of St Columba, we are told of his asking, when he went to a monastery for instruction, where he was to set up his bothy, and in another place mention is made of a bothy being removed from one side of a river to another. But, as we should commit a grievous error if we judged of the general intelligence and culture of our own peasantry by the houses in which they live, so we should commit a like error if we judged of the culture of these monks by their churches and dwellings. That they had examples of more substantial and elaborate structures we know, and the poorness of their building was probably only one mode of expressing the highest thought that was in them, that taking for themselves no more of this world's goods than was necessary for existence, they should teach and illustrate their religion not by stately edifices, but by pure and holy lives.

In metals they seem to have been skilful workers. Adamnan tells us that, on one occasion, St Columba had blessed a certain knife, and said that it would never injure man or beast, and that thereupon the monks had the iron of which it was made melted, and a number of other tools in the monastery coated with it. The ceard or artificer seems to have been a regular official in the monasteries, and specimens which have come down to us in the decoration of shrines, cases for books, bells, &c., show that they had acquired a proficiency in art work of this description which has never been surpassed.

Another branch of art in which they have never been excelled was the ornamentation and illumination of their Bibles and service

books. The only manuscripts which have come down to us, and which can be traced to the hands of Columban monks in Scotland, are the Book of Deer and one of the manuscripts of Adamnan's life of St Columba, and these are not highly ornamented. But there are numerous examples in Ireland, some of the more elaborate of which can be almost traced to the hands of St Columba, and there can be no doubt that the art which produced the Irish specimens was the common property of both Churches, if, indeed, some of the books now existing in Ireland were not actually produced in Iona. One of these books was seen in Ireland by Geraldus Cambriensis, who accompanied some of the first Norman and Welsh invaders in the twelfth century, and he thus describes it:—

"Among all the miracles in Kildare, none appears to me more wonderful than that marvellous book which they say was written in the time of the Virgin [St Brigit] at the dictation of an angel. It contains the Four Gospels according to St Jerom, and almost every page is illustrated by drawings illuminated with a variety of brilliant colours. In one page you see the countenance of the Divine Majesty supernaturally pictured; in another, the mystic forms of the evangelists, with either six, four, or two wings; here are depicted the eagle, there the calf; here the face of a man, there of a lion; with other figures in almost endless variety. If you observe them superficially, and in the usual careless manner, you would imagine them to be daubs, rather than careful compositions; expecting to find nothing exquisite, where, in truth, there is nothing which is not exquisite. But if you apply yourself to a more close examination, and are able to penetrate the secrets of the art displayed in these pictures, you will find them so delicate and exquisite, so finely drawn, and the work of interlacing so elaborated, while the colours with which they are illuminated are so blended, and still so fresh, that you will be ready to assert that all this is the work of angelic, and not human, skill. The more often and closely I scrutinise them, the more I am surprised, and always find them new, discovering fresh causes for increased admiration."

And art critics of our own day speak of the work in terms of equal commendation.

Such was the first Christian Church established among us, and such the mode of life and state of culture of its clergy. It existed in full vigour among us for about two hundred years, and then, partly from external causes, and partly from internal, it began to decay; but it was not finally superseded by a system of

diocesan episcopacy under the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, until the time of King David the First. To trace the process of its decay would be interesting, but this paper has already extended to too great a length.

16th December 1885.

At the meeting on this date the following new members were elected, viz.:—Miss Marion Ferguson, 23 Grove Road, St John's Wood, London, honorary member; Mr George Black, National Museum, Edinburgh; and Dr Thomas Aitken, Lunatic Asylum, Inverness, ordinary members.

Some routine business having been transacted, the Secretary read the second* instalment of the paper on "The Gaelic Names of Birds," by Mr Charles Fergusson, Cally, Gatehouse, Kirkcudbright. Mr Fergusson's paper was as follows:—

GAELIC NAMES OF BIRDS.

Part II.

LONG-EARED OWL.

Latin—*Otus vulgaris.* Gaelic—*Comhachag, Cumhachag-adharcaich.* Welsh—*Dylluan gorniog.*

SHORT-EARED OWL.

Latin—*Otus brachyotus.* Gaelic—*Cumhachag-chluasach.* Welsh—*Dylluan glustiog.*

BARN OWL.

Latin—*Strix flammea.* Gaelic—*Cumhachag, Cailleach-oidhche, Cailleach-oidhche-bhan, Cumhachag-bhan.* Welsh—*Dylluan wen.*

The hooting of this owl is supposed in the Highlands to foretell rain, hence the old saying—"Tha '*chomhachag* ri bron, thig tuiltean oirnn"—The owl is mourning, rain is coming.

TAWNY OWL.

Latin—*Syrniuim-strodch.* Gaelic—*Cumhachag-dhonn, Cumhachag-ruadh, Bodach-oidhche, Cailleach-oidhche.* Welsh—*Dylluan frech.*

This owl is very common in the wooded parts of the Highlands, and his melancholy hooting at night has been the cause of

* For the first part of Mr Fergusson's paper, see "Transactions," Vol. XI., page 240.

many a good fright to people coming from the unwooded glens, where they are not acquainted with this mournful bird of night, and also the origin of many a ghost story. Alluding to this, the old phrase says—"Tha mi na's eolaiche air coille na bhi fo eagal na caillich-oidhche"—I am more accustomed to a wood than to be afraid of an owl.

SNOWY OWL.

Latin—*Surnia nyctea.* Gaelic—*Comhachag bhan, Cailleach-bhan, Comhachag-mhor.* Welsh—*Dylluan mawr.*

This very beautiful bird may be said to be common in parts of the Highlands, especially the Hebrides, during the spring generally.

HAWK OWL.

Latin — *Surnia funerea.* Gaelic — *Seobhag-oidhche, Seobhag-fheasgair.*

This is a very rare bird, but I have often seen it on the Strathardle hills, hunting in broad daylight. I remember seeing a very fine specimen shot in Glenderly when out grouse shooting about twenty years ago. The day was clear and sunny, and we saw it hunting abroad for its prey a good while before it came within shot

LITTLE OWL.

Latin—*Noctua passerina.* Gaelic—*Cumhachag-bheag.* Welsh—*Coeg dylluan.*

This finishes the Raptores, or rapacious birds, and brings us to the second order—the Insessors, or tree-perchers.

INSESSORS.

Group I.—Dentirostres. Family 1.—Laniadæ.

GREAT GREY SHRIKE, OR BUTCHER BIRD.

Latin—*Lanius excubitor.* Gaelic—*Buidseir, Pioghaid-ghlas* (Grey Piet). Welsh—*Cigydd Mawr.*

The first Gaelic name, which I must say looks suspiciously like a mere translation from the English, is that given by Alexander Macdonald (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair) in his Gaelic Vocabulary, published in 1741. The second is the name by which the bird is known in Strathardle, where it is often found, and where I well remember shooting a very fine male specimen—amongst the very first birds ever I shot—with an old flint gun,

with which in my boyish days I shot many a rare bird, though it did sometimes take a very long time puffing and fizzing from the time I pulled the trigger till the shot went off.

Group II.—Muscicapidæ.

SPOTTED FLYCATCHER.

Latin—*Muscicapa grisola.* Gaelic—*Breacan-glas, Beicein-glas, Breacan-sgiobalt, Glac-nan-cuileag.* Welsh—*Y Gwybedog.*

Group III. - Merulidæ.

COMMON DIPPER OR WATER-OUZEL.

Latin—*Cinclus aquaticus.* Gaelic—*Gobha-uisge, Gobha-dubh, Gobha-dubh-nan-allt, Gobhachan, Gobhachan-allt, Gobhachan-dubh, Gobhachan-uisge, Lon-uisge, Feannag-uisge, Bogachan, Boq-an-lochan.* Welsh—*Mwyalchen y dwfr.*

This lively little gentleman with the many titles, in full evening dress, black suit and white shirt front, is to be found on the banks of every burn in the Highlands, and has a different name almost on every burn. In some districts it is a much maligned and much persecuted bird, through the ignorant belief that it lives entirely on fish spawn, a very great mistake. Grey says—"Instead of doing harm in this way, it is in fact the anglers' best friend by devouring immense quantities of the larvæ of dragon-flies and water-beetles—creatures which are known to live to a great extent upon the spawn, and even the newly hatched fry of both trout and salmon." He also adds, that to this day a reward of sixpence a head is given in some parts of Sutherlandshire for water-ouzels. And we read in the New Statistical Account that the slaughter of one of those innocent birds was counted such a meritorious deed that "formerly, any person who succeeded in killing one of these birds was allowed, as a reward, the privilege of fishing in the close season; but for a long time back this has been lost sight of." Not, I am sorry to say, because the poor water-ouzel gets more justice, or is now counted innocent by the class of people that slaughter it, but because the fishings are more valuable, and sharper looked after.

MISSEL THRUSH.

Latin—*Turdus viscivorus.* Gaelic—*Smeorach-mhor, Smeorach-ghlas, Sgraicheag, Sgraicheag-ghlas.* Welsh—*Tresglen, Pen y Llwyn.*

FIELDFARE.

Latin—*Turdus pilarus.* Gaelic—*Liatruisg, Liatrasg.* Welsh—*Caseg y ddryocin.*

MAVIS OR COMMON THRUSH.

Latin—*Turdus musicus.* Gaelic—*Smeorach, Smeorach-bhuidhe.* Welsh—*Aderyn Croufraith.*

Of all singing birds in the Highlands the mavis is the favourite, and reckoned the sweetest singer. All our bards, late and early, delight in comparing their sweet singers to the mavis, which is the highest praise they can give, hence the saying—"Cho binn ri smeòrach air geug"—as tuneful as a mavis on a bough. It is the first bird that begins to sing in the Highlands, often beginning, on an occasional fine day, before the storms of winter are over. As the old proverb says—"Cha'n 'eil port a sheinneas an smeòrach 's an Fhaoilleach, nach, caoin i mu'n ruith an t-Earrach"—For every song the mavis sings in February she'll lament ere the spring be over. Another says, "Cha dean aon smeòrach samhradh"—One mavis makes not summer. One of the most ancient styles of composition in the Gaelic language, and a very favourite one with most Highland bards, is that in which they represent themselves as the "smeorach," or mavis of their respective clans, to sing the praises of their chiefs and clans. Of this curious species of composition we have many examples, notably "Smeorach Chlann Raonuill"—The Mavis of Clan Ranald, by Alex. Macdonald (Mac Mhaighistir Alastair):—

"Gur 'a mis an smeòrach chreagach,
An déis léum bharr cuaich mo nidein
Sholar bidh do m' ianaibh beaga,
Seinneam ceòl air barr gach bidein.

'S smeorach mise do Chlann Dónuill,
Dréam a dhiteadh a 's a leonadh;
'S chaidh mo chur an riochd na smeoraich,
Gu bhi seinn 's ag cur ri ceol dhaibh.

'S mise 'n t-ianan beag le m' fheadan
Am madainn-dhriuchd am barr gach badain,
Sheinneadh na puirt ghrinn gun sgreadan—
'S ionmhuinn m' fheadag fead gach lagain."

There are also smeorachs by Mac Codrum, Macdougall, Maclachlan, Macleod, and others—all admirable compositions of their kind.

RED-WING.

Latin—*Jardus iliacus.* Gaelic—*Sgiath-dheargan, Ean-an-t-sneachda,*[1] *Smeorach-an-t-sneachda. Deargan-sneachda.* Welsh—*Soccen yr lira, Y dresclen goch.*

BLACKBIRD.

Latin—*Turdus merula.* Gaelic—*Lon-dubh, Eun-dubh.* Welsh—*Mwyalch, Aderyn du.*

The blackbird has always been reckoned a mournful bird i the Highlands, partly, perhaps, from its sombre colour, and mo especially because of its sweet plaintive song, the rapid warblin notes of which the Highlanders likened to some of their mo mournful piobaireachd laments, whilst the mavis' song resembl the salute or welcome class of piobaireachd—"An smeorach failte, 's 'n lon-dubh ri cumha"—"The mavis sings a welcome, a the blackbird a lament." Ewan MacColl, the Lochfyne ba expresses this old Highland belief very beautifully in his addr to a blackbird, some of the verses of which I may quote—

" A loin-duibh, a loin-duibh, 's fada dh' imich uait surd—
Ciod e so, 'chuir mulad 'na d' dhàn-s?
Tha 'n samhradh a' tighinn, tha 'choille 'fas domh'il,
'S gach eun innt' le sunnd 'cur air failt.

" A loin-duibh, a loin-duibh, 'n uair tha'n uiseag 's an speur,
'Cur gean air Righ aobhach an Lò,
'Nuair tha 'n smeorach 's a leannnan 'comh-shodan ri d' thaobh
'M bi thusa 'n ad aonar ri bròn?

" A loin-duibh, tha do thuireadh a' lotadh mo chri—
'S ioghnadh leam ciod a chradh thu co ghoirt:
'N e namh 'an riochd caraid a ghoid uait do shith?
'N e gu 'n d' mhealladh 'n ad dhochas thu 'th' ort?

" A loin-duibh, a loin-duibh, 'm beil do leannan riut dur?
Cha 'n urrainn do 'n chuis bhi gu brath:
Co ise air thalamh 's an cuireadh tu uidh,
Nac mealladh 's nach maoth'cheadh do dhàn?

" A loin-duibh, a loin-duibh, dearc 'us suthag nam blàr,
Bi'dh deas dhuit gun dàil air son bidh:
Tha 'n clamhan 'san t-seobhag fad', fada o laimh?
Nach sguir thu, ma ta, de do chaoidh?

" A loin-duibh, a lion-duibh, tha mi 'cuimhneachadh nis!
Bha 'n t-eun'dair an rathad so 'n dé—
O an-iochd an trudair! do leannan thuit leis—
Eoin ghrinn, 'se so 'ghuin thu—nach e?"

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, sad, sad is thy song—
  The cause of thy grief I would learn;
Bright summer is coming, hear how the woods ring,
  And welcome his kingly return.

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, the lark, soaring high,
  Salutes the bright orb of the day;
The cuckoo and thrush sing together for joy,
  Why then art *thou* joyless, O say?

Fond blackbird, thy plaint makes my heart almost bleed;
  Dire, dire must indeed be thy doom;
Has the friend of thy bosom proved false? or did fade
  Each young hope that once promised to bloom?

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, say, lov'st thou in vain,
  Or is thy fair consort unkind?
Ah, no—could she listen to that melting strain,
  And leave the sweet warbler to pine!

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, the berry and sloe
  Will soon be thy banquet so rare;
The buzzard and falcon are far out of view,
  To wail, then, sweet mourner, forbear.

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, now, *now* do I mind—
  The fowler yestreen sought the brake;
Thy partner's soft plumage he strew'd on the wind!
  Nought else could such deep woes awake.

Very curiously the Gaelic name of the huge and long extinct deer, the elk, is the same as that of the blackbird, Lon-dubh, and most certainly it is the elk that is referred to, and not the blackbird in the very ancient saying—"An Lon-dubh, an Lon-dubh spàgach! thug mise dha coille fhasgach fheurach, 's thug esan dhomh an monadh dubh fàsach." Sheriff Nicholson translates this—The blackbird, the sprawling blackbird! I gave him a sheltered grassy wood, and he gave me the black desolute moor. Mackintosh in his Gaelic Proverbs translates it—The ouzel, the club-footed ouzel, &c., (which, of course, is wrong, as the ouzel has no claim to this name), and adds a note—"Some say that this alludes to the Roman invasion, and others refer it to the Scandinavian incursions, when the Gael left the more sheltered spots and pasture ranges, and fled to the fastnesses of the Grampian hills." I have no doubt the proper translation is—The elk, the bow-legged, or club-

footed elk, &c.; for who could possibly apply the word, "spagach" to the straight, slender, genteel feet of the blackbird! whereas nothing could be so descriptive of the great clumsy club-feet of the elk, whose hoofs are so much and so loosely divided that when it puts its weight on them, they spread out so wide that when it lifts its foot, the two divisions of the hoof fall together with a loud clattering noise, which would be sure to draw the attention of our remote ancestors to them, and what would be more likely than that they would in derision liken the hated Roman soldiers, with their great broad sandals on their feet, to the clumsy lumbering elk; certainly they would be more likely to do so than to liken them to the sprightly blackbird. If the saying does refer to the elk, which was extinct in Britain ages before all written history, it is another proof added to the many, of how the ancient lore of the Celts, though unwritten, was handed down through so many generations of the children of the Gael.

RING OUZEL.

Latin—*Tardus torquatus.* Gaelic—*Dubh-chraige, Druid-mhonaidh Druid-dhubh.* Welsh—*Mwyalchen y graig.*

Group IV.—Sylviadæ.

HEDGE SPARROW.

Latin—*Accentor modularis.* Gaelic—*Gealbhonn-nam-preas, Sporag, Donnag.* Welsh—*Llwyd y gwrych.*

I have no doubt the common English country name of this bird—Dunnock (Rev. J. C. Atkinson)—is simply a corruption of the Gaelic name, Donnag—Brownie, or little brown bird.

ROBIN.

Latin—*Erythaca rubecula.* Gaelic—*Bru-dhearg, Bru-dheargan, Broinn-dhearg, Broinn-dheargan, Broinileag, Nigidh, Ruadhag, Roban-roid.* Welsh—*Yr hobi goch, Bron-goch.*

Here also one of the English country names given by the Rev. J. Atkinson seems to come from the Gaelic—Ruddock, Ruadhag, little red bird—and as the English borrow from the Gaelic, it is only fair that we should do the same from their language (in modern times, of course, as everybody knows most of our Gaelic names of birds were in use many centuries before the English language had an existence). So, very curiously, one of our greatest bards, Alexander Macdonald, has done in this case, for though in his Gaelic Vocabulary he gives the Gaelic name of the robin as Broinn-dheargan, yet in his poems he always calls

this bird by the names of Richard and Robin. In his "Song of Summer," "Oran an t' Sambraidh," he says—

"Agus *Robin* 'g a bhéusadh
Air a' ghéig os a chionn,
Gur glan gall-fheadan *Richard*
A' seinn nan cuisleannan grinn."

And in "The Sugar Brook," "Allt-an-t Siucair"—

"Bha Richard 's Robin bru-dhearg
Ri seinn, 's fear dhiubh 'n a bhéus."

Macintyre again uses Bru-dhearg. in Coire-Cheathaich. He says:—
"An druid 's an bru-dhearg, le móran uinich,
Ri ceileir sunntach bu shiubhlach rann."

I have never heard the name Nigidh, for the robin, anywhere in common use, but it is given in the Highland Society's Dictionary. The common name in Perthshire is Roban-roid. Most writers on birds have taken notice of the many wonderful places in which this bird will sometime build its nest. I remember, when a boy, preserving as a curiosity for several years a robin's nest which was actually built inside the ribs of a dried skeleton of a buzzard hawk, which the keepers had nailed to the back wall of a stable many years before. The impudent bird reared its young brood in that strange nesting place to the astonishment of the natives. Had that hawk known the fate that was before it, it might well say with Napoleon that there was only one step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

BLUE-THROATED WARBLER.

Latin—*Phœnicura Suecica.* Gaelic—*Ceileiriche, Oranaiche.*

REDSTART.

Latin—*Phœnicura ruticilla.* Gaelic—*Ceann-dearg, Ceann-dheargan, Earr-dhearg, Ton-dhearg.* Welsh—*Rhonell goch.*

STONE-CHAT.

Latin—*Saxicola rubicola.* Gaelic—*Cloichearan, Clacharan* (Grey). Welsh—*Clochder y cerrig.*

Sheriff Nicolson gives the following old Lismore saying, which, he adds, is suggestive of the devolopment theory:—"Cloicheirean spagach, ogha na muile-máig."—The waddling stone-chat, the frog's grand-child.

WHIN-CHAT.

Latin—*Saxicola rubetra.* Gaelic—*Gochdan, Gochcan.* Welsh—*Clochder yr eithin.*

WHEATEAR.

Latin—*Saxicola œnanthe.* Gaelic—*Cloichearan, Bru-gheal, Crithachan, Bogachan.* Welsh—*Tinwyn y cerrig.*

This bird no doubt got its two last Gaelic names from its constant habit of shaking or quivering its tail. Grey gives the following old Hebridean superstition about this bird:—"There is a very curious superstition prevalent in North and South Uist regarding the bird on its arrival. When seen for the first time in the season, the natives are quite unhappy if it should happen to be perched on a rock or a stone—such a circumstance, as they say, being a sure sign of evil in prospect; but should the bird be seen perched on a bit of turf, it is looked upon as a happy omen."

SEDGE WARBLER.

Latin—*Salicaria phragmitis.* Gaelic—*Glas-eun, Uiseag-oidhche.* Welsh—*Hedydd yr helyg.*

This bird got its Gaelic name—Uiseag-oidhche, Night-lark—from its well-known habit of singing all through the night, which makes so many people mistake it for the nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE.

Latin—*Philomela Luscinia.* Gaelic—*Spideag, Beul-binn, Ros-an-ceol.* Welsh—*Eos.*

The first Gaelic name is that given by Alex. Macdonald in his vocabulary, also in the Highland Society's Dictionary, which also gives the second name—Beul-binn, sweet mouth; the third is that given by Logan in his Scottish Gael. He says—"The Nightingale, which has now forsaken the northern part of the island, is supposed to have once frequented the woods of Scotland. Its name in Gaelic is beautifully expressive of the sweetness of its song and the character of the bird. In Ros-an-ceol, the rose music, the melody is put for the melodist, the former being heard when the latter is unseen."

BLACKCAP.

Latin—*Curruca atricapilla.* Gaelic—*Ceann-dubh.* Welsh—*Penddu 'r brwyn.*

WHITE-THROAT.

Latin—*Curruca cinerea.* Gaelic—*Gealan-coille.* Welsh—*Y gwddfgwyn.*

WILLOW WREN.

Latin—*Sylviæ trochilus.* Gaelic—*Crionag-ghiubhais.*

GOLDEN CRESTED WREN.

Latin — *Regulus cristatus.* Gaelic — *Dreathan-ceann-bhuidhe, Crionag-bhuidhe, Bigein.*

GREAT TITMOUSE.

Latin—*Parus major.* Gaelic—*Currag-bhain-tighearna* (the lady's nightcap). Welsh—*Y Beuloyn fwyaf.*

BLUE TITMOUSE.

Latin—*Parus cæruleus.* Gaelic—*Cailleachag-cheann-ghorm, An Snoileun* (Grey). Welsh—*Y Lleiun.*

COLE, TITMOUSE, OR BLACKCAP.

Latin—*Parus ater.* Gaelic—*Smutag, Cailleachag-cheann-duibh,* Welsh—*Y Benloyn lygliw.*

This bird got its name of "Smutag" no doubt from its habit of spitting and puffing, like an enraged cat, when on its nest, in a hole on a wall or tree, if disturbed.

MARSH TITMOUSE.

Latin—*Parus palustris.* Gaelic—*Ceann-dubh.* Welsh—*Benloyn y cyrs.*

LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.

Latin—*Parus Condatus.* Gaelic—*Ciochan, Ciochan-fada, Miontan.* Welsh—*Y Benloyn gynffonhir.*

Group I. Family VII.—Motacillidæ.

PIED WAGTAIL.

Latin—*Motacilla Yarrellii.* Gaelic—*Breac an t-sil, Glaisean seilich.* Welsh—*Brith y fyches, Tinsigl y gwys.*

GREY WAGTAIL.

Latin—*Motacilla boarula.* Gaelic—*Breacan-ban-tighearna* (spotted lady). Welsh—*Brith y fyches lwyd.*

YELLOW, OR RAY'S WAGTAIL.

Latin—*Motacilla flava.* Gaelic — *Breacan-buidhe.* Welsh—*Brith y fyches fellen.*

Group I. Family VIII.—Anthidæ.

TREE PIPIT.

Latin—*Anthus arboreus.* Gaelic—*Riabhag-choille.*

MEADOW PIPIT, OR HEATHER LINTIE.

Latin—*Anthus pratensis.* Gaelic—*Snathag, Riabhag-mhonaidh* (Grey). Welsh—*Hedydd y cae.*

The first is the Gaelic name always given in Athole to this bird, and a story is told in Strathardle of an English gentleman, who had asked an old shepherd what were the commonest birds on his hill, getting for answer—"Needleag, whistleag, heatheraig-hen, and rashirag-horn;" being the best English the old man could muster for snathag (heather lintie), feadag (golden plover), cearc-fhraoich (grouse), and adharcan-luachrach (green plover).

ROCK PIPIT.

Latin—*Anthus petrosus.* Gaelic—*Gabhagan, Bigein, Glas-eun* (Grey).

Group II—Conirostres. Family I.—Alaudidæ.

SKY-LARK, OR LAVEROCK.

Latin—*Alauda arvensis.* Gaelic—*Uiseag, Riabhag.* Welsh—*Hedydd, Uchedydd.*

The Douglas said that he would rather hear the laverock sing than the mouse squeak. The old Highlanders expressed the same sentiment in their old proverb—"Cha 'n 'eil deathach 'an tigh na h-uiseige"—There is no smoke in the lark's house. Sheriff Nicolson says—"The bird of most aspiring and happy song has untainted air in its lowly home." As the mavis was honoured as the prima donna of song in the woods and bushy glens, so the lark was reckoned the sweetest songster in the open moors and meadows. As the bard says—

"Bidh uiseag air lòn
Agus smeorach air géig."
The lark on the meadow
And the mavis on the tree.

WOOD LARK.

Latin—*Alauda arborea.* Gaelic—*Uiseag-choille, Riabhag-choille* (Grey). Welsh—*Hedydd y coed.*

The wood lark is mentioned by Macintyre and amongst his other woodland birds in "Coire-cheathaich"—

"Bha eoin an t-sleibhe 'nan ealtainn gle-ghlan,
A' gabhail bheusan air gheig sa' choill,
An uiseag cheutach, 's a luinneag fein aice,
Feadan speiseil gu reidh a' seinn:

A chuag, 'sa smeòrach, am barr nan ògan,
A' gabhail òrain gu ceolmhor binn :
'Nuair ghoir an cuannal, gu loinneil guanach,
'Se 's glain a chualas am fuaim sa' ghleann."

Group II. Family II—Emberrizdæ

SNOW BUNTING.

atin—*Plectrophanes nivalis.* Gaelic—*Eun-an-t-sneachdai.* Welsh —*Golfan-yr-eira.*

COMMON BUNTING.

Latin—*Emberiza miliaria.* Gaelic—*Gealag-bhuachair, Gealabigein.* Welsh—*Bras y ddruttan, Bras yr yd.*

BLACK-HEADED, OR REED BUNTING.

Latin—*Emberiza schœniclus.* Gaelic—*Gealag-dubh-cheannach, Gealag-loin.* Welsh—*Golfan y cyrs.*

YELLOW HAMMER.

ıtin—*Emberiza citrinella.* Gaelic—*Buidheag-bhealaidh, Buidheag-bhuachair, Buidhean.* Welsh—*Llinos felen.*

This beautiful bird is of very evil repute in the Highlands, here it is counted a very meritorious deed to harry its nest, from e old superstition that this bird is badly given to swearing; also at it sang on Calvary during the time of the crucifixion. In ıe lowlands one of its country names is the yellow yeorling, and e old rhyme says—

"The Brock, the Toad, and the Yellow Yeorling
Get a drap o' the deil's bluid ilka May morning."

› that, if it imbibes much of that blood, it will account for its ›earing as well as for the evil reputation it has gained.

Group II. Family III.—Fringillidæ.

CHAFFINCH.

ıtin—*Fringilla Cœlebs.* Gaelic—*Bricean-beithe Breacan-beithe.* Welsh—*Asgell arian, Winc.*

Alex. Macdonald in his Allt-an-t Siucair, says—

"Am-bricein-beithe 's lub air,
'Se gleusadh luth a theud."

MOUNTAIN FINCH.

ıtin—*Fringilla Montifringilla.* Gaelic—*Lu-eun, Breicean-coarainn.* Welsh—*Bronrhuddyn y mynydd.*

TREE SPARROW.

Latin—*Passer Montanus.* Gaelic—*Gealbhonn Gealbhonn-nan-cra Glass-enn.* Welsh—*Golfan y mynydd.*

HOUSE SPARROW.

Latin—*Passer Domesticus.* Gaelic—*Gealbhonn, Sporag.* Welsh—*Aderyn y to, Golfan.*

GREENFINCH.

Latin—*Coccothraustes Chloris.* Gaelic—*Glaisean-daraich.* Welsh—*Y Gegid, Llinos werdd.*

HAWFINCH.

Latin—*Coccothraustes Vulgaris.* Gaelic—*Gobach.* Welsh—*Gylsfinbraff.*

GOLDFINCH.

Latin—*Carduelis elegans.* Gaelic—*Lasair-choille, Buidhean-coille.* Welsh—*Gwas y Sierri.*

COMMON LINNET.

Latin—*Linota cannabina.* Gaelic—*Gealan-lin, Gealan.* Welsh—*Llinos.*

COMMON REDPOLE.

Latin—*Linota linaria.* Gaelic—*Deargan-seilich, Ceann-deargan.* Welsh—*Llinos bengoch leiaf.*

MOUNTAIN LINNET.

Latin—*Linota Montium.* Gaelic—*Riabhag-mhonaidh, Riabhag-fhraoich, Bigean-bain-tighearna* (Uist). Welsh—*Llinos fynydd.*

BULLFINCH.

Latin—*Pyrrhula vulgaris.* Gaelic—*Corran-coille, Deargan-fhraoich.* Welsh—*Y Chwybanydd, Rhawn goch.*

PINE GROSBEAK.

Latin—*Pyrrhula enucleator.* Gaelic—*Cnag, Lair fligh.*

Of this bird Logan says—"The Cnag, or Lair fligh, a bird like a parrot, which digs its nest with its beak in the trunks of trees, is thought peculiar to the county of Sutherland."

COMMON CROSSBILL.

Latin—*Loxia curvirostra.* Gaelic—*Cam-ghob, Deargan giubhais.* Welsh—*Gylsingroes.*

Group II. Family IV.—Sturnidæ.

STARLING.

Latin—*Sturnus vulgaris.* Gaelic—*Druid, Druid-dhubh, Druid-bhreac, Druidean.* Welsh—*Drydwen, Drydwy.*

Group II. Family V.—Corvidæ.

CHOUGH, OR RED-LEGGED CROW.

Latin—*Fregilus graculus.* Gaelic—*Cathag-dhearg-dhearg-chasach* (Skye). Welsh—*Brân big*

This bird, from some unaccountable cause, is getting rarer in the Highlands every season, for in many districts where it used to breed in flocks it is now utterly unknown, even though quite undisturbed by man. Don mentions it as a common bird in Glen Clova, and Pennant as very common in Glenlyon and Breadalbane. Within the last forty years it used to breed in flocks in the Islands of Rum, Coll, Canna, and Tyree, where now it is never seen. Its gradual disappearance without any known cause is one of those problems which naturalists sometimes find so difficult to solve.

RAVEN.

Latin—*Corvus corax.* Gaelic—*Fitheach, Biatach* (Uist and Skye). Welsh—*Cigfran.*

Even the raven, once so common in every glen in the Highlands, is becoming, from constant persecution, rare there now, except in the wilder and more remote districts; though in general the raven, from his cunning and keen scent, is pretty well able to take care of himself. Every one knows the old saying that there is a Scotchman, a raven, and a rat to be found in every clime and country under the sun, from the equator to the pole. However, one would be inclined to think that it prefers the colder parts, from the old Gaelic saying so often quoted on a very warm day—"Am fitheach a' cur a mach a theanga leis an teas," The raven putting out his tongue for heat (*i.e.*, like a dog). Being rather a bird of evil omen, the raven is seldom mentioned by our Gaelic bards, except sometimes that they compare the hair of the heroes and heroines in blackness to the raven. For instance, in the very ancient poem of Fraoch, given in Gillies' collection, we have—

"Bu duibhe na 'm fitheach a ghruag,
Bu deirge a ghruaidh na fuil laoigh;
Bu mhine na cobhair an t-sruth,
Bu ghile na'n sneachd corp Fhraoich."

Blacker than the raven his hair,
Redder than calf's blood his cheek,
Softer than the froth on the stream,
Whiter than snow the body of Fraoch.

Though seldom mentioned in the poetry, there is no other bird I know of so often mentioned in the proverbs of the Gael, generally not to its credit, though all showing an intimate knowledge of the nature and habits of the raven. Alluding to the ravages it commits amongst lambs, the old nursery rhyme, imitating the croak of the raven, says—"Gròc, gròc', ars am fitheach, 'se mo mhac-sa chrimeas na h-uain"—Groc, groc, says the raven, it is my son that will pick the lambs' bones. From its being a great glutton, which often leads it into danger, we have—"Meallaidh am biadh am fitheach bho'n chraoibh"—Food will lure the raven from the tree; and from its so quickly finding out any carrion or carcase we have—"Fios fithich gu ròic"—The raven's boding of a feast. And also—"Cruinnichidh na fithich far am bi a chairbh"—Where the carcase is the ravens will gather. We cannot blame it for this, as we have it on the high authority of the Bible that the eagle, the king of birds, does the same—"Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together"—Matthew xxiv. 28. From its well-known habit of always attacking the eyes of an animal first, we have—"Am fitheach a dh' eireas moch, 's ann leis a bhios sùil a' bheothaich a tha 's a' phóll" —The raven that rises early gets the eye of the beast in the bog. So very fond is the raven of the eye of an animal that it wont even share that tit-bit with its own young, so the old saying is—"Cha toir am fitheach an t-suil dha 'isean fhèin"—The raven wont give the eye to his own chicken. When a raven happened to perch on a house-top, or on a tree near a house, it was supposed to portend death to one of the inmates, which explains the old saying—"Fitheach dubh air an tigh, fios gu nighean an dathadair"—A black raven on the roof, a warning to the dyer's daughters. This dyer's daughter was a famous Athole witch, who lived to an extreme old age, and when she was dying an old raven came and perched on the top of the house, and croaked there till she died, and was supposed to have been the messenger sent to claim her by the Evil One, to whom she had sold herself nearly a century before. If the old witch and her master were the company the raven kept, no wonder though another old Gaelic proverb says—"Ma' s olc am fitheach, cha 'n fhearra chomunn"—If bad be the raven, his company is no better. Another common old saying is—"Tha fios fithich agad"—You have a raven's knowledge. Of this Sheriff

Nicolson says—"That is, knowledge more than is natural. The raven was believed to possess supernatural knowledge, and of coming events in particular. This was also the Norse belief. Odin was said to have two ravens which communicated everything to him." There was also an old Highland superstition, that the young ravens killed the old ones, which is the origin of one of the bitterest wishes or curses in the Gaelic language—"Bas fithich ort"—A raven's death to you, *i.e.*, May you be killed by your own child. The raven being rather a tyrant over the crows and other weaker birds, gave rise to the saying—"Ceist an fhithich air an fheannaig"—The raven's question to the crow; which Sheriff Nicolson explains—"The sort of question sometimes asked by a 'Great Power' of another, or perhaps smaller Power, in cases of annexation, oppression, &c." Having now given so many of the proverbs of the Gael about the raven, I may give an example of their prophecies as well. The famous Coinneach Odhar Mackenzie, the Brahan Seer, in one of his predictions regarding the Clan Mackenzie, speaking of the famous stone—"Clach an t-Seasaidh," near the Muir of Ord, says—"The day will come when the ravens will, from the top of it, drink their three fulls, for three successive days, of the blood of the Mackenzies." Another version has it—

"A's olaidh am fitheach a thri saitheachd
De dh-fhuil nan Gaidheal, bho Clach-nam-Fionn,"

"And the raven shall drink his three fills
Of the blood of the Gael from the Stone of the Feinne."

Let us hope, for the sake of the Clan Mackenzie, that this bloody feast for the raven may never come, like the still more bloody one promised to the ravens by Alex. Macdonald (Mac Mhaighster Alastair), in his Oran nam Fineachan, or Gathering of the Clans, when all the Clans were to rise for the "Auld Stuarts," and to triumph—

"Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie;"

and in one great battle to convert "the foes o' Prince Charlie" into food for the ravens—

"S mòr a bhios ri corp-rusgadh
Nan closaichean 's a' bhlàr:
Fithich anns an rochdadaich,
Ag itealaich, 's ag cnocaireachd;
Ciocras air na cosgarraich,
Ag òl 's ag ith an sàth.
Och, 's tùrsach, fann a chluinnear moch-thrath,
Ochanaich an àir.

Having given so many old sayings unfavourable to the raven, I think I must in justice now give other two more favourable ones, which say, "Féumaidh na fithich fhéin a bhi bèo"—The ravens themselves must live; and, "Ge dubh am fitheach, is geal leis 'isean"—Black as is the raven, he thinks his chickens white. Here, of course, the white raven's chicken is used figuratively, but as the old saying holds good that "truth is stranger than fiction," so we have even pure white ravens in the flesh, as will be seen from the following quotation from Grey's Birds of the West of Scotland:—"In Macgillivray's work on British Birds, it is stated that as many as two hundred ravens have been known to assemble in a flock on the Island of Pabby, in the Sound of Harris, a large herd of grampuses which was driven ashore there having been the means of attracting them. Afraid of their prolonged stay, and not liking the company of so many birds of evil repute, the inhabitants resorted to the extraordinary expedient of capturing a few and plucking off all their feathers, except those of the wings and tail, in which plight they were set adrift as scare crows. The main flock then left in a fright and did not return. In this unusual congregation of ravens, an albino (or pure white one) was observed, and a pied specimen was noticed some time afterwards in Harris by Macgillivray. . . . These pied birds have been observed of late years in one or two of the Outer Hebrides." This mention of a white and pied raven reminds me of a story common in Strathardle, of a farmer who had a shepherd, who thought the only way to gain favour with his master was to say with him in everything right or wrong, a practice, I am sorry to say, far too common. However, after a time the farmer began to have his suspicions that the constant backing up of his opinions and sayings was not genuine, so to try the truth of them, he one day, on his return from the hill, said to the shepherd, "Chunna mi fitheach geal, am braighe a mhonaidh n' duigh"—I saw a white raven to-day on the top of the hill. Now, this was a staggerer, for even the obsequiousness of the shepherd, who, afraid to go quite that length, yet still true to his nature, answered, "Creididh mi sin, oir chunna mi fear breac n' de ann!"—I can well believe that, for I saw a spreckled one there myself yesterday—an answer which soon convinced the farmer how far his servant could be relied upon. The raven is the first bird to breed in the Highlands, which was noticed and put into rhyme by our ancestors, like so much else of their knowledge, as being more easily remembered:—

"Nead 'air Brighde, ubh air Inid, ian air Chaisg;
Mar bi sin aig an fhitheach, bithidh am bas."

Nest on Candlemas, egg at Shrove-tide, bird at Easter ;
If the raven have them not, death then is his lot.

Another old proverb about the raven's nest says—"Ciod a b'àill leat fhaighinn 'an nead an fhithich ach am fitheach féin ?"—What would you expect to find in the raven's nest but the raven itself. The well-known crest of the Macdonells of Glengarry is a raven perched upon a rock, and the slogan or war-cry of that gallant clan was—"Craggan-an-Fhithich"—The Raven's Rock.

CARRION CROW.

Latin—*Corvus corone.* Gaelic—*Feannag. Cnaimheach ; Garrag, Garrach*—the young. Welsh—*Brân dyddyn.*

A good friend of mine in Galloway, when questioned lately about his religion, defined it—"That he aye tried to do as little ill and as muckle guid as he could," but I am afraid the conduct of the carrion crow is just the very reverse, as he seems "aye to do as muckle ill and as little guid as he can ;" an opinion in which Grey agrees with me, as he says, in his Birds of the West of Scotland—"On one occasion, when walking along the banks of Loch-Eck, in Argyllshire, I observed a small party of carrion crows in a rye-grass field, busily engaged in catching moths as they clung to the stems of grass. The birds drew up their bodies, and appeared as if wading at some disadvantage, the tall grass obliging them to jump occasionally off the ground to reach their prey. This is the only instance I can recollect in which it can be said that their repast was not a work of mischief." The only redeeming trait in this bird's character is the extreme care it takes of its young, and its untiring exertions in feeding them, a fact taken notice of and expressed by our ancestors in the old sayings: "Is toigh leis an fheannaig a h-isean garrach gorm"—the crow likes her greedy blue chick ; and "Is boidheach leis an fheannaig a gorm garrach fhéin"—the crow thinks her own blue chick a beauty. We have also two other old sayings imitating the cry of the crow :—"Fag, fag ! thuirt an fheannaig, 's i mo nighean a gharrag dhonn"—go, go ! said the crow, that brown chick is my child ; "'Gorach, gorach', ars an fheannag, 's e mo mhac-s' an garrach gorm'"—gorach, gorach, said the crow, it is my son that is the blue chick. Other the old proverbs referring to the crow are :—"An taobh a théid an fheannag, bheir i 'feaman leatha"—Wherever the crew goes, she takes her tail with her ; and "Is dithis dhuinn sin, mar thuirt an fheannag ri 'casan"—That's a pair, as the crow said to her feet.

HOODED CROW.

Latin--*Corvus cornix.* Gaelic--*Feannag-ghlas, Garrag-ghlas, Garrack-young, Starrag-young, in Harris.* Welsh—*Bran yr Jwerddon.*

Bad as the character of the carrion crow is, I am afraid that the hoodie is worse, as will be seen from the following quotation from Grey—"The hoodie has got a terrible name, and his best friend could hardly say one good word in his favour, supposing he ever had such a thing as a friend, which is improbable. A greedy, cowardly, destructive creature, his appearance is ugly, and his voice hateful. But though no doubt ready enough to commit any villainy against eggs, young game, chickens, and even young lambs, yet in these wild districts where there is not much game to injure, he subsists almost entirely on the bountiful provision afforded by the receding tide, and upon this multiplies exceedingly." A well-known habit of the hoodie is that, when it gets a crab or shell-fish with too strong a shell to break with its bill, it carries it high up in the air and lets it fall on the rock to break it, and, if it does not succeed in the first attempt, it goes much higher the second time. There is a very old Gaelic proverb common in Atholl—Cha tig olc á teine, ach ubh na glas fheannaig. —Nothing evil will come out of the fire but the grey crow's egg. Sheriff Nicolson explains—"There is a strange story in Rannoch about the great wizard, Michael Scott, to account for this saying. It is said that, fearing his wife, to whom he had taught the Black Art, would excel him in it, he killed her by means of hoodie crows' eggs, heated in the fire and put into her arm-pits, as the only thing against which no counter charm could prevail!" So commom and so destructive were the hoodies at one time in the North that they gave rise to the old Morayshire proverb—

"The Guil, the Gordon, and the Hooded Craw
Were the three worst things Moray ever saw."

The gule is well-known weed, even yet too common amongst growing crops, but at one time so very abundant that most tenants were bound by their leases to eradicate it. The Gordon was the famous Lord Lewis Gordon, who so often plundered Moray, and whose example seems to have been followed with a vengeance by the hoodie crow.

ROOK.

Latin — *Corvus frugilegus.* Gaelic — *Rocus, Creumhach, Garrag* (Athole). Welsh—*Ydfran.*

Cho Gaidhealach ris na garragan – as Highland as the rooks—is a very common saying in Athole, where, from the wooded

nature of the country, rooks have always been very common, though never great favourites, for though such familiar neighbours in the every day life of the Gael, yet we very seldom find the rook mentioned, either in their proverbs or poetry, excepting when some disagreeable noise is likened to their noisy cawing in their rookeries—as, for instance, when the bard Mac Codrum, disgusted with the bad pipe music of Donald Bane, likens it to the cawing of rooks.—

> " Ceol tha cho sgreataidh
> Ri sgreadail nan rócus."

In many parts of the Highlands, especially in Easter Ross, rooks have become so numerous that measures have been taken to reduce their numbers. However, rooks have been long accustomed to persecution, and it does not seem to affect their numbers much. As early as May 1424, we find an Act of the Scots Parliament against "Ruikes biggan in trees"; and again in March 1457, James II. passed the following strict Act against rooks and "uther foules of riefe":—"Anent ruikes, crawes, and uther foules of reife, as eirnes, bissettes, gleddes, mittales, the quhilk destroyis baith cornes, and wild foules, sik as pertrickes, plovares, and utheris. And as to the ruikes and crawes, biggand in orchards, trees and uther places: It is seen speedeful that they that sik trees perteinis to, let them to big and destroy them with all their power, and in no waies that their birdes flee awaie. And quhair it is tainted that they big and their birdes flee, and the nest be founden in the trees at Beltane: the tree shall be faulted to the King: bot gif they be redeemed fra him be them that they perteined first, and five shillinges to the King's unlaw. And that the said foules of reife all utterly be destroyed be all maner of men, be all ingine of all maner of crafts that may be founden. For the slaughter of them sall cause great multitudes of divers kinds of wilde foules for man's sustentation." Grey quotes the following original plan for catching rooks, from a curious old work called the "Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1678—"How to take rooks when they pull up the corn by the roots. Take some thick brown paper and divide a sheet into eight parts, and make them up like sugar loaves; then lime the inside of the paper a very little (let them be limed three or four days before you set them); then put some corn in them, and lay three-score of them or more up and down the ground; lay them as near as you can under some clod of earth, and early in the morning before they come to feed, and then stand at a distance and you will see

most excellent sport, for as soon as rooks, crows, or pigeons come to pick out any of the corn, it will hang upon its head, and he will immediately fly, bolt upright so high, that he shall soar almost out of sight, and when he is spent, come tumbling down as if he had been shot in the air."

JACKDAWS.

Latin—*Corvus gladarius.* Gaelic—*Cathag, Cathag ghlas, Cnuimh-fhiach* (Alex. Macdonald), *Corrachan* (Iona and Mull). Welsh—*Cogfran.*

Pennant, in his "Tour in Scotland in 1772," mentions as a curious fact that he found jackdaws breeding in rabbit holes in the Farne Islands. They do so still by the hundred amongst the rocks of Strathardle, especially in Kindrogan Rock, not only in ready-made rabbit holes, but in holes of their own making—about two feet deep—in the earth amongst the very steep precipices, where it is utterly impossible for a rabbit to reach. Almost as far back as I can remember, I used to spend many a happy boyish day taking them out of those holes in the breeding season; and an uncle of mine did the same a generation before me. One day in particular he had provided himself with a long string, to which he knotted the leg of every jackdaw he got out of a hole till he had some dozens, when the string broke, and off they went fluttering and screaming, each one wanting to go its own way, in a body continually changing in shape, and so noisy, and so big and so black, that had many of the good country folks seen it they would at once have concluded that it was something very uncanny. However, they had not gone very far; for some time afterwards he came across their bodies hanging in a tree in which they had got entangled.

MAGPIE.

Latin—*Pica caudatag.* Gaelic—*Pioghaid, Cadhag, Aaid.* Welsh—*Pioen.*

This is another bird of evil omen, which even to this day is disliked in most districts of the Highlands. The old rhyme says—

"H-aon aig breth, dha aig bron,
Tri aig banais, ceithir aig bas."
One at a birth, two at a grief,
Three at a wedding, four at a death.

Though the magpie is, perhaps, in the words of the old song, "Na sae guid 's it should hae been," still it is a very beautiful bird, which no doubt is the reason why some of our ladies, who not

being quite perfect, are sometimes likened in our old songs and proverbs to magpies. For instance, Duncan Lothian, the Glen-lyon bard, in his proverbs in verse, likens a young woman who, though she had great flocks and wealth, was so headstrong that her husband had no peace with her, to a magpie—

"Pigheid chaileig air bheag céill,
Ged robh feudail aic 'us stòr,
Cha'n fhaod a fear a bhi sona,
Ma bhios i gnogach anns an t-sròin."

An old Strathardle saying, not very complimentary to either party, used sometimes when an old bachelor from that strath takes a wife from the Vale of Athole, goes—

"Cuiribh bonaid air bioran,
'S gheibh e pioghaid a Adholl."
Put a bonnet on a stick,
And it will get a magpie (wife) from Athole.

One of the old prophecies of Coinnich Odhar, the Brahan Seer, was that—"When a magpie shall have made a nest for three successive years in the gable of the church of Ferrintosh, the church will fall when full of people." Regarding this, we read in the prophecies of the Brahan Seer—"There were circumstances connected with the church of Ferrintosh in the time of the famous Rev. Dr Macdonald, the Apostle of the North, which seemed to indicate the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecy, and which led to very alarming consequences. A magpie actually did make her nest in the gable of the church, exactly as foretold. This, together with a rent between the church wall and the stone stair which led up to the gallery, seemed to favour the opinion that the prophecy was on the eve of being accomplished, and people felt uneasy when they glanced at the ominous nest, the rent in the wall, and the crowded congregation, and remembered Coinneach's prophecy, as they walked into the church to hear the Doctor. It so happened one day that the church was unusually full of people, insomuch that it was found necessary to connect the ends of the seats with planks in order to accommodate them all. Unfortunately, one of those temporary seats was either too weak or too heavily burdened; it snapped in two with a loud report, and startled the audience. Coinneach Odhar's prophecy flashed across their minds, and a simultaneous rush was made by the panic-struck congregation to the door. Many fell and were trampled under foot, while others fainted, being seriously crushed and bruised."

JAY.

Latin—*Garrulus glandarius.* Gaelic—*Sgraicheag, Sgraichag choille.* Welsh—*Screch y coed.*

Group III.—Scansores. Family I.—Picidæ.

GREEN WOOD-PECKER.

Latin—*Picus viridis.* Gaelic—*Lasair-choile* (Lightfoot). Welsh—*Cnocell y coed, Delor y derw.*

This beautiful bird, now very rare, if not extinct, in the Highlands, seems to have been quite common in olden times. Pennant mentions it in 1777. Lightfoot gives its Gaelic name in 1772. It is mentioned as a common bird in Dunkeld parish in the Old Statistical Account in 1798, also in Don's Fauna of Forfarshire, 1812. This is an example, like the nightingale and several others, of how some birds, without any known cause or reason, have left Scotland entirely, or else become very rare, within the last fifty years, while many others seem to be getting much more common.

GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER.

Latin—*Picus Major.* Gaelic—*Snagan-daraich* (Grey), *Snagan-mor, Snag* (Alexander Macdonald). Welsh—*Delor fraith.*

WRYNECK.

Latin—*Yunx torquilla.* Gaelic—*Geocair, Gille-na-cubhaig.* Welsh—*Gwas y gôg, Gwddfdro*

Very curiously I find that in most countries this bird is reckoned the cuckoo's forerunner, or attendant, and so gets that name in most languages.

In English—*Cuckoo's mate.* Gaelic—*Gille-na-cubhaig.* Welsh—*Gwas y gog.* Swedish—*Gjoktyta, &c.*

In the Highlands we have the old nursery rhyme—

Le theanga fad biorach
Thug Gille-na-cubhaig, smugaid na cubhaig,
A beul na cubhaig, gu brog-na-cubhaig.
With his long sharp tongue,
The cuckoo's attendant carried the cuckoo's spittle
From the cuckoo's mouth to the cuckoo's shoe.

The wryneck has an extremely long tongue, which it can dart out to a great length to catch an ant or insect, and it was supposed to carry the "cuckoo's spittle," the well-known white frothy substance so often seen on plants, and to deposit it on the "cuckoo's

shoe," which is one of the names by which the corn-cockle, the cowslip, and the wild hyacinth are known in Gaelic. If the wryneck had anything at all to do with the cuckoo's spittle, I should say it would be to dart its long tongue into it for the sake of the insect always to be found in it.

Family II.—Certhiadæ.

CREEPER.

Latin—*Certhia familiaris.* Gaelic—*Snaigear, Meanglan, Streapach.* Welsh—*Y Grepianog.*

WREN.

Latin—*Trogtodytes vulgaris.* Gaelic—*Dreathan, Dreathan-donn, Dreollan.* Welsh—*Dryw.*

The lively little wren—"An dreathan surdail"—with its brisk, active, and sweet song, which it pours out even in winter, was a great favourite with our ancestors, and is very often mentioned in our poetry and proverbs. In fact, our best Gaelic bards seemed to think no picture of rural scenery complete unless this restless little songster figured in it. Macintyre, in his "Coire-Cheathaich," says—

"An dreathan surdail, 's a ribheid chiuil aige,
A' cur nan smuid dheth gu lughor binn."
And the lively wren, with his tuneful reed,
Discourses music so soft and sweet.

And in his "Oran-an-t-t Samhraidh," or "Song of Summer"—

"San dreathan a' gleusadh sheannsairean
Air a' gheig is aird a mhothaicheas e."
And the wren then tunes his chanter
And sings on some high bough.

Alexander Macdonald mentions him in his "Allt-an-t-Suicair;' also says in his "Song of Summer"—

"Bidh an dreathan gu bailceant;
Foirmeil, tailcearra, bagant',
Sior-chur fàilt' air a' mhadainn,
Le rifeid mhaisich, bhuig, bhinn."
And the little wren is ready
The morning light to greet,
So cheerfully and gladly,
With his reed so soft and sweet.

Again in his "Allt-an-t-Siucair" the same bard says—

"An dreathan-donn gu sùrdail,
'Sa rifeid chiuil 'n bhéul."
And the wren there sings so briskly
With his musical reed in tune.

Now let me draw attention to the curious fact that, in those four quotations from the masterpieces of our two best modern Gaelic bards, the song of the wren is always likened to pipe music or the sound of the chanter reed, and certainly there is nothing to which I can compare the rapid warbling song of this bird so much as to the quick running notes in the crunluath of a piobaireachd when played on the small chanter. Alexander M'Donald, in his "Failte na Morthir," also mentions the wren by its other name—

"Chiteadh Robin 'seinn a's sog air,
Agus frog air dreollan."

Though so much admired as a songster, and so often mentioned in our poetry, yet when we turn to our proverbs, we find that they, in a good humoured, bantering sort of way, generally make fun of the consequential little wren. For instance, we have—"Is bigid e sid, is bigid e sid, mar thuirt an dreathan, an uair a thug e lan a ghuib as a mhuir"—'Tis the less for that, the less for that, as the wren said when it sipped a bill-full out of the sea. Seemingly, the wren repented of the damage done to the sea, and hastened to repair it. As another proverb says—"Is moid i sid, is moid i sid, mu'n dubhairt an dreathan-donn, 'n uair a rinn e dhileag 's a mhuir mhoir"—It's the bigger of that, the bigger of that, as the wren said when it added a drop to the sea. Small things and small-minded men are generally compared to the wren, as when one receives a paltry gift he says—Cha d' thainig ubh mòr riamh bho 'n dreathan-donn—Large egg never came from the wren. And when a small man tries to make himself very big, the saying is applied—Is farsuinn a sgaoileas an dreathan a chasan 'n a thigh fhéin—The wren spreads his feet wide in his own house. Sheriff Nicolson says—"There is something felicitous in the idea of a wren spreading his legs like a potentate at his own hearth." Another old saying has it—Is farsuinn tigh an dreathainn—Wide is the wren's house. Alluding to the great number of the wren's young, we have—Ged 's beag an dreathan, 's mor a theaghlach—Though little is the wren, yet big is the family.

HOOPOE.

Latin—*Upupa epops.* Gaelic—*Calman-cathaiche* (Alex. Macdonald). Welsh—*Y Goppog.*

An old saying, which Sheriff Nicolson says is applied to sick children, goes—Gob a' chalmain-chàthaidh, bith tu slàn mu 'm pòs thu—Beak of hoopoe, you'll be well before you marry.

NUT-HATCH.

Latin—*Sitta Europæa.* Gaelic—*Sgoltan.* Welsh—*Delor y enau.*

This is mentioned as one of the rarer birds in the parish of Killin in the New Statistical Account in 1843. It would be interesting to know whether it has increased or decreased there since then.

CUCKOO.

Latin—*Cuculus canorus.* Gaelic—*Cuthag, Cuach, Cuachag.* Welsh—*Cog.*

The note of the cuckoo, being so very uniform, has been the cause of its having taken its name from it in all languages, and also the fact of its not rearing its own young, but leaving them to the care of other birds, has made most nations take more notice of it than of most other birds, generally not to its credit, as Pennant informs us that the name of the cuckoo is used as a term of reproach, arising from this bird making use of the nest of another to deposit its eggs in, leaving the care of its young to the wrong parent. There was also an old belief that the cuckoo, no doubt from its resembling some of the small hawks, changed into a hawk, and devoured its nurse on quitting the nest, whence the French proverb—Ingrat comme un coucou. The way the French retaliate on the cuckoo, for eating its nurse is the very characteristic one of their eating him, as they are very fond of a dish of cuckoos, and so were the Romans before them, as Pliny says that there is no bird to compare with them for delicacy. Even in the English language the name of the cuckoo is used in a reproachful sense by Shakespeare and other writers, and has given at least one word to the language—cuckold. But I can find no trace of this feeling in the Gaelic, for, though the Highlanders had many curious ideas and superstitions about this bird, they were all favourable to it. They watched its coming and its going, especially the former, for to them it was the herald of summer. "Gug. gug," ars a chubhag, latha buidhe Bealtainn—"Coo, coo," says the cuckoo, on yellow May day. Luath no mall g 'an tig am Maigh, thig a' chubhag—Late or early, as May comes so comes the cuckoo. And Macintyre in his Song of Summer says—

"Thig a' chuthag sa' mhios Cheitein oirnn."
And the cuckoo will come in the month of May.

A very common superstition in the Highlands was, that it was very unlucky to hear the cuckoo, for the first time in the season, before breakfast or while fasting, whence the old rhyme—

"Chuala mi 'chubhag gun bhiadh 'am bhroinn,
Chunnaic mi'n searrach 's a chulaobh rium,
Chunnaic mi'n t-seilcheag air an lic luim,
'S dh'aithnich mi nach rachadh a' bhliadhn'ud leam."

I heard the cuckoo while fasting,
I saw the foal with its back to me,
I saw the snail on the flag-stone bare,
And I knew the year would be bad for me.

On the 1st April, All Fools' Day, when any one is sent on a fool's errand, it is in Gaelic—A chuir a ruith na cubhaig—sending him to chase the cuckoo—because, of course, there are no cuckoos on that early date; and in broad Scotch it is—to hunt the gowk, the word gowk being merely a corruption of the Gaelic cubhag, the pronunciation of both words being almost identical. And in some other languages the name of the cuckoo is even nearer to the Scotch word gowk—as in Swedish, gjok; and in Danish, gouk. So that the Scotch gowk, though originally only applied to the 1st of April cuckoo-hunting fool, is now applied to any fool during any of the other 364 days of the year. If we can rely upon Pennant, time was when even a fool might hunt up a cuckoo on 1st April or before, as he says—"I have two evidences of their being heard as early as February: one was in the latter end of that month, 1771, the other on the 4th February 1769: the weather in the last was uncommonly warm." Truly, these were the good old days, especially for the cuckoos. Alex. Macdonald generally in his poems calls it the blue-backed cuckoo—

'S goic-mhoit air cuthaig chùl-ghuirm,
'S gug-gùg aic' air a' gheig.

And

Cuthag chul-ghorm cur na'n smuid d' i
Ann an duslainn challtainn.

Another Gaelic bard, William Ross, in a well-known song, makes a pathetic appeal to the cuckoo to sympathise with him in his grief—

"A chuachag nan craobh nach truagh leat mo chaoidh
'S mi a g' osnaich ri oidhche ceodhair."
O cuckoo on the tree, won't you lament with me,
And join in my grief, on a misty eve.

And in another old song we have a mountain dairymaid likened to the cuckoo of the wilderness—

"A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a chruidh
Cailin deas, donn a chruidh
Cuachag an fhasaich."

Group IV.—Fissirostres. Family I.—Meropidæ.

ROLLER.

Latin—*Caracias yarrula.* Gaelic—*Cuairsgean.*

Family II.—Halcyonidæ.

KING-FISHER.

Latin—*Alcedo ispida.* Gaelic—*Biorra-cruidein, Biorra-an-t-iasgair* (Alex. Macdonald), *Gobhachan-uisge* (Alex. Macdonald). Welsh—*Glâs y dorlan.*

Family III.—Hirundinidæ.

SWALLOW.

Latin—*Hirundo rustica.* Gaelic—*Gobhlan-gaoithe, Ainleog* (Alex. Macdonald). Irish—*Ailleog.* Manx—*Ghollan-gease.* Welsh—*Gwennol, Gwensol.*

The old proverb, that one swallow makes not summer, is common to all European languages. In Gaelic it is—Cha dean aon ghobhlan-gaoithe samhradh. In Irish—Cha deannan aon ailleog samhradh; and in Manx—Cha jean un ghollan-geaye sourey.

MARTIN.

Latin—*Hirundo urbica.* Gaelic—*Gobhlan-gaoithe, Gobhlan-taighe.* Welsh—*Marthin penbwl.*

SAND MARTIN.

Latin—*Hirundo riparia.* Gaelic—*Gobhlan-gainmhiche, Fallag* (Grey). Welsh—*Gennol y glennydd.*

SWIFT.

Latin—*Cypselus apus.* Gaelic—*Gobhlan-mor, Ainleog-mhor, Ainleog-dhubh, Ainleog-mhara* (Alex. Macdonald). Welsh—*Marthin dû.*

ALPINE SWIFT.

Latin—*Cypselus alpinus.* Gaelic—*Gobhlan-monaidh, Ainleog-mhonaidh, Gobhlan-nan-creag.*

This is a very rare bird. The Rev. J. E. Atkinson, in his "British Birds' Eggs and Nests," says—"A bird which is known to have visited us (in Britain) on some half-dozen occasions or so." However, I am inclined to believe that, in several parts of the Highlands, the Alpine Swift is to be found, though mistaken for the common swift. I know a very high precipice amongst the rocks of Strathardle, about 1400 feet above sea level, in which, in a crack or rent in the face of the cliff, the Alpine Swift has bred, and never missed a single season, from my earliest remembrance up till I left the district a few years ago, and I have no doubt they breed there still. My uncle has told me that, when he was a boy, over fifty years ago, they bred there then, and had been there from time immemorial. I do not wish to give the exact locality, for if I did, collectors would very likely have them shot this very season, and exterminate them, like so many more of our rarer birds and even wild flowers, when their few habitats become known to the public. The common swift generally lays two eggs, but sometimes three or four. How many the Alpine Swift lays I do not know; however, it must either lay a large number, or else there must have been several pairs nesting together in the crack in the rock to which I refer, for I have lain for hours watching them, after the young ones had flown, in a flock of twelve or sixteen, flying about high in the air, and then all darting down suddenly into the crack in the rock, in which they held a chattering, screeching concert for a minute or so, and then all pouring out in a torrent quicker than the eye could almost follow them, screeching very loudly, and, after a while circling about, repeating the same performance again and again. I could not be mistaken about this being the Alpine Swift, as its white belly at once distinguishes it from the common swift. Old and young keep together in a flock till they leave the country early in August. I have never seen them anywhere else.

NIGHT-JAR OR GOAT-SUCKER.

Latin—*Caprimulgus Europæus.* Gaelic—*Sgraichag-oidhche, Seobhag-oidhche.* (Grey.) Welsh—*Aderyn y droell. Rhodwr.*
Order III.—Rasores. Family I.—Columbidæ.

RING-DOVE OR WOOD PIGEON.

Latin—*Columba palumbus.* Gaelic—*Calman-fiadhaich, Calman-coille, Fearan, Smudan, Duradan, Guragug.* Welsh—*Ys-gythan.*

We have in Gaelic, as will be seen by several examples I have already given, many old nursery rhymes which cleverly imitate the cry of the different birds. That about the ring-dove closely imitates its cooing—Cha 'n ann de mo chuideachd thù, cha 'n ann de mo chuideachd thu, ars an calman—You are not of my flock, you are not of my flock, said the pigeon.

STOCK-DOVE.

Latin—*Columba œnas.* Gaelic—*Calman-fiadhaich, Calman-gorm.*

ROCK DOVE.

Latin—*Columba livida.* Gaelic—*Smudan, Smud, Calman-nan-creag, Calman-mara.*

A very common bird in the Hebrides and all along the West Coast. Grey says, in his "Birds of the West of Scotland"—"In Iona alone, though only a small island, we have as many as nine or ten caves frequented by pigeons, and in nearly every island of the Hebrides there is sure to be one called, *par excellence*, Uamh nan Calman—The Pigeons' Cave."

TURTLE-DOVE.

Latin—*Columba tutsur.* Gaelic—*Turtur* (Alexander Macdonald), *Gearrcach.* Welsh—*Colommen fair.*

The last Gaelic name I find given in the vocabulary of words not in common use given at the end of Kirk's Testament, published in 1690.

Family II.—Phasianidæ.

PHEASANT.

Latin—*Phasianus Colchicus.* Gaelic—*Easag.*

Though not a native British bird, the pheasant has been long established amongst us in the wooded straths of the Highlands. Grey says—"The first mention of the pheasant in old Scots Acts is in one dated June 8th, 1594, in which year a keen sportsman occupied the Scottish throne (James VI.) He might also have been called 'James the Protector' of all kinds of game. In the aforesaid year he ordained that quhatsumever person or persones at ony time hereafter sall happen to slay deir, harts, phesants, foulls, partricks, or uther wyld foule quhatsumever, ather with gun, croce bow, dagges, halkes, or girnes, or be uther ingine quhatsumever, or that he is found schutting with any gun therein,' &c shall pay the usual 'hundreth punds,' &c."

Family III.—Tetraonidæ.

CAPERCAILLIE, OR COCK OF THE WOOD.

Latin—*Tetrao urogallus.* Gaelic—*Caper-coille, Capul-coille* (Li foot), *Auer-coille* (Pennant). Welsh—*Ceiliog coed.*

The Cock of the Wood, the king of British game birds, i native of the Highlands, and of old was very common there, it became extinct, about 1760 until it was introduced again fi Norway by the late Marquis of Breadalbane, about thirty ye ago. It is mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis, Boethius, Bis Lesly, Pennant, and many other old writers. Pennant say "This species is found in no other part of Great Britain than Highlands of Scotland, north of Inverness; and is very rare e in those parts. It is there known by the name of Capercai Auer-calze, and in the old law books Caperkally. . . . I have seen one specimen at Inverness, a male, killed in the woods of Mr Chisholme, north of that place." In the Old Statistical Account the Rev. John Grant says, in 1794—"The last seen in Scotland was in the woods of Strathglass about 32 years ago." And in the account of the parish of Kiltarlity we read—"The Caperkally, or king of the wood, said to be a species of wild turkey, was formerly a native of this parish, and bred in the woods of Strathglass; one of these birds was killed about 50 or 60 years ago in the church-yard of Kiltarlity." It is also mentioned in the Statistical Accounts of Glen-Urquhart and Glenmoriston. Having been reintroduced first into Perthshire, the capercaillie is now naturally very common there, and that it was also so in olden times will be seen from the following letter of King James VI., after he had become James I. of Britain and gone to England, where he seems to have "hungered after the flesh-pots of Egypt" in the shape of capercaillie (though to our modern tastes it would be the last game flesh likely to be hungered after, owing to its strong flavour of fir, consequent on its living almost entirely on the young shoots of that tree), as he wrote to the Earl of Tullibardine, ancestor of the Duke of Athole, in 1617:—

"James R,—Right trustie and right well-beloved cosen and counseller, we greet you well. Albeit our knowledge of your dutiful affection to the good of our service and your country's credit doeth sufficientlie persuade us that you will earnestlie endeavour yourself to express the same be all the means in your power; yet there being some things in that behalf requisite, which seem, notwithstanding, of so meane moment, as in that regard both you and others might neglect the same if our love and care

of that, our native kingdom, made us not the more to trie their nature and necessity, and accordingly to give order for preparation of everything that may, in any part, import the honour and credit thereof. Which consideration, *and the known commoditie yee have to provide capercaillies and termigantes*, have moved us very earnestly to request you to employ both your oune pains and the travelles of your friendis, for provision of each kind of the saidis foules, to be now and then sent to us be way of present, be means of our deputy thesuarer, and so as the first sent thereof may meet us on the 19th of April at Durham, and the rest as we shall happen to meet and rancounter them in other places on our way from thence to Berwick. The raritie of these foules will both make their estimation the more pretious, and confirm the good opinion conceaved of the good cheare to be had there. For which respectis, not doubting but that yee will so much the more earnestlie endeavour yourself to give us acceptable service, we bid you farewell. At Whitehall, the 14th Marche, 1617."

In my native Strathardle, these birds have increased so much that, over a dozen years ago, I have seen them do a great deal of damage to Scotch fir and spruce trees by cutting off the previous year's leading shoots; though I well remember the first of them that came to the district. When I was a boy at school, about 1860, there came on, in harvest, a tremendous gale from the west; and it being then the holiday season, I was prowling about Kindrogan Rock, a few days after the great storm, when I came upon a great black bird sitting upon a tree, which I mistook for an eagle, only I was very much puzzled about its being so black. I duly informed my friend, the head keeper, about my black eagle, but he pooh-poohed me and told me it was only a big raven; however, he saw it shortly afterwards himself, and at once knew what bird it was, and he and the other keepers agreed that it must have been blown eastwards by the great gale from the woods of Athole or Bread-albane—an opinion with which I now quite agree, as I have often seen a capercaillie cock rise to a great height in the air and circle about for a long time like an eagle, when, if a smart gale came on, it might go a long distance before alighting. The woods of Faskally, a dozen miles to the west, and separated by a high range of mountains and bleak, open moors, was the nearest point where the capercaillie was then known. However, come as he may, he was there and stayed there, and was often seen during the winter, but in early spring he disappeared, and it was thought he was gone for good. However, he seemed only to have followed the example of the patriarchs of old, and gone to his own coun

try and his own kin for his wives, for, Jacob-like, he returned with two of them. When the breeding season came on I knew the nests of both hens; however, owing to an accident, only one of them hatched her brood. Next year I knew of several nests, and they soon spread all over the strath, and then eastwards through Glenisla into Forfarshire, thus recapercailling (if I may coin the word) Glenisla, where of old they were very common, as will be seen from an old song (a version of which is given in Gillies' collection, page 136) by James Shaw, laird of Crathinard, in Glenisla, to his future wife, Miss Machardy, niece to the Earl of Mar, and heiress of Crathie. One of the inducements he held out to her to leave her native Braes o' Mar and come and settle with him in Glenisla was that, though he knew nothing about sowing barley, yet he would keep her well supplied with all kinds of game, amongst the rest capercaillies—

"Gar am bheil mis eolach mu chur an eorna,
Gu 'n gleidhinn duit feoil nam mang.

Fiadh a fireach, is breac a linne,
'S boc biorach donn nan carn.
An lachag riabhach, geadh glas nan Iar-inns'
Is eala 's ciataiche snamh.

Eun ruadh nan ciar-mhon', mac criosgheal liath-chirc
Is cabaire riabhach coille."

BLACK-COCK.

Latin—*Tetrao tetrix.* Gaelic—*Coileach-dubh* (male), *Liath-chearc* (female). Welsh—*Ceiliog dû.*

In the song just quoted about the capercaillie it will be noticed the bard gives the black-cock a very poetical name, "Mac criosgheal liath-chirc"—white-belted son of the grey-hen. The capercaillie is almost always found in woods, and the grouse on the open moors, whilst the black-cock is the connecting-link, generally frequenting moors bordering on woods. In the old proverb its fondness for the heather is noted—"Is duilich an coileach-dubh a ghleideadh bho'n fhraoch"--it is difficult to keep the black-cock from the heather. Whilst in many of our old songs he is represented as sitting crowing on the trees at daybreak—

"Bu tu sealgair a' choilich
'S moch a ghoireadh air craoibh."

Thou art the slayer of the black-cock
That crows at dawn on the tree.

The crowing of the black-cock and the reply of the grey-hen are beautifully described by many of our best Gaelic bards. Macintyre in "Coire Cheathaich" says—

"'S a' mhaduinn chiuin-ghil, an am dhomh dusgadh,
Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam;
A' chearc le sgiucan a' gabhail tuchain,
'S an coileach cuirteil a' durdail crom."

And Macdonald, in "Allt an t-Siucair," says—

"An coileach-dubh ri durdan,
'S a chearc ri tuchan reidh."

Macintyre also describes the black-cock in his "Song of Summer":—

"Bidh an coileach le thorman tuchanach,
Air chnocaibh gorm a' durdanaich,
Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shiubhlacha,
Le ribheid dluith chur seol oirre;
Gob crom nam poncan lughora,
'S a chneas le dreach air dhublachadh,
Gu slios-dubh, girt-gheal, ur-bhallach,
'S da chirc a' sugradh boidheach ris.

This shows us the handsome black-cock, when full of life and love, crowing his amorous chants to his wives (for he is of the Mormon creed), and that he is beautiful even in death is proved by our old Gaelic proverb—"Na triuir mharbh a's boidh'che air bith: leanamh beag, breac geal, 'us coileach dubh"—The three prettiest dead: a little child, a white trout, and a black-cock. One of the oldest dancing pipe tunes in the Highlands goes:—

"Ruidhlidh na coilich-dhubha,
'S dannsaidh na tunnagan;
Ruidhlidh na coilich-dhubha
Air an tulaich lamh rium.

The black-cocks will reel,
And the wild ducks will dance;
The black-cocks will reel,
On the knowe beside me.

I have no doubt the smart black-cock would go through his part of the performance very creditably, but I am afraid the poor duck would make but an awkward attempt at tripping it on the light fantastic toe.

GROUSE.

Latin — *Lagopus Scoticus.* Gaelic — *Coileach-ruadh, Coileach-fraoich, Eun-fraoich* (mas.), *Cearc-ruadh, Cearc-fhraoich* (fem.) Welsh — *Ceiliog Mynydd, Jâr fynydd.*

The grouse is now the bird *par excellence* of the Highlands, so much so indeed that the first inquiry about the value of a Highland estate is the number of grouse that can be annually shot on it. Owing to the almost total extermination of all hawks, hooded crows, foxes, pole-cats, &c., and all such so-called vermin, on grouse-moors, that prey upon the grouse or their eggs, and to the great care and protection given these birds, they have multiplied to such an extent, that in this, as in all other similar cases, dire disease has been the result. On this point Grey says—"The jealous care with which this beautiful bird is protected appears of late years to have materially affected the well-being of the species. I cannot withhold expressing a fear that the Red Grouse of Scotland, if not soon left to its own resources, may ultimately become a victim to over-protection. The great changes that have taken place within the last thirty years in the management of moorland tracks, and the excessive rents now derived from such properties, have induced both land-owners and lessees to clear the ground of all animals that would naturally prey upon those birds which are not strong enough to protect themselves; hence, sickly broods of grouse perpetuate other broods that year by year degenerate until disease ensues, and in some instances almost depopulates an entire district. There can be no doubt that this unwarrantable destruction of hawks and buzzards affects adversely the condition of the birds with which our Scottish mountains are stocked—the number of wounded birds alone which survive the unprecedented annual slaughter, through which the Red Grouse is now obliged to pass, being an argument sufficient to show that such merciful agents are wanted to prevent the spread of enfeebled life." In olden times grouse shooting was a favourite sport, so we therefore find the grouse very often mentioned in old songs, under many poetical names, such as—Eun-ruadh nan ciar-mhon'—red bird of the grey hills; Coileach-ruadh an dranndan—the crowing red cock; An coileach is moiche a ghoireadh 's a bhruaich—the cock that earliest crows on the brae; Eun ruadh nan sgiath caol—red bird of the narrow wing. In a very old song, to a hunter on the hills of Athole, we have :—

'S tric a shiubh'l thu mon' Adholl
Ri la ceathach, fliuch, fuar,

Bu tu sealgair an fhirein
'S eoin chrin nan sgiath ruadh,

'S na circeige duinne
A bheireadh gur as a' bhruaich.

Oft hast thou roamed o'er the hills of Athole
On a cold, wet, misty day,

And there slain the eagle
And the small bird of the red wing,

And the little brown hen
That lays in the heather.

PTARMIGAN.

Latin— *Lagopus vulgaris.* Gaelic— *Tarmachan, Tarmonach* (Lightfoot). Welsh—*Coriar yr Alban* (Scottish Partridge).

I have never heard the last Gaelic name in common use, but as it is given by Lightfoot, who got all his Gaelic names from Dr Stuart of Killin and Luss, we can have no better authority. The ptarmigan is a truly Highland bird, only to be found on the top of our highest mountains, from which it never descends, even in the most severe weather, but burrows and feeds under the snow. This gave rise to the old saying "Gus an tig an tarmachan thigh nan cearc"—till the ptarmigan comes to the hen-house—applied to anything that will never happen. "Cha chuir fuachd no acras an tarmachan gu srath"—neither cold nor hunger will send the ptarmigan down to the strath.

PARTRIDGE.

Latin—*Perdix cinerea.* Gaelic—*Peirlog* (mas., Alex. Macdonald), *Peurstag, Cearc-thomain* (fem.) Welsh—*Coriar, Petrisen.*

The common partridge has increased very much in the Highlands since the introduction of turnips and the increase of arable land. The hill partridge, the Perdix cinera var. montana of Sir William Jardine, is also very common on the hills and higher glens of the Highlands of Perthshire and Forfarshire. It is a much handsomer bird than the common partridge.

RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE.

Latin—*Perdix rufa.* Gaelic — *Peurstag-dhearg-chasach, Cearc-thomain-dhearg-chasach.*

QUAIL.

Latin—*Coturnix vulgaris.* Gaelic—*Gearradh gort.* Welsh—*Sofliar, Rhino.*

The quail is far commoner in the Highlands than it is supposed to be, but, from its retired habits, it is seldom seen, and even when seen, it is generally mistaken for a partridge by ordinary observers. That it visits, and even breeds in, the remotest corners of the Highlands will be seen from the following quotation from Grey:—"When in the island of North Uist in the beginning of August 1870, Mr John Macdonald, Newton, showed me a nest of twelve eggs which had been taken near his residence about ten days previously. These are in the collection of Captain Orde." However, it appears amongst us in very small numbers compared with what it did amongst the ancient Israelites in the Wilderness, or even with what it does to the present day in some countries, according to the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, who says in his "British Birds' Eggs and Nests":—"In some countries its migratory hosts are so great than one hundred thousand are said to have been taken in a day."

Class IV.—Grallatores. Family I.—Charadriidæ.

GOLDEN PLOVER.

Latin—*Charadrius pluvialis.* Gaelic—*Feadag.* Welsh—*Cwttyn yr awr.*

This beautiful bird takes its Gaelic name, feadag (whistler), from its plaintive, melancholy cry; about which I have heard the following old legend in Strathardle:—Once upon a time the golden plover inhabited the low straths and river-sides, and was the sweetest songster of all the birds in the Highlands. It nestled and reared its young under the shelter of the thick bushes on the sunny braes, where it had plenty of food and led a comfortable happy life till there came on a very hot, scorching summer, the like of which was never known before or since. The heat began on "Yellow May-day" (La buidhe Bealltain), and increased more and more every day till midsummer, when every beast and bird began to suffer and complain very much of the heat. But amongst them all none grumbled so much as the golden plover, and it, at last, grew so discontented that it left its old haunts by the river-side and wandered upwards in search of cooler quarters. Up and up it went, over the banks and braes, through the woods and bogs, till at last it came to the open hillside, where it met the partridge, which then inhabited the highest hills and moors. Frenchmen of

to-day laugh at Britons and say that the first thing they do when they meet is to tell each other the very best thing they know—viz., what kind of day it is. Now, however ridiculous this habit may be, it, at least, has the merit of antiquity, for it was the very thing the partridge and the plover did on this hot, hot day, long, long ago, so long ago that the birds could then speak to each other in good Gaelic. So, after they had told each other that it was a hot day, yes, a very hot day, each recounted its sufferings. The plover said it had been nearly stifled with the heat in the close valley below, and if it could only get to the open hill-top to get the fresh breeze it would be all right; whilst the partridge said it had been nearly roasted alive by the glare of the sun on the open hill-side. So the upshot of the matter was that, as treaties were easier settled in those days than now, they decided to exchange places there and then. So the partridge flew downwards and settled under the shelter of the friendly bushes on the low meadows, whilst the plover winged his way upwards, and only stopped when he reached the top of the highest stone on the cairn, where he sang a sweet song in praise of the cool breeze always to be found at such a height. He cared nothing for the heat now, it was quite cool, and, with an extended view round about, and as everything had the charm of novelty, he led a happy life, and sang sweeter than ever, all through the summer and early harvest. But when the frosty nights began to creep on in October he did not begin to sing so early in the morning, and always stopped when the sun went down. When cold November's wintry blasts came on his song ceased altogether, and he could only give a long shrill whistle, but dark December's wild storms reduced even that to the low plaintive wail with which to this day the golden plover laments his folly in making such a hasty bargain. He never sang again, but has been mourning and lamenting ever since; even though the partridge, taking pity on his woeful condition, and touched by his mournful lament, afterwards relaxed the bargain so much as to allow the plover to return in winter to the low ground, on condition that it would keep to the sea-shore, and that the partridge would be allowed to go as far up the hills as it liked in summer. Such is the story as I got it—"Ma 's briag bh'uam e 's briag h-ugam e." From the swift flight of the plover we have the old saying, "Cho luath ris na feadagan firich"—as swift as the mountain plover.

DOTTEREL.

Latin—*Charadrius morinellus.* Gaelic—*Amadan-Mointich.*
Welsh—*Huttan.*

The Gaelic name of this bird—"The Peat-moss Fool"—is singularly appropriate, for, from its exceedingly foolish, simple, and unsuspicious habits, it falls an easy prey to all emenies.

RINGED PLOVER.

Latin—*Charadrius hiaticula.* Gaelic—*Trileachan-traighe, Bothag.* Welsh—*Mŏr Hedydd.*

GREY PLOVER.

Latin—*Squatarola cinerea.* Gaelic—*Greagag, Trileachan, Feadag-ghlas* (Grey). Welsh—*Cwttyn llwyd.*

LAPWING OR PEEWIT.

Latin—*Vanellus cristatus.* Gaelic—*Adharcan-luachrach, Adharcagluachrach, Pibhinn* (Grey). Welsh—*Cornchwigl.*

I find that in Galloway and many parts of the south of Scotland this bird is universally disliked, ever since the old Covenanting days, when it betrayed many a wanderer on the hills to the blood-thirsty troopers, by its well-known habit of following anyone who may come near its haunts, making a clamorous outcry. Captain Burt also, in his letters from the North of Scotland, mentions another rather curious reason why the peewit was disliked in olden times in Scotland; it is also mentioned by other writers, especially by the Rev. James Headrick in his "Agricultural View of Forfarshire," published in 1813. He says:—"The green plover or peeseweep appears early in spring and goes off in autumn. As they only come north for the purpose of incubation, and are very lean, none of them are liked for food. They return to the fenny districts of England, where they get very fat, and are killed in great numbers. In consequence of the inveteracy excited by the ambitious pretensions of Edward I. to the Scottish crown, an old Scottish Parliament passed an Act ordering all the peeseweeps' nests to be demolished, and their eggs to be broken; assigning as a reason, that *these birds might not go south and become a delicious repast to our unnatural enemies the English.*"

TURNSTONE OR HEBRIDAL SANDPIPER.

Latin—*Strepsilas interpres.* Gaelic—*Gobhachan, Trileachan-traighe.* Welsh—*Huttan y mŏr.*

SANDERLING.

Latin—*Calidris arenaria.* Gaelic—*Luadhearan-glas, Trileachan-glas.* Welsh—*Llwyd y tywod.*

OYSTER-CATCHER OR SEA-PIET.

Latin—*Hæmatopus ostralegus.* Gaelic—*Gille-bride Gille-bridein, Bridean, Dolid.* Welsh—*Piogen y mŏr.*

Family II.—Gruidæ.

CRANE.

Latin—*Grus cinerea.* Gaelic—*Corra-mhonaidh.* Welsh—*Gan un.*

This fine bird, though now seldom or never seen in the Highlands, used to be very common, and to be reckoned equal in value to a swan. In the rental-roll of the old Abbey of Coupar-Angus, I find the crane often mentioned in old tacks to tenants of the Abbey, who also held the office of fowler. I may give an example of one by Abbot Donald Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll—an ecclesiastic who had a keen relish for the good things of this life:—Tack to John Sowter, of Mylnhorn, 1541. "Be it kend till all men be thir present letres, we Donald, be the permission of God, Abbot of Cowper. . . . . For the gratitudis and thanks done to ws and our said Abbey, be our familiar seruitor Johane Sowter . . . and for vtheris gude caussis moving ws to have sett and formale latt, to our welebelouittis the said Johane Sowter, and to Isabell Pilmour, his spous, all and hale the tane half of our corn myln and landis of Milnhorn. . . . the entres thairof to begyn at the fest of Witsunday in the zeir if God Im Vc and fourty-ane zeris . . . for three poundis gude and vsuall money, at Witsunday and Mertymes, together with xviii. capones for thair pultre, and ilk tuay zeris arris ane fed bair, guide and sufficient (and every two years one fat boar, good and sufficient) vpoun thre monthis' warnying. And the said Johane sall hunt and vse the craft of fowlarie at all times at his power, and quhat fowlis at happynnis to be slain be him, or be any vtheris at he is pairtisman with, they sall present the saymn to our said place, to cellerar or stewartis thairof for the tyme, vpoun the pricis efter following, that is to say—Ilk wild guiss, tuay schillingis; ilk cran and swan, five schillingis; pluffar, dotrale, quhape, duik, reidschank, schotquhaip, and tele, and all vther sic small fowlis, ilk pece, four penneis; petrik, ilk pece viiid. And in cace that the said Johane Sowter failzies in his said craft, and diligence for using of the samen, or at he absent the fowlis tane be him and vtheris as said is, it being notirlie knawing or sufficientlie preving befor ws, the said Abbot, or that he will nocht purge himself, in that cace the said Johane salbe in ane vnlaw of xxxs. (thirty shillings) for ilk falt beand preving or vnpurgit as said is."

Family III.—Ardeidæ.

COMMON HERON.

Latin—*Ardea cinerea.* Gaelic—*Corra-ghlas, Corra-riabhach, Corra-sgriach, Corra-chrithich, Corra-ghriobhach, Corra-ghlas* (Deut. xiv. 18.) Welsh—*Cryr glas.*

From the extreme patience of the heron when waiting for fish to come its way arose the old saying:—Iasgach na corra—The heron's fishing, a model of patience.

WHITE HERON.

Latin—*Ardea alba.* Gaelic—*Corra-bhan.* Welsh—*Cryr gwyn.*

COMMON BITTERN.

Latin—*Botaurus stellaris.* Gaelic—*Corra-ghrain, Bubaire, Graineag, Stearnall* (Alex. Macdonald). Welsh—*Aderyn y bwnn, Bwmpy gors.*

WHITE STORK.

Latin—*Ciconia alba.* *Gaelic—Corra-bhan* (Deut. xiv. 18).

SPOON-BILL.

Latin—*Platalea leacorodia.* Gaelic—*Gob-lathainn.*

Family IV.—Scolopacidæ.

CURLEW.

Latin—*Numenius arquata.* Gaelic—*Guilbneach, Crotach-mhara.* Welsh—*Gylfinhir.*

This bird is so very wary in its habits that it gave rise to the old saying—Is sealgair math a mharbhas geadh, 'us corr', 'us guilbneach. He is a good sportsman who kills a wild goose, a heron, and a curlew.

WHIMBREL.

Latin — *Numenius phæopus.* Gaelic — *Eun-Bealltainn, Leth-ghuilbneach.* Welsh—*Coeg ylfinhir.*

The whimbrel, or, as its name means in Gaelic, the May-bird or half-curlew, is now almost, if not altogether, a migratory bird, though once breeding quite common with us. Lightfoot says, in 1772:—"The whimbrel breeds in the heath of the Highland hills, near Invercauld."

RED-SHANK.

Gaelic — *Cam-ghlas, Ridghuilanach* (A. Macdonald), *Gob-labh-arrtha* (A. Macdonald), *Clabhais feach* (Grey). Welsh—*Coesgoch.*

COMMON SANDPIPER.

Latin—*Totanus hypoleuca.* Gaelic—*Trileachan-traighe, Trileachan-traighich, Earr-ghainmhich, Boag, Luathrain.* Welsh—*Pibydd-y-traeth.*

GREENSHANK.

Latin—*Totanus glottis.* Gaelic—*Deoch Bhingh* (Grey). Welsh—*Coeswordd.*

BLACK-WINGED STILT.

Latin—*Himpantopus melnnopterus.* Gaelic—*Fad-chasach, Lurgan-ach.* Welsh—*Cwttyn hirgoes.*

This is a very rare bird now in the Highlands, though not so long ago it seems to have been found in many different districts. Don mentions, in his Forfarshire list of birds, that it was found on the mountains of Glen-Clova, also on Ben-Lawers in Perthshire. It is also mentioned in the New Statistical Account of the parish of Glensheil as being a rare bird in that parish in 1836; also in several other districts.

BAR-TAILED GODWIT.

Latin—*Limosa rufa.* Gaelic—*Rhoid ghuilbneach* (Grey). Welsh —*Rhostog rhudd.*

RUFF.

Latin — *Machetes pugnax.* Gaelic— *Gibeagan.* Welsh — *Yr Ymladdgar.*

WOODCOCK.

Latin—*Scolopax rusticola.* Gaelic—*Coilleach-coille, Crom-nan-duilleag, Creobhar, Grailbeag, Uddacag* (A. Macdonald), *Uday* (Uist). Welsh—*Cyffylog.*

I have already had to lament so often that so many of our birds have either become extinct altogether, or else extremely rare, that it is with great pleasure that I now come to one that seems to be increasing vastly with us, and also now staying to breed with us regularly. Pennant says in 1772:—"These birds appear in flights on the east coasts of Scotland about the end of October, and sometimes sooner; if sooner, it is a certain sign of the winter being early and severe; if later, that the beginning of the winter will be mild. Woodcocks make a very short stay on the east coasts owing to their being destitute of wood; but some of them resort to the moors, and always make their progress from east to west. They do not arrive in Breadalbane, a central part of the kingdom, till the beginning or middle of November; and the coasts of Northern Lorn or of Ross-shire till December or January; are very rare in the more remote Hebrides, or in the Orkneys. A few stragglers now and then arrive there. They are equally scarce in Caithness. I do not recollect that any have been discovered to have bred in North Britain." As a proof that woodcocks are not scarce in the Isles now, I may mention that Thompson, in his "Birds of Ireland," tells us that in the winter of 1846-47 one thousand woodcocks were killed on two estates alone in Islay—Ardinmersy and

Islay House. And as for it not breeding in Scotland, whatever it did in Pennant's time it certainly breeds there now by the hundred, if not by the thousand, from Sutherland to Mull of Galloway. Grey, in his "Birds of the West of Scotland," says that it has bred regularly for the last thirty years at Tarbat; also at Beaufort Castle, and Captain Cash of Dingwall informed him that it nests in the woods of Brahan Castle and Castle Leod. I have known it breed at Raigmore. It has also bred in Kindrogan woods in Strathardle for at least fifty years, and I now find it breeding very commonly in Galloway. The Rev. J. C. Atkinson, Grey, and many other writers, mention the curious fact that the woodcock carries its young between its feet from the coverts to the feeding grounds in the neighbouring bogs; and Mr Stewart, head-keeper to H. G. Murray Stewart, Esq. of Broughton and Cally, informs me that when he was with the Earl of Mansfield in Perthshire he, one evening about dusk, shot what he took to be a hawk carrying off a bird, but which, when he went to pick it up, turned out to be a woodcock carrying one of its young from a thick covert to a bog to feed. Alex. Macdonald says, in his "Failte na Morthir":—

"Coillich-choille 's iad ri coilleig
Anns an doire chranntail."

Alluding to its migratory habits, coming at the beginning of winter, the old Manx proverb says—"Cha jean un ghollan-geaye Sourey, ny un chellagh-keylley Geurey"—One swallow makes not summer, nor one woodcock winter.

SNIPE.

Latin—*Scolopax gallinago.* Gaelic—*Croman-loin, Buta-gochd, Meannan-adhair, Gabhar-adhair, Gabhar-oidhche, Eun-ghurag Eun-ghabhraig, Leondhrag, Ianrag, Eun-arag, Boc-sac, Bocan-loin, Naosg.* Welsh—*Y sm ittan, Y fyniar.*

What a formidable list of Gaelic names—there is a different name for the snipe in almost every glen in the Highlands. No wonder though the old proverb says—The uiread de ainmeannan air ris an naosg—He has as many names as the snipe. It takes its Gaelic names of Gabhar-adhair (sky-goat or air-goat), Meannan adhair (sky or air kid), from its cry being so very like the bleating of a goat.

JACK SNIPE.

Latin — *Scolopax gullimula.* Gaelic — *Croman-beag, Gabhrag-bheag.* Welsh—*Giach.*

DUNLIN.

Latin—*Tring a variabilis.* Gaelic—*Pollaran, Pollairean* (summer), *Gille-feadaig* (winter). Welsh—*Pibydd rhuddgoch.*

The Gaelic name of the Dunlin—Pollaran, small bird of the mud holes—describes its habits in a single word, as it is always to be found wading in muddy holes left by the receding tide, in search of its food.

Family V.—Rallidæ.

LAND RAIL.

Latin—*Crex prtaensis.* Gaelic—*Treun-ri-treun, Treubhna, Treunna.* Welsh—*Rhegen yr yd.*

A very curious habit of this bird, which does not seem to be generally known, is that if it is quietly approached after dark in a hay field where there is a thick cover, when it is "craking" it will allow one to come so close as to stand right over it, and still continues to utter its harsh cry. I have often followed it so, right across a field; but though I was within a few inches of it I could never see it. I have often tried to catch it, when leaning right over it, by suddenly dropping down upon it. However, it always springs up some yards in front. It glides so very quietly and swiftly through the grass, and is so sharp that it can well allow a very near approach and still feel safe enough.

WATER-RAIN.

Latin—*Rallus aquaticus.* Gaelic—*Snagan-allt, Dubh-snagan, Snagan-dubh.* Welsh—*Cwtiar.*

This is one of the very shiest of British birds. It can slip away or hide itself where there is scarcely a particle of cover; and from this comes the old proverb—B'e sin buachailleachd nan snagan-dubh 's an luachair—That were the herding of the water-rail among the rushes; applied to any impossible undertaking.

WATER HEN.

Latin—*Gallinula chloropus.* Gaelic—*Cearc-uisge.* Welsh—*Dwfriar.*

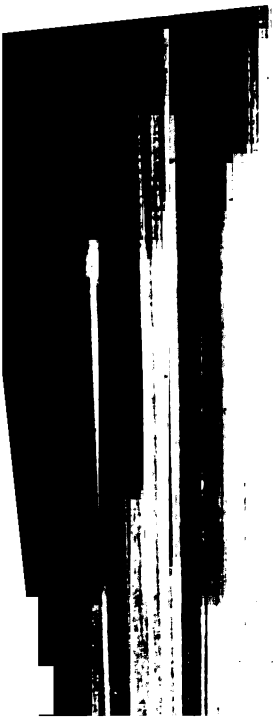
Family VI.—Lobipedidæ.

COOT, OR BALD COOT.

Latin—*Fulica atra.* Gaelic—*Lacha-bhlar, Eun-snamhtha* (Alex. Macdonald). Welsh—*Jar ddwfr foel fwyaf.*

RED-NECKED PHALAROPE.

Latin—*Phalaropus byperboreus.* Gaelic—*Deargan-allt* (Grey). Welsh—*Pibydd côch llydan-droed.*



The brown-striped
And the proudly-s

The grey-lag may well b
Isles," as it is a perman
a friend to the crofters
quotation from Grey :—
confined during the breed
nurseries of the Outer H
quiet life, being but seldo
slender crops are being
farmers prefer the practic
extreme measure of powde
indeed, the flocks of wild g
a very important one it i
been kept at bay by fires
is over the geese gather
destructive to farm produ
utmost watchfulness on th
check. Several fires are
night and day, and by this
saved. But the moment
geese, which are continuall
pitch on the unprotected s
they are discovered."

Latin—*Anser segetum.* G

or warrior-bird. It is only a winter visitor with us, going to the Arctic regions to breed. It was its coming to us in such vast flocks, and yet never being known to lay eggs or breed, that gave rise to the absurd old belief that the Bernicle Goose, instead of being bred from an egg like other birds, came from a shell that grew on trees in the Hebrides. Even so late as the time of Gerald, the herbalist, we find this ridiculous theory still believed, as he tells us "that in the northern parts of Scotland there existed certain trees bearing, instead of fruit, small russet coloured shells which opened at maturity, and let fall little living things which, at the touch of ocean, became bernicles." The worthy botanist then proceeds to relate "what his own eyes had seen and his own hands had touched on a small island strewed with sea-waifs, in the shape of wrecks and the trunks of trees covered with a froth or spume. This froth changed into shells containing something like lace of silk finely woven, as it were, together, one end being attached to the inside of the shell, and the other in a loose mass or lump of matter. When this is perfectly formed the shell gapeth open, and the first thing that appeareth is the foresaid lace or string, next come the legs of the bird hanging out, and as it groweth greater it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth, and hangeth only by the bill; in short space after it cometh to full maturity and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth into a fowl bigger that a mallard and lesser that a goose." Wild as this story is, Chambers says it is matched by even a higher authority, Sir Robert Murray, one of His Majesty's Council for Scotland, who records, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1678, how he plucked several shells from a rotten fir tree on the Isle of Uist, and upon opening them found each one containing the rudiments of a bird—the little bill like that of a goose, the eyes marked, the head, neck, breast, wings, tail, and feet formed, the feathers everywhere perfectly shaped and blackish coloured. So widespread was this belief, and so thoroughly believed, that the high authorities of the Roman Catholic Church decreed that as the bernicles were not engendered of flesh they were not to be considered as birds, and might, therefore, be eaten by the faithful on fast days. I may add that the shells from which the bernicle was supposed to come belongs to a variety of mollusks, now know to naturalists as Cirripedia. I suspect the word bernicle, as either applied to the bernicle goose or the shell-fish, comes from the Gaelic Bairnnach—a limpet or shell-fish (Alex. Macdonald)—literally, the notched or nicked shell. The bernicle goose is often mentioned in our old lore. In Gillies' rare work, in an old Iorram, page 50, we have:—

"Bu tu sealgair a' chathain
Theid san athar le scaoim,"

and in the same work we have in an old song by Donald Gorm's daughter to Lachlan og Mackinnon: —

"Gur sealgair geoidh 's cathain thu,
Roin mhaoil re taobh na mara thu,
Theid miol-choin ann an tabhann leat
'S bidh abhaic air an lorg."

BRENT GOOSE.

Latin — *Anser, Greuta.* Gaelic — *Geadh-got, Got-gheadh, Giruenas* (Grey). Welsh—*Gwyran, fanyw.*

HOOPER, OR WILD SWAN.

Latin—*Cyngas ferus.* Gaelic—*Eala, Eala-fhiadhaich, Eala-bhas.* Welsh—*Alarch, gwyllt.*

The wild swan—Nighean uchd-gheal nan sruth —"The white-bosomed maiden of the streams," as it is poetically called by some of our old bards, is perhaps oftener mentioned in the old lore of the Highlands than any other bird. Its graceful form, purity of colour, and majestic and easy motions on the water, made it a theme for the poet and the lover, who compared his lady-love to the graceful swan. Macintyre says of Iseabal Og:—

'S e coltas na h-ainnir
An eal 'air an t-snàmh.

As graceful the maiden
As swan on the lake.

And Macdonald says of Morag:—

Maighdeann bhoidheach nam bas caoine,
'S iad cho maoth ri cloimh na h-eala.

Beautiful maiden, whose hands are as white
And as soft as the down of the swan.

And often when separated by the sea, the ardent lover wished he could swim like the swan, and so reach his beloved, as we have it in C 'aite 'n caidil an ribhinn:—

'S e dh 'iarrninn riochd na h-eala bhain
A shnamhas thar a' chaolas,
'Us rachainn féin troimh thonnaibh breun
A chuir an geill mo ghaoil dhuit.

If, like the swan, I now could sail
Across the trackless ocean;

Ere break of day my love I'd hail,
And prove my heart's devotion.

From its great size, and extremely wary habits, making it so difficult to capture, the swan was always an object of ambition to the sportsman :—

Bu tu sealgair na h-eala,
'S neul a fal' air a taobh.

As I mentioned before, when at the eagle, no Highlander was reckoned a finished sportsman till he had killed an eagle, a swan, and a royal stag. The wild swans, with very few exceptions, always retire to the Arctic regions in summer to breed, a fact well known to our ancestors, for in "Miann a' Bhaird Aosda"—"The Aged Bard's Wish"—the bard tells us that the swan—the beautiful maiden of the snow-white breast, that swims so gracefully o'er the waves, and rises on a light wing, flies through the clouds to the cold regions of the many waves, where never a sail was spread on a mast, or the waves cut by an oaken prow of ship; the swan that travelled from the region of waves shall sing her lament for her love to the aged bard :—

"Bithidh nighean aluinn an uchd-bhain
A' snamh le sgriach air barr nan tonn ;
'Nuair thogas i sgiath an aird
A measg nan nial, cha'n fhas i trom.

'S tric i ag asdar thar a chuan,
Gu aisridh fhuar nan ioma tonn,
Anns nach togar breid ri crann,
'S nach do reub sron daraich tuinn.

Bithidh tusa ri dosan nan tòm
Le cumhadh do ghaoil ann ad bheul,
Eala thriall o thùr nan tonn,
'S tu seinn dhomh ciuil 'an àird nan speur.

It is a very ancient belief common to most nations, especially the Celts, that the swan sings very sweetly when wounded or before it dies. Most naturalists deny this, but the inhabitants of the remote wild districts now frequented by the wild swans are just as positive that they do sing, and certainly they should know best. On this point Mr A. A. Carmichael sent me the following note from Uist :—"This exceedingly beautiful and graceful bird used to be a constant winter visitor to all those islands. It is not so much now. In a severe winter a flock of swans still comes to

Lochbee in South Uist, but nowhere else that I have ascertained. Lochbee is the largest fresh water lake in the Long Island, but the water was reduced in it some years ago, and since then the swans do not seem to have the same favour for it. It does not seem a settled point yet whether the swan sings or not. Naturalists maintain that it does not, and yet several persons who have had opportunity of judging have assured me that it does. I have minutely examined persons who live near Lochbee, and all maintain that the swan sings. Some of these positively assert that they have often stood spell-bound listening to the music of the swan—'the most beautiful melodist in the "*ealtainn*."' They sing in part even at a long distance, a mile or more. This is declared by four brothers (Macinnes) at Lochcarnan, South Uist, each of which says that he often stood spell-bound to listen to the singing of the swan in early frosty mornings—when they sing best—ere sunrise. Nothing can exceed the sweet music of the swan. They come in November, and leave at St Bride. The song of the dying swan is often mentioned in our early literature, as in 'Dan an Deirg' we have :—

"Mar bhinn-ghuth eala 'n guin bàis,
No mar cheolan chaich mu 'n cuairt di."

"Like the sweet voice of the swan, in the agony of death,
Or like the songs of the others round about her."

Dr Smith, in his "Sean Dana," in a note on these lines, says:—"Some naturalists deny the singing of the swan, so often mentioned by the Greek and Latin, as well as by the Celtic poets. If the singing of the swan is to be reckoned among the vulgar errors, it has been a very universal one. Over the west of Scotland, it is still frequently affirmed, as a fact, that the swans that frequent those parts in winter are heard to sing some very melodious notes when wounded or about to take their flight. The note of the swan is called in Gaelic, Guileag; and a ditty called "Luinneag na h-eala," composed in imitation of it, begins thus:—

"Guileag ì, Guileag ò,
Sgeula mo dhunach
Guileag ì;
Rinn mo léireadh,
Guileag ò
Mo chasan dubh, &c."

BEWICK'S SWAN.

Latin—*Cygnus Bewickii.* Gaelic—*Eala-Bheag.* Welsh—*Alrahc, Lleiaf*

Of this bird, Mr Grey says:—In the Outer Hebrides this, the smallest of our British swans, is well recognised. It frequents the same lakes as the Hooper, and is easily distinguished from that species, even at a distance. Sometimes a flock is seen to remain together in a compact body, and continue for some time feeding on the shallower parts of the loch, thus affording a good "family shot" to the watchful sportsman. In the east of Scotland it has likewise been noticed from Berwickshire to the Shetlands, where it is known as a regular visitant, appearing at the same time as the Hooper.

MUTE SWAN.

Latin—*Cygnus olor.* Gaelic—*Eala.* Welsh—*Alarch.*

COMMON SHIELDRAKE.

Latin—*Tadorna vulpanser.* Gaelic—*Cradh-gheadh.* Welsh—*Hwyad yr eithin, Hywad fruith.*

The shieldrake, one of the most beautiful of all our wild fowl, is very common all over the Hebrides, so much so in Uist as to have given it the name of Ubhaist nan cradh-gheadh—Uist of the shieldrakes. Ian Lom, the bard, says:—

"Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiaghaich
Mar bu chubhaidh leam iarraidh
Gu Uidhist bheag riabhach nan cradh-gheadh."

Going to the passage of the ocean wild
As seemingly as we could desire
To little brindled Uist of the shieldrakes.

SHOVELLER.

Latin—*Anas clypeata.* Gaelic—*Gob-leathan.* Welsh—*Hwyad lydanbig.*

GADWALL.

Latin—*Anas strepera.* Gaelic—*Lach-ghlas.* Welsh—*Y gors hywad lwyd.*

WILD DUCK.

Latin—*Anas boschas.* Gaelic—*Lach, Lach-a-chinn-uaine Lach-ghlas, Lach-ruadh* (Uist), *Lach-riablach* (mas.), *Tunnag fhiadhaich, Tunnag-riabhach* (fem.) Welsh—*Cors Hwyad, Garan Hwyad, Hydnwy.*

This being the most common of all the duck tribe, is very often mentioned in our old bird lore. Alex. Macdonald says in Allt-an-t-Siucair:—

"An coire lachach, dràcach.

In olden times Glenlyon seems to have been famed for wild ducks, for in that ancient poem, "Oran na Comhachaig," or "Song of the Owl," we have—

Thoir soraidh nam thun an loch,
Far am faic mi 'bhos 's thall,
Gu uisge Leamhna nan lach.

TEAL.

Latin—*Anas crecca.* Gaelic—*Crann-lach, Crion-lach* (little duck), *Siolta* (A. Macdonald), *Darcan* (A. Macdonald). Welsh—*Cor Hwyad, Crach Hyad.*

WIDGEON.

Latin—*Anas Penelope.* Gaelic—*Glas-lach.* Welsh—*Chwiw.*

EIDER DUCK.

Latin—*Somateria mollissima.* Gaelic—*Lach-lochlannach, Loch-mhor* (Harris), *Lach-Cholonsa, Lach-heisgeir* (Uist), *Calcach.* Welsh—*Hwyad fwythblu.*

This duck gets its first Gaelic name—Scandinavian duck—from its being so common in these northern regions; that of Lach-mhor—big duck—from its large size; and its third and fourth names from its being so common on the islands of Colonsa and Heisker. Mr Grey says—"The extraordinary number of Eider Ducks found on the island of Colonsa has gained for this bird the local name of Lach-Cholonsa over a considerable portion of the western districts of Scotland." Colcach seems to be the ancient name, for Dean Munro, who wrote his "Description of the Hybrides" in 1594, describes it under the name of Colcach. Martin uses the same name in 1716, in his "Description of the Western Islands." Of Martin's description of the eider Mr Grey says— "Martin also mentions the bird which he describes by the name of colk (the Gaelic one still in use) and gives a most glowing and exaggerated description of its plumage, which he compares to that of the peacock! At the close of his ornithological records, however, he makes the following highly curious remark, which may, to some extent, account for his magnified description—'The air is here moist and moderately cold, the natives qualifying it some times by drinking a glass of *usquebaugh.* The moisture of this place is such that a loaf of sugar is in danger to be dissolved.' The precise nature of the humidity is not explained, nor yet the cause, though the melting of the sugar is rather suggestive."

VELVET SCOTER.

Latin — *Oidemia fusca.* Gaelic — *Lach-dhubh, Tunnag ghleast.* Welsh—*Hwyad felfedog.*

COMMON SCOTER.

Latin—*Oidemia nigra.* Gaelic—*Tunnag-dhubh* (Grey) Welsh—*Y Fôr-Hwyad ddû.*

POCHARD, OR DUN BIRD.

Latin—*Fuligula ferina.* Gaelic—*Lach-mhasach, Lach-dhearg-cheannach, Tunnag-dhearg-cheannach.* Welsh—*Hwyad bengoch.*

TUFTED.

Latin—*Fuligula cristata.* Gaelic—*Currachag, Ceann molach.* Welsh—*Hwyad goppog.*

LONG-TAILED DUCK.

Latin—*Fuligula glacialis.* Gaelic—*Eun-buchuinn, Ian-buchain, Lach-bhinn.* Welsh—*Hwyad gynffon guennol.*

Mr Grey says:—"The cry of this bird is very remarkable, and has obtained for it the Gaelic name of Lach-bhinn—or musical duck—which is most appropriate, for when the voices of a number of them are heard in concert, rising and falling, borne along by the breeze between the rollings of the surf, the effect is musical, wild, and startling. The united cry of a large flock sounds very like bagpipes at a distance; but the note of a single bird when heard very near is not so agreeable." The long-tailed duck is often mentioned as a sweet singer by our old bards. Alexander Macdonald says, in Allt an t-Siucair:—

" Bidh guileag eala 'tuchan,
'S eoin-bhuchuinn am barr thonn,
Aig ionbhar Alt an t-Siucair,
'Snamh luth chleasach le fonn;
Ri seinn gu moiteil cuirteil,
Le muineil-chiuil 's iad crom,
Mar mhala pioba 's lub air;
Ceol aoifidh, ciuin, nach trom."

He also says, in "Oran Rioghail a' Bhotail:—

'S binne na luinneag eoin-bhuchuinn,
Bhiodh ri tuchan am barr thonn,
Guileag do mhuineil a's giuig ort—
Cuisle-chiuil a dhuisgeadh fonn.

GOLDEN EYE.

Latin—*Fuligula clangula.* Gaelic—*Lach-a-chinn-uaine, Lach-bhreac* Welsh—*Llydad aur.*

SMEW.

Latin—*Mergus albellus.* Gaelic—*Sioltaiche-breac, Sioltan-ban, Sioltan-breac.* Welsh—*Lleian wen.*

RED-BREASTED MERGANSER.

Latin—*Mercus serrator.* Gaelic—*Sioltaiche* (Lightfoot) *Sioltan, Siolta-dhearg* (Grey). Welsh—*Trochydd danheddog.*

GOOSANDER.

Latin—*Mergus merganser.* Gaelic—*Lach-fhiacillach. Tunnag-fhiacillach, Sioltaiche, Sioltan, Siolta-bheag* (Grey). Welsh—*Hwyad ddanheddog.*

Family II.—Colymbidæ.

LITTLE GREBE, OR DABCHICK.

Latin — *Podiceps minor.* Gaelic — *Spag-ri-ton, Spagaire-tuinne, Goblachan-uisge* (Grey), *Fad-monadh* (Hebrides). Welsh—*Harri gwlych dy big.*

GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

Latin—*Colymbus glacialis.* Gaelic—*Bur-bhuachaill* (Lightfoot), *Bun-bhuachaill, Muir-bhuachaill* (Grey), *Fur-bhuachaill, Ianglas-an-sgadain.* Welsh—*Trochydd mawr.*

Pennant says :—"In Scotland it is called Muir-bhuachaill, or the Herdsman of the Sea, from the credulous belief that it never quits that element." This name is very appropriate to such a dweller on the sea. However, it seems to have had in olden times a much more reverend title, for we read in the Rev. J. Buchanan's "Travels in the Hebrides," published in 1793, that it was then called there the *Bishop Carara.*

BLACK-THROATED DIVER.

Latin — *Colymbus articus.* Gaelic — *Fur-bhuachaill, Brollach-bothan, Learga* (Grey). Welsh—*Trochydd gwddfdu.*

Mr Grey says :—In dry seasons, especially, their extraordinary cry frequently startles the lonely traveller as he passes their haunts, making the still waters resound with strange echoes. The natives of Benbecula and North Uist compare it to "Deoch ! deoch ! deoch ! tha'n loch a traoghadh," which may be interpreted by the words, "Drink ! drink ! drink ! the lake is nearly dried up."

RED-THROATED DIVER.

Latin — *Colymbus septentrionalis.* Gaelic — *Muir-bhuachaill, Learga-mhor, Learga-chaol, Learga-uisge, Learga-fairge.* Welsh—*Trochydd gwddfgoch.*

Family III.—Aloadæ.

COMMON GUILLEMOT.

Latin—*Uria troile.* Gaelic—*Gearradh-breac, Eun-a-chrubain. Eun-dubh-a-chrullain, Langach, Langaidh* (Barra) *Eun-an-Sgadain, Eun-dubh-an-Sgadain.* Welsh—*Gwilym.*

RINGED GUILLEMOT.

Latin—*Uria lacrymaus.* Gaelic—*Gearradh-breac* Welsh—*Chwilog.*

BLACK GUILLEMOT.

Latin—*Uria Grylle.* Gaelic—*Calltag, Caileag* (Grey), *Callag, Gearr-ghlas* (Young). Welsh—*Gwilym dû.*

LITTLE AUK.

Latin — *Mergulus melanolencous.* Gaelic—*Colcach bheag.* Welsh—*Carsil bach.*

PUFFIN, OR COULTERNEB.

Latin—*Fratercula arctica.* Gaelic—*Fachach, Colcach, Colgach, Coltrachan, Conntachan, Comhdachan, Colcair, Colgaire,* (Harris), *Coltair-cheannach, Seumas Ruadh* (Barra), *Peata Ruadh, Buthaigre* (St Kilda) Welsh—*Puffingen.*

The Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, in his History of St Kilda, published in 1764, says:—"The bougir of Hirta (St Kilda) is by some called the coulterneb, and by others the puffin. It is a very sprightly bird, in size like a pigeon. Incredible flights of the puffins flutter, during the whole summer season, round St Kilda and the two isles pertaining to it; sometimes they cover whole spots of ground, and sometimes while on the wing, involve everything below them in darkness, like a small cloud of locusts in another country. There are two different kinds of them—the one larger, the other smaller, with some other marks of diversity, scarce worthy of being pointed out. Their feathers are the softest produced here, their eggs are white and of much the same bigness with those of a hen. The people of this isle live mostly all the summer on the two kinds of this fowl together with eggs of various sorts, and I shall make no difficulty of affirming that the place could easily afford enough of these different articles to support two thousand persons more during the season."

RAZOR-BILL.

Latin—*Alca aorda.* Gaelic—*Coltraiche, Dui eunach* (Grey), *Dui-suineach, Ian-dubh-an-sgadain, Sgrab* (Barra), *Lamhaidh* (St Kilda). Welsh—*Carsil, Gualch y penwaig.*

GREAT AUK.

Latin—*Alca impennis.* Gaelic—*Gearbhul, Bunna-bhuachaille, Colca, Colcair.* Welsh—*Carsil mawr.*

This large, curious, and interesting bird is now extinct, not only in Britain, but also in all other known parts of the world, though it used to breed in St Kilda, the last one known being captured off that island in 1821 by Mr Maclennan, tacksman of Scalpa. The great auk is mentioned by Sir George Mackenzie and other early writers, also by Martin, in his "Voyage to St Kilda," published in 1698. He says:—"The Sea Fowls are first Gairfowl, being the stateliest, as well as the Largest of all the Fowls here, and above the size of a Solan Goose, of a Black Colour, Red about the Eyes, a large white spot under each eye, a long broad bill; stands stately, his whole body erected, his Wings short; he Flyeth not at all; lays his egg upon the bare rock, which if taken away, he lays no more for that Year. He comes without regard to any wind, appears about the first of May, and goes away about the middle of June." In his "History of St Kilda," published in 1764, the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay says:—"I had not an opportunity of knowing a very curious fowl sometimes seen upon this coast, and an absolute stranger, I am apt to believe, in every other part of Scotland. The men of Hirta call it the Garefowl. This bird is above four feet in length. From the bill to the extremities of the feet, its wings are, in proportion to its size, very short. The St Kildians do not receive an annual visit from this strange bird, as from all the rest in the list, and from many more. It keeps at a distance from them, they know not where, for a course of years. From what land or ocean it makes its uncertain voyages to their isle, is, perhaps, a mystery in nature." In "A General View of the Agriculture of the Hebrides," by James Macdonald, published in 1811, that author gives a list of the birds of St Kilda, at the head of which comes the Auk:—1. Bunna-bhuachaille, or Great Auk, is the largest bird met with in the neighbourhood of St Kilda. It is larger than a common goose, of a black colour, the irides red, having a long white spot under each eye; the bill is long and broad at the base. It cannot fly, by reason of the shortness of its wings; lays only one egg, and if robbed of it, lays no more that season." The eggs of the Great Auk must have always been very rare, and now since the bird has become extinct, when one of them comes to the market, which is very seldom, it commands a fabulous price, two sold in Edinburgh in 1880 realising over a hundred guineas each.

It is hard to say what they may rise to yet, as there are only 65 known specimens in the world, 41 of which are in Britain. Of course the eggs are liable to destruction, whilst there is no possibility of any more ever being added to the list.

George Buchanan, in his "History of Scotland," published in 1580, in his account of the Isle of Suilkyr, says:—"In this island also there is a rare kind of bird, unknown in other parts, called *Colca*. It is little less than a goose. She comes every year thither, and there hatches and feeds her young till they can shift for themselves. About that time, her feathers fall off of their own accord, and so leaves her naked, then she betakes herself to the sea again, and is never seen more till the next spring. This also is singular in them, that their feathers have no quills or stalks, but do cover their bodies with a gentle down, wherein there is no hardness at all."

Family IV.—Pelecanidæ.

COMMON CORMORANT.

Latin—*Phalacrocorax carbo.* Gaelic—*Sgarbh, Sgarbh-buill, Sgarbh-a-bhothain, Sgarbh-an-uchd-ghil, Ballaire-bothain, Ballaire-boan, Sgaireag* (Young). Welsh—*Mulfran, Morfran.*

This terrible glutton, the most voracious of all our birds, though certainly no great favourite with the Highlanders, has escaped in Gaelic lore the extremely bad character which it bears in English, caused no doubt, to a great extent, by some of the early English poets choosing this bird for an example of all that was bad. Milton even goes the length, in "Paradise Lost," of making Satan assume the form of this bird, before he did that of the serpent, and entering the Garden of Eden:—

> "Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
> The middle tree, and highest there that grew,
> Sat like a Cormorant."

As Pennant puts it:—"To survey undelighted the beauties of Paradise: and sit devising death on the Tree of Life." The only evil habit which I find in our Gaelic lore attributed to the cormorant is that its young, along with the jackdaw's, are accused, in the old proverb, of trying to pass themselves off as something better than what they really are by imitating the voices of better birds:—"Guth na cubhaig am bial na cathaig, 's guth na faoileig am bial na sgaireig"—the cuckoo's voice in the jackdaw's mouth, and the sea-gull's voice in the young scart's. The cormorant is an extremely dirty bird about its nest, which smells abominably. Mr

Grey says:—"When cruising past (their nests), when the wind is blowing off shore, it is by no means pleasant to be assailed by the offensive odours which are wafted on board; the abomination is only exceeded when, on a hot day, you venture within the precincts of the nursery itself. In such a place one can almost understand the aversion with which the bird is regarded by many persons who have given it a bad character." My personal experience of the abominations of the cormorant's nursery, a few hours before I write this, was even worse than what Mr Grey here describes as feeling when cruising past on the open sea. I had been hunting in vain for some time amongst the cliffs and caves of the most rocky part of the eastern shores of Fleet Bay in Kirkcudbrightshire for cormorants' nests, and was passing along the top of a high cliff, over a large cave, into which the sea ran at high water, when I felt such a fearful smell that I thought I must have discovered the breeding place of all the coromants in Galloway. I quickly scrambled down the face of the cliff, the smell getting worse every step. On getting into the cave I found to my disgust that there were no cormorants breeding there, only a few innocent rock doves' nests, and that the cause of all the abomination was the putrifying carcases of two large horses and a sheep which the tide had washed into the cave. They had died on a neighbouring farm, and, to save the trouble of digging graves, the farmer had hurled them over the rocks several weeks before, and, as the day was very hot and the wind blowing right into the cave, the stench was something fearful—enough to make me remember it as long as Mr Grey says a friend of his did the bad taste of the cormorant's flesh. He says:—"From living exclusively upon fish, its flesh, as I have been informed by those who have had the courage to taste it, is peculiarly rank and unpleasant. An old friend of mine told me lately that he had cooked one and eaten part of it about forty years ago, and that the terribly fishy flavour was in his mouth still." This gentleman with the long memory certainly never had the privilege of deriving his first support from an Isle of Skye nurse, for Martin, in his description of Skye, says:—"The natives observe that the cormorant, if perfectly black, makes no good broth, nor is its flesh worth eating; but a cormorant that has any white feathers or down, makes good broth and the flesh of it is good food, and the broth is usually drunk by nurses to increase their milk."

SHAG, OR GREEN CORMORANT.

Latin—*Phalacrocorax crisbantus.* Gaelic—*Sgarbh, Sgarbh-an sgumain, Orag* (Young). Welsh—*Y Fulfran leiaf.*

This is a very wary bird, and very difficult to approach or capture, hence the old proverb :—"Trod nam ban mu'n sgarbh, 's an sgarbh a muigh air an loch"—the scolding of the wives above the shag, and the shag out on the loch. Quarrelling about it before they had captured it. Another old proverb, common in the Hebrides, is :—"Biodh gach fear a' toirt sgairbh a' creagan dha fhein"—let every man take shags out of rocks for himself. Sheriff Nicolson says :—"Alleged to have been said by a St Kilda man to his comrade, who was holding the rope above and asked if he had secured birds for them both. On hearing the answer above quoted, the holder of the rope is said to have replied, 'Let every man hold the rope for himself,' and let him go!" These bold cragsmen descend the rocks for the "oragan," or young shags, which are reckoned good eating there. Mr A. A. Carmichael writes me from Uist :—"The oragan are so fat and helpless that they frequently tumble out of the nest down into the sea, then they scramble on shore on ledges of rock as best they can. In Minlaidh adventurous bird-catchers go to the rocks at nights and catch these asleep. These birds sleep with their heads under their wings. Their enemies place them between their knees and wring their necks."

GANNET, OR SOLAN GOOSE.

Latin—*Sula Bassana.* Gaelic—*Sulaire, Amhsain* (Lightfoot), *Eunban-an-sgadain, Guga or Goug* (Young). Welsh—*Gan, Gans.*

M'Aulay, in his history of St Kilda, says :—"The Solan Goose takes its Gaelic name from its sharpness of sight; he observes his prey from a considerable height, and darts down upon it with incredible force. The St Kildians kill a Solan Goose with great alertness, by dislocating a certain joint of the neck very near the head; the rest of the neck is made for strength and adapted to the body in such a manner that without this art it would be difficult and tedious to kill them. About the middle of March a select band of adventurers go to the neighbouring isles to catch the old Solan Geese before they begin to lay. They hunt them in the night time through steep and, to all other men, inaccessible precipices. They go upon another expedition about the middle of May for gathering the eggs. The young Solan Goose is fit for use in September. Before the young, which they call Guag, fly off they are larger than the mothers and excessively fat. The fat on their breasts is sometimes three inches deep. The inhabitants of Hirta have a method of preserving their greese in a kind of bag made of the stomach of the old Solan Goose caught in March. In their language it is called *Giobain*; and this oily

kind of thick substance manufactured in their own way, they use by way of sauce, or instead of butter, among their porridge and flummery. In the adjacent islands they administer this oily substance to their cattle if seized with violent colds or obstinate coughs; and it is the general belief that the appliacation of the *Giobain*, in such cases, has a very good effect." I have no doube the reverend gentleman was quite correct in his surmises of to tht beneficial effects of the *Giobain* on the cattle, for they seem to have the same on even the lords of creation, as I find in an old song by Archibald Macdonald, the Uist bard, to Dr Macleod, that he ascribes the enormous size and weight of the worthy doctor to his being fonder of "Giobainean nan Gugachan" than of milk or butter. As the whole song is illustrative of the art of the fowler amongst the rocks, and of the capture, not only of the solan goose—the "Sulair Garbh"—but also of the preceding and following birds, I may give the whole, as it is very cleverly written, and represents the bulky doctor in a ludicrous light all through his adventures, till at last his courage fails him when descending a high rock and all the wild fowl fly far beyond his reach when they get the scent of his drugs off him :—

ORAN CNADAIL DO'N OLLA LEODACH.

Le Gilleaspuig Donullach, am Bard Uisteach.

Luinneag.—Thugaibh, thugaibh, bo bo bo,
An Doctair Leodach 's biodag air,
Faicill oirbh san taobh sin thall
Nach toir e'n ceann a thiota dhibh.

'Nuair a bha thu d'fhleasgach og,
Bu mhorchuiseach le claidheamh thu,
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chorag,
'S leon e le bloidh spealaidh thu.

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,
'S claidheamh mor an tarruing ort,
An saighidear 's measa th'aig Righ Deors'
Choraigheadh e Alastair.

Bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliosgartaich;
Cha'n eil falcag thig o'n traigh,
Nach cuir thu barr nan itean di.

Biodag 's an deach an gath seirg
Air crios seilg an luidealaich,
Bha seachd oirlich oire a mheirg,
'S gur mairg an rachadh bruide dhi.

Bhiodag 's measa th'anns an tir,
'S a beairt-chinn 's a' ghliogartaich,
Chnamh a faobhar leis an t-suthaidh,
'S cha ghearr i'n dh'im na dh'itheadh tu.

Biodag, agus sgabard dearg,
'S cearbach sud air amadan,
Gearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
D'fhaigte marbh gun anail iad.

'Nuair a theid thu'n chreig gu h'ard
Cluinnear gair nan iseanan,
'S mu thig am fulamair a d' dhail,
Smalaidh tu do bhiodag ann.

'S iomad farspag rinn thu mharbhadh,
A 's sulair garbh a rug thu air,
Bhliadhna sin, mu'n deach thu'n arm,
Chuir uibhean sgarbh cioch shlugain ort.

Cha deoch bhainne, no mheig,
'S cinnteach mi rinn ucsa dhiot ;
Ach biadh bu docha leat na'n t-im,
Giobainean nan gugachan.

'Nuair a theid thu air an rop',
A Righ ! bu mhor do chudthrom air,
Direadh 's na h-iseanan a d' sgeth,
Air leam gu'm feum thu cuideacha.

Bu tu theannaicheadh an t-sreang,
Cha'n eil i fann mur bris thu i,
Mu thig an cipean as a ghrunnd,
Cluinntear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.

'Nuair a theid thu'n chreig gu h-ard,
Failigidh do mhisneach thu,
Cha tig na h-eunlaidh a'd' dhail.
Le faile do chuid dhrogaichean.

'Nuair a theid thu'n chreig tha shuas
Fuadaichidh tu chlisgeadh iad
Le dearsa do bhutain ruadh,
'S do bhucaill chruadha'ch 'sa ghliosgartaich.

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri cach,
Ge leathan ladair mogur thu.
Tairm cha dian a bheag a sta,
Mur sgriobar clar no praise leo.

Family V.—Laridæ.

COMMON TERN, OR SEA SWALLOW.

Latin—*Sterna hirundo.* Gaelic—*Stearnan.* Welsh—*Y Fôr-wennol fwyaf, Ysgraean.*

ARCTIC TERN.

Latin—*Sterna arctica.* Gaelic—*Stearnal.*

LESSER TERN.

Latin—*Sterna minuta.* Gaelic—*Stearnal beag.* Welsh—*Y Fôr-wennol leiaf.*

BLACK TERN.

Latin—*Sterna nigra.* Gaelic—*Stearnal-dubh.* Welsh—*Ysgraean ddû.*

LITTLE GULL.

Latin—*Larus minutus.* Gaelic—*Crann-fhaoileag, Crion-fhaoileag, Faoileag bheag.*

BLACK-HEADED GULL.

Latin—*Larus ridibundus.* Gaelic—*Faoileag, Ceann-dubhan, Dubh-cheannach, Faoileag-dhubh-cheannach.* Welsh—*Yr wylan benddu.*

KITTIWAKE.

Latin — *Larus tridactylus.* Gaelic — *Seagair, Faireag, Ruideag Sgaireag.*

COMMON GULL.

Latin—*Larus canus.* Gaelic — *Faoileann, Faoileag, An t-iasgair-diomhain.* Welsh—*Gwylan lwyd, Huccan.*

This gull gets its name of An t-iasgair-diomhain (Idle Fisher), by which it is generally known in Athole, from its habit of flying along the course of a river or stream, and darting down on any small trout it sees near the surface, but as these shallow-water trout are very quick of sight they generally see it coming, and either dive into deep water, or under a stone, and escape, so its fishing exploits there being generally a failure it got the name of the Idle Fisher, or, more literally, the Unsuccessful Fisher.

LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULL.

Latin—*Larus fuscus.* Gaelic—*Sgaireag, Farspach-bheag, Faoileag-bheag* (Grey).

HERRING GULL.

Latin—*Larus argentatus.* Gaelic—*Glas-fhaoileag.* Welsh—*Gwylan benwaig.*

GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL.

Latin—*Larus marinus.* Gaelic—*Farspach, Farspag Faoileann-mor, Sgliuireach,* (first year state). Welsh—*Gwglnn gefu-ddu.*

GLAUCOUS, OR GREAT WHITE GULL.

Latin—*Larus glaucus.* Gaelic—*Faoileag-mhor, Muir-mhaighstir.*

This gull gets its last Gaelic name, "Master of the Sea," from its being such a tyrant over all the other gulls. In the Birds of the West of Scotland, Mr Angus writes from Aberdeenshire:—"I have never been out in the bay in winter without seeing this bird, which is a very conspicious object, being more oceanic in its habits than any of its congeners. Along the coast its advent is heralded by the screaming of the other gulls, whom it torments and tyrannises over like the skuas. Even the great black-backed gull must give place to the Burgo-master."

COMMON SKUA.

Latin—*Lestris catarractes.* Gaelic—*Fasgadair, Fasgadan, Tuliac* (St Kilda). Welsh—*Gwylan frech.*

The skua gets its name of Fasgadair, *i.e.*, "The Squeezer," from its habit of not going to fish much itself, but its watching the other gulls till they have caught a lot of fish, then it darts on them and makes them disgorge their prey, which it seizes before reaching the water, and so may be said to wring or squeeze its food from them. The Skua used to be a terrible pest, not only to the other sea birds, but to the inhabitants as well of the isles where it used to breed, as will be seen from the following quotation from the Rev. K. Macaulay's History of St Kilda:—"At Hirta is too frequently seen, and very severely felt, a large sea-gull, which is detested by every St Kildian. This mischevious bird destroys every egg that falls in its way, and very often the young fowls, and sometimes the weakest of the old. It is hardly possible to express the hatred with which this otherwise good-natured people pursue these gulls. If one happen to mention them, it throws their whole blood into a ferment; serpents are not at all such detestable objects anywhere else. They exert their whole strength of industry and skill to get hold of this cruel enemy, a task very far from being easy, as they are no less vigilant than wicked. If caught they outvie one another in torturing this imp of hell to death; such is the emphatical language in which they express an action so grateful to their vindictive spirit. They pluck out his eyes, sew his wings together, and send him adrift; to eat any of its eggs, though among the largest and best their isle affords, would be accounted

a most flagitious action, and worthy of a monster only. They extract the meat out of the shell, and leave that quite empty in the nest; the gull sits upon it till she pines away. They call it Tuliac in St Kilda, but in the other western isles it goes under a different name" (Fasgadair).

RICHARDSON'S SKUA, OR ARCTIC GULL.

Latin—*Lestris Richardsoni.* Gaelic—*Fasgadair.* Welsh—*Gwlyan y Gogledd.*

FULMAR PETREL.

Latin—*Procellaria glacialis.* Gaelic—*Fulmaire, Falmaire.* Welsh—*Gwylan y graig.*

This is another inhabitant of St Kilda, but a very different one from the Skua, and after the very bad character the latter got from the rev. historian of St Kilda, it is pleasant to turn to the good one he gives the Fulmar :—"Another sea-fowl highly esteemed in this island is the Fulmar. I was not a little entertained with the eoniums they bestowed on this bird. 'Can the world,' said one of the most sensible men in Hirta to me, 'exhibit a more valuable commodity? The Fulmar furnishes oil for the lamp, down for the bed, the most salubrious food, and the most efficacious ointments for healing wounds, besides a thousand other virtues of which he is possessed, which I have not time to enumerate. But, to say all in one word, deprive us of the Fulmar, and St Kilda is no more.'" The following account of the taking of the Fulmar in St Kilda is given in sketches of St Kilda, by Lachlan Maclean (pub. 1838) :—"The young Fulmar is valued by the natives more than all the other tribes of birds taken together; it may be said to be their staff of life; they therefore never meddle with the egg. The twelfth of August, if a notable day on the moors, is more so on the rocks of St Kilda. A day or two before every rope is tested, every oil-dish cleaned, and every barrel emptied. Some of these ropes are older than their owners, and are chiefly made of thongs from cow-hide, salted and twisted into a cable. The twelfth arrives, the rope is made fast round the waists of the heavier party, whilst the other and lighter party is let down the perpendicular rock several hundred feet. Here the work of destruction goes on night and day for a given space; the St Kilda man has nothing to do but take the young Fulmar, wring his neck, and then suspend him by a girth he wears round his loins. This is the harvest of the people of St Kilda. They are aware it is to last only eight days, and therefore sleep itself is banished for this space. The number killed in this one week may be from eighteen

to twenty thousand. They are from two to three pounds weight, about two hundred will go to fill a herring barrel; yet each family, after serving the poor, shall have from four to five barrels salted for winter use."

GREATER SHEARWATER.

Latin—*Puffinus Major.* Gaelic—*Sgriab, Sgrab* (Barra), *Sgrabaire, Sgrabail* (St Kilda).

MANX SHEARWATER.

Latin—*Puffinus Anglorum.* Gaelic—*Sgraib, Fachach* (Young) Welsh—*Puffingen Fanaw.*

Mr Carmichael informs me that this bird used to breed very numerously on the southern isles of Barra till supplanted by the puffins, who took possesseion of their breeding holes. During the time of the Macneills, each tenant in Minlaidh, Bearnearadh, had to send a barrel of "Fachaich" or young shearwaters salted and cured to Ciosmal, the castle of the chiefs of Macneill, for winter provisions.

FORK-TAILED PETREL.

Latin—*Thalassidroma Leachii.* Gaelic—*Gobhlan-gaoithe* (Barra).

STORM PETREL.

Latin—*Thalassidroma procellaria.* Gaelic—*Luaireag, Luaiseagan, Fanlag, Amhlag-mhara* (Barra), *Asailag, Lucha-fairge* (Grey).

This, the sailor's Mother Carey's chicken, is the smallest of all web-footed birds, and is so active on the wing that it is found in the very middle of the wide Atlantic, and seems never to come near the land, except to breed, which it does in many parts of the Hebrides, where it lays its single egg under large boulders near the sea. And now with this restless little Hebridean-reared wanderer of the ocean I bring the list of native British birds to a close.

DOMESTIC BIRDS.

I may now give a list of the Gaelic names of our common barn-yard fowls, most of which will be found in Alex. Macdonald's Gaelic Vocabulary (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair).

COMMON, OR BARN-FOWL.

Gaelic — Cock — *Coileach, Coileach-otraich, Coileach-an-dunain.* Hen—*Cearc, Cearc-otraich.* Chicken—*Isean, Eun-otraich Eireag* (pullet). Game Cock—*Coileach-catha.*

Of the common fowl Pennant says—"Our common poultry came originally from Persia and India. They were early introduced into the western parts of the world, and have been very long naturalised in this country, long before the arrival of the Romans in this island, Cæsar informing us they were one of the forbidden foods of the old Britons. These were in all probability imported here by the Phœnicians, who traded to Britain about five hundred years before Christ. For all other domestic fowls, turkeys, geese, and ducks excepted, we seem to be indebted to the Romans. The wild fowl were all our own from the period they could be supposed to have reached us after the great event of the flood."

I need scarcely remind any one who knows anything about the Highlands, in the days of our grandfathers, what an institution cock-fighting was in every part of the country, especially in the parish schools, where certain days were set specially apart for cock-fighting, with the old schoolmaster as president, who claimed all the slaughtered cocks as a perquisite.

TURKEY.

Gaelic—*Coileach-frangach, Coileach-turcach, Turcach, Turcaire.* Hen—*Cearc-fhrangach, Cearc-thurcach.*

PEACOCK.

Gaelic—*Peucag* (1st Kings x. 22), *Coileach-fheuchaig, Peubh-choileach, Pecoc* (Alex. Macdonald). Hen—*Cearc-fheucaig, Eucag.*

GUINEA FOWL.

Gaelic—*Coileach-innseanach.*

PIGEON.

Gaelic—*Calman, Gura-gug, Duradan.*

The old song says:—

Fhuair mi nead a ghura-gug,
Ann an cuil na moine,
Fhuair mi an toisich uibhean ann,
'S fhuair mi ris eoin ann,
'S fhuair mi nead a ghura-gug,
Ann an cuil na moine, &c.

GOOSE.

Gaelic—Gander—*Ganradh, Sgeigeir.* Goose—*Geadh.*

DUCK.

Drake, Gaelic—*Lach, Rac.*
Duck, Gaelic—*Tunnag.*

FOREIGN BIRDS.

I will now finish by giving a few Gaelic names of foreign birds, most of which will be found in the Bible (Deut., 14th chap.), or in Alexander Macdonald's vocabulary :—

Eagle, Gaelic—*Iolair.*
Gier-eagle, Gaelic—*Iolair-fhionn, Iolair-thimchiollach.*
Ossifrage, Gaelic—*Cnaimh-bhristeach.*
Vulture, Gaelic—*Fang, Sgriachan-criosach, Preachan-ingneach.*
Vulturine, Gaelic—*Preachanach.*
Pelican, Gaelic—*Pelag, Pelicon, Eun-mor-fasaich.*
Ostrich, Gaelic—*Struth, Struth-chamhull.*
Parrot, Gaelic—*Piorraid, Parracait.*
Canary, Gaelic—*Canari.*

With this I conclude my list of Gaelic names of birds, having given a Gaelic name for about 220 different birds, and as most of them have several different names, making a total of about 612 Gaelic names. Though this is a large number, yet it does not nearly include them all, as there are many local names by which birds are known in different districts of the Highlands, which I have not been able to collect, and I shall therefore be very glad, indeed, if any member of the Society, or anybody else, who may know any other Gaelic names, anecdotes, proverbs, or poetry connected with the bird lore of the Highlands, will kindly communicate them, either to myself, or to the obliging secretary of the Society, with a view to their perhaps appearing in a more complete form "some ither day." I know many members of the Society are deeply versed in Gaelic bird lore, and I hope they, and all other lovers of birds, and of the Gaelic language, will, in the words of the old Gaelic proverb—"Prove it, prove it," by assisting in collecting and preserving our old bird lore, and I think I may now conclude by giving the old proverb referred to, which, as Sheriff Nicolson says, is an imitation of the chirping of birds, but with a moral meaning—"Tha dà ian bheag 's a' choill ud thall, 's their an dara fear ris an fhear eile, ''S toigh leam thu, 's toigh leam thu ;' 's their am fear eile, 'Dearbh sin, dearbh sin.'" There are two little birds in yonder wood, and the one says to the other, "I like you, I like you ;" and the other says, "Prove it, prove it."

23rd December 1885.

At the meeting on this date the Rev. William Thomson, Fodderty, and Mr D. Davidson, Waverley Hotel, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society.

Thereafter the Secretary read (1), a paper on "Dunnachadh Bàn," by Mr Neil Macleod, the Skye bard; and (2), a poem entitled "Meòrachadh Oidhche Coinnle," by the Rev. Thomas Sinton, Glengarry. The latter meritorious production was not intended for publication in these Transactions. Mr Macleod's paper was as follows:—

DUNNACHADH BAN MAC-AN-T-SAOIR.

Tha e air aithris gu tric ann am measg nan Gàidheal gur e Dunnachadh Bàn Mac-an t-Saoir bàrd is fheàrr a thog Gàidhealtachd Alba bho laithean Oisein; agus gur e "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" cuibhrionn de bhàrdachd is fheàrr a chuir Dunnachadh Bàn ri cheile. Cha'n 'eil mi ag ràdh nach fhaod daoine a bhi air am mealladh anns an dà ni sin. Tha iad na mo bheachd-sa gu h-àraidh air am mealladh a thaobh an dara ni; is e sin gur e "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" cuibhrionn de bhàrdachd is fheàrr a chuir Dunnachadh Bàn ri chéile. Neach air bith a leughas "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" gu faicilleach bho thoiseach gu deireadh, faodaidh an neach sin eòlas fhaotainn air na buadhan a bhiodh feumail agus freagarach do dheagh shealgair, air cumadh a' ghunna 'bha cleachdte ann an làithean a' bhàird, agus ainmeannan lusan gun àireamh; gheibh e na nithe sin air an cur sios ann an cainnt bhinn, fhileanta, agus bhlasda, a dh' fhaodas a bhi 'n an lòn taitneach do 'n chluais, ach nach dean mòran àrdachaidh no beathachaidh air buadhan na h-inntinn. Tha 'm bàrd a' toirt dhuinn trì seallaidhean àraidh air Beinn Dòrain. Anns a' chiad àite tha e 'g a h-ainmeachadh na "monadh fada, réidh," ach 's ann a tha 'bheinn coltach ris mar gu 'm biodh i ag atharrachadh nan cruth fa chomhair sùil inntinn a' bhàird mar a bha e 'dol air aghaidh leis a' mholadh aice. Agus an àite i bhi 'n a "monadh fada, réidh," 's an a tha i tionndadh gu bhi cho corach, carach, bideanach, ri sruth Choire Bhreacainn, 'n uair a tha i fàs—

"Gu stobanach, stacanach,
Slocanach, laganach,
Cnocanach, cnapanach,
Caiteanach, ròmach;
Pasganach, badanach,
Bachlagach, bòidheach."

Anns an treas sealladh a tha 'm bàrd a' toirt dhuinn air Beinn Dòrain, tha e 'g a h-ainmeachadh 'n a "monadh fada, faoin." Tha sin a' leigeadh fhaicinn duinn nach b' e idir cumadh agus maise na beinne 'bu mhomha bha anns an amharc aig a' bhàrd ann a bhi 'seinn a cliù, ach a bhi a' taghadh briathran fìnealta ruithteach a rachadh gu snasmhor ann an eagan a chéile, agus a bha freagarrach air fonn a' phuirt air an do sheinn e am moladh, co dhiùbh a bha 'chainnt sin seasmhach ri lagh Nàduir no nach robh. Tha aon rann beag anns nach 'eil ach ceithir sreathan goirid, ann am "Miann a' Bhàird Aosda," air cliù agus maise beinne, anns am bheil barrachd brigh agus bàrdachd na 'tha ann am "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" bho cheann gu ceann.

"Chì mi Beinn-àrd is àillidh fiamh,
Ceann-feadhna air mhìle beann;
Bha aisling nan damh 'na ciabh,
'S i leabaidh nan nial a ceann."

Tha e air a mheas 'n a mhaise air bàrdachd agus air sgriobhadh no comhradh sam bith, mar is momha 'théid de chiall agus de ghliocas a chur ann an tearc de bhriathran. Ach cha d' thug Dunnachadh Bàn móran aire do 'n teagasg sin. Agus cha b' e 'mhàin Dunnachadh Bàn, ach bhà agus thà a' chuid mhor de na bàird Ghàidhealach againn ciontach dhe sin. Cho fad 's a gheibheadh iad briathran a ghabhadh tàthadh agus fuaimneachadh ri 'cheile leanadh iad air sniomh an orain a mach cho fad 's a ghabhadh e deanamh; co dhiùbh a bha beachdan ùra 'g am foillseachadh fhéin ann no nach robh. Ma bha 'mhin gann bha iad a' fuine 'bhonnach a mach cho tana 's a ghabhadh iad sgaoileadh.

Cha ghabh e àicheadh nach e fior bhàrd a bha 'n Dunnachadh Bàn, ach bàrd aig an robh buadhan cainnte pailt air thoiseach air a' chumhachd inntinn. Ach ma rinn e bàrdachd lag rinn e bàrdachd làidir. Ann am moladh "Coire-cheathaich" tha againn dealbhan air an tarrainn cho oirdherc agus cho maiseach, ann an cainnt cho fìnealta, snasmhor, 's a tha ri 'fhaotainn anns a' chanain Ghàidhlig—cainnt a tha 'sealltain dhuinn a' bhàrd, agus an toilinntinn a bha e 'faotainn ann an co-chomunn ri maise obair Nàduir.

"'Sa' mhaduinn chiùin-ghil an àm dhomh dùsgadh,
Aig bun nan stùc b' e an sùgradh leam."

Anns an rann so tha againn inntinn agus spiorad an fhìor bhàird a' briseadh a mach. Anns a' mhaduinn chéitein tha 'n driùchd a' dealradh air gach feòirnein, a' ghrian ag éirigh suas 'n a

glòir, le sgiathan sèimh a' sgaoileadh a brat òrbhuidh air gach srath agus sliabh. Is e miann a' bhaird a bhi 'g éirigh gu moch agus a' dìreadh suas gu bun nan stuc a ghabhail compairt le eunlaith nan speur ann a bhi 'seinn agus a' deanamh gàirdeachais ann an glòir agus maise 'chruinne-ché. Tha e duilich a chreidsin gu'n cuireadh ùghdar "Coire Cheathaich" bàrdachd ri' cheile (ma dh' fhaodair bàrdachd a ràdh ris) cho leanabail, lag, agus leibideach, ri "Alastair nan stòp." Rinn Dunnachadh Bàn a trì no ceithir a dh' òrain-ghaoil, ach a mach bho "Mhairi Bhàin Òig," cha 'n 'eil iad ach fuar, tioram, agus lag. Ann a h-aon de na h-orain-ghaoil sin tha'n rann so—

"'S do chùl daithte làn-mhaiseach,
Mu 'n cuairt do d' bhràigh' an òrdugh,
Air sniomh mar theudan clàrsaiche
'N a fhaineachan glan nòsar :
Gu lìdh-dhonn, pleatach, sàr-chleachdach,
Gu dosach, fàsmhor, domhail,
Gu lùbach, dualach, bachlach, guairsgeach,
Snasmhor, cuachach, òr-bhuidhe."

Tha 'n t-òran a' toiseachadh leis na facail so—"A Mhairi bhàn, gur barrail thu." Tha e duilich a dheanamh a mach ciod e 'n seòrsa dath a bha air an fhalt aig a' mhaighdinn so, ma bha e "bàn," "lidh-dhonn," agus "òr-bhuidhe." Ann ann òran "Mairi Bhàn Og" tha 'm bàrd a' bualadh teudan na clàrsaich aige le dùrachd ni 's blaithe, leis a bheil faireachadh a' ghaoil agus spiorad na bàrdachd a' comhnadh a chèile, agus a' sgeadachadh Mairi le trusgan maiseach finealta nach caill i cho fad 's a bhios Gaidhlig ghlan Albannach air a labhairt no air a seinn air feadh an t-saoghail.

Ann an "Oran an t-Samhraidh" tha 'n rann a leanas :—

"'S fior ionmhuinn mu thráth neòine,
Na laoigh òga choir na buaile sin,
Gu tarra-gheal, ball-bhreac, botainneach,
Sgiuthach, druim-fhionn, sròn-fhionn, guaillinnach,
Buidh', gris-fhionn, crà-dhearg, suaichionta,
Seang, slios'ra, dìreach sàr-chumpach,
Cas, bachlach, barr an suainiche."

Faodaidh e 'bhith gur e nach 'eil mise 'tuigsinn ciod 'is ciall do fhior bhàrdachd, ach feumaidh mi aideachadh nach 'eil mi 'faicinn bàrdachd air bith anns an rann sin, no ann am moran rann eile de'n t-seòrsa cheudna. Tha cainnt gu leor ann, air a

:àrnadh air muin 's air muin a chéile, facail fhada thioram làidir, ;un bhinneas gun ghrinneas. Agus ann am measg a cho-thionail ɔhriathran sin, bu cho math a bhi 'g iarraidh snathaid ann an :ruaich-fheóir agus a bhi 'g amharc air son a' bheachd air an robh ım bàrd ag iarraidh solus a chur.

Tha bàrdachd agus tuigse anns an oran chiatach sin, "Cead leireannach nam Beann." Cha'n 'eil am bàrd a' deanamh strìth air ɔith gu bhi taghadh facail mhora chruaidhe thioram. Tha na 'airichean aíge mar a tha iad a' dùsgadh suas 'n a chom, a' ruthadh a mach ann an cainnt cheòlmhor, bhog, bhlàth; cho ɔinn sèimh ri crònan an uillt. Anns an òran so tha 'm bàrd a' oirt dhuinn dealbh taitneach dhe fhèin, ach dealbh a tha air a nheasgadh le cianalas agus bròn. Tha 'm bàrd 'n a sheann aois ıg gabhail a chuairt mu dheireadh, agus an sealladh mu dheireadh le Bheinn Dòrain, agus faodaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach mar a bha ı 'dìreadh ri uchd an t-sleibhe le anail ghoirid, le ceann liath, s e chiabhan tana, le ceum mall, 's le cridhe trom, gu'n robh iomadh ımaointinn thùrsach mhuladach a' snamh 'n a chom, ag cuimhn-ıachadh air na laithean a dh' fhalbh, làithean taitneach na h-oige ıach till air an ais ni's mò.

"N uair 'sheall mi air gach taobh dhiom,
Cha'n fhaodainn gun 'bhi smalanach."

Tha mi creidsinn gur h-ann le cridhe trom a thearnaich Dunnachadh Bàn gu baile air an fheasgar sin, a' mothachadh 'aois ıgus a lag-chuis fhein; agus an uair a chunnaic e ceo an anmoich ıgus neòil dhorcha na h-oidhche a' sgaoileadh am brat tiamhaidh nu ghuaillean Beinn Dòrain nach robh esan gu fhaicinn gu bràth ;uilleadh.

"Ghabh mi nis mo chead de'n t-saoghal,
'S de na daoine dh' fhuirich ann;
Fhuair mi greis gu sunndach aotrom,
'S i 'n aois a rinn m' fhagail fann.

Tha mo thàlantan air caochladh,
'S an t-aog air tighinn 's an àm,
'S e m' achanaich air sgàth m' Fhir-shaoraidh
Bhi gu math 's an t-saoghal thall."

Rinn Dunnachadh Ban beagan aoirean anns am bheil brod bàrdacdd ged nach 'eil iad ri am moladh air dhoigh eile. Ach cha 'n eil teagamh nach do thoill "Nighean dubh Raineach" na fhuair i

"A chionn gu'n do ghoid i
'N rud beag bha 'n sa chlúdan,
Bh' agam 's a' chùil
Nach d' innis mi chach."

Agus tha e coltach nach robh "Uisdean Piobaire" air na daoine 'bu mhodhaile agus 'bu bheusaiche. Ach tha sean-fhacal ag ràdh gur a "searbh a' ghloir nach fhaodar éisdeachd." Cha'n 'eil e na chomharradh laidir air inntinn mhor a bhi 'gabhail gnothaich ris gach peasan leibideach a thig 'n a rathad. Agus cha mhomha a bha e ag àrdachadh cliù Dhunnachaidh Bhain a bhi cumail connspaid ri Uisdean Piobaire, Iain Faochaig, an Tàileir, agus "Anna nighean Uilleam an Cròmpa." Ach cha b'e paipeir goirid a chaidh a sgriobhadh ann a' cabhaig mar a chaidh am paipeir so a bheireadh ceirteas do Dhunnachadh Bàn agus d'a chuid bàrdachd.

Bha sinn a' toirt cliù dha agus a' faotainn coire dha; ach tha sinn a' creidsinn nach cuir aon choire a gheibh sinn dha tolg no dealg 'n a chliù. Tha dòchas againn gu 'm bi a chliù mar bhàrd cho seasmhach buan ri beanntan a dhùthcha. Agus tha eagal orm gu'm bi iomadh làtha agus linn mu'n siubhail Gàidheal eile firichean Bheinn Dòrain a ni a feum de 'bheul agus de 'shùilean, agus a chuireas urad de bheatha agus de mhaise ann an cainnt agus ann am bàrdachd ar dùthcha 's a chuir Dunnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-Saoir.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Fourteenth Annual Dinner was held in the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, on the evening of Tuesday, 12th January 1886. Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, Chief of the Society, presided, and he was supported by Provost Macandrew, Bailie Alexander Ross, Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Dr Aitken, Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank; Mr William Mackenzie, secretary of the Society; &c. Mr Duncan Campbell, Ballifeary, and Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor, acted as croupiers. Among those present were Bailie Charles Mackay, ex-Bailie Macbean, Treasurer Jonathan Ross, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Silverwells; Dr Sinclair Macdonald, Inverness; Mr D. Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland; Mr W. Macdonald, contractor; Mr James Barron, Ness Bank; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Ballifeary; Rev. G. Mackay, Beauly; Mr Hugh Mackintosh, of Mactavish & Mackintosh, Castle Street; Mr A. Macbain, Raining's School; Mr P. H. Smart, drawing-master; Mr A. Macgregor, solicitor; Mr John Davidson, Inglis Street; Mr T. G. Henderson, High Street; Mr D. Mac-

tavish, commission-agent; Mr A. Macfarlane, Caledonian Hotel; Mr W. Macbean, Imperial Hotel; Mr J. Whyte, Free Library; Mr W. Gunn, Castle Street; Mr Fraser Campbell, High Street; Mr J. Mackenzie, Greig Street; Mr H. R. Mackenzie, Town-Clerk's Office; Mr Theodore Chisholm, Telford Road; Mr F. Macdonald, Druidag; Mr D. Ramsay, Gilbert Street; Mr E. M. Carter, Greig Street; Mr Alexander Fraser, Glasgow; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr William Fraser of Illinois; Mr Macpherson, Ballifeary, &c. An excellent dinner having been served up,

The Chairman, who was heartily received, gave the toast of "The Queen," and, in doing so, said it was quite on the cards that next year her Majesty would, in honour of her jubilee, knight the Provosts of all the county towns. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The Chairman then proposed the health of "The Prince and Princess of Wales" and the other Members of the Royal Family; and thereafter gave the toast of the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces.

Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Macandrew, whose name was coupled with the latter toast, in reply, expressed regret that there were no officers of the army or navy present to reply on behalf of these branches of the service. He did not think they could have such a large gathering in the days of old without having several officers of the army and navy amongst them. (Hear, hear.) But if they were not turning out so many officers now, it was a great satisfaction to them to know that, notwithstanding all the changes that had taken place, and the statement that had been made from generation to generation that the service was going to the bad, still our soldiers were, when called upon to act, as brave, cool, and courageous as ever they were. (Applause.) With regard to the volunteers, while they had no such record as that of the army, still they felt that they had succeeded to the glorious heritage of British freedom. (Hear, hear.) They had taken up arms with the earnest determination that while brave and strong men can bear arms, that glorious heritage will be handed down unscathed to their children. (Applause.)

Mr William Mackenzie, the Secretary, then read the annual report, which stated that the membership of the Society was now about 300. The income during the year, including £79. 10s. carried forward from last year, was £164. 8s. 1d. The sum of £89. 2s. 9d. had been paid out, thus leaving a balance of £75. 5s. 4d. (Applause.) That the last session had been a successful one, would, he said, be seen from the handsome volume of Transactions which had recently been issued to members. The large size of the last two volumes of Transactions had been a considerable drain

upon the funds of the Society, and he appealed to those present to use their efforts to increase the membership, so that the Executive might be enabled, by additional funds, to continue the publication of such large and handsome volumes. (Applause.) Mr Mackenzie then read apologies for absence from the following gentlemen:—Sir K. S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Mr D. Cameron of Lochiel; Mr K. J. Matheson, yr. of Lochalsh; Mr R. C. Munro-Ferguson of Novar; Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr D. Cameron, Woodville, Nairn; Field-Marshal Sir P. Grant, G.C.B., Governor of Chelsea Hospital; Major Rose of Kilravock; Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr D. Davidson of Drummond Park; Mr Alexander Ross, Teaninich; Canon Thoyts, Tain; Mr Charles Innes, Inverness; Dr Thomas Stratton, Devonport; Mr George Black, National Museum, Edinburgh; Mr Neil Kennedy, Kishorn; Mr J. D. Fletcher of Rosehaugh; Professor Mackinnon, Edinburgh; Mr Reginald Macleod; Mr A. Burgess, banker, Gairloch; Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim; Rev. Alex. Bisset, Stratherrick; Mr Macrae, Kirksheaf; Mr D. R. Ross, Glen-Urquhart; Mr J. Horne, Inverness; Sheriff Nicolson, Greenock; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Rev. Wm. Thomson, Fodderty; Mr P. Burgess, Glen-Urquhart; Mr James Fraser, Mauld; Mr Charles Fergusson, Kirkcudbright; Mr James Clunas, Nairn; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Mr N. M. F. Scobie, Keoldale; Mr S. Chisholm, Gairloch; Mr Thomas Hood, Cork, &c. Mrs Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Society, expressed her sentiments in the following Gaelic Duan:—

Beannaicheadh Dia an Comunn Gàidhlig,
'S biodh a ghràs orr' anns an àm,
Bho Mhac-Coinnich a' Ceann-tàile
Gus am bàrd a rinn an rann.
Biodh an ciste-mhine lan,
An sgadan 's am buntàt' neo-ghànn,
'S deuran beag a bhi 's a' buideal,
Aig gach aon neach sgrubadh dràm'.

"A Challuinn, a bhuilg bhuidhe, 'bhoicinn, buail an craicionn! A' Challuinn a' so." (Cheers.)

The Chief proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the Secretary for his services, and the very encouraging report he had just read of last year's proceedings. (Applause.) Mr Mackenzie's health was cordially pledged.

The Chief, who was received with loud and continued applause, then proposed the toast of the evening, "Success to the

Gaelic Society of Inverness." He said—Once again I have the privilege, as well as the pleasure, of presiding at our annual festive gathering, and as with to-night the year of office, which it was your will to bestow upon me, comes to an end, I hope you will now accept of my best thanks for the invariable kindness which I have received from the members of this Society, who certainly to my faults have been ever blind; and my sincere wishes that the year we have just entered into may be the first of a long and unbroken series of many happy and bright ones to follow for you all. (Applause.) In the circular announcing this meeting, you will have noticed that it is called the fourteenth annual dinner. Well, gentlemen, in these fast-driving and rapid days that is a considerable period of time, quite sufficient to enable us to test whether our Society is one whose existence is to be looked upon as of a temporary nature, or to be written down as one of those institutions which is destined to leave its impress on that part of the Queen's dominions in which our lot is cast. Now, I think that any one glancing at the syllabus for the ensuing year, which has been distributed by our secretary, can come to only one conclusion, that this Gaelic Society of Inverness is not only prospering, but is making for itself more than a local habitation and a name. (Loud applause.) The work of next session is of the most varied and interesting character; and, while it would be invidious to particularise any of the lecturers or their subjects, we may safely assert in a general way that both the subjects to be dealt with, and the names of the gentlemen who are to deal with them, are guarantees of the highest excellence in that special department of literature, to the study and prosecution of which this Society is devoted. (Cheers). And we may also prophesy that so long as the Society can produce a syllabus like the one for the ensuing year, its best friends have no fear of its success. (Applause). Former chiefs of the Society have alluded to the ever increasing size of the annual Transactions during their year of office, and it is my good fortune to be enabled to follow in their footsteps, and to draw your attention to the eleventh volume, which is twice the size of most of its predecessors, and will no doubt afford you many hours of pleasant and profitable reading. (Hear, hear). I think that as this is the first volume which has been illustrated, thanks are due to Mr Smart for his drawings on the Druid Circles. There is one subject which of late, at all events, has but seldom found a place on the programme of this Society. I refer to the present all-engrossing question of the land. Being of a *quasi*-political nature, it may be as well that this should be the case, and I have not the slightest

intention of entering into the political aspect of it here, but I should like, with your leave, to say one or two words, so far as I think this Society can bring to bear influence on the general question without, I hope and believe, doing itself any harm, but doing, I am certain, a very great deal of good to the country at large, which, I am convinced, is the earnest wish of all of you. (Hear, hear.) I have often of late thought, and my views have been strengthened and confirmed by my conversations with different members of the Gaelic Society, that a Society like this, embracing among its members some of the foremost Celtic students of the day, could, if they individually took the matter up, do much in helping to dispel some of the erroneous statements which have been of late circulated amongst the people, and in the present state of the Highlands, where the people seem suddenly to have placed their trust in those gentlemen who have gone amongst them promising much, and making these promises, too often quite impracticable, in that great boon, "the Gaelic tongue"—(Hear, hear)—and as we all see that there must be legislation for the Highlands, I do think that the members of this Society should not be content with making speeches full of good advice and kindly feeling to their fellow countrymen, but, pushing on one side all party feeling, for I maintain that this is no party question, let Whig and Tory, aye, and downright Liberal, stand shoulder to shoulder, take every opportunity of talking with the people in their native language, and try and get them to meet the proposed legislation in the spirit in which it will be offered, by whatever Government brings it forward, be it Liberal or be it Conservative. I think this is the more incumbent on this Society, as I noticed the other day that a large section of the people in the Highlands have agreed only to read the papers which they, or, at least, their self-elected advisers, chose to call favourable to their cause. I hope I shall not be misunderstood here, and to be thought that I am at all referring to the editors of those papers, for from my personal knowledge of one or two of them, I am quite certain that they rather like opposition, and would be the last to object to both sides of the question being placed before those whose cause they advocate—(Hear, hear)—and I may also add that they are well able to give and receive as hard a blow as most of us. (Applause.) It seems to me the duty of every one who desires the happiness of his country to prevent such a rebound as will have the effect of injuring the Highlands instead of doing the people good. I am sure I need not say that I am far from desiring that the members of this Society should either individually or collectively commit them

selves to advocating the interests of any particular class—of that we have far too much in these days—but I should like to see them endeavouring to help forward such a settlement of this vexed question, as will give permanent peace to the Highlands, on a basis of justice to all, bringing in its train a future of happiness and prosperity, which, I am afraid, has been very much the reverse during the past few years. (Applause.) You may have noticed that the Government propose to introduce a bill, under the guidance of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, dealing with the crofter question in the Highlands. What its terms may be, we do not know, but we do know that the bill is in able hands, and I am certain will be framed in such a manner as to effect a permanent settlement, and bring that state of peace and contentment to the Highlands which is so much to be desired. If you and your friends, on the other hand, will do your best to induce the people to accept of it, whatever be the result, I have no fear that the example set by Ireland will be imitated here, but the cry of the people for legislation on the land question must be listened to, and their prayer granted, so far as it is consistent with justice and right. (Applause.) I will not detain you longer, as I do not think we meet here to make long speeches, so I will simply ask you to join with me in drinking a long and useful life and continued prosperity to "The Gaelic Society of Inverness." (Loud and continued applause.)

Mr James Barron, Ness Bank, proposed the health of "The members of Parliament for Highland Counties and Burghs." The members for the Northern Constituencies, he said, were for the most part new to public life; and he was sure every one would wish, as they were entering on their duties, that they might have a satisfactory career. (Hear, hear.) Looking over some Parliamentary gossip lately, he saw it stated that any one aspiring to political life must possess physical stamina. (Hear, hear.) He fancied that the true type for a modern member of Parliament, was a statesman for whose memory he had a special regard—he meant the cool, bright, cheery, and vivacious Lord Palmerston, who, a fortnight before his death, at the age of eighty, exercised his strength and ability by climbing twice over a high fence opposite his front door. (Laughter and applause.) That was the sort of legislator they required in these days of late hours, physical strain, and mental anxiety. They also hoped that besides the healthy body, their northern members would possess the healthy mind. They were the representatives of great and populous constituencies, elected by a decisive voice, raised to a position in which their names

might become historical, and called upon to deal with questions of great difficulty and complexity. (Hear, hear.) He was sure it was the general wish that they would act as true patriots, and labour to advance the true interests of the Highlands of Scotland. (Applause.)

Mr A. Macbain, Raining's School, proposed "The Language and Literature of the Gael." In doing so, he said this was the third time within the past five years that he had been called upon to propose this same toast, and he had indeed hoped by this time that his two former speeches on the subject ought, owing to their excellence, to have entitled him rather to respond to the toast than to propose it. (Laughter.) In these circumstances he would adopt the method employed by the candidates at the late election. When any knotty question was proposed in the course of the heckling, the candidates invariably referred his questioner to a speech he had delivered in some other place on that very topic. (Laughter.) Now, if they were anxious to know his opinions on the language and the literature of the Gael, he must first refer them to his previous speeches on this subject (Laughter.) Of course they all knew that the Gaelic was the oldest language in the world—(Hear, hear, and laughter)—at least it could not be scientifically proved that it was not the oldest language, and that itself was a great consolation—(Laughter)—for in reality a language and the race that spoke it were just as old as the human race and no older or younger. In regard to the Gaelic as a language, personally he had found it, he said, of the greatest use in the special field of science which he followed—in philology and mythology. There was scarcely a philological law of the ancient or of the modern world that Gaelic did not exemplify. It was of special importance in studying what the Germans called "Umlaut"—the action of a terminal small vowel on the preceding syllable; it showed, as no other language could, how they could get rid of consonants on principle, for vowel-flanked consonants generally disappear, so that the French people and the Strathspey people pronounced the word for "mother" exactly the same way, getting each rid of the medial letter *t*; and, lastly, the philological law of analogy, whereby declension and conjugation came to be of similar types, was extremely well exemplified in Gaelic. In regard to Gaelic literature, the Gaels could hold their own any day with any similarly situated people on this score. The literature was lively, pathetic, satiric, like most folk-literatures, and as such it was the best in Europe. (Applause.) General literature owed one great feature to the Celtic idea of

itness and beauty, for it was to the Celts that they owed rhyme n modern verse. Hebrew poetry had its balance of thought, classical poetry had its quantity, Teutonic poetry delighted in alliteration, but the Celts had the most beautiful of all—rhyme or assonance. (Hear, hear, and applause.) And, not to detain them longer, he had lastly to refer to the triumph that Gaelic had lately gained in being recognised in the Scotch Code. A cherished object of this Society had been thus gained, and he, as a member of it, had the honour of presenting the first pupils under the new Code, even though the Gaelic schedule was not yet organised. (Cheers.)

Mr Duncan Campbell, who was called upon to reply, said he would have preferred to have proposed the toast, as in that case he would have had a better opportunity of referring to Mr Macbain's studies in Celtic literature. (Applause.) Mr Macbain was one of those gentlemen who really deserved the thanks of the Society, and, indeed, of all Celtic Societies, for his valuable and fruitful labours in that field. (Applause.) His friend, Mr Mackenzie, Ballifeary, whose name was coupled with the toast, and himself, were only doing their best to keep modern Gaelic alive, and coining it for commercial and every-day use; and also, as his friend Mr Whyte suggested, for election purposes. (Laughter and applause.) Professor Blackie some years ago published a judicial sentence of his own to the effect that Gaelic would never go beyond poetry and dialogue; but the Professor would have to retract this sentence—which, as an enthusiastic Highlander, he would no doubt do very frankly, for, during the election, the province of Gaelic—modern living Gaelic—had branched out in every form, and endeavoured to adapt itself to modern political thought, and other matters which formerly were almost unutterable in Gaelic. (Applause.) It had been shown that, like modern Greek, the Gaelic language had within itself the power of expressing every idea entering into the hearts of men, without, like English, borrowing from every available source. (Laughter and applause.) Mr Campbell, in conclusion, referred to a pamphlet, published by Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach, entitled "The Catechism of the Crofter." The pamphlet, Mr Campbell said, was one of the most useful and valuable contributions to modern Gaelic literature, because the Dr had elevated the importance of industry, and brought to the knowledge and understanding of the crofters valuable ideas in political economy. (Applause.) He only hoped that some one would follow up Dr Mackenzie's contribution with a publication of a similar nature, giving useful knowledge regarding gardening, for the benefit of the Highland people. (Applause.)

Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Ballifeary, whose name was also coupled with the toast, contented himself with acknowledging the compliment.

Bailie Alexander Ross proposed "The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands," and in doing so referred to the depression which at present prevailed throughout the country. He trusted that there would be a speedy revival of prosperity in all branches of industry.

Mr F. Macdonald, Druidag, in a few pithy Gaelic sentences, replied on behalf of the agricultural, and ex-Bailie Macbean on behalf of the commercial interests of the North.

Provost Macandrew, on rising to propose the toast of "Highland Education," was heartily received. Highland education was, he said, a subject impressed upon them in one or two ways. In the first place, they could not travel very far over the country without observing that, at any rate, education was asserting itself in the matter of stone and lime. All the educational buildings which had of recent years been reared in the various parishes were very much finer than used to content their ancestors, or even themselves in their youth. As a consequence, education pressed upon many of them very seriously in the matter of assessment—especially about this time of the year they were all made very sensitive to that fact. (Laughter and applause.) Although in this particular part of the country they had not so great cause of complaint having regard to taxation, in many other parts of the Highlands excessive school rates were a great and crying evil. (Hear, hear.) This was an immediate effect of the excessive expenditure which had taken place in providing these buildings for elementary education; and there was no doubt that some speedy remedy would require to be found, and effectual relief given in many Highland parishes. (Loud applause.) The question which pressed itself upon his mind in this matter of education was, What were they substituting—what were the real merits of the equivalent being given—for the ancient system of education? It was necessary and right that the people should be taught to read and write not only the English language but their own native Gaelic, in order that they might be qualified to enter upon the actual business of life; but, while this elementary education was being supplied at such an enormous cost and pressure upon the ratepayers, it was, he was afraid, being forgotten that a great means for the education of the people had been greatly, and was now almost totally withdrawn, and that was the ancient literature of the country, that used to exist, if not in writing, at least in speech, handed down from one

generation to another. (Applause.) He did not suppose anybody could now make such a collection of Highland stories as Mr Campbell of Islay succeeded in doing. That collection, as they were aware, was in many respects imperfect; but had a Mr Campbell of Islay been in the field three or four generations before, how much more valuable a book of folklore might have been compiled? They must also remember that these traditional stories educated the people in those days; and when they looked back to what their forefathers were, and when they looked at all the appliances of modern education, he did not think that they had much reason to be proud. There was one thing that they must remember, and that was that they had a valuable means of education in the study of their own history, and the more he knew of it the more he would recommend its study. There was much in it, no doubt, which they had no reason to feel proud of. It often told of nobles who were faithless. But all through the course of the history of Scotland they felt that among the great body of the people there always existed a strong feeling both for the maintenance of the independence of the country, and for the maintenance of the royal line—(Hear, hear)—and this feeling of loyalty and independence shone brightly above the faithlessness of the nobles, and the weakness as well as the poverty of the country. (Applause.) Through the long course of their history, the people combined to resist the Romans, the Saxons, and the other invaders, and maintained Scotch independence, and their own royal line, until they were able to unite with England upon equal terms. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The fact could not be impressed too much upon the people that the more they looked back into the history of the country the more would they find people guided by high and noble feeling, by a feeling which soared high above their own selfish interests, a feeling of freedom and independence, which ought to be maintained at all risks and hazards. (Hear, hear, and applause.) It was of the utmost importance that this old Scotch feeling of freedom and independence should be perpetuated and not be lost sight of. A knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a knowledge of how to acquire money, was all very well, but while they imparted such an education as enabled every man to take his share in the busy, active part of life, that part of his education should not be neglected which taught him to see that there were other things far above worldly and selfish interests which ought to inspire his heart, and guide him through life. (Applause.) Proceeding, the Provost said there could be no doubt that there was among the poorer class in the country a great

amount of improvidence and idleness, although it had to be borne in mind that they had much to contend with in the variable nature of the climate. He could conceive no better means of educating them out of their present position than by teaching them to look back upon the history of their country, which would teach them to rely more upon their own exertions and their own industry, as well as to look beyond their personal anxieties. (Applause.) They had heard a great deal lately about free education, but while he was in politics a Liberal, he had some old-fashioned ideas, and he must say that, in his opinion, to introduce free education would not only reduce it to a thing of little value, but would destroy that noble feeling which prompted the artisan to pinch himself in order that his son might be well educated. (Hear, hear.) Free education would destroy that glorious feeling of independence that had ever characterised Scotchmen, and should animate them to the last stroke of time. Entertaining these feelings, he had great pleasure in taking part in the proceedings of the Society. It was devoted to maintaining what was good and valuable, and its main object was to conserve all that was good and true in Highland life and character, and to promote education in the highest and best sense. (Applause.) The Society should do its utmost to teach the Highland people that what was only valuable and worthy of being contended for was that which was obtained through industry and actual exertion on their part—that education was only valuable if sought for its own sake, and for the sake of the freedom and the knowledge which it gave; and teach them also to look back into the history of former times, and learn the valuable lesson that it was their duty to look far above individual comfort and individual grievances, and endeavour to realise a higher ideal. (Loud applause.)

Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh, who replied, said he had always taken a very great interest in the question of education. Speaking of elementary education in the Highlands, he said many difficulties had to be contended with. The question of school attendance was one of the most serious. This was a matter which he thought ought to occupy the attention of members of School Boards and others more than it did. (Hear, hear.) Some Boards were quite content if they appointed a default officer. This should not be the case. The prosecution of parents for neglecting to send their children to school was looked upon as harsh; and he believed more in the personal influence of those who commanded respect in the district for a change for the better, than in any

measure of compulsion. (Applause.) With regard to the Provost's remark about free education, he might say that he had found that those who had paid school fees attended school with more satisfaction to themselves, their parents, and their teachers. Notwithstanding this fact, however, his experience led him to think that education, if compulsory, should, if not free, be at least cheap. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank, proposed the toast of "Kindred Societies," and in doing so, referred to the good work which was being carried on by the various societies. He had expected that he would have been able to couple the toast with the name of Mr Horne, of the Geological Survey. (Applause.) He, however, had found it impossible to be present. They were glad, however, to have Dr Aitken with them, one of the leading members of the Field Club. The Secretary of the Gaelic Society had alluded to the fact that the eleventh volume of the Transactions had been issued during the past year; and he (Mr Macmillan) might mention that the Scientific Society and Field Club had issued during the year the first volume of their Transactions. (Applause.)

Dr Aitken, in reply, said he was glad the Field Club should have for its President one so distinguished, and one likely to become more distinguished than he was. Mr Horne had already solved a question which had long puzzled men in his own profession—the geological problem in the North-West of Sutherland. (Applause.) In speaking to the toast, he said he understood that the societies he was expected to represent were three in number. There was the Literary and Debating Society—a very vigorous Society—and he knew of no other better field for training young men to acquit themselves with credit in life than in that association. (Applause.) The older Society—the Literary Institute—had thought desirable to connect itself with the Field Club, not for want of papers or energy, but owing to so many nights being devoted to the various societies, that the members could not attend all the meetings. (Applause.) In regard to the Field Club, its sphere was to deal with the natural phenomena and archæology of the district. (Applause.) The Gaelic Society subsisted for preserving the language and folk-lore of the people. (Applause.) The one dealt with the physical features of the country, and the other with the life of the people. (Applause.) It was most important that people should be conversant with the history and traditions of their own race, and he was pleased to observe that in the last volume of the Gaelic Society the history

of the language of the country occupied a most important part. He knew of nothing in that direction more important than that contributed by Mr Macbain, Raining's School. If they once allowed the language of the country to go down, they might do what they pleased; they might legislate and take all possible precautions, but they would be lost as a people, and in order to preserve it they could not do better than study it. (Applause.) If the two Societies worked together he thought the history and folklore of this district would be worked up better than any other district in Scotland. (Applause.)

Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Ballifeary, in a humorous speech, gave "The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness." In doing so he spoke of the important schemes which they had to deal with. He mentioned that within the last few years the Police Commissioners had expended a sum of £100,000 on gas and water. (Applause.) He expressed the hope that the Queen, on the occasion of her jubilee, would remember the Provost of the Capital of the Highlands, and that when they next met he would have the honour to call upon Sir Henry Cockburn Macandrew to reply for the toast. (Applause.)

The Provost said he did not know what her Majesty might be pleased to do by-and-bye; but there was no doubt of this—that if these honours were to be flying about, the Provost of Inverness had as good a title as any one else, and ought not to be forgotten. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, proposed the toast of "The Non-Resident Members of the Society." He mentioned that of the 300 members of the Society, 200 were non-resident, so that they were a very numerous body A reference to the syllabus would also show that they were an important body, no fewer than 15 of the 26 papers being by non-resident members. (Applause.)

Mr F. Macdonald, farmer, Druidag, replied in Gaelic.

Mr G. J. Campbell, in proposing the toast of "The Clergy of all Denominations," said that while the present company could not be expected to subscribe to all the religious tenets represented by the subject of this toast, still they could all sympathise with, and appreciate the main objects of the clerical profession—(Applause)—even though all their clerical friends did not claim apostolic succession. (Laughter.) The clergy had in the past taken the deepest interest in all that conduced to the well-being of society, and they were doing so still. They were in bygone ages, as they were in the present day, in the forefront as pioneers of civilisation, going with their lives in their hand into the darkest corners of the earth, shedding the light of truth, inculcating the doctrines of

rectitude and morality and good-will among men, and breaking up the fallow ground for the advancement of social and commercial prosperity. (Hear, hear.) The influence they had on society might be traced in many ways, but perhaps in none more conspicuously than in the innumerable costly and ornamental, and even in their ruins, almost everlasting architectural edifices erected for religious purposes. They had also great influence in moulding the thought and life of the people by the action and intelligent interest they had taken in education and literature. The cause of Gaelic literature was laid under deepest obligation to their order, through the valuable record of the far off centuries handed down to us in the Book of Deer. (Applause.) The tendency of the present day was to deny to the clergy the privilege of entering into the discussion of civil and political reforms, but while he (Mr Campbell) could not coincide with that view, he believed it depended very much on the judiciousness with which they treated those questions whether they could command the sympathies and support of their people on entering into those secular battlefields. (Hear, hear.) The functions of the clergy were more pastoral than political, and in their high calling they deserved the highest regard of the people. Let us be able to say of each of them, when called to give an account of his stewardship—

> "His head was silvered o'er with age,
> And long experience made him sage;
> In summer's heat and winter's cold
> He fed his flocks and penned his fold;
> His wisdom and his honest fame
> Through all the country raised his name."

The Rev. G. Mackay, Beauly, in reply, said he had always taken a deep interest in all matters affecting the welfare of the people of the Highlands, and would always do what he could to promote their best and highest interests. (Applause.)

Treasurer Jonathan Ross, proposed "The Press," and Mr D. K. Clark, *Inverness Courier*, replied.

Mr Mackenzie, Silverwells, said the toast assigned to him was one which he had the greatest possible pleasure in proposing, and which he was certain would be received with the cordiality and enthusiasm it deserved. (Hear, hear.) It was the "Health of their worthy Chairman and Chief," Kintail. (Applause.) Kintail was always ready to further the interests of all their local associations, societies, and institutions. As an agriculturist, he had set a noble example to tenants and tenant-farmers, and one which many of their large landed proprietors would do well to

follow. (Hear, hear.) He was heir to princely possessions, and with the experience thus gained, it said much for his future as a landlord. (Applause.) He might also say that Kintail did not do like many of their lairds, after collecting their rents in the North, go and live in the great Metropolis. No, he preferred to live in the Highlands and among the Highland people, where he was both loved and respected. (Applause.) He asked them to fill up their glasses and drink to the health of our Chairman and Chief, Kintail, with all the honours. (Applause and Highland honours.)

The Chairman acknowledged the compliment, and thanked the company for their kind expressions of esteem.

Bailie Charles Mackay proposed the health of "The Croupiers," which was responded to by Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor.

The health of "The host," Mr Macfarlane, having been heartily pledged, the company separated. During the evening songs were given by Dr Sinclair Macdonald, Mr Mowatt, Mr Macpherson, Mr G. J. Campbell, Mr Fraser, Illinois; Mr William Mackay, Mr Whyte, and others. During dinner and between the toasts Pipe-Serjeant Paul Mackillop delighted the company with marches and strathspeys, played in excellent style on the pipes. His spirited strains roused the feelings of the company, and an excellent reel, in which most of those present took part, was engaged in towards the close of the proceedings.

As already stated one of those who entertained the company assembled at dinner, was Mr William Fraser, of Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A. Mr Fraser had been forty years in America, and the following poem of his own composition, vividly describes his first impressions of the country, and the home-sickness that made him sigh there for Highland heather, glens, streams, and the social life to which he was accustomed. Better acquaintance with the land of his adoption, however, softened his regrets, but never killed the Highlander in his nature. The poem which Mr Fraser recited was as follows:—

First Part.

'Nuair bha na h-uaislean air cinntinn cruaidh oirnn,
Anns an Taobh Tuath 's an robh sinn an Alb',
Dh' eirich fuaim oirnn gu dhol thar chuaintibh,
'S do dh-America ghluais sinn le fonn air falbh ;
Is ann sna Staitean air tir do chaidh sinn,
'N ceann iomadh la dhuinn bhi muigh air fairg',
'S cha mhor toil-inntinn a gheibh 'san tir so,
Oir 's iomadh ni a tha ga deanamh searbh.

Air dol dheth bord dhuinn aig crioch ar seolaidh,
'Sa' bhaile mhor ud do 'n ainm New York,
Bha sluagh gu leoir as gach taobh 'n Roinn Eorp ann
Dheth na h-uile seorsa 's air iomadh dreach.
Bu chnapan " nigger " gach fear a tri dhiubh,
Mar ri na miltean do Gheangaich ghlas,
'S ma their mi 'n fhirinn gur mi bha sgith dheth,
Ma'n d' fhuair mi m' imrich a thogail as.

Gach ceum a shiubhlas sinn feadh na duth'chsa,
Gur coille dhuth-ghorm i air fad,
Tha ruith gu siorruidh gun cheann no crioch oirr'
Is beachain fiadhaich tha innt' gu pailt';
Cha 'n fhaic sinn fraoch ann a' fas air aonach,
No sruth a caochan ruith soilleir glan,
Ach buig is geoban, 's na rathadan mora,
Na'n sluic mhi-chomhnard le stumpan grod.

'S ge do shaoil sinn gu 'm bu duthaich shaor i,
Tha sinn fo dhaors' innt' nach robh sinn riamh,
Le obair chruaidh ann gun suim do dh-uaraibh,
'S cha ghabhar truas dhinn ged bhiodh sinn sgith ;
Bithidh glaodh oirnn eirigh mu 'n gann is leir dhuinn,
'S air ball gum feum sinn a dhol ri gniomh,
'S bho mhoch gu anmoch sinn 'sàs mar ainmhidh,
'S le cabhaig anbarraich ag ith ar bidh.

Cha bhi na trathan 's an àm am b'abhaist dhuinn,
Ach air aman daicheal nach do chleachd sinn riamh;
'Nuair theid gairm oirnn a dhol da 'n ionnsaidh,
Theid clag no dudach a' sud a thoirm ;
Theid suidhe ri biadh ann gun bheannachd iarraidh,
'S gach fear a' lionadh gu grad a bhroinn,
'S cho grad aig eirigh am feadh tha bheul lan,
'S cha ghabh fear eis ri fear tha as a dheigh.

Gur h-e an lon 's tric bhitheas air bord aca,
Na staoigean mor dheth na mhuic-fheoil ghlais,
Is ti searbh air nach bi mor tharbhachd,
Gun an siucar dearg 'chuireadh dhith 'n droch bhlas ;
Is "stuth na Toiseachd" air an robh sinn eolach,
Cha 'n fhaodar ol ann mar bu chleachd,
Tha e air a dhiteadh air feadh na tir-sa,
'S gum bheil a bhinn air a toirt a mach.

Gur bochd ar caramh an so air airidh,
Is ann na'n raith'dean cha gabh sinn tlachd,
B'i tir a phianaidh do dhuin' is ainbhidh,
'S cha 'n 'eil na h-aimsirean mar bu chleachd;
Tha teas is fuachd ann a tha ro chruaidh oirnn,
Bhitheas cur droch shnuadh oirnn 's toirt dhinn ar dreach,
'S cha mhor creutair a chi mi fein ann,
Gach fear is te dhiubh ach biorach glas.

Ri am an t-samhraidh sinn sgith is fann ann,
Gu 'm bi ar teangan a mach le teas,
A bhitheas ga'r sarachadh 's toirt ar cail uainn,
Is sinn mar sgail ann air leaghadh as;
Bithidh 'm fallas braonach a' ruith na chaochanan,
Sios bh'ar n-aodann na shruthan cas,
'S an tuisg' a ghnath gu 'm feum bhi lamh rinn,
'S sinn tioram, paiteach ag eigheachd deoch.

'S tha geamhradh gruamach a tha cranndaidh fuar ann,
Le geur ghaoth tuath agus frasan sneachd,
Ga chur gu domhal is cathadh mor leis,
'S gum bith na roidean gu h-uile tachd'.
'Mur bi botan oirnn is pailteas comhdaich
Cha bhi doigh air a dhol a mach,
'S tha ghaoth cho reodht ann 's gun gearr i 'n t-sron dhinn
'S gum bi gach lon ann cho cruaidh ri clach.

'S e sud am fuachda a dh'fhagas gruamach
Na h-uile truaghan a bhios an airc,
Gur leoir a cheird dha bhi cumail blaiths air;
Is connadh gearta gum feum bhi pailt',
'S bithidh 'm fuachd air uairean a' faighinn buaidh oirnn
Ged h-ann na 'r suain a bhitheadh sinn 'n ar leab',
Is mur bi teine mor ann an impis rosdaidh,
Cha mhor nach reoth sinn 'nar suidhe steach.

Ach a' mhuinntir straiceil a tha 'san ait so,
'S e an t-am is fhearr leo 'nuair thig an sneachd;
Bithidh iad nan caoiribh a' ruith air slaoid ann,
Is cluig 'sa' ghliongarachd ri 'n cuid each.
Aig dol mu'n cuairt' anns an am a's fuaire,
'S an sneachd mu'n cluasan ga chur gu pailt',
A' ruith 'sa' leumachd 's gach taobh an leir dhuinn,
'S an cuip ag eigneachadh speid nan each.

Air latha na Sabaid, do dh-aite a' chrabhaibh,
Cha bhi ach ainmig aon neach air chois,
Ach ann an carbadaibh dol do'n t-searmoin,
'S a' ruith 'sa stararaich le'n iomadh each;
Tha iomadh seors ann do bharail neonach
Nach 'eil a' cordadh air aona bheachd,
Is cuid mi-churamach mar na bruidean,
Is cha'n 'eil umhlachd do Shabaid ac'.

Tha cuid do dh-Albanaich feadh na duth'ch' so
Gu tur chuir cul ris gach cleachdadh coir
A lean ri'n sinnsearean air feadh nan linntean,
Is cha'n 'eil suim ac' ga'n cumail beo.
Ach mar na Geintilich tha ma'n cuairt orr'
A' fas gu fuar-chritheach le'n cuid stoir,
'S cha chan iad Gailig ach 'deanamh tair oirr'
Ged 's ann innt cha'n arach 'n uair bha iad og.

'S gur tric mi cuimhneachdainn air na tioman
Bhitheadh agam fhein ann an Albainn thall,
'S bithidh mulad diblidh a' tighinn air m' inntinn
'S gur iomadh sgriob bhios i toirt a null,
A' ruith gu eutrom air feadh an aonaich,
Mar bha mi aon uair an tir nam beann
A' cluinntinn toirmean nan allt 's nan caochan
Bhiodh mireach, sgaoilteach ruith feadh nan gleann.

Aig Nollaig aoibhneach is La Bliadhn' Uir ann,
Gur sinn bhiodh sunndach, le cluich is ceol,
Bhiodh surd is danns' ann air feisd is bainnsibh,
Gun dad a sgrainge no dh'olc na 'r coir;
Is gum bu ghuanach a bhiodh na gruagaichean
Bhiodh m'an cuairt dhuinn gu critheil coir,
Gu cairdeal, eibhneach, gun eagal cleir oirnn
Do thaobh bheusan bha saor bho ghòid.

Air bhi air chuairt dhuinn car bheagan bhliadhnaibh
'N taobh airde n' iar do Staid New York,
'S o'n bha m' fearann daor ann 's gun mor mhaoin againn
Chuir sinn ar n-aodainn ri dhol na b'fhaid',
Agus sheol sinn thar lochaibh mora
Do dh-Illinois nam faichean glas
'San fhearann chomhnard gun choilltean domhal
Is ghabh sinn comhnuidh air abhainn Fox.

Gum b'i so duthaich nam *prairie* lubach,
Na 'n sealladh ur dhuinn 's na h-uile cearn,
Is feur gu duint' orr' gu ruig ar gluinean,
Gu dosrach ùrar 's gu gorm a' fas ;
Gun chrodh no caoraich ri iomain caoin ann,
Ach crith sa ghaoith ann mar thonnaibh fairg,
'Sa' fas 's a' crionadh o chian nan ciantan
Is aig gach fiadh-bheathach 'na aite taimh.

Second Part.

Tha iomadh seorsa do dh-ainbhidh beo ann,
Gun dragh no eolas air rathaidhean dhaoin,
Tha feidh nan crocan a' ruith nan drobhan ann
Is cearcan boidheach mar bhiodh 'san fhraoch.
Tha madraidh-alld' agus sionnaich sheolt ann,
Agus gobharan beaga maol,
'S tha 'n tunnag spogach a' snamh gach lon ann
Is pailteas dhrobhachan do ghlas gheoidh.

Tha moran eun ann a bhios ri ceol ann,
Cho binn ri smeorach am barr nan craobh.
Tha na h-aibhnichean is iasg gu leor annt'
Gun aig neach coir orr', ach iad gu saor.
'S tha iomadh doigh air bhi deanamh beo-shlaint',
'S cha'n 'eil an lon ann no 'm fearann daor,
'S mur bhith aon do-bheart a bhios g'ar leon ann
Bhitheadh sinn cho doigheil 'sa shireadh aon.

Ach tha aon droch bhuaidh ann d'am beil sinn buailteach
Bhios ga'r cur tuathal 's ga'r fagail clith—
'S e sin droch eucail, ris an canar *agus*,
Is cha mhor creutair nach dean i chlaoidh.
Gu 'm bi na ceudan air chrith is dreun orr'
Mar dhuill' air gheig bhiodh air chrith le gaoith,
'S cha'n ann gun reusan a bheir mi beum dhi,
Oir 's iomadh eiginn 's na chuir i mi.

'Nuair gheibh suairceag ud lamh an uachdar,
'S i chuireas gluasad na m' fhuil 's na m' fheoil,
Mi greannach, gruamach, is fior dhroch shnuadh orm,
'S bithidh mi cho fuar ann ri stocan reotht'.
'S m'an gann gun gluais mi 's gum falbh am fuachd sin
Thig teas cho cruaidh orm 's ged bhithinn roisdt',
Mi 'n ghnath ri luasgan gun fhois no suain domh,
Och, gur mi-shuaimhneach a bhios mo choir.

B'i sin a' bhan-suireach a dh'fhanas teann rium,
'S a chuireas greann orm thighinn a'm choir,
Is ged bhiodh aing orm cha toir i taing dhomh
Is cha ghabh ceannsachdainn oirr' le deoin.
'Nuair a smuanaich mi gun d'thug i fuath dhomh
'S gun d'rinn mi fuadach uam ri'm bheo,
Thig i gun naire a ris chur failt' orm,
'S a dh fhantainn lamh rium ge b'oil le m' fheoil.

Is i a' bhana-Gheangach a tha gun nair i,
'S ann orm tha 'n tamailt mi faicinn riamh ;
'N uair dh'eireas teum oirr' cha bhi mi reidh rithe ;
Ach gheibh mi greudhadh uaipe nach bi cli.
Mo cheann is m'eanchainn bithidh troimh a cheile,
Is gach cnaimh nam chreubhag bithidh bruite, sgith,
Gum b'fhearr dhomh fein bhi fo phlaigh na h-Eiphid
'Nuair throideas breunag na bhi 'san tir.

Ach, taing dha'n Ti-mhath, gun d'fhuar mi cuibht's i,
Is iomadh cuingealachd bha na deigh,
'S le tuillidh bruidhne cha bhi ga maoitheadh,
Ach bithidh mi chaoidh guidhe dhi siubhal reidh.
'S a nis cho-dhunain le comhairle dhurachdaich
Do mo luchd-duthcha 'san tir gu leir—
Gun iad bhi diombach no'm misneachd cul riutha
Ge do bhiodh cuisean dol uairean fiar.

20TH JANUARY 1886.

A meeting was held on this date for the purpose of nominating office-bearers for 1886. The following new members were elected, viz:—Mr A. D. Campbell, of Kilmartin, Glen-Urquhart, life member ; and Mr John Horne, Geological Survey, Inverness ; Mr Alexander Gow, of the *Dundee Advertiser*, Dundee ; and Mr Alexander Mowat, of the *Scottish Highlander*, Inverness, ordinary members. All the business having been transacted, the meeting assumed the form of a Highland Ceilidh, which was highly enjoyed by all present.

27TH JANUARY 1886.

At the meeting on this date, office-bearers for 1886 were elected. The following were elected members of the Society, viz : —Mr Kenneth J. Matheson, yr. of Lochalsh, life member ; Sheriff Blair, Inverness ; and Colonel Charles Edward Stewart, C.I.E.,

C.M.G. (of the Afghan Frontier Commission), Ornockenoch, Gatehouse, Kirkcudbright, honorary members; Mr John Maclennan, teacher, Inverasdale, Gairloch; Mr Alexander Mitchell, The Dispensary, Inverness; and Mr Alexander Macdonald, master carpenter, 62 Tomnahurich Street, Inverness, ordinary members; and Mr Roderick MacCorquodale, 42 Union Street, Inverness, as an apprentice member.

3rd February 1886.

At the meeting on this date the following new members were elected, viz.:—Mr James E. B. Baillie of Dochfour, and Mr Edward Herbert Wood of Raasay, both life members; Dr F. F. M. Moir, Aberdeen, honorary; and Mr Ralph Erskine Macdonald, Corindah, Queensland; Mr James Cook, commission agent, Inverness; Mr Hugh Macpherson, merchant, Castle Street, Inverness; Mr Wm. Fraser of Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.; Dr Sinclair Macdonald, Inverness; and Mr William Mackay, Argyle Street, Inverness, ordinary members. Some routine business having been transacted, Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness, read the following series of

UNPUBLISHED OLD GAELIC SONGS.

Our worthy secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, arranged that I should read a few old songs for you this evening.

So far as I am aware, the most of these songs never appeared as yet in print, but some of them have been partially published. For instance:—There are only thirteen verses of "*Oran mor Mhic-Leoid*," given in Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," whereas I give twenty-seven verses of it. The same remark may also apply to two or three others, which have been printed in part only, and which I give as full as I ever heard them sung. Every song on my list for this evening I used to hear, and could recite parts of them before I left Strathglass, over fifty years ago. Last Autumn, when I was in Kintail, Captain Alexander Matheson, shipowner, Dornie, generously placed his large collection of Gaelic songs in manuscript at my disposal. It is through his kindness that I was enabled to renew my acquaintance with the most of the songs I now give to this Society. If any other person will give us better versions of these songs, no one will be more pleased than I will.

The first song I will give you is one composed by Roderick Mackenzie, who is said to have been the heir apparent of Apple-

oss, but who was supplanted by some means which I never ard sufficiently explained.

Thoir a nall dhuinn am botul,
  Cuir an deoch so mu'n cuairt;
Tha' m inntinn gle dheonach
  Dhol a sheoladh thar chuan,
A dh-ionnsuidh an aite
  Gus na bharc am mor shluagh,
Gu eilean Naomh Mairi,
  'S cha bhi mal dha thoirt bhuainn.

Ach, Aonghais Mhic-Amhla,
  Tha mi an geall ort ro mhor,
Bho 'n a sgriobh thu na briathran
  'S an gniomh le do mheoir;
Gu 'n cuir thu dha'r n-ionnsuidh
  Long Ghallda nan seol,
Ruith-chuip air a clair—
  "*Overhaul and let go.*"

So a' bhliadhna tha saraicht'
  Air fear gun aiteach gun sunnd;
'Nuair theid cach ann sa Mhàrt
  Ris an aiteach le surd;
Tha luchd-riaghlaidh an aite
  Dha 'm aicheadh gu dlùth,
'S gur e 'n stiuir thoirt an iar dhi
  Ni is ciataiche dhuinn.

Ma 's e reitheachan chaorach
  An aite dhaoine bhitheas ann,
Bidh Albainn an tra sin
  Na fasaich do'n Fhraing;
'Nuair a thig Bonaparte
  Le laimh laidir a nall,
Bidh na cibeirean truagh dheth,
  'S cha truagh linn an càll.

'Nuair a thig orra 'm bracsaidh
  'S gach galar bhitheas ann,
A' chloimh cha'n i 's fhasa
  Dha'n tachus gu teann,
An t-al a bhi diobairt
  'Sa chaoil' anns gach gleann
An stoc gun bhi lathair
  'S am mal bhi air chall.

Ma ni sinne seoladh
  'S gu'n deonaichear dhuinn
Gu 'n robh Righ nan Grasan
  A ghnath air ar stiuir;
Dha nar gleidheadh's da'r tearnadh
  Bho gach gabhadh is cuis,
Gu taobh thall na fairge,
  Ma's a crannchur e dhuinn.

Bithidh am bradan air linn' ann
  'Sna miltean do dh-fheidh,
Bithidh gach eun air na crannaibh
  'S ann am barraibh nan geug;
Bithidh an cruithneachd a fàs ann
  Bithidh an t-al aig an spreidh,
'S ann an am na Feill Padraig
  Bithidh an t-aiteach dha reir.

Bheir mi dhuibh a nise Luinneag le Donull Mac-Mha Fear Atadail. Tha sinn a' faicinn ann san aidheam so m mhath leis bean a thaghadh :—

E hu ro bhi hoireann oho,
  E hu ro bhi hoireannàn;
E hu ro bhi hoireann eile,
  Mo run fhein gu d' fhaicinn slan.

Na'm bitheadh agam bàta biorach,
  Sgioba ghillean agus raimh,
Rachainn a null thar an linne
  'Shealltainn bheil an nighean slan.

Na'm faighinn caileag bhoidheach, bheusach,
  'Si bhi leum na h-ochd bliadhn' diag,
Ged do shlanaicheadh i 'n fhichead
  'S docha nach bu mhisd' a ciall.

'S mor gum b'fhearr leam leabaidh luachrach,
  'San Taobh-tuath a muigh air blar,
Na ged gheibhinn leaba' n seomar
  'S e seachd storaidhean air aird'.

'S beag orm an te bhitheas céil'dheach,
  'S tric a thug i bhreug dheth 'triall;
Te mhugach nach faighnich cairdean,
  Cha' n i 's fhearr a choisneas miadh.

Cha thaobh mi bantrach fir idir,
  Na seann te gun duin' aice riamh,
Fo altrum te oig cha teid mi,
  Bho' n a's fheudar a bhi triall.

Thaghainn thu gu boidheach, banail,
  Thaghainn thu gu fallain, fial;
Pailteas spreidh is moran chairdean,
  Ciall is naire 's cail gu gniomh.

MORT NA CEAPAICH, NO CUMHA CLANN NA CEAPAICH, LE IAN LOM.

Fifteen verses of this song have been published by Turner in his collection of Gaelic Songs in 1813. There are also fifteen verses, line for line as in Turner's, printed in John Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." I used to hear more of this lament in Strathglass, and by aid of the Dornie MS., I can now give you twenty-three verses of it. About the time "Ian Lom" composed this lament he found his native district too hot for him, in consequence of which he sought and received the hospitality and protection of "Mac-Coinnich mor Chinntaile," *i.e.*, the Earl of Seaforth. By command of the Earl, John was placed in a farm called Cragaig, in Gleneilchaig. In this farm he remained until some person inimical to "Ian Lom," composed a villainously ugly and lying satire of four or five short lines on the men of Kintail. "Ian Lom" was accused of being the author of the offensive couplet. He denied it with all the power of speech in his versatile vocabulary, but all to no effect. He was obliged to leave Kintail. It was on that occasion he composed the song in which the following lines occur :—

"Dha mo chur a Cinntaile
  Gun fhios de an t-aite do'n teid mi."

I was passing through Gleneilchaig about fifty-five years ago, along with an elderly man who pointed out Cragaig to me as "Ian Lom's" old farm; he also stated that it was on Mam-an-tuirc when leaving Gleneilchaig the Poet composed the song in which the following verse occurs :—

"Dha m'chur a m' fhearann gun aobhar,
'S nach mi shalaich an t-saobhaidh,
Mar mhadadh-alluidh
Sa' chaonnag m'a lorg."

Excuse this digression, and pray have patience with me while recite

MORT NA CEAPAICH

'S tearc an diugh mo chuis ghaire,
Tigh'n na raidean so 'niar;
'G amharc fonn Inbhir-laire,
'N deigh a stràchdadh le siol;
Ge d' tha Cheapach na fasaich,
Gun aon aird' oirre 's fhiach:
Gu'm faice' Dia, bhraithrean,
Gur trom a bhàrc oirnn an t-sian.

'S fad bhios cuimhn' air an Aoine,
Dh-fhag a chaoidh sinn fo sprochd;
Ann an àm na Feill-Micheil,
Cha bu ni chall air phlod;
Ach bhi'n diugh na'r cuis-bhuird
Mar mhial-bhuirn air gach loch;
Nuair theid gach cinneadh a dh'aon taobh
Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu' n chnoc.

'S ann Di-sathurna gearra-bhuain,
Bhuail an t-earachall orm goirt;
'S mi fos cionn nan corp geala,
Bha 'sileadh fala fo' n bhrat;
Bha mo lamhansa craobh-dhearg,
An deigh bhi 'taomadh nan lot;
'Se bhur cur ann sa chiste,
Turn is miste mo thoirt.

B'iad mo ghaol na cuirp chul-bhuidhe,
Anns 'm bu dluth cuir na'n sgian:
'S iad na'n sineadh air urlar,
An seomar ùr dha'n cur sios;
Fo chasan Shiol Dughaill,
Luchd a spuilleadh nan cliar:
Dh'fhag àladh am biodag,
Mar sgaile ruidil 'ur bian.

Tha sibh 'n cadal-thigh duinte,
'Se gun smuid deth, gun cheo;
Far an d'fhuair sibh 'n garbh rusgadh,
Thaobh 'ur cuil a's 'ur beoil;

Ach na'm faigheadh sibh ùine,
  Bho luchd 'ur mi-rùin bhi beo;
Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
  Bhiodh aidhir, mùirn ann a's ceol.

S fuar caidreamh tigh tabhairt,
  'San robh gairich is cosd;
Far nach cluinnear guth clarsaich,
  Ach gaoir galach nam bochd;
'Se mar thaileasg air aon teud,
  Tha t'fhearann sgaoilte 'se nochdt';
'Tilgear urchair na disne,
  'S gur leir dha'n Ti a mheur ghoint.

'S ann oirnne thainig an diombuaidh,
  'S an t-iomaguin tha geur;
Mar tha claidheamh ar fine,
  Cho minig 'n 'ar deigh;
Pachda Thurcach gun sireadh,
  Bhi a pinneadh bhur cleibh;
Bhi n' ur breacain g' ur filleadh,
  'Measg ur cinneadh mor fein.

A leithid de mhurt cha robh 'n Alba,
  Ged bu bhorbarr' a gleus;
'S cha bu laghail an t-sealg e
  Gu cosnadh sealbh righeachd Dhe;
Ge b' e 'm fàth mu'n robh sgionadh
  Chaoidh cha 'n innis mi 'n sgeul;
Cha d' thain' a leithid do mhilleadh,
  Air ceann-cinnidh fo'n ghrein.

Ghabh sibh roimhe so fath oirnn,
  Dh'fheuch bhur cairdeas ruinn geur
Chaidh sibh 'stigh ann san fhasaich
  'Nuair a thar sibh bhi reidh;
Chuir sibh cungais a chàise
  'Stigh an aros nan teud,
'S cuid de'n buailichean ba-chruidh
  Ann an garadh nam peur.

C'aite 'n robh e fo'n adhar,
  A sheall n'ur bathais gu geur,
Nach tugadh dhuibh athadh,
  A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'ur beus;

Mach bho chloinn bhrathair 'ur n-athar,
  A mheall an t-aibhistear treun,
Ged a rinn iad bhur lotsa,
  Gur trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha lionn-dubh na chàs cruaidh orm
  Tighinn an uaigneas mo chleibh,
Le mar dh'fhas e na chuan orm
  B' fhearr leam 'uam e mar cheud
Cia mar dh'fhaodas mi direadh
  Gun ite dhileis na'm sgeith
'S luchd a dheanamh na sithne
  Bhi feadh na tire gun deigh.

'S og a bha sibh do bhliadhna,
  Ghlac a cheutaidh sibh luath,
Aig ro-fheothas bhur ciall
  Gu cur 'ur riaghailtean suas.
Ge b'e ghabhadh rium fiabhrus,
  Bhi dha nur n-iargainn sibh' uam ;
Bidh m' 'n deigh air bhur riasladh,
  Gus an liath air mo ghruaig.

Chuir Dia oirnn mac oighre,
  Gu bhi na choinnleir roimh chach,
Chum gu 'n soillsich a sholus,
  Mar phreas-toraidh fo bhlath,
'S mi gu'm freagradh a chaismeachd,
  Air fraoch-bhrataich gun chearb,
Dealbh do bhradan, do dhobhran,
  Do luing, do leomhan 's laimh dhearg.

Dh'ordaich Dia dhuinn craobh-shiochaint
  Chumadh dion oirnn le treoir,
Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhi striochdadh
  Fhad 's a's cian bhiomaid beo ;
Mas sinn fhein a chuir dith oirre
  Cha 'n fhearr a' chrioch a thig oirnn,
Tuitidh tuagh as na Flaitheas
  Leis an sgathar na meoir.

An glan fhiuran so bh'againn
  'N taobh so Fhlaitheas Mhic Dhe
Thainig sgiursadh a' bhais air
  Chaill sinn 'thoirt le strachd geur,

An t-aon fhiuran a b' aillidh
  Bh 'ann sa phairc an robh speis,
Mar gu'm buaineadh sibh àilean
  Leis an fhaladar gheur.

'S math an toilltinneach sinne,
  Bhi gu minig am pein;
Bho' n a ghlac sinn fal-spiorad
  Ann an ionad fiamh Dhe;
Mar lorg neo-chinnte air linne,
  Ge'd bu mhinig an sgeul,
Ach an t-or nach do bhuaileadh,
  Fhuair e bhuain as a bhreig.

Tha mulad air m' inntinn,
  Bhi ag innse bhur beus;
'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh,
  'Nuair chaidh 'ur fagail libh fein;
'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhraithrean,
  E dhol an lathair Mhic Dhe
Mar am bàt' air an linne
  Ge b'e shireadh na deigh.

Cha b' e sud bha mi 'g ionndrain
  Ge do phlunndraig iad sibh
Ach na h-oganaich chul-bhuidhe
  Air an lubadh san lion
'S e chuir stad air mo shugradh
  'Sa dh'fhag mo shuilean gun dion
Sibh bhi sinnt' ann sa chruisle
  'S graisg na duthcha gun fhiamh.

Mar tha' n stoc as an d'fhàs sibh,
  A cur bhur bàs an neo-shuim;
Urla riabhach na Pairce,
  'S i gabhail sàth fo àl-fuinn;
Cia mar dh'fhuilingeas tu fein sud,
  Gun t'fhuil a dh'eiridh fo thuinn,
'S gur tu thog iad na'n oige;
  'Stigh mu 'd bhord an Dun-tuilm.

Gu'n sealladh Dia oirnn le ghrasan
  Ge b' e la thig 'n ar crioch
Bho 'n is mallaicht' an t-àl sinn
  'S gur mairg a dh-araich 'nar trian

Gne Thurcach gun bhaigh sinn
  Ach nach d' aicheidh sinn Criosd;
Fagaidh muir air an traigh sinn
  Mar chulaidh-bhàite gun dion.

Ach, a Mhorair Chlann Donuill,
  'S fad' thu chomhnuidh measg Ghall;
Dh'fhag thu sinne ann am breislich
  Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-ám;
Cha mhodha ghléidh thu na gibhtean
  A chaidh gun fhios dhut air chàll;
Tha sinn corrach as t'aogais
  Mar choluinn sgaoilte gun cheann.

'S iomadh oganach treubhach
  A shiubhladh reidh is glaic chrom
Eadar ceann Drochaid Eiridh
  'S Rudha Shleite nan tonn
Leis' 'm bu mhiann bhi diol t'eirig
  Na' n robh do chreubhag lan tholl,
A thoirt do dhalta a eiginn,
  A dheadh Shir Seumas nan lòng.

A Mhic Mhoire, 'sa Chriosda
  Dh-fhuiling pian nan coig creuchd,
Faic mar thoill iad an diteadh
  'Gach aon ti bha mu d'eug.
Ma bha toradh san dealas
  Gu cur do rioghachd an leud,
Gaoir na fola tha dhith orm
  Gu ruige sith Flathais Dhe.

This is a song in which the author, Donald Matheson, of Attadale, tenders advice in plain but polite language woman-kind. The song was published by Eoin Gillies in hi lection of Gaelic Songs, printed at Perth in 1786. I believ book is now scarce. That is not my reason, however, for of you the song at present, but because this, my version, has more stanzas than Gillies' copy of it.

Na'm bu teagasgach mi air an treud
  D' an goirear gu leir na mnai,
Cha b' achmhasan bheirinn gu geur
  'S cha chuirinn droch-bheus os aird.

Bhiodh m' impidh gu math air an cul
  'S bu leo mo run do ghna ;
'S mo chomhairl' bhiodh aca gu reidh
  D'an cumail o bheud gach la.

O'n thoisich mi 'n teagasg ud duibh
  'S nach b'e bhur claoidheadh mo mhiann
O'n a dh' innis mi m' inntinn gu saor
  Na rachadh a h-aon san t-sliabh ;
'S ma their mi ribh ni nach bi binn
  O innsibh dhomh fhein mo ghiamh ;
'S gur toileach leam cronachadh soilleir
  Ge do choisneadh mo choire dhomh 'n t-srian.

O'n their luchd an iomadaidh eolais,
  "'Se gach ni ann an ordugh is fearr,"
'Se comhairle thoirt air mnaoi phosda
  Ghabhas mi 'n tòs os laimh ;
'S o rinneadh thu, bhean, chum na criche,
  Umhal mur a bi thu dha,
Bi'dh deireadh aig comunn mo rùin,
  Is measa na thus gu brach.

Ma thuit ort a chodhail nach fhearr,
  'Nuair chuir thu do laimh 'sa' chliabh ;
'S gu'n d' fhuair thu ann duine gun treoir,
  'Se na bhodach air cleocadh sios ;
Na tuit gu fal-mhisneachd gu brach,
  'S na taisbein do chach a ghiamh,
'S ma 's math leat a spiorad thoir dha,
  Cum tric agus trath ris biadh.

Ma fhuair thu fear dannara, truagh,
  Nach cuir anns an uaisle suim,
Fear dreaganta, creaganta, cruaidh,
  A's urrainn thoirt fuath do mhnaoi,
Cleachd urram is fulangas da,
  'S na lasadh 'ur n-ardan daoi,
Mur tig e le socair gu buaidh,
  Gu mair e na bhuadhanna chaoidh.

Ma fhuaradh leat companach bras
  Bha riamh ana-caisrigt' an cuil
'S gu'n d' eirich dha leantuinn ri fhasan
  A ghabh e mar chleachda o thus ;

Na biodh aig luchd-tuaileis r'a chantuinn,
  Gur iadach a mhaslaicheas thu,
Thoir feart nach bi t'achmhasan baoth
  Mus caill sibh maraon bhur cliù.

Ged dh 'eireadh dhuit focal no dha
  A thuiteam le gaire uait—
Seadh focal no dhà am biodh brigh
  'S a chuireadh a ghniomh-san suas,
Mur maothaicheadh sud e, cia 'm fath ?
  Cha leasaicheadh càs no cruas,
Thair leam gu 'n dean faighidinn ceile
  Ni nach dean beum gun bhuaidh.

Ma fhuaradh leat slaodaire misgeach
  No slaoidire bristeach 'an ceill
Leigeas dheth chuid as a laimh
  Am barrachd 's a tharas e fein ;
'Nuair theid ort an trustar á sta,
  'S a sheasas tu ait' am feum
Ged' chuir thu le strealladh air geilt
  Gu'n gabh sinn do leisgeul gu leir.

Ach ma bha t' fhortan ni's fearr,
  'S gu'n do chuir ort an t-Ard-righ buaidh,
'S gu'n d' fhuair thu fear freasdalach, cairdeil,
  Choisneadh do ghràdh gach uair,
O ! sealgair a' choilich san fhraoch,
  A choisneadh do ghaol gun ghruaim,
Bi thusa a'd dhleasdanas da,
  Is guidheam dhuibh slainte bhuan.

'S a rìs, a bhean phosda mo ruin,
  Bi farasda ciuin ri d' fhear,
Nach cuala tu 'n t-abstol ud Pòl,
  Mar thug e na mnai fainear ;
Oir thuirt e dhoibh sud gur a còir ;
  Striochdadh o òg gu sean;
Ach sguiridh mi nise do chainnt ribh,
  Is eisdeadh a' bhantrach mhear.

'S, a bhantrach, thoir faicill ort fèin—
  Ged a thubhairt mi fein riut mear—
Thoir feirt nach e buaireadh an t-saoghail,
  A thogas a chaoidh' do ghean ;

Am freasdal s' gu'n tigeadh do t' iarruidh,
  Suir'ich o'n iar no o'n ear,
D' an toir thu gu tairis do ghaol,
  Ged a dhealaich an t-aog riut t' fhear!

Ma fhuaradh leat fearann is ni,
  Na canar gur millteach thu,
Bi thusa 'n ad cheannas math teaghlaich,
  'S is barrantach t' aobhar cliu;
Tha nadur nam feara gu leir,
  Cho chreidmheach air breig gun diu,
'S gur còir dhuit bhi fiosrach co dha
  M'an innis thu chàch do run.

Ach aon ni 's eigin domh radh,
  'S tha e teachd a ghnà fa m' smaoin,
Nach cuir thu chaoidh' 'm fiacha dha
  'Nuair a gheibh thu fear cairdeil caoin,
Nach can thu ris, "Beannachd do m' chiad fhear
  Choisinn e riamh mo ghaol,"
Is guidheam dhuibh maireantas buan
  Air adhairt nam buadh faraon.

Ach ma 's a cailleach gun bhrìgh thu,
  Air nach toir saoi aon luaidh,
Cuir t'earbsa 's do mhuinghin 'an Dia,
  Leig tharad do mhi-chuis thruagh,
Dean samhl' ann an gliocas do chàch,
  Thoir taisbeineadh araidh uait,
Ge dualchas am bàs do gach aon,
  'S ni dearbhte dha 'n aois an uaigh.

Gu'n teagaisg mi caileag mo rùin,
  An t-abhall is uire blath,
Clach-tharuing nam feara gu leir,
  'Si bhan-oglach bheusach mhna;
Ge h-aimideach mise ann an ceill
  Cha labhair mi breug 'sa' chàs,
Ach na 'n gabhadh sibh comhairle 'uam,
  Gu'm faicht' oirbh le buaidh a bhlath.

A mhaighdin, thoir faicill ort féin,
  'S gun thu ach a'd chréutair maoth,
Cha 'n fhuiling thu cruadal no gaillionn,
  'S do bhuaireadh cha mhair thu bhios baoth,

Ma leagas ort fleasgach a shuil,
  Na taisbein do run d'a thaobh,
Fad as uaithe faiceadh e thu
  An aon uair is mò do ghaol.

Mu d' bheusa bi meachair a ghnà,
  Gu h-iriosal, àillidh, ciuin ;
Na rachadh do theanga gu luaths
  'S na maslaich do shluagh ni 's mò ;
Bi' ùmhal do d' ghinteiribh talmhaidh,
  Is faicear neo-fhalbhach thu ;
Oir creid 'nuair bhios iomadh a' strith,
  Gur meanbh an ni chi gach suil.

Ma's e 'n aoidh a thig chum na h-oidhche
  A leagas a dhruim ri làr,
Ma chi e san teaghlach sin maighdean
  Caillidh se loinn do chàch ;
Oir oirre-s' bi'dh inntinn gu dlùth
  'S e ag iarraidh gu sugradh tlà ;
Ach is beag an ni chluinneas a chluas
  Nach leig e san uair os aird.

Bi'dh iomadh fear suarach an déigh
  Air thusa bhi 'm mi-sta dha
'Nuair a leigeis tu iarrtannas leis
  'S a chailleas tu freasdal a's fearr ;
O ! coisnidh e sin dhuit gu truagh
  Le eachdraidh fuath o chàch
Thoir feirt air an fhear ud a chaoidh'
  Ma's tig thu le maoim 'na d' dhàil.

Ach ma thig fleasgach mu 'n cuairt,
  A shaoileas tu 's uailse beus,
Cleachd cridhealas bhritheagach dha
  Mar eireig 'sa bàrr fo sgeith ;
Le danadas amhailteach ciuin,
  Is soilleireachd sùl gu réidh,
'Ma bhios tu gu banail gu bràth
  Gu 'n tarruinn thu cairdeas cheud.

'S à nise na'n innseadh tu dhuinn,
  Ma thaitinn riut m' impidh thlá,
Gu'n do shoilleirich mise gu reidh
  Na'n tigeadh ort beud gu bràth ;

Thoir d' achmhasan seachad, ma thoill,
'S ni 'n cuiream fhein suim 'sa' bhàs,
Ma their thu gu'n chuir mi ort gruaim,
Bidh mi gu La-luain am thamh.

In the beginning of the winter of 1620, Murdoch, the son of Alexander Macrae of Inverinate, who was married to Ann Mackenzie, daughter of the Laird of Applecross, went, as was his wont, on a hunting excursion to some of the upper defiles of Gleann-Lic, in Kintail, and was lost in the hills. His friends searched for him, and after fifteen days Murdoch's body was found at the foot of a rock. It is not known for certain how the man came by his death: he may have slipped over the precipice, but it was said that Murdoch had, during his ramblings, found a man stealing his goats. Having taken him a prisoner, he was bringing him home when, it is supposed that, as they were passing along the *Cadha*, at the *Carraig*, in Gleann-Lic, the man pitched Murdoch over the rock at the foot of which his body was found. There is a tradition that on his death-bed an old man was heard to confess that he was the murderer of Murdoch Macrae, and that this confession was overheard by a girl who revealed it. The Rev. Alexander Cameron, late of the *Quoad Sacra* Parish of Glengarry, sent to the Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, parts of two plaintive songs composed on the lamented death of Murdoch Macrae. They are printed in Vol. VIII. of the Society's Transactions. I am sorry that Mr Cameron should have said the supposed murderer was a Strathglass man. By this assertion I am reluctantly compelled to state that the tradition in Kintail is (see Dornie MS., pages 165 to 167), that he was a Glenmoriston man, and I have always heard the same myself. The elegies alluded to were composed by the herdsman of Murdoch's brother, John Macrae, locally known as the "*Bard mac Mhurchaidh mhic Iain Ruaidh*," who resided in Mamag, in Gleneilchaig, Kintail.

This song was apparently composed while the search for Murdoch Macrae was going on—

Och nan ochan 's mi sgìth,
'Falbh nan cnoc so ri sian,
Gur neo-shocrach a' sgrìob tha 'san dùthaich ;

Cha b' e d' fhàsach gun ni,
No d' fhearann-àitich chion sìl,
Ach sgeul nach binn e ri sheinn 's an dùthaich.

Thu bhi, Mhurchaidh, air chall
Gun aon chuimse, c' e 'm ball ;
Sud an urchair bha caillte dhùinne.

'S cruaidh an cas am beil sinn,
Thug am braigh so dhinn,
'S cha chuir cairdean an ire dhuinn e.

Och mo chlisgeadh 's mo chàs,
Gun tu 'n ciste chaoil chlàir,
Le fios aig do chairdean ciùirt' air.

Bu chall ceille mo dhan,
Mar dhealbh itean an sas,
Gun tuigt air mo dhan nach b'fhiu e.

'S beart nach guidhinn do m' dheòin,
Ach na ludhaig Dia òirnn,
Do chùl buidhe bhi chòir na h-ùrach.

Och gur miste mo chail,
Bho 'n bu threudach mi dh' àl,
Gun tuigte air mo dhan nach fiu e.

Slan le treubhantas seoid,
Slan le gleusdachd duin' òig,
'Nuair nach d' fhaod thu bhi beo gun chùram.

Slàn le gliocas, 's le ceill
'S a bhi measail ort fhein,
'S nach eil fhios ciod e 'n t-eug a chiùrr thu.

Slàn le binneas nam bard,
Slàn le grinneas nan làmh ;
Co ni mire ri d' mhnaoi, no sùgradh ?

Slàn le grinneas nam meur
Slàn le binneas luchd-theud
'Nuair a sheinneadh tu beul gun tuchan.

Slàn le fiadhach nam beann,
Slàn le iasgach nan allt—
Co chuir iarunn air crann cho cliuiteach ?

Do luchd-faire* gun fhiamh,
Bho 'n bha d' air' orra riamh—
Nochd cha ghearain am fiadh a churam.

* Red deer.

'S ait le binnich * nan allt,
'Chor 's gu'n cinnich an clann,
Gu'n do mhilleadh na bh' ann de dh' fhúdar.

'Nuair a shuidheadh thu, sheoid
Mar ri buidheann ag ol
Mar bu chubhaidh bhiodh ceol mu'n turlach.

Slàn le uaisle na's leor
'S tu bhi suairce gun bhron
Bho'n nach d' fhuaireas thu, sheoid, gu h-ùrail.

Faodaidh an earbag an nochd,
Eadar mhaoisleach a's bhoc
Cadal samhach air cnoc gun churam.

Faodaidh ise bhi slan,
'Siubhal iosal a's àird,
Bho 'n a chailleadh an t-àrmunn cliùiteach.

his song was evidently composed after the finding and of Murdoch Macrae's body as stated in the last verses of ment.

Seinneam marbhrann as ur,
Mar fhion-sùl do Chlann Mhic Rath,
Air Murchadh donn-gheal mo run,
Bha loma lan do chliu gun chleith,

Cheud Aoine do'n gheamhradh fhuar,
'S daor a phaidh sinn duais nar sealg,
An t-og bu chraobhaiche snuadh,
Na aonar uainn 's fhaotainn marbh.

'Se sealg gheamhraidh Ghlinn-lic,
Dh'fhag greann oirnn gu tric is gruaim,
Mu 'n og nach robh teann 'sa bha glic,
Bhi an teampull fo lic san uaigh.

Bha tional na sgire gu leir,
Ri siubhal sleibh 's ri falbh bheann,
Fad sgios nan coig-latha-deug,
'Sam fear direach treun air chall.

'S tùrsach do chinneadh mor deas,
Dha d' shireadh an ear san iar,
'San t-og a b' fhiughantaich beachd,
Ri slios glinne marbh san t-sliabh.

* Roe deer.

Tha Crathaich nam buailtean bo,
  Air an sgaradh ro mhor mu t'eug,
Do thoirt as a bheatha so oirnn,
  Dheadh mhic athar nan corn 's nan ceud.

'S tursach do sheachd braithrean graidh,
  Am pearsan ge ard a leugh'dh,
Thug e ge tuigseach a cheaird,
  Aona bharr-turs' air cach gu leir.

'S tusa an t-ochdamh slat ghraidh,
  Shliochd nam braithrean deasa, coir,
'S trom tursach an osna le cach,
  Gun do fhroiseadh am blath dhiubh og.

Air thus dhiubh Donnachadh nam pios,
  Gillecriosd is dithis de'n chleir,
Fearachar agus Ailean donn,
  'S Uisdean a bha trom ad dheigh.

Tha cliu taghta aig deagh Mhac Dhe,
  Gun easaidh gun eis air ni,
'S bidh tusa nise an uabhar mor,
  An cathair ghloir aig Righ nan Righ.

Bhean uasal a thug dhuit gaol,
  Nach bi chaoidh na h-uaigneas slan,
'S truagh le mo chluasan a gaoir,
  Luaithead 'sa sgaoil an t-aog an snaim.

'S tursach do gheala bhean ùr og,
  'S frasach na deoir le gruaidh,
'S i spionadh a fuilt le deoin,
  Sior chumha nach beo do shnuadh.

A dheagh mhic Alasdair uir,
  Dha 'n tigeadh na h-airm an tus t'oig,
'S i do gheala ghlaic san robh 'n cliu,
  Do shliochd Fhearachair nan crun 's nan corn.

'Nuair rachadh na h-uaislean a stigh,
  Ann san talla am bidh am fion,
Bu leat na dh'iarradh tu lach,
  'S cha bu diu leat neach dha dhiol.

Bu luthar astar do chas,
  Fhiurain ghasda bu dreachair dealbh,
Na'n togteadh bonndachd a bhac,
  Nach robh gealtach air chleas airm.

Bha thu fearail anns gach ceum,
  'S bu bharraicht' thu a deirceadh bhochd,
'S math dhut air deas laimh do Righ,
  Lughad sa chuir thu 'm pris an t-olc.

Air Nollaig nan corn 's nan cuach,
  'S ann sa ghleann so shuas bha' n call,
An t-og a b-fhiughantaich snuadh,
  Na shineadh fo shuaimhneas dall.

Bu tu marbhaich' a bhalla-bhric bhain,
  Le mor-ghath caol, 's e fada, geur,
Le cuilbheir bhristeadh tu cnaimh,
  'S bu shilteach fo d' laimh na feidh.

Do rasg gun aire fhir chaoimh,
  Fo 'n mhala gun chlaon gun smal,
Deud gheal dhisneach is beul dearg,
  Sud an dealbh bha air an fhear.

Bu tu an t-slat eibhinn aluinn ur,
  Bu mhiann sul 's bu leannan mna,
A ghnuis ann san robh 'm breac-seirc,
  Bha cho deas air thapadh laimh.

Chuala mise clarsach theud,
  Fiodhall is beus a' co-sheinn,
Cha chuala 's cha chluinn gu brach,
  Ceol na b'fhearr na do bheul binn.

Cas fhalt buidhe fainneach reidh,
  Aghaidh shoillear gle ghlan dearg,
A ghnuis san robh gliocas gun cheilg,
  Air nach d'fhiosraicheadh riamh fearg.

'S math am fear-raunsachaidh an t-aog,
  'Se 'm maor e a dh'iarras gu mion,
Bheir e leis an t-og gun ghiamh,
  'S fagaidh e 'm fear liath ro shean.

'S ann Di-h-Aoine dh' fhalbh thu 'uain,
  'S air Di-h-aoine fhuaireadh thu, ruin,
'S disathurna bu chruaidh an càs,
  Aig sluagh dha d' chàradh 'san uir.

he next song on my list was composed by Mrs Fraser of
:han and Culbokie, daughter of Mr Macdonald of Ardnabee,
ırry. This lady had nine sons. Three of them died at

Guisachan, two in America, two in the East Indies (one of these in the Black Hole of Calcutta), and two who were officers in the Austrian army died in Germany. Donald, the youngest but one of the family, was killed there on the battle-field. Soon after the news of his death arrived in Strathglass, his mother composed a plaintive elegy on him, the poetry of which is of a high order. She sings thus—

Nollaig mhor do'n gnàs bhi fuar,
  Fhuair mi sgeula mo chruaidh-chais ;
Domhnull donn-gheal mo run,
  Bhi 'n a shineadh an tiugh a' bhlair.

Thu gun choinneal o 's do chionn,
  No ban-charaid chaomh ri gal ;
Gun chiste, gun anart, gun chill,
  Thu'd shineadh, a laoigh, air dail.

'S tu mo bheadradh, 's tu mo mhuirn,
  'S tu mo phlanntan an tus fàis,
M'og laghach is guirme suil,
  Mar bhradan fior-ghlan 'us tu marbh.

'S e bàs anabaich mo mhic,
  Dh' fhag mi cho tric fo ghruaim ;
'S ged nach suidh mi air do lic
  Bi'dh mo bheannachd tric gu d'uaigh.

'S ann do Ghearmailt mhor nam feachd
  Chuir iad gun mo thoil mo mhac,
'S ged nach cuala cach mo reachd,
  Air mo chridhe dh' fhag e cnoc.

Ach ma thiodhlaic sibh mo mhac
  'S gu'n d' fhalaich sibh le uir a chorp,
Leigidh mise mo bheannachd le feachd,
  Air an laimh chuir dligh' bhàis ort.

Sguiridh mi de thuireadh dian,
  Ged nach bi mi chaoidh gun bhron ;
'S mi 'g urnaigh ri aon Mhac Dhe,
  Gu'n robh d' anam a' seinn an gloir.

ORAN MOR MHIC-LEOID EADAR AN CLARSAIR DALL (RUARIDH MAC-ILLEMHOIRE) AGUS MAC-TALLA.

We find a great deal of common sense and good poetry pervading the whole of this song. The author, "an Clarsair Dall,"

was born in the Island of Lewis in the year 1646. He had two brothers, Mr Angus Morrison, the famous wit, who was minister at Contin, and Mr Malcolm Morrison, minister at Poolewe. Their father, an Episcopalian clergyman in Lewis, was a descendant of the celebrated *Britheamh Leoghasach.* Rory, the minstrel was deprived of his eyesight by smallpox while he was at school in Inverness. In consequence of this he followed the bent of his inclination as a musician, a profession in which it is said he excelled. He was engaged as a family harper by John Breac Macleod, the Laird of Harris, in whose service he remained until John Breac died. After the demise of his worthy patron, changes took place. Both the harper and the family piper were dismissed, and the echo was heard no more in the Dun. The blind harper imagines he has discovered his old friend "the Echo" astray in the hills, and the following song was composed between them. In sorrow, but in prophetic mood, they expatiated on the extravagance of Ruairidh Og, successor of the wise John Breac. The song was sent as a remonstrance to the young Laird of Harris. Sir Alex. Mackenzie of Gairloch said that every landed proprietor in the Highlands ought to study the song.—

Miad a mhulaid tha 'm thaghall
  Dh' fhag treoghaid mo chleibh gu goirt
Aig na rinn mi ad dheighidh,
  Air m' aghairt 's mo thriall gu port.
'Sann bha mis' air do thoir,
  'S mi meas gun robh coir agam ort,
A dheagh mhic athair mo ghràidh
  B tu m' aighear, is m' àdh, is m' olc.

Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
  Anns an talla 'm biodh fuaim a cheoil ;
'S ionad taghaich nan cliar,
  Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhiagh, gu'n phoit.
Gu'n mhire, gu'n mhuirn,
  Gu'n iomracha dlu nan corn ;
Gun chuirm, gu'n phailteas ri daimh,
  Gu'n mhacnas, gun mhanran beoil.

Chaidh a chuibhle mu'n cuairt,
  Gu'n do thionndaidh gu fuachd am blaths,
Naile chuna' mi uair,
  Dùn flathail nan cuach a thraigh.

Far'm biodh taghaich nan duan,
  Ioma' mathas gun chruas, gun chas;
Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuain,
  'S tha na taighean gu fuaraidh fas.

Dh' fhalbh Mac-tall' as an Dun,
  'Nam sgarachdainn duinn r'ar triath
'Sann a thachair e rium,
  Air seacharan bheann, san t-sliabh.
Labhair esan air thus—
  "Math mo bharail gur tu ma's fior,
Chunna' mise fo' mhùirn,
  Roi'n uiridh an Dùn nan cliar."

A mhic-talla, nan tùr,
  'Se mo bharail gur tusa bhà,
Ann an teaghlach an fhion',
  'S tu 'g aithris air gniomh mo lamh,
"'S math mo bharail gur mi,
  'S cha b'urasd dhomh bhi mo thàmh;
'G eisdeachd fathruim gach ceòil
  Ann am fochar Mhic-Leòid an àigh.

"'S mi Mac-talla, bha uair
  'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh;
Far bu mhuirneach am béus
  'Nam cromadh do'n ghréin 'san t-sruth.
Far am b' fhoirmeil na seòid,
  'S iad gu h-òranach, ceolmhor, cluith;
Ged nach faicte mo ghnùis,
  Chluinnt 'aca sa'n Dùn mo ghuth.

"'N'am eirigh gu moch
  Ann san teaghlaich, gun sproc, gun ghruaim
Chluinnte gleadhraich nan dos,
  'San céile na' cois on t-suain,
'Nuair a ghabhadh i làn
  'Si gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na fhuair;
Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,
  'Siad gu ruith-leumach, dionach, luath.

"'Nuair a chuirt i na tamh,
  Le furtachd na fardaich féin;
Dhomh-sa b' fhurasda radh
  Gu'm bu churaideach gàir nan téud

Le h-iomairt dha làmh,
A cur a binneas do chàch an céill;
'S gu'm bu shiubhlach am chluais,
A moghunn lughar le luasgan mheur.

"Ann san fheasgar an deigh,
Am teasa na gréin tra nòin;
Fir chneatain ri clàir,
'S mnai' freagairt a ghnà cur leò.
Da chomhairleach ghearr,
A labhairt's gu'm b' àrd an gloir;
'S gu'm bu thitheach an guin,
Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil.

"Gheibhte fleasgaich gun ghruaim,
'Na do thalla gn'n sgràing, gun fhuath;
Mnai' fhionna 'n fhuilt réidh,
Cuir binneis an céill le fuaim.
Le ceileireachd beoil,
Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, h-ordail, suairc;
Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan còir,
Ri cur meoghair 'a mheòir na'n cluais.

"Bhiodh a rianadair féin
Cuir an ire gur h-e bhiodh ann;
'S e 'g eiridh 'nam measg,
'S an éibhe gu tric na cheann.
Ge d 'a b'ard leinn a fuaim
Cha tuairgneadh e sinn gu teann;
Chuireadh tagradh am chluais
Le h-aidmheil gu luath 's gu mall."

A Mhic-talla so bha
Anns a bhaile 'n do thar mi m' iùl,
'S ann a nis dhuinn as léir,
Gu'm beil mis a's tu féin air chùl.
A reir do chomais air sgeul
O'n 's fear-comuinn mi-féin a's tu;
'M beil do mhuinntearas buan,
Aig an triath ud da'n dual an Dùn?

"Bho linn nan linntean bha mi,
'S mi mar aon duine tamh 'sa chuirt;
'S theireadh iomadh Macleoid,
Nach b' uireasaidh eolus dhuinn;

Ach na fhasach gun fheum,
  Cha 'n fhaca mi fein bho thus,
Ri fad mo chuimhne sa riamh,
  Gun Toitear no Triath an Dùn."

Ach o' n thainig ort aois,
  Tha ri chantainn gur baoth do ghloir;
Cha 'n e fasach a th' ann,
  Ge d' tha e san am gun lod;
Air Toitear 's beag fheum,
  'S og Thighearna fein na lorg;
'S e ri fhaotainn gun fheall,
  Cur ri baoth ann an ceann luchd chleoc.

Ach tillidh mi nis gu 'd chainnt,
  Bho 'n a b' fhiosrach mi anns gach sion;
Gur tric a chunnacas gille og,
  Bhi gun uireasaidh stoir no ni:
'S gu m biodh a bheachd aige fein,
  Nuair cheannadh e feudail saor,
A dh' aindeoin caithearnachd dha
  Nach cunnard da laimh nam maor.

Ach cha b'ionnan a bha,
  Dha na fir sa tha Mac Leoid,
Ann an sonas 'sa sith
  Gun uireasaidh ni no loin,
Ann an daor chuirt nan Gall,
  Ged' bha thoil fuireach ann ri bheo,
Tighearna Eilg is glan sgire,
  Cha b eagal da dhiobhail stoir.

Ach 's ionnan sin 's mar a tha,
  'S gur soilleir fhaicinn a bhla air bhuil,
Bho'n nach leir dhoibh an càll,
  Miad an deigh air cuirt Ghall cha sguir,
Gus an togair do'n Fhraing,
  A dhol bliadhna an geall na chuir,
Bidh an niosgaid a' fas,
  Air an iosgaid 'si cnamh na bun.

Theid seachd cupaill gun dail,
  Air each cruidheach as gair-mhor srann,
Diollaid lasdoil fo thoin,
  'S mor gu'm b fheirde e srian oir na cheann,

d guinea 's beag fhiach
d' theid sid a chur sios an geall,
id peighinn dha fein
ı cha ghleidheir dha 'n deigh a chall.

d coig coigean de'n òr,
d' theid sud air son cord da'n aid,
ɔile oirre fein,
e faire 's math feum gu spaid,
ɔhataichean saor,
punnd Sasunnach e gun stad,
chunntadh air clar,
'n an iunntas gun dail air fad.

hi pheidse ann a meas,
bi aodach am fasan chaich,
ıosd e guinea an t-slat,
ibhear sud air son mart 'sa mhal,
eile ri chois
ı d' theid sud aLn an a casaig dha,
ɔgais bheilibheid bhuig mhin,
bhi ruighinn a sios gu shail.

luach mairt no nis mo,
paidhir stocainn de'n t-'seorsa 's fearr,
chunntar an corr,
aid diuc air da bhroig bhuinn ard
an criosdail s math snuadh,
ı am bucaill mu'n cuairt gun smal
a gartainean suas,
dhir thasdan a 's luach nam barr.

hi pheidse ann am pris,
gun aithe dhi air ach cleoc,
a chlaimhidh cha b' fhiach,
ɔu chuis athais ceann iaruinn dha,
ibh dealbhach o'n bhuth,
nn airgid as bucaill oir,
dar sud fhaotainn dha,
hig air m' fhearannsa mal nis mo.

id e stigh anns a bhuth,
s an fhasan a's ùire bho'n Fhraing,
aodach gasda bha'n de,
do phearsa le speis nach gann

Theid a thilgeil an cuil,
A fasan dona cha'n fhiù e plang
Air mal baile no dha,
Glacar peana 'scuir laimh ri b-ainn.

'San nuair thilleas e risd,
A dhamharc a thire fein,
An deis ma miltean chur suas,
Gun tig sgriob air an tuath mu 'n spreidh,
Gus an togar na mairt,
An deigh an ciurradh 'sa reic air feill,
Bi'dh na fiachan ag at,
Chum am faoighneachd ri mhac na dheigh.

Theid Uilleam Mhartain a mach
'Se gu sraideil air each a triall,
Cha lughaid a bheachd,
Na na h-armuinn a chleachd sud riamh,
Cha 'n 'eil cuimhne air a chrann,
Cas-chaibe no laimh cha b' fhiach
'Se cheart cho spaideil ri diuc.
Ged bha athair ri ruamhar riabh.

Thoir an teachdaireachd bhuam
Le deifir gu Ruairidh og,
Agus innis dha fein,
Cuid de 'chunnard ged 'se Mac Leoid,
E bhi 'g amharc na dheigh
Air an Iain a dh' eug 's nach beo,
Ge bu shaibhir a chliu,
Cha'n fhagadh e 'n Dun gu'n cheol.

A Mhic-talla so bha,
Anns a' bhaile 'n robh gradh nan cliar,
Sa' n Triach Tighearnail teann,
Sa'n cridhe gu'n fheall na chliabh,
Ghabh e tlachd dheth thir fein
'S cha do chleachd e Duneideann riamh
Dh' fhag e 'm bonnach gun bhearn,
'S b fhearr gun aithriseadh cach a chiall.

The next song I have heard attributed to Donald Math Esq. of Attadale :—

Hu-o hò mo chailin laghach,
'S tu mo chailin seadhach, ciùin,
Hu-o hò mo chailin laghach,
'S tu mo roghainn, thaghainn thù.

'S tu mo chailin òg, deas, dealbhach,
  'S barail leam nach meanbh do chliù
Meangan ùr o'n fhaillean ainmeil,
  Toradh à preas tarbhach thù.
  Hu-o hò, etc.

Suil a's guirme, gruaidh a's deirge,
  Beul a's cuimte m' an deud dhlùth,
'S tu uach mealladh mi 'n am earbsa—
  Ciod e fàth nach leanmhuinn thù.
  Hu-o hò, etc.

'Ghiag shlat ùr a's àilte sealladh,
  Miar dheth 'n chraoibh a's molaich rùsg,
'Ghiag a dh-fhàs gu réidh fo dhuilleach
  'N te do 'n tug mi gealladh thù.
  Hu-o hò, etc.

Iùbhrach bhuadhach o na choille,
  Dhionach, dhualach, dhiongmhalt, dhlùth
Ghniomhach, ghuaillneach, gun bhi corrach,
  Theireadh ceud mo leannan thù.
  Hu-o hò, etc.

'S ionmhuinn 'eucag nan rosg mala,
  'Thairg i féin mar sholus dhùinn,
'S mairg a thréigeadh tu dha aindeoin.
  'S éibhinn do' n ti 'mhealas thù.
  Hu-o hò, etc.

'S binn a' smeòrach anns an doire,
  'S binn an eala 'n cois a' lòin,
'S binne na sin guth mo leannain,
  'N uair a theannas i ri ceòl.
  Hu-o hò, etc.

Banarach gu dol na bhuaile,
  Bean uasal gu suidhe mu 'n bhord,
Meur is gile 's grinne dh' fhuaigheas,
  Troigh chuimir nach cuir cuaig am broig.
  Hu-o hò etc.

'N 'oidhche bha sinn anns a Chaiplich,
  Ghabh mi tlachd dhiot 's tu mo run,
Ged a bhiodh cach oirnn ag aithris,
  Bhiodh sinn fein gu tairis ciùin.
  Hu-o hò etc.

Fiuran uasal uallach og mi,
Mhrabhain dobhran ann an carn,
Ghlacainn breac air linne mhulain,
Bheirinn cuireadh dhuit gu pairt,
Hu-o hò etc.

Dhianain buachaille gu samhuinn,
Thearbuinn gamhain agus laogh,
Ghlacainn bradan agus banag,
Bh eirinn pairt de dha mo ghaol.
Hu-o hò etc.

Chunna mi 'n raoir bruadal cadail,
Ribhinn ghasda thighinn n' am choir,
'Nuair a dhuisg mi anns a mhaduinn,
Cha robh agam dhi ach sgleo.
Hu-hò etc.

'S soilleir daoimein ann am fàinne,
'S soilleir tulach ard air lòn,
'S soilleir rìghinn ann a' rioghachd,
Aig mo nianaig se tha 'n còrr.
Hu-o hò etc.

'S soilleir long mhòr fo 'cuid aodaich,
'Si cur sgaoileadh fo 'cuid seòl,
'S soilleir an lath 'seach an oidhche,
'S aig mho mhaighdinn fhin tha 'n còrr.
Hu-o hò.

This is a song by Ian Mac Mhurchaidh in which he pr
to be very sorry when his intended, Helen Macrae, daug
Donald Macrae, of Torloisich, slighted him and married Coi
òg Macleannan. The whole burden of the song is about h
or imaginary loss and sorrow at her desertion. However,
concluding verse he advises his friends not to heed all th
about him ; for he assures them that there is not one among
daughters of Eve who could disturb his mental equilibrium

O, 's mor is misde mi
Na thug mi thoirt dhi ;
Ge b'e de ni ise,
Dh' fhag i mise bochd dheth.

Aithnichear air mo shugradh
Nach 'eil mi geanach ;
Cha thog mi mo shuil
Ann an aite soillear.
'Nuair a chi mi triuir
A' dol ann an comunn,
Saoilidh mi gur gùm
A bhios gu mo dhomail.
O 's mor, &c.

Gu'm beil mi fo ghruaimean
'S mi ann am mulad ;
Cha lugha mo thruas
Ris a h-uile duine.
Liughad fear a luaidh i
'S nach d' rinn a buinnig ;
'S fortanach ma thamh iad
Na'n slainte buileach.
O 's mor, &c.

Thainig am fear liath sin
A mhilleadh comuinn ;
Ged dh' fhanadh e shios
Gum bu bheag an domail.
'S dana leam na dh' iarr e
Chur mu mo choinneamh,
'S cha ghabhadh e deanamh
Gun chiad a thogail.
O 's mor, &c.

Sin 'nuair thuirt a mathair,
Cha tugainn i idir
Do dhuine dhe cairdean—
Cha b' fheaird' iad ise ;
Chreid mi am fear a thainig
Mi leis an fhios sin
Gur iad fein a b' fhearr
Chumadh ann am meas i.
O 's mor, &c.

O biodh i nise
Mar tha ise togar ;
Gheibh sibh ann an sud i
Bho'n is mise a thog i ;

Cha bu mhasladh oirre
Ged bu phairt de coire
Gu'm biodh mo theacairean
Dha cur na roghuinn.
O 's mor, &c.

A Choinnich Mhic-Dhonuil,
Bu mhor am beud leam
Do theachdaire chomhdach
Le stòraidh breige;
Mas a duine beo mi
Cha bhi thu 'n eis dheth
Gum faigh thu i ri phosadh
Le ordugh Cleire.
O 's mor, &c.

'S misde mi gu brach e
Ge d' gheibhinn saoghal;
Cha leasaicheadh cach mi
'S na thug mi ghaol dhuit;
'S muladach a tha mi
Nach d' rinn mi d'fhaotainn;
'S fortanach a tharladh dhomh
Bhi tamh mar ri m' dhaoine.
O 's mor, &c.

Thog iad mar bhaoth-sgeul
Orm air feadh an aite
Gu'n caillinn mo chiall
Mur faighinn lamh riut;
'S iongatach leam fein
Ciod e chuir fos 'n aird sud,
Mur d' aithnich sibh fein
Gu'n deach éis air mo mhanran.
O 's mor, &c.

Sguiridh mi dheth 'n oran
Mu 'n gabh sibh miothlachd,
Gus am faic mi 'n cord ribh
Na tha dheth deanta;
Na creidibh a stòraidh
Air feadh nan criochan,
Cha 'n 'eil aonan beo
Chuireadh as mo chiall mi.
O 's mor, &c.

he next song is a lively one, composed by the jovial and
Kintail Bard Ian mac Mhurchaidh. In 1772, Ian Buidhe
nnan, farmer, at Inchchroe, Kintail, invited his neighbour
som friend, Ian mac Mhurchaidh to accompany him to Strath-
in order that the Bard might assist him in effecting a mar-
ontract between himself and Christina, the eldest daughter
can Mor Macrae, who was at that time tacksman at Wester
fin, and part of Glenaffric. On their arrival at Duncan
house, a domestic told them her master was along with his
ers cutting corn on the dell of Knockfin. "Go," said the
"tell him he is wanted"—"And who shall I say wants
said the girl. The message was characteristic, and was as
:—

"Innis thusa dha 'n fhear chlaon
Gum bheil na daoine ud a's tigh,
Mac 'Illinnean as a Chró
'S Maor gorach an uisgebheath."

rom the *nom-de-plume* with which the Bard dubbed himself
n Mor knew at once who wanted him. Leaving his coat and
on the field, he made all haste to shake the hand of his
and the contract was settled in the course of that evening.
appy marriage took place in about a fortnight afterwards.
st is well told in the song:—

An oidhche bha sinn an Cnoc Fhinn,
Bha sinn na'r cuideachda ghrinn,
'Nuair chaidh an stuth na'r ceann,
Bha pasgadh lamh mu'n cuairt ann.

'S ann a thoisich sinn air faoineachd,
An duil nach ola' sinn ach aon deoch,
'S ann a bha sinn air an daoraich,
Mu 'n do smaoinich glusad.

Fhir a theid thairis air an Druim,
Thoir mo shoiridh dh' fhias an fhuinn,
A dh' ionnsuidh osdairean Chnoic Fhinn,
B'iad sud na fior dhaoin' uaisle.

'Nuair a thoisich sinn an toiseach,
Am beachd nach ola' sinn ach botul,
'S ann a thraigh sinn còr sa h-ochd dhiubh,
Mu' n do thogair glusad.

Ghleidh mi beagan dheth mo thur,
Gus an d'thainig a phios ur,
A thug Caitair as a bhuth,
'S i chuir mo chnuaic-sa luaineach.

Cha b' ioghnadh ise bhi grinn,
Uilleam is Caitair innte sgriobht',
Liughad fear dha 'n d'thug e dinneir,
'S dha 'n do shin e 'n t-uachdar.

So an geamhradh a tha taitneach,
Gheibhear cuilm an ceann gach seacain,
Reitichean is posadh aithghearr,
'S daoine glan mu'n cuairt dhaibh.

Bha mi tacan air mo smaointean,
Cia mar thaghainn comhdach aodaich,
'S an dannsainn air a bhanais aotrom,
Thug láimh sgaoilt Ian Ruaidh dhuinn.

The following song, to the air of "The Flowers of Edinburgh," is one of Iain Mac Mhurchardh's best and most popular efforts. It was written in America, and while he was engaged in the American War of Independence. He compares, in splendid verse, his wretched position there, a soldier in the King's army, to his former free and happy state in Kintail. The poor bard bitterly regretted with good cause, that he had ever left his native country, and his contrast of his experiences in the land of his adoption and in the Scottish Highlands, is powerful, poetical, and patriotic :—

Gur muladach a tha mi,
'S mi 'n diugh gun aobhar ghaire ;
Cha b' ionnan 's mar a bha mi
'S an aite bha thall :
Far am faighinn manran
Mire, is ceol-gaire,
Agus cuideachd mar a b' aill leam
Aig ailleas mo dhream.
Nuair 'shuidheamaid mu' bhord ann
Bhiodh botul agus stop ann ;
'S cha b' eagal duinn le comhstri.
Ged 'dh'olt' na bhiodh ann.
'S e th' againn anns an aite so,
Tarruing dhorn is lamb
Agus cleas nan con 'bhi sas
Anns gach aite le'n ceann

Guidheamaid le durachd,
A h-uile fear 'na urnaigh
Gun tigeadh lagh na duthcha,
  Gu cunntais gun mhaill;
Gun tigeadh achd bho'n righ sin,
A b' fhurast' dhuinn a dhireadh,
'S a chleachd bhi aig ar sinsear,
  'S an tim a bha ann;
Cha b'e 'm paipear bronach,
A shracadh na mo phocaid,
Bhiodh againn air son storais,
  Ach or gun bhi meallt;
Crodh is eich is feudail,
Dha 'n cunntadh air an reidhlein,
Dheth 'm faighte sealladh eibhinn,
  Air eudann nam beann.

Mo shoraidh gu Sgur-ùrainn,
'S an coire th' air a culthaobh,
Gur tric a bha mi dluth ann
  Air chul agh is mhang,
Ag amharc air mo ghluinean,
An damh a' dol 's a' bhuirich,
'S a cheil' aige ga dusgadh,
  Air urlar nan allt;
Cha b'e'n duilleag chrianaich,
A chleachd e bhi ga bhiathadh;
Ach biolar agus min-lach,
  Is sliabh gun bhi gann;
Nuair rachadh e ga iarraidh,
Gun tairneadh e troimh fhiaclan,
An t' uisge cho glan sioladh,
  Ri fion as an Fhraing.

Mo shoraidh leis an fhiadhach,
Ge tric a bha mo mhiann ann;
Cha mho 'ni mi iasgach,
  Air iochdar nan allt;
Ge b'ait leam bhi ga iarraidh,
Le dubhan, is le driamlach,
'S am fear bu ghile bian diubh,
  Ga shiabadh mu'm cheann;

Ga tharruing thun na bruaiche,
Bhiodh cuibhle 'dol mu'n cuairt leis,
Is cromag ann ga bualadh,
  Mu'n tuaims a bhiodh ann ;
Ach 's e th' againn anns an aite so,
"Grippin hoe" a's lamhag,
'S chàn fhasa leam a' mhairlin
  'Cur tàirnich na'm cheann.

Na'm faighte lamh-an-uachdar,
Air luchd nan cota ruadha,
Gun deanainn seasamh cruaidh,
  Ged tha 'n uàirs' orm teann ;
Ged tha iad ga n' ar ruagadh,
Mar bhric a dol 's na bruachan,
Gu'm faigh sinn fhathast fuasgladh,
  Bho'n uamhas a th' ann,
Ma chreideas sibhs' an fhirinn,
Cho ceart 's tha mi ga innse,
'S cho chinnte ris an disne,
  Gur sibhs' 'bhios an call ;
Gur e nu'r deireadh dibreadh
Air fhad 's dha 'm cum sibh 'stri ris ;
N' as miosa na mar dh' inntrig,
  'S gur cinnteach gur th' ann.

Sud an rud a dh' eireas,
Mur dean sibh uile geilleadh,
'Nuair 'thig a chuid as treine,
  Dheth 'n treud a tha thall.
Bithidh crochadh agus reubadh,
Is creach air bhur cuid spreidhe,
Cha'n fhaighear lagh no reusan
  Do reubaltaich ann ;
Air fhad 's dha 'n gabh sibh fogar
Bidh ceartas aig Righ Deorsa,
Cha bharail dhomh gur spors dhuibh
  An seol 'chaith sibh ann,
Ach 's culaidh-ghrath is dheisinn
Sibh fhad 's dha'n cum sibh streup ria,
'S gur h-aithreach leibh na dheigh so
  An leum 'thug sibh ann.

DUANAG ALTRUIM.—Le Ian Mac Mhurchaidh dha phaisd an Carolina-mu-Thuath. Dhaindeoin "Cnothan, is ubhl

a fas" tha meinn chianalais a' bruchda a mac anns gach de 'n duanag so.

Dean cadalan samhach,
A chuilean mo ruin ;
Dean fuireach mar tha thu,
'S tu an drasd' an ait' úr.
Bithidh oigfhearan againn,
Lan beairteis is cliu,
'S ma bhios tu na d' airidh,
'S leat fear-eigin diubh.

Gur ann an America,
Tha sinn an drasd';
Fo dhubhar na coille,
Nach teirig gu brach.
'Nuair dh' fhalbhas an dulachd,
'Sa thionndaidh's am blas ;
Bithidh cnomhan bidh ubhlan,
'S bithidh an siùcar a' fàs.

'S ro bheag orm fein,
Na daoine so th' ann,
Le' n cotaichean drogaid,
Ad mhor air an ceann ;
Le' m briogsannan goirid,
'S iad sgoilte gu'm bainn,
Cha 'n fhaicear an t-osan—
'Si bhochdainn a th-ann.

Tha sinne na'r n-Innseanaich,
Cinnteach gu leor,
Fo dhubhar nan craobh,
Cha bhi h-aon againn beo;
Madaidh allaidh is beistean,
A g' eibheachd 's gach frog,
Gu'm beil sinne 'n ar n-eiginn,
Bho 'n la threig sinn Righ Deors.

Thoir mo shoiridh le failte,
'Chinntaile na 'm bò,
Far an d' fhuair mi greis m' arach,
'S mi 'm phaisde beag og.

Bhitheadh fleasgaichean donna,
  Air am bonnaibh ri ceol,
Agus nionagan dualach,
  'San gruaidh mar an ròs.

An toiseach an fhoghair,
  Bu chridheil na'r sunnd,
Am fiadh as an fhireach,
  'S am bradan a grunnd.
Bhitheadh luingeas an sgadain,
  A' tighinn fo sheol,
Bu bhoidheach an sealladh,
  'S fir dhonn aire am bord.

In 1774 John Macrae, *i.e.* Ian Mac Mhurchaidh emigrated, along with many of his neighbours, from Kintail, Lochcarron, etc., and settled in North Carolina. Soon after their arrival the American War of Independence broke out, and as might be expected they at once joined and took a prominent part in what they considered to be the right of Britain. The bard was ultimately taken prisoner and confined in a wretched dungeon where he soon died. It is said that his loyal compositions during the war greatly inspirited his brother Highlanders, and that the Americans when they got him into their hands treated him with unusual severity. This is one of the last, probably the last, of Ian Mac Mhurchaidh's compositions.

Tha mi sgith 'n fhogar so,
Tha mi sgith dheth 'n t-strith,
So an tim dhoruinneach.

Ged a tha mi fo'n choille,
  Cha 'n 'eil coire ri chomhdach orm.
    Tha mi sgith &c.

Ach mi sheasadh gu dileas,
  Leis an Righ bho' n bha choir aige.

Mi air fogar bho fhoghar,
  Deanamh thighean gun cheo annta.

Ann am buthaig bhig bharraich,
  Cha d' thig caraid dha'm fheoraich ann.

Ach na'm bithinn aig a bhaile,
  Gheibhinn cairdean's luchd-eolais ann.

Ach na'n tigeadh Cornwallis,
'Sinn a ghluaiseadh gu solasach.

'Gu sgrios thoirt air beisdean,
Thug an t-eideadh san storas uainn

Thoir mo shoiridh thar linne,
Dh'ionnsidh ghlinne 'm bu choir dhomh bhi.

Far am minig a bha mi,
'G eisdeachd gairich laogh og aca.

Thoir mo shoiridh le durachd,
Gu Sgurr-Urain 's math m' eolas ann.

'S tric a bha mi mu'n cuairt di,
'G eisdeachd udlaiche croineanaich.

'S do 'n bheinn ghuirm tha mu 'coinneamh,
Leam bu shoillear a neoineanan.

Thoir mo shoiridh le caoimhneas,
Gu Torloisich nan smeoraichean.

Far an tric bha mi mu bhuideal,
Mar ri cuideachda sholasaich.

Cha b' e an t-ol bha mi 'g iarraidh,
Ach na b'fhiach an cuid oranan.

Sios 's suas troimh Ghleann-seile,
'S tric a leag mi damh croic-cheannach.

I do not know who composed this humorous song. From first time, however, that I heard it, the authorship was attri-d to the Rev. Ranald Rankin, Catholic Clergyman, who left dart, and went as a missionary to Australia about thirty s ago.

AN T-EACH IARUINN.

'Se 'n t-each iaruinn fhuair mo mhiann,
'Nuair a thriallainn air astar;
Is e gun diollaid a's gun srian,
Siubhal dian leinn do Ghlaschu.
Se 'n t-each, &c.

'S ann air a bhios an t-sitrich chruaidh,
'N àm dha gluasad o'n Chaisteal;
Tothan geala tigh'nn o shroin,
'S e ro dheonach air astar

Cha'n iarr e fodar na feur,
  'S cha'n eil siol dha mar chleachdadh;
Ach an teine chur r'a thàrr,
  'Se sud àbhaist mar bhraic-theist.

Tha fuaim a chuibhleachan am chluais,
  Mar thorann cruaidh tigh'nn o chreachan;
Mar ghille-mirein dol m'an cuairt,
  Chi thu coilltean, sluagh, a's clachan.

Tha riadh de charbadan na dhéigh,
  'San ionad fein aig bochd a's beartach;
An uair a rachadh e na leum,
  B'fhaoin do mhac a fhéidh a leantuinn.

Sud riut a nis a ghaoth-tuath,
  Dubhlan do'n luaths tha 'n ad chasan;
Feuch riut Eolus na'n speur,
  Ma's tu fein is trein' air astar.

Tha 'n t-each aluinn, calma, treun,
  Tha e meamnach, gleusda, reachdmhor;
An t-each a bhuidhneas geall gach reis,
  Cha'n 'eil feum a dhol a ghleachd ris.

S' coma leam *coitse* nan each mall,
  Cha'n 'eil ann aca culaidh-mhagaidh;
Cha'n fhearr leam *gige* na'n each fann,
  Cha'n 'eil ann ach glige-ghlaige.

Mar chloich-mhuilinn dol na deann,
  Sios le gleann o bharr leachdainn,
Tha gach cuibhle a ruith bhios ann,
  Falbh le srann 's an dol seachad.

M' eudail gobha dubh a ghuail,
  'S e thug buaidh air na h-eachaibh,
Leis a' ghearran laidir luath,
  Falbh le sluagh eadar bhailtean.

Linn nan innleachdan a th'ann,
  Gu sluagh a chur na'n deann air astar;
An litir sgriobhas tu le peann,
  Ma'n dean thu rann bidh i 'n Sasunn

Na'n eireadh na mairbh o'n uir,
  Dh'fhaicinn gach ni ùir a th'againn,
Cha chreideadh iad an sealladh sùl,
  Nach e druidheachdan a bh'againn.

Ni e bodaich bheinne dhusgadh,
  'S daoine-sìth bha uin' na'n cadal ;
Teichidh iad le geilt 'sna cuiltean,
  Mu'n teid am muchadh no'n spadadh.

Siubhlaidh bàt'-na-smuid air chuan,
  Sgoltadh stuadh, 's ga'n cuir seachd ;
Seolaidh long o'n Airde Tuath,
  Le gaoth chruaidh 's frasan sneachda.

Cha'n ionnan sud 's mo ghearran donn,
  'Nuair dheireadh fonn air gu astar ;
Cha'n iarr e coirce no moll,
  Ach uisge' na chom 'nuair bhios tart air.

Na'm faiceadh tu Iain Ruadh is claon air,
  A glaodhaich gu àird a chlaiginn,
" Mur stad sibh an t-each donn a dhaoine,
  Cha bhi tuilleadh saoghail againn."

Bi'dh an t-eagal ann, 's cha'n ioghnadh ;
  Fear ri faoineis, 's fear ri magadh ;
Chluinnidh tu iad air gach taobh dhiot,
  Fhearaibh 'sa ghaoil—" What a Rattle !"

Gus an rathad a bhi reidh,
  'S nach bi eis air na astar,
Ni e toll am bun gach sleibh,
  'S bheir e reis 'stigh na achlais.

A ruith troi' uamha chreagach dhorch,
  'Rinn am fudar gorm a' sgoltadh ;
Gu'm bheil mòran eagal orm
  Gu'm buin a thoirm uam mo chlaisteachd.

Chi thu sluagh ann as gach àite,
  A talamh Chanàan as a Sasunn,
Eadar Peairt 'sam Brumlàth,
  Eadar an Spainnt a's Braigh Lochabar.

'he next song was composed by Duncan Macrae, who was nan at Conchra, Lochalsh. He had a family of sons, one of

whom was married to a daughter of a tacksman, *i.e.*, Farquhar Macrae of Fadoch. So well was Macrae at Conchra pleased with the first marriage that he proposed another son of his should marry Janet, a younger daughter of Fadoch. Accordingly he accompanied his son, who was a widower, to hear what Miss Janet might have to say on the subject. Her would-be father-in-law places the result of his journey, and his interview with *Seonaid*, before us as follows :—

'Nuair thug mi 'n Gleann mu Nollaig orm,
  'S trom a ghabh mi 'n t-aithreachas,
Gun fhios nach iad na dramaichean,
  Thug oirnn bhi farraid Seonaid.

'Nuair shuidheas mi na m' aonaran,
  Gum bi mi tric a smaoineachadh,
Gun d' fhuair mi 'm bonn nan aonaichean,
  Bean donn an aodainn bhoidheich.

Bha i maiseach maoineachail,
  Gun robh i stocail daoineachail.
Cha n fhaca mi bean t'aogaisg,
  'Dh-aon taobh 'san robh mi eolach.

Fhuair mi toil do mhathar leat,
  Toil t'athar is do bhraithrean leat,
'S cha leigeadh Righ nam Papanach,
  A'chaoidh do 'n Aird le dheòin thu.

Gheibh thu duine dh'iarrainn duit,
  Tigh geal an aite tiorail,
Each is gille 's diollaid,
  'S do chur sios gu Caol na Doirnidh.

Chuir thu dhiot gun leisgeul mi,
  Cha'n eil mi uair 'na t'eisimeil,
Ma tha thu 'g iarraidh teisteanas,
  Cuir ceist air bean an drobhair.

Tha fear* an Gleannstrafairire,
  'S e an comhnuidh tighinn da tharach ort,
Cha 'n ann do shliochd nan greannanach,
  Gur ro mhath 'b'aithne dhomhs iad.

*This was Hugh Fraser, locally known as Fear Dheadhanaidh. He was the only brother of the late Robert Fraser, laird of Aigais.

'Nuair chaidh mi air 'n t'saothair ud,
Gun thachair fir Chill-Fhaolain rium,
'S gun d' òl sinn botul taosgach,
Ged' robh e daor san Toiseachd.

B'iad sud an comunn faoilteachail,
Cha d' chuir iad suil am priobaireachd,
Bha pailteas bidh is dibhe aca.
Deadh fhidhleir agus orain.

Dol seachad 'm beul an anmuich dhomh,
Gun thachair fearaibh Shalachaidh rium,
'S ann dhomhsa fein a dhearbh iad,
Nach robh an t-airgiod gann na'm posaid.

Gun chuir iad sgioba is bàta leam,
Gu m' fhaicinn dhachaidh sabhailte,
'S gun d 'òl sinn ' nuair rainig sinn,
Deoch slaint na bha gun phosadh.

Janet Macrae, the subject of the above Luinneag was con-
d a great beauty; but as she proved herself to be so pro-
t in rejecting the hand of some of the finest, handsomest, and
situated gentlemen in the surrounding districts, a local poet
rophised her as follows:

Mo nighean bhuidhe bhoidheach,
A phosadh a h-uile fear;
Tha coignear dha d' iarraidh,
Fad bliadhna dhaoin' urramach,
Tha triur dhiubh sin posda,
'S tha Seonaid gun duin' aice.

Miss Janet, however, did not choose to remain long on the
er list, and when she made her selection, the neighbours used
r, after William Ross:—

Ma fhuair thu do roghainn,
Do dh-fhearaibh an domhain gu leir;
Tha fios aig na *h-eolaich*
Mar *bhuilich* thu deonach do speis, &c.

This Luinneag is the composition of William Macbean, a
e of Kingussie. He was one of about three hundred pass-
s on board the "St George", which sailed from Oban in 1838.
five months at sea, they arrived safely at their destination
ey, New South Wales. As the most of the passengers were
the Highlands, song and story were in requisition. I heard

it said by some that were on board that Macbean endeavoured to make them feel the long voyage the happiest and most charming part of their lives.

LUINNEAG.

Gu ma slàn do na fearibh
Chaidh thairis an cuan,
Gu talamh a gheallaidh,
Far nach fairich iad fuachd.

Gu ma slàn do na mnathan
Nach cluinnear a gearan ;
'S ann theid iad gu smeireil
Gar leantinn thar 'chuan.
Gu ma slàn, &c,

Is na nighneagan boidheach,
A dh'fhalbhas leinn comhladh,
Gheibh daoine ri 'm pòsadh,
A chuireas òr nan dà chluais.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

Gheibh sinn aran is im ann,
Gheibh sinn siucar is ti ann ;
'S cha bhi gainn' oirnn fhin,
'S an tìr 's bheil buaidh.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

Nuair dh'fhagas sinn an t-áite so,
Cha chuir iad mor mhal oirnn ;
'S cha bhi an Fheill Martainn
Cur náire ann ur gruaidh.
Gu ma slán, &c.

Gu fag sinne an tir so,
Cha chinnich aon ni ann ;
Tha 'm buntata air dol a dhìth ann,
'S cha chinn iad le fuachd.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

Gheibh sinne crodh agus caorich ;
Gheibh sinne cruithneachd air raointean,
'S cha bhi e cho daor dhuinn
Ri fraoch an taobh tuath.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

'Nuair a theid mi do'n mhonadh,
A mach le mo ghunna,
Cha bhi geamair no duine
Ga ma chur air an ruaig.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

Gheibh sinne sioda agus srol ann ;
Gheibh sinne pailteas do'n chloimh ann,
'S ni na mnathan dhuinn clodh dheth,
Air seol an taobh tuath.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

Cha bhi iad ga'r dusgadh
Le clag Chinn-a-ghiubhsaich ;
Cha bhi e gu duireas
Ged' nach duisg sinne cho luath.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

t is said that the following song was composed for Duncan e, son of Farquhar Og of Morvich, Kintail, on his being laid er spraining his foot.

Huil obhan ho guri ho,
Huil obhan ho ro hi,
Huil obhan ho guri ho,
Cadal trom gun deach' dhiom.

'S dona sud a "Bhothain"* bhochd,
A nochd gue dubhach a tha,
Sealgair nan aighean 's na laogh,
Na lidhaidh sa thaobh ri lar.

Cha b'e sud 's na chuir thu suil,
A bhi tarraing a'bhruchd bho'n traigh,
Ach leaghadh luaidhe an camus cruinn,
'S tu leagadh na suinn gu lar.

Beannan beag san robh do mhiann,
Dha shireadh ri gaoth an iar,
Lorg-eàladh ri sgor-bheinn chas,
Sud am beus a chleachd thu riamh.

Beinn-a-mheadhain ghlas' n fheoir,
San sgaoil an ceo mas eirich grian,
Far a minig a bha mo ghradh,
Air uileann air sgath nam fiadh.

*Bothan is said to be the name of the hunter's dog.

Beinn a Ghiusaichean ma thuath,
'S braigh leachd nam fuar bheann gorm,
An tric a thug thu callaidh toll,
Ann sa bheinn an cluinnte toirm.

Creagan sgeodach dubh an fhraoich,
An darna taobh do Chona-ghleann cas,
Far a minig a bha thu ghaoil,
A feitheamh ri gaoth Mheal-dhamh.

Dair-dhoire nan damh dearg,
Sail-chaorainn nan earb 's nam boc,
Far 'm bu tric thu air do ghlun,
'S do ghillean air cùl nan cnoc.

'S iomadh beinn is tulaich ard,
Is talamh garbh ri sneachd òg,
A shiubhail do chalpa treun,
'S air talamh reidh fhuair thu leon.

Sona sud a Bhothain bhochd,
A nochd gur subhach a tha,
Bho 'n fhuair cas Dhunnachaidh luathas,
Togaidh sinn suas ri Gleann Mhic Phail.

The following three fragmentary stanzas are like the preceding ones:—

Sud a cheaird dha 'n d' thug mi speis,
'Nuair a bha mi eutrom òg,
Bhi falbh le gunna fo 'm sgeith,
Gleidheadh an fheidh air a lorg.

'S tric a rinn mi siubhal fann,
Air feadh allt is ghlac is fhrog,
'S fraoch agus seileach ann,
Cho ard ri mo cheann is corr.

An te sin a th' agam na 'm uchd,
'S tric a rinn i fuil an glaic,
'Nuair a lasadh i air tom,
Dh' fhagadh i an damh donn fo lot.

In my younger days in Strathglass I used to hear the following, but have not heard it since I left that country. My memory

not have sufficiently served me to enable me to supply the ete song, but I shall be glad to receive any verses I may omitted :—

'S trom an luchd tha mi giulan air m' inntinn,
Dh'fhag sud m' aigneadh air chinnt ann an càs,
'S mi bhi smaointin bho chionn cor agus bliadhna,
Gur a modha tha mi crianadh na fàs,
Righ phriseil mur a dean thu orm foirinn,
Tha mi 'm priosan aig doruinn an sàs,
'S tric m' easlaint a g' innse le deifir,
Gur fear-binn air mo bheathsa 'm bàs.

Am bàs ged' a dh' fhaicinn e tighinn,
Cha 'n eil e beo fear a chitheadh mo dheoir,
Bho'n a chaill mi gach sòlas a bh'agam,
Sa tha mi gun dad deth mo threoir,
Chaol bhànaich mo lamhan 's mo chasan,
'S air m' aisnean cha'n eil dad a dh-fheoil,
Chaill mi uile mo dhealbh agus m' aogasg,
'S tric tha m' aodann air chaochladh gach neoil.

Tha 'n saoghal so caochlaideach uile,
'S mairg riamh a chuir bun as a ni,
A anabharra saibhreas no spionnaidh,
Bho 'n as furasda leis bhi gar dith.
'Nuair a shaoil leam gum bu teodha mo shamhradh,
Bhuail dudhlachd a' gheamhraidh orm cruaidh,
Ghrad thionndan an saoghal mar fhaoileach,
'S dh'fhag sud dhomhsa gach caolas mar chuan.

'S ann a bha mi am muirne le manran,
Fhad sa bha iad ga m' arach measg Ghall,
Cha b' annas dhomh pòit ag ol fiona,
Mar ri armuinn neo-chrian gun bhi gann,
Cha robh aon ni dhomh duilich ri fhaotainn,
Air am faodadh mac duine bhi 'n geall,
'S fhaide an t-sheachdain an diu leam na bhliadhna,
Slainte 's aidhir air triall bhuam air chall.

'S ann mar luing ann an doruinn a tha mi,
'S i air bristeadh roimh chlabhraich nan tonn,
Ann an socair no suidhe cha tamh dhomh,
Ach mar uibhean ga 'n caramh air droll,

'Nuair a shaoil mi tighinn thugam a bhairlinn,
Bhi ga m' thudanadh ghnàth bhar mo bhonn,
'Righ phriseil mur a gabh thu fein truas rium,
Tha do laimh ann san uair' orm gle throm.

The following sacred poem was composed by the famous Juliet of Keppoch, (Sile na Ceapaich). A fragment of it appears in Vol. vii. of the Transactions of this Society. The following version was transcribed by the late lamented D. C. Macpherson of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, from a copy which Iain Ban Innse took down from an old servant of Sile. Sile was born at Bohuntin, Brae-Lochaber, in 1660, and died in the year 1729.

Di do bheath', a Mhoire Mhaighdeann,
'S gur gile do Mhac na 'ghrian;
Rugadh am Mac 'an aois Athar,
Oighre Fhlathanais ga'r dion.
B' iosal an ceum thug an Slanair,
Tighinn a Parras gu talamh;
Rugadh e ann an staball,
Gun tuilleadh aite dha falamh.

Cha d'iarr Banrainn na h-umhlachd,
Fuirneiseachd, rum, no seomar;
Cha mho 'dh iarr i mnathan-gluine,
Ach Righ nan Dul a bhi ga comhnadh.
Cha d' iarr Micein na h-uaisle,
Cuisein, no clusag, no leaba,
Ach gu'n d' eirich leis a Mhathair,
Ga' chur sa' mhaingeir na laidhe.

B' aobhainn an sealladh a fhuair i
An uair a thainig e as a collainn;
Ga 'shuaineadh 'an anartan bana
An Slanair a thainig gu'r ceannach,
Shoillsich reulna anns an athar
'Rinn rathad do na tri righrean;
Thainig iad ga shealltainn le failte,
'S gaol 'us gradh thoirt da le firinn.

Thainig na buachaillean bochda,
'Ghabhail fradhairc air 's an tim sin—
Misneach do'n lag 's do'n laidir,
Gu 'bhi cho dana air an ti ud.

'N uair chula Herod an ardain,
  An targanach a thigh'n gu talamh,
Cha d' fhag e micein aig mathair
  Gun a chur gu bas le h-an-iochd.

Rinn Moire naomh an lagh a chleachdadh—
  Thairg iad an leanabh anns an teampull,
Dh' fhalbh iad a dh-oidhche 's a latha,
  Leis do'n Eiphit 'ghabhail tamhachd,
Dh' fhuirich iad an sin, car tamuil,
  Ga altrum agus ga' arach
Ann an gaol, 's 'an gradh, 's 'an umhlachd,
  Le durachd athar 'us mathar.

'Nuair chual iad gu'n d'eug Righ Herod,
  Smaoinich iad ceum a thoirt dachaidh,
Bu mhiannach leo sealladh de'n cairdean,
  'S 'fhad 's a bha iad gun am faicinn,
Thug iad cliu do Dhia 's an teampull,
  'S gu Nasaret air dhaibh 'bhi tilleadh,
Suil ga'n d' thug iad thair an gualainn,
  Dh 'iunntraich iad bhuap am Messia.

'S iad a bha gu bronach, duilich,
  Trath nach b' fhurasda dhaibh 'fhaotainn ;
'Sa' mhiad 's a rinn iad ga 'shireadh,
  Bu dubhach a bha iad as 'aogais ;
Ach tim dhaibh dol deiseal a 'n teampull,
  Dh' aithnich iad a chainnt gu beathail,
Measg nan ollaichean a' teagasg,
  Bu deas a thigeadh dha labhairt.

Labhair an sin ris a mhathair ;
  "Ciamar a thainig dhut fuireach ?
'S dubhach a rinn thu ar fagail,
  Na tri laithean bha sinn ga d' shireadh ;"
"A mhathair na biodh ortsa mulad,
  Ged a dh' fhuirich mi 's an teampull ;
Seirbhis m'athar anns na flaitheas,
  Feumaidh mi feitheamh 's gach am dhi.

"A liuthad latha fuachd 'us acras,
  Siubhal seachrain agus imeachd,
A th' agamsa ri fhulang fhathast,
  Mu'n teid mo ghnothuch gu finid ;

Fuilgidh mi fhathast mo bhaisteadh,
  Fuilgidh mi traisg anns an fhasach,
Fuilgidh mi 'n namhaid ga m' bhuaireadh,
  'Us mo bhualadh, 'us mo phagadh.

"Fuilgidh mi breth agus binn,
  'Us mo chur sios le fianais-bhreige;
Seallaidh mi gu h-umhlaidh, iseal,
  Ged a dhitear mi 's an eucoir.
Mo chur bho Philat gu Herod,
  A dh' innseas sgeula mar is aill leo,
'S bho 'n nach dian mi mar is math leo,
  Cuirear deis' de 'n anart bhan orm."

'N uair a dheasaich iad an t-suipeir
  Dha fhein 's do na bh' aige de mhuinntir,
Bheannaich e agus bhlais e,
  Rinn e sin an casan ionnlad.
'N uair dh' aithnich e 'm bas ga riribh,
  Dh' fhag e dileab aca deonach;
Bho 'n nach d' fhaod e aca fuireach,
  Bheannaich e'fhuil agus fheoil dhaibh.

Rinn e anns a' gharadh urnaigh,
  Chuir e gu dluth dheth fallus fala;
Dh' fhuilig e rithist a sgiursadh,
  'Us crun a chur air de 'n dreathann;
Smugaidean a chur na 'aodann,
  'S a bhualadh air gach taobh le'n dearnaibh,
Ghiulain e 'chrois air a ghuailnean,
  'Sa chur suas eadar dha mheirleach.

Bhlais e'n cupa 's an robh 'n t-searbhag,
  Tiota beag mu'n d' fhalbh an anail;
Thug e mathanas dh'a naimhdean,
  'S liubhair e do 'n Ard-righ 'anam,
Leig a sios as a' chrois E,
  Liubhair iad a chorp dh' a mhathair;
I fhein 's na bh 'aice de mhuinntir,
  Rinn iad anns an uir a charamh.

Aig fheothas 's a rinn thu a ghleidheadh,
  A dh' fhalbh leis a latha 's a dh-oidhche;
Aig fheothas 's a rinn thu air feitheamh,
  Di do bheath', a Mhoire Mhaighdeann;

Di do bheath', a Mhoire Mhaighdeann,
'S gur gile do mhac na 'ghrian;
Rugadh am mac 'an aois 'Athar,
Oighre Fhlathanais g'ar dion.

shall conclude by giving you one more Rann by Sile na ich.

Beir mo shoiridh leis an ti,
Bha caitheamh na sligh' air a h-aineol;
Ged a dh' fhag iad as an deigh sinn,
Cha 'n fhios nach eiginn duinn an leanachd,
Ged fhogair iad sinn as an righeachd,
'S suarach an dith air a Phap e;
Cha ghluais sid an Eaglais dhaingeann
Dh' fhag mo Righ air carraig laidir.

Cha dean geataichean ifrinn,
Na idir cumhachdan dhaoine;
Car a chur dhith as a laraich,
Clachairean cha d' fhag cho faoin i.
Rinn iad ballaichean de d' cholluinn,
'S rinn iad uinneagan de d' chreuchdan;
'S ann de d' bheul a rinn iad dorus,
'S do dha shuil na 'n solus gle gheal.

Rinn iad sgliata de d' chrun-dreathain,
Agus staidhir de d' chrann-ceusda;
Rinn iad le traisg 'us le urnaigh,
'Teannachadh gu dluth ri cheile;
Bha Moire, Bhaintighearn' air a h-urlar,
Dh' fhuirneisich an da Ostal deug i,
Aig na fhuair iad rithe 'shaothair;
Fad an saoghail gus an d' eug iad.

Cheangail iad a chreud mu'n cuairt di
Mu 'm fuasgladh i as a cheile;
Bha seachd glasan air a h-ursainn,
'Sa h-iuchraichean aig luchd-gleuta;
Bha seachd glasan air a h-ursainn,
'S a h-iuchraichean aig luchd-gleuta;
Comas a dunadh 's a fosgladh,
Dh' fhag na h-Ostail sud mar oighreachd.

Baisteadh, Daingneachadh 'an ordugh
  Corp glormhor Chriosta, 's Faoisid ;
Ola-ro-bhas, Ordugh, 's Posadh,
  Gur h-iad sud 'bu choir dhuinn fhaotainn.
Tha seachd peacannan ri sheachnadh ;
  'S tha seachd subhailcean gu'n claoidh sin,
Mu'n tig an ceud sheachd gun fhios duinn
  An t-seachd eil 'bhi tric na'r cuimhne.

Uabhar, sannt, druis, craos,
  Leisg, farmad, agus fearg ;
Gur h-iad sud a chur bho'n dorus,
  Mu 'm faigh sinn cronachadh garg,
Tha seachd eile na dheigh sin,
  Seachd a tha feumail do 'n anam,
Biadh, fardach, agus aodach,
  'Thoirt do dhaoine na 'n airce.
'N uair a chluinneas sinn gur bas e,
  Comhnadh gu'm fagail 's a 'chlachan.

Na ceithir criochan mu dheireadh,
  'N am dealachadh ris an t-saoghal ;
Bas, Breitheanas, a's Flathanas,
  'S Ifrinn an rathad nach caomh lein,
'S bho nach caomh leinn dol g'a fhaicinn,
  Biomaid air ar faicill daonnan,
'S cinnteach mi nach fhaod sinn fuireach,
  'N uair thig sumanadh o'n aog oirnn.

10th February 1886.

On this date, Councillor T. S. Macallister, of the Nortl Hotel, Inverness, was elected an honorary member ; and Mr A Maclean, teacher, Culloden, and Mr William Macdonald, clerk Church Street, ordinary members. Mr Duncan Campbell, ed of the *Northern Chronicle*, read a paper on "The Isle of M its Language, History, and People ;" and Mr John Wh librarian, Inverness, read a paper on "Gaelic Phonetics," wl was very favourably reviewed by the members present.

Mr Campbell's paper was as follows :—

THE ISLE OF MAN—ITS HISTORY AND LANGUAGE.

The Isle of Man lies out in the Irish Sea, at something like equal distances from Scotland, England, and Ireland. It is without insular company except that of its own Calf. The Point of Ayre is only 16 miles from Burrow Head, and 21 from the Mull of Galloway. By means of these two seaward extensions of Wigtownshire Scotland claims closer neighbourhood with the Isle of Man than Ireland, England, or Wales. The distance from Peel to Strongford Lough, in Ireland, is 27 miles. It is just the same distance between Maughold Head, in Man, and St Bees Head, in Cumberland. Forty-five miles measure the space between the Calf of Man and Holyhead in Wales. The Calf is a bluff rocky farm of 800 acres, devoted, I believe, to rabbit breeding. It is separated from Man by a channel of three miles, which cannot be crossed every day, nor at times for weeks at a stretch. The Calf is a striking feature of the picture the island kingdom presents to the eyes of those coming by ship or steamer from Liverpool or Ireland. Man itself is 33 miles long and 12 miles broad, but it tapers at both ends. A bold range of hills, which assume the imposing airs of real mountains, occupies the interior along the line of length, and sends spurs and bluffs down to the sea. The northern part of the island is carse or "magher" land; but it may be noticed in passing, as a peculiarity of the Manx language, that in it the separate field becomes the "Magher," and that every boundary, whether a fence or an invisible line, is called "cagliagh." Man has an area of 150,000 statute acres, more than 90,000 of which are cultivated. The population is about 54,000. In "the good old times" it fluctuated from 10,000 to 14,000. It was a little over 14,000 when the Duke of Athole succeeded his relative, the last Earl of Derby of the old line, as "King in Man" in the year 1736. In 1829 the British Government finally acquired all the property and rights of the Athole family in the kingdom of Man, and at that time the population had reached 40,000. Considering that regular steamers from Liverpool and Barrow-in-Furness now make the Isle of Man in general, and Douglas, its modern capital, in particular, the favourite watering-place of Yorkshire and Lancashire, the increase of the population since 1829 is not very remarkable, when this further fact is likewise taken into account, that the silver, lead, and copper-mining industry began by the Murrays has of late been immensely developed.

Douglas, a handsome town at the head of a picturesque bay, may be said to live upon visitors. So also may Peel—that is to say, Port-na-hinsey—the place on the shore which has usurped the name of the old rock-islet acropolis. The farming population is just what it ought to be, neither too sparse nor too crowded. The farms in general are of fair size and well cultivated. Those that live by the land stick to the land, those that live by mining stick to mining, and those that live by the sea stick to the sea. The Manxmen have a large fleet of superior fishing smacks, which covers the Irish Sea from side to side when its fishing is good, and goes out far when the shoals are elsewhere. They have capital, organisation, and the great advantage of large markets for fish at their doors. But most of these hardy, cheerful, industrious Manx fishermen go to the ends of the earth as sailors once or oftener in their lives. Both the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy profit by their services. Fully half the Manx population dwell in the towns and large villages. Douglas has 14,500, Castleton, or Balla Chastal, 3000, Port-na-hinsey or Holmtown—mis-named Peel—3500, and Ramsay 400. Port Erin, Port Mary, the mining village of Laxey, and other villages depending solely on mining, fishing, and lodging-house and shopping business contain the remainder of the urban population. The island is lovely in summer, and mild, but somewhat wet and foggy in winter. Fuschias, myrtles, and other exotics are not killed by winter frosts. Douglas, with its fine bay, sea-wall, terraces, concrete and moulded houses, tree-like fuschias, and beautiful landscape, is more like a southern continental than a British town. The people, both urban and rural, make a pleasing impression upon visitors. They are energetically industrious, orderly, genial—with a flash of hastiness—and generally prosperous. The Norsemen have scarcely left a trace behind them, except in a few names of places and the evil memory of tyrannical institutions. In the Manx people of the present day the black-eyed, black-haired, round faced, Celtic type is not only predominant, but it almost excludes all other types. They are heavier and stronger people than the Welsh, yet although their language is not British, but Gaelic, they are wonderfully like the Welsh in set, features, and characteristics.

Mannan, or Manninan, is said to have been the first ruler, if not the first planter of Man. In the old Statute Book of the island he is thus described:—"Manninan-beg-mac-y-Lear, the first man who held Man, was ruler thereof, and after whom the land was named, reigned many years, and was a paynim (heathen).

He kept the lands under mists by his necromancy: if he dreaded an enemy, he would of ane man cause to seem one hundred, and that by art magic." Tradition further affirms that the magician Mannan and his followers were expelled from the island on the arrival of St Patrick. But this tradition is inconsistent with a custom still observed at Midsummer, on the eve of St John the Baptist, when people carry green rushes and meadow grass to the top of Barrule, one of the highest mountains in Man, in payment of rent to Manninan-beg-mac-y-Lear. The name of this high hill is descriptive of its shape, for, in its Manx form—"Baare-ooyl"—it signifies "the top of an apple." In the strange poem gathered into his collection by the Dean of Lismore, which describes how Caoilte redeemed Fionn from King Cormac's prison by bringing that monarch a rabble of animals, are mentioned.

"Da mhuc mhucaibh Mhic Lir."

And again:—

"Tugas leam each agus lathair
De ghreidh mhaiseach Mhananain."

The Dean ascribes the authorship of the poem to Caoilte Mac Ronain himself. We may therefore conclude that, in the form in which he got it, it must have been floating about at least a hundred and fifty years before 1512, when the collection of songs was finished. The Dean belonged to a priestly and literary family whose continued memory for five generations would have prevented him from attributing to a Fingalian hero an ur-sgeul ballad made near his own time. But Ewen M'Comic, the Baron of Dail Ardconaig, was the Dean's contemporary, and, being sick for a long time, the baron made a song, in which he mentioned the many wonderful things he would give, if he only had them, to purchase good health. Among the ransom offerings he mentions

"Greidh is aidhre Mhananain."
The herds and flocks of Mananan.

Mananan's father became Shakespeare's "King Lear." The Manx people call their island "Ellan Mhannin." Julius Cæsar, fifty years before the Christian era, heard of it under the name of "Mona." Tacitus, on the other hand, writing near the end of the first century of the Christian era, calls Angelsea "Mona." This Welsh Mona was the great university of Druidic theology and learning when the Roman commander, Sentonius Paulinus, invaded it, A.D. 61, and killed the Druid priests and professors, and cut down the sacred groves. But there is reason to believe,

from the traces they have left behind, that the remnant of the Druids sought shelter in the other Mona after the slaughter, and had sacred groves and circles there until the time of St Patrick. Man is, in fact, a perfect museum of Druidic, Celtic, and Scandinavian antiquities. Before the necromancer's time, and perhaps centuries after him as well, the large, big-horned elk or "lon" browsed in the glens of Man, and looked out from the heights upon the few coracles sailing on the surrounding sea. The Duke of Athole, who was the last "King in Man," sent to the Edinburgh Royal Museum an almost perfect skeleton of the great elk, which was found in a bed of marl near Ballaugh, in Man. The tailless cat exists to the present day, and is not at all in danger of being extinguished by imported cats. The tailless cat is supposed to have had some friendly connection with the necromancer, and to have received a perpetual guarantee of existence within the Kingdom of Man. The Romans themselves must have seen it, for an altar preserved at Castleton shows that towards the end of their rule in Britain they had a military station in Man. The inscription tells that the altar was erected to Jupiter, by Marcus Censorius, son of Marcus Flavius Volinius, of the Augustensian Legion, Prefect to the Tungrian cohort of the Province of Narbonne. Had Celts, Norwegians, and Danes inscribed their Manx monuments in Roman fashion, what a singular tale of changes they would have told us.

Gildas, who was born in 493, and died in 570, in his gloomy treatise "concerning the calamity, ruin, and conquest of Britain" by the Saxons, mentions incidentally that in A.D. 395, in the reigns of Arcadius and Honorius, a Scot named Brule was Governor of Man. It is probable that Brule came to Man from Ireland, as the Scots had scarcely begun to plant colonies in Scotland at that time. In 517 the island was conquered by Maelgywn, Prince of North Wales, and it continued to be ruled by a dynasty of his race until Anarawd, the last Welsh King of Man, died in 913. Shortly afterwards the Scandinavian sea-rover, Gorree or Orry, conquered the island, and formed the Kingdom of Man and the Isles. Gorree is supposed to have instituted the Tynwald Court, established the Taxiaxi, now called the House of Keys, and divided the island into sheadings. The last king of his dynasty died about 1040. He was succeeded by Goddard, son of Sygtrig, King of the Danes. This Goddard was, after confusions and invasions, succeeded by his son Fingal. Goddard Crovan or Chrouban, son of Harold the Black of Iceland, in 1077 slew King Fingal, completely subdued Man, and brought most of

he Scottish islands under his subjection. The last of Crovan's ace who ruled in Man was Magnus. After the battle of Largs ie rejected the suzerainty of Norway, and did homage to Alexnder III. of Scotland. He died childless in 1265, and the Scotish King took possession of the island. Most people have heard f the three armed legs which constitute the arms of Man—two legs or standing and one for kicking—and to which the motto is apended—Quocunque jeceris stabit—whichever way you throw it, t will stand. Well, it was Alexander of Scotland who gave that eraldic symbol to the Manx Kingdom. The island at the death f Magnus had been fully three hundred years under stringent Norse rule, and yet the Manx people emerged from that long subection as Celtic as they had been in the time of Gildas. Their anguage has adopted many words from English, but it has scarcely etained a Scandinavian word beyond a few names of places and f institutions, such as the Tynwald. Even the strange word 'Taxiaxi" is said to be Gaelic—meaning guardians or senators—nd to derive itself from "taisg" or "teagasg."

Man fell under the suzerainty of King Edward Longshanks luring the war of conquest he carried on with Scotland. It looks s if he carried out, or, at least, instigated, the insular revolution by countenancing the claims of a pretender with a purely Celtic name to the Tynvald Throne. When the great Edward died the little Edward, his son, chucked Man back and forward, like a prize of little value, among three of his favourites—Piers de Gaveston, Gilbert Mac Gascall, and Henry de Beaumont. Bruce descended upon Man with ships and warriors from Galloway, Ayr, and Argyle in the year 1313. He drove out the English, subdued the island, and gave it to his nephew, Randolph, Earl of Moray. William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, married Mary, the female heiress of the Crovan dynasty, and Edward the Third, allowing her claim, aided Salisbury, who took Man from Randolph's heirs in 1344. He was crowned King of Man with great pomp, but he afterwards sold his kingdom to Sir William le Scroop. The buyer was attainted for treason, and Man was again chucked from hand to hand, until it was granted to Sir John Stanley in 1406. Sir John Stanley, the founder of the Derby family, reduced the "breast law" of his insular kingdom to writing. He found the island, to a great extent, lying waste, and the population small and distressed. He encouraged tillage and fishing industry, and modified the harsh customs which had come down from the Scandinavian conquerors. Upon the whole, the Stanley dynasty of Kings in Man, beginning in 1406 and ending in 1736, gave

the islanders peace, prosperity, and justice compared with what they used to receive before. But yet they could not be said to be popular rulers. The elder branch of the house of Stanley became extinct on the death of Earl James in 1736, and while the English honours and estates went to the heir male—a very distant kinsman indeed of Earl James—the Isle of Man and the Barony of Strange fell to James Murray, second Duke of Athole, who was, by female descent, the nearest heir of the seventh Earl of Derby, who for his fidelity to the Stuart cause, was beheaded in 1651. The wife of this Cavalier earl was the heroic lady who defended Latham House, and who figures in "Peveril of the Peak." On the forfeiture of the Cavalier earl, Man was given to Lord Fairfax, who retained it for nine years. The heir of the beheaded Earl of Derby regained his kingdom and other patrimonies at the Restoration.

The Manx people and their last King, "John the planter," parted on anything but amicable terms in 1829. The Duke's nephew, Dr George Murray, then Bishop of Sodor and Man, was chiefly responsible for the mutual irritation in which the connection terminated. The bishop wanted to bring about a tithe commutation, which has since been accomplished almost exactly as he proposed, and when he failed in getting what he wished, he tried unjustly to levy a tithe on green crops, which was tumultuously resisted. The Duke his uncle was glad to sell his proprietary and manorial rights, and in order to restore harmony the Government promoted Dr George to the see of Rochester. But that final "tiff" notwithstanding, the Murrays, with their strong Highland proclivities, and improving energies, were both popular and beneficent Kings in Man. They have left their marks on the whole island. Castle Mona, now the truly palatial hotel of Douglas, and its beautifully planted, spacious, and romantic policy grounds, testify to the taste as well as to the magnificence of the last island monarch. And all over the island, wherever astonishing bits of woodland pictures burst upon the view, the Murray mark is there directly or indirectly impressed. They promoted Manx literature, which, in the middle of their dynastic period, reached its highest level, thanks to holy Bishop Wilson, Bishop Hildesley, and Dr Kelly, in the Manx translation of the Scriptures. The Murrays had the appointment of the bishop and the rectors and vicars of most of the seventeen parishes of the island in their hands, and they took care to appoint men well acquainted with Manx Gaelic. It was preached regularly in all the churches of the island in their time; and now it is scarcely

preached in any, although the people in their homes throughout all the country continue to speak the language of their ancestors. Another custom which the Murrays religiously guarded is still preserved—"The courts are still fenced in Manx, according to ancient traditionary form; and the island laws are still promulgated in Manx on the Tynwald Mount."

The Imperial Government had been using steady pressure for more than a century before 1829 to get rid of the Kings in Man and the Manx tariff. As early as 1670 an enterprising Liverpool firm organised smuggling in Man on a large scale, and made immense profit for a time. The English customs and excise duties were then comparatively low, but the import duties of Man were still so much lower that a good margin of profit was left to the smugglers. The situation of the island made it a natural emporium for the illicit traders of many lands. The Manx people did the distribution work, and in spite of ships of war and armed cutters, they glided in their boats with cargoes of brandy, wine, tea, and other commodities under cover of night and mists, to the Scotch, Irish, English and Welsh coasts. Great pressure was brought upon the last Stanley King in Man to sell the island to the Government. That pressure, in a stronger degree and in various forms—one which was to foment faction and discontent in the island—was steadily continued during the Murray period. When nothing else would do, in 1765 the British Government in a very high-handed manner constrained the Duke of Athole to sell the Manx sovereignty—retaining his proprietary and manorial rights, ecclesiastical patronage, &c.—for £70,000. The Manx people were filled with consternation, and many of them hastily realised their possessions, and retired from the island. But after some years they recovered confidence, and developed the contraband trade to such an extent that a Parliamentary Committee, appointed in 1792, estimated the annual loss to the customs of Great Britain caused by Manx smuggling at £350,000. It was felt that the purchase of the sovereignty was not enough, and that till the property and patronage rights were vested in the Crown, the neck of the contraband trade could not be broken. So the tithe commotion was not officially checked but fostered; and the Duke of Athole's position was made so uncomfortable that he was at last glad to sell out entirely for £416,114.

The ecclesiastical history of Man is to the effect that St Patrick converted the heathens of that island, and placed "a holy prudent canon of the Lateran, and a disciple of his own named Germanus," over them as bishop, that for a long time thereafter the

Bishops of Man received Irish consecration, that in 838 the Bishopric of Sodor was constituted by Pope Gregory, and that subsequent Bishops of Man not knowing whether they should obey Drontheim, York, or Canterbury, sought confirmation from the Pope. Most of this is true, but I believe St German of Man is St German of Auxerre, and that his parish and cathedral on the Peel islet confirm views, which, on other grounds, I hold regarding the Christianising importance of the work of St Ninian and the mission of St Palladius. I believe St German was never in Man, except by the representation of his friends and disciples. It is a different case with Maughold, the secondary patron saint of Man. He was an Irishman, and the chief of a band of robbers. He was caught *flagrante delicto* or red-handed, brought to St Patrick, and converted. But either for penance or for punishment he was sent to sea in a skin-covered wicker boat, with feet and hands tied. Wind and currents drifted him safely to Maughold Head in Man, and he became in due time Bishop of the island. After Maughold there was an obscure succession of Irish, Welsh, and Scotch bishops. About 1130—the Manx date is, by evident mistake, 1113 - arose a man who in a curious way connected the Island of Man with our own district, by much trouble, and a fearful baptism of blood. In his profession this man thus styled himself:—*Ego Wymundus sanctae ecclesiæ de Schíd*—I, Wymundus, of the holy Church of Skye. He someway became one of the first monks of the splendid monastery of Furness, on the Cambrian shore opposite Man, which was founded in 1124 in the midst of a still thoroughly British population, who had been long allied with the Albanic nation. Olave, the Norwegian King of Man and the Isles, granted land at Rushen to Yvo, abbot of Furness, and Abbot Yvo sent over Brother Wymundus and other monks to take possession of the affiliated house there. Brother Wymundus quickly ingratiated himself, not only with the King, but with the Celtic people of the isle, who with one acclaim elected him for their Bishop, and sent him to Thurstan, Archbishop of York, who consecrated him. We may be sure that there was not much difference between the Gaelic of Skye and the Gaelic of Man in the 12th century, and it seems the Norwegian king as well as the Celtic people of Man were carried off their feet by the eloquence and good looks of Wymundus, who was tall, handsome, open-faced, and enthusiastic. No sooner, however, was Wymundus consecrated and installed, than he called himself Malcolm M'Heth, the heir of the Earl or Maormor of Moray, who was slain in 1130, when acting as one of the princi-

pal leaders of the Gaelic insurrection of that year against King David and his Anglo-Norman aristocracy and laws. The King of Man and Somerled of Argyle, that king's son-in-law, believed in Malcolm. He married Somerled's sister, and was soon at the head of a land and sea force. He was strongly supported in this part of the country. I don't believe the man was an impostor, although the monkish flatterers of King David and his race branded him as such. In a speech to King David himself, Robert de Brus, ancestor of the Bruce of Bannockburn, called Malcolm M'Heth, the quondam monk and bishop, "heir to a father's hate and persecution." Malcolm M'Heth made descents here, there, and everywhere, and disappeared like a sea-bird before the king's forces. He was by degrees shaking King David's throne, and the first check he received was, strange to say, in Celtic Galloway, where the bishop led the array of the district, and, to encourage the people, threw a small axe at the invader, which chanced to strike and fell him. This created a panic among his followers, and made them fly. In after years, M'Heth used to say boastingly, that it was only God through the faith of a simple bishop that marred his fortune. After the repulse M'Heth suffered in Galloway, King David mustered all his Norman chivalry, and in some place not stated brought M'Heth to bay, defeated, and captured him. He sent him as a prisoner to Marchmont, or Roxburgh Castle, in 1137; being, as a saintly man, afraid to take the life of a foe who had received the tonsure and been consecrated a bishop. When King David died in 1153, and his grandson, Malcolm the Maiden, succeeded him, M'Heth was still a prisoner in Roxburgh Castle. His sons, although mere youths, in company with their uncle, Somerled of Argyle, conjured up a big storm next year. In 1156, Donald the eldest of M'Heth's sons, was taken prisoner, and sent to join his father in captivity. But the war was carried on by Somerled and his other nephew with such success that in 1157 young King Malcolm made peace with M'Heth, liberated him, and made him Earl of Ross. Malcolm M'Heth gave himself all the airs of a local king in Ross, and created for himself enemies among the people and their local chiefs, who conspired against him, beset him in a narrow pass, captured him, put out his eyes, and turned him out of the county. He used to say in after years that if his enemies had left him a sparrow's eye he would have been avenged upon them. His enemies in Ross put out the eyes of Malcolm M'Heth about 1161. He then retired to the English monastery of Bylands, where for years he lived, not uncheerfully, and where William of Newburgh

became acquainted with him, and in graphic style painted his character for future ages. M'Heth's sons were associated in all his undertakings with their great uncle Somerled, until he was killed at Renfrew in 1164. They apparently settled, married and brought up heirs to the ancestral hate in Argyleshire, while Harald, Earl of Orkney, put away Afreka, daughter of Duncan, Earl of Fife, his first wife, in order to marry their sister. The M'Heths only claimed at the utmost the Earldom of Moray, but another claimant appeared on the scene about 1180, who claimed the throne of Scotland. This was Donald Ban, who called himself the son of William, son of Duncan, that so-called *filius nothus* (bastard son) of Malcolm Ceannmore, who reigned as king for a few months. Contemporary authorities never hint King Duncan was illegitimate—that was a fiction invented in after times by monkish chroniclers devoted to the descendants of St Margaret, who usurped the rights of the elder branch of Ceannmore's house. Malcolm Ceannmore was undoubtedly married, several years before he ever saw the Saxon Margaret, to Ingibiorg, widow of his cousin, Earl Thorfinn, and there is no good reason for doubting that by her he became the father of Duncan, and also of a fair-haired Donald, who died in early youth. Duncan at his death left an undoubtedly legitimate son, called in Gaelic Uilleam Mac Dhonnachaidh, and in Norman William Fitz Duncan. William was a young lad when his father died, and was probably then a hostage at the English Court. He became, when well advanced in years, the husband of Alicia Rumile, the Norman heiress of the strong castle, and great lordship of Skipton in Craven. They had one son, the Boy of Egremont, who was drowned in the Strid. Craven history tells nothing about William Fitz Duncan before he became Lord of Skipton. His father, King Duncan, was killed in 1094, and it was not till thirty-six years after that date that William married the Norman heiress. There is strong reason to believe that he lived in his native land, while his uncle, Alexander the Fierce, filled the throne of Gaelic Scotland. All things considered, it is very probable that William Fitz Duncan had a wife and children before he married the Lady of Skipton, when both he and she were no longer very young. Be that as it may, after William the Lyon had done homage to Henry Plantagenet for all his realm, the claimant, Duncan Ban Mac William, was accepted by the Gaelic people of the North, and of Argyle and the islands, as the true heir to the Albanic throne, and he reigned as actual ruler on this side of the Grampians for seven years, before King William, by a mighty effort and help from the Normans of England, managed to

m at Mam Garbh, or Mamgarvia in Strathspey, in the 7. Donald was slain in the battle, but he left a Clan lliam to carry on the fight. His son, Donald Ban, and ndants of Malcolm M'Heth, gave Alexander the Second uble as late as 1216, and I am not sure that the circling this long-continued Gaelic revolt against Anglo-Norman guage, and institutions did not reach down to Wallace e, and helped largely to secure Scottish independence.

I visited the island some years ago, I was told at Douglas ıx Gaelic was rapidly dying out; and would altogether : as a living language with the then generation. The Kirk Braddan and a local Wesleyan preacher were the isters who preached in Manx, at least in Douglas and its rhood. The new school system had caused Manx to be from the public schools. Many of the young people ed with that snobbish spirit which is so often found to ı places largely depending on summer visitors, and dis- nowledge of Manx, even when their bad English proved ıe only language which they thoroughly understood. Yet lmitted that when the vicar of Kirk Braddan held Manx in Douglas—the most Anglicised place in the island—ılways crowded audiences. In truth his fidelity to his ɔngue, his personal character, and his Gaelic eloquence, n a "King of Men!" On looking a little under the sur- ıings, I found that Manx, although veiled, was still strong as, and that with the exception of a part of the Ramsay which had been invaded by farmers from the south of , it remained everywhere the household language of the ɔple—the language, too, in which love-songs were made, hich Manxmen, meeting in distant parts of the world, d with one another. I therefore came to the conclusion, ough practically banished from pulpit and school, Manx ould live through the period of English summer visitings ıd lived through three centuries of Scandinavian and rule. The Manx Society founded in 1858, by its many publications, has done, and is still doing, much to save x language from being obliterated, as the British tongue vall was wiped out in last century, and the Gaelic of Gal- as silently killed soon after George Buchanan, about 1580, l it in his history as a living language.

ı spelling of Manx Gaelic was always of the phonetic kind, ɔmained unfixed until the publication of the Manx Bible . Here is the Lord's Prayer, first in Manx, then in the

nearest permissible Gaelic, and lastly as it is given in Kirk's Bible, which is just the Irish Bible of Bishop Bedell and O'Donnell, put in Roman characters :—

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

In Manx.	*In Gaelic.*
Ayr ain t'ayns niau,	Athair againn t'anns neamh,
Casherick dy row dty ennym	Caisrigte gu'n robh d'ainm.
Dy jig dty reeriaght.	Gu'n tigeadh do rioghachd,
Dty aigney dy row jeant er y thalloo, myr te ayns niau.	D'aigne gu'n robh deant' air an talamh, mar ta e anns neamh.
Cur dooin nyn arran jiu as gagh laa.	Cur duinn ar n-aran diugh is gach la.
As leih dooin nyn loghtyn, myr ta shin leih dauesyn ta jannoo loghtyn nyn 'oï.	Is logh duinn ar lochdan mar ta sinn logh daibhsan ta deanamh lochdan n'ar n-aghaidh.
As ny leeid shin ayns miolagh, agh livrey shin veih olk:	Is na leudaich sinn 's a mhiolagh ach liubhair sinn bho olc:
Son lhiat's y reeriaght, as y phooar, as y ghloyr, son dy bragh as dy bragh, Amen.	Oir's leatsa an rioghachd, is a phuair, is a ghloir, gu brath is gu brath, Amen.

Kirke's Bible—1690.

Ar nathair atá ar neamh, náomhthar dainm : Tigeadh do rioghachd. Deúntar do theil ar an ttalámh, mar do nithear ar neamh. Ar narán laéathamhail tabhair dhuinn a niu. Agus maith dhuinn ar bhfiacha, mar mhaithmídne dar bhféitheamh. nuibh féin. Agus na léig sinn a ccathughadh achd sáor inn o olc. Oir is leachd fein an rioghachd, agus an cumhachd, agus an ghloir go siórruighe. Amen.

Here follow the first eighteen verses of the first chapter of the gospel of St John, from the authorised Manx and Gaelic versions of the Scriptures :—

Ayns y toshiaght va'n Goo, as va'n Goo marish Jee, as va'n Goo Jee.	Anns an toiseach bha am Focal, agus bha am Focal maille ri Dia, agus b'e am Focal Dia.
Va'n Goo cheddin ayns y toshiaght marish Jee.	Bha e so air tus maille ri Dia.
Liorishyn va dy chooilley nhee er ny yannoo ; as n'egooish cha row nhee erbee jeant va er ny yannoo ;	Rinneadh na h-uile nithe leis ; agus as eugmhais cha d'rinneadh aon ni a rinneadh.
Aynsyn va bea, as va'n vea soilshey deiney.	Ann-san bha beatha, agus b'i a' bheatha solus dhaóine.

As ren y soilshey soilshean ayns n dorraghys, as cha ren y dorraghys goaill-rish.

Va dooinney er ny choyrt veih Jee va enmyssit Ean.

Haink eh shoh son feanish, dy ymmyrkey feanish jeh'n toilshey, liorishyn dy voddagh dy chooilley ghooinney credjal.

Cha nee eh va'n soilshey shen, agh v'eh er ny choyrt dy ymmyrkey feanish jeh'n toilshey shen.

Shen va'n soilshey firrinagh, ta soilshean ayns dy chooilley ghooinney ta cheet er y theihll.

V'eh ayns y theihll, as va'n seihll er ny yanno liorishyn, as y seihll cha dug enney er.

Haink e gys e vooinjer hene, agh cha ren e vooinjer hene soiaghey jeh.

Agh whilleen as ren soiaghey jeh, dauesyn hug eh pooar áy ve nyn mec dy Yee, eer dauesyn ta credjal ayns yn ennym echey:

Va er nyn ruggey, cha nee jeh fuill, ny jeh aigney ny foalley, ny jeh aigney dooinney, agh jeh Jee.

As ghow yn Goo er dooghys ny foalley, as ren eh baghey nyn mast' ain (as hug shin my-ner yn ghloyr echey, yn ghloyr myr jeh'n ynrycan Mac er-ny-gheddyn jeh'n Ayr) lane dy ghrayse as dy irrinys.

(Dymmyrk Ean feanish jeh, as deïe eh, gra, Shoh eh jeh ren mish loayrt, T'eshyn ta cheet my yeï er ny hoiaghey roym; son v'eh roym)

As jeh'n slane towse echey ta

Agus tha 'n solus a' soillseachadh anns an dorchadas, agus cha do ghabh an dorchadas e.

Chuireadh duine o Dhia, d'am b'ainm Eoin.

Thainig esan mar fhianuis, chum fianuis a thoirt mu'n t-solus, chum gu'n creideadh na h-uile dhaoine trid-san.

Cha b'esan an solus sin, ach *chuireadh e* chum gu tugadh e fianuis mu'n t-solus.

B'e so an solus fior a ta soillseachadh gach uile dhuine tha teachd chum an t-saoghail.

Bha e anns an t-saoghal, agus rinneadh an saoghal leis, agus cha d'-aithnich an saoghal e

Thainig e dh'ionnsuidh a dhuthcha fein, agus cha do ghabh a *mhuinntir* fein ris.

Ach a mheud as a ghabh ris. thug e dhoibh cumhachd a bhi 'nan cloinn do Dhia, *eadhon* dhoibh-san a ta creidsinn 'na ainm:

A bha air an gineamhuin cha'n ann o fhuil, no o thoil na feola, no o thoil duine, ach o Dhia.

Agus rinneadh am Focal 'na fheoil, agus ghabh e comhnuidh 'nar measg-ne, (agus chunnaic sinn a ghloir, mar ghloir aoinghin Mhic an Athar,) lan grais agus firinn.

(Thug Eoin fianuis uime, agus ghlaodh e. ag radh, Is e so an ti mu'n do labhair mi, An ti a ta teachd a'm' dheigh, tha toiseach aig orm; oir bha e romham.)

Agus as a lanachd-san thuair

shin ooilley er gheddyn ayrn, as grayse er grayse.

Son va'n leigh er ny choyrt liorish Moses agh haink grayse as fiurinys liorish Yeesey Creest.

Cha vel unnane erbee er vakin Jee ec traa erbee; yn ynrycan Mac v'er-ny-gheddyn, ta ayns oghrish yn Ayr, eshyn t'er hoilshaghey eh.

sinneuile, agus gras air son grais.

Oir thugadh an lagh le Maois, ach thainig an gras agus an fhirinn le Iosa Criosd.

Cha'n fhaca neach ar bith Dia riamh; an t-aon-ghin Mic, a ta ann an uchd an Athar, is esan a dh'fhoillsich *e*.

17TH FEBRUARY 1885.

On this date R. D. M. Chisholm of Chisholm (The Chisholm) was elected a life member. Thereafter Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., F.S.A., Scot., Inverness, read a paper on the Heroic and Ossianic Literature. Mr Macbain's paper was as follows:—

THE HEROIC AND OSSIANIC LITERATURE.

Ireland and Scotland had practically a common language and literature until the fall of the Lordship of the Isles and the time of the Reformation, and even after these events, the ebb of Irish influence was felt in our earliest printed works and in the style of orthography and of language adopted. This close connection existed at least a thousand years, for in the fourth century the Picts and Scots were united together against the Romans and their dependants. The colonising of Argyllshire by Irish settlers—Scots they were called—is placed in the beginning of the sixth century; it is believed that a previous wave of Gaelic Celts—the Caledonians—had over-run and then held lordship over the rest of the country, having mingled with the previous bronze-age Picts, whose language, at least, the Gaelic was rapidly extinguishing. Be this as it may, the Scots from Ireland were a cultured and literary colony, and Columba, with his priests, soon followed in their wake. The Irish *Fili*, or poet, again followed in the wake of culture and Christianity, carrying the tales and poems of his country among a kindred people, and doubtless receiving in turn whatever Albanic genius was able to add to the common stock of Goidelic literature. This went on for centuries, and Scotland was a second home for the Irish Culdee, and for the Irish poet and harper. "Even in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries," says Dr Sullivan, "the Irish poets and

musicians included Scotland in their circuit, and took refuge, and sought their fortune there. We shall mention one instance as it happens to be instructive in another way, that of Muireadhach O'Daly, better known on account of his long stay in Scotland as Muireadhach Albanach, or Muireach the Scotchman." This Muireach Albanach is believed to have been the ancestor of the Mac Vurrichs, hereditary bards to Clanranald, and one of them figures in the Ossianic controversy. The literary language remained Irish throughout, from the sixth to the sixteenth century, and our first printed book is couched in the Irish of its time, the sixteenth century. That work is Bishop Carswell's Gaelic Prayer-book. And it, as the famous Irish scholar O'Donovan said, "is pure Irish, and agrees with the Irish manuscripts of the same period in orthography, syntax, and idiom." The literature, equally with the language, was common to both countries; the mythic, heroic, and historic tales were the same, practically, in each country. But the end of the fifteenth century saw a change begun; a masterful policy was adopted towards the Highlands, and the Lordship of the Isles, the great bond between Ireland and Scotland, and indeed the great Gaelic headship of the country, was broken up. The Gaels of Scotland, thrown on their own resources, advanced their own dialect to the position of a literary language, and tried to discard the Irish orthography. The first effort in this line is the Dean of Lismore's Book, about 1512. Little, however, was done in the matter of writing down literary compositions, so that the next considerable MS. is that of Fernaig in 1688. At the same time the religious literature still appeared in the Irish form, such as Carswell's book, Kirke's works, and the Bible. A compromise was effected last century; the popular dialect became the literary language, as it ought, but the Irish orthography was adhered to still.

Scotland also dealt with the ballad and tale literature in much the same way. The purely popular part of the old Irish-Scottish literature was retained; the tales and ballads of Fionn and his heroes were almost the only survivors of the mighty literature of the middle and early ages. We see the change beginning in the Dean of Lismore's book; the favourite heroic ballads are those in regard to Fionn, but Cuchulinn is not neglected. Nevertheless, last century Macpherson could, without a word of protest from friend or foe, bring Cuchulinn and Fionn together as contemporaries; so much was Cuchulinn's real position in the Gaelic literary cycles unknown.

This pre-Reformation literature, common to both Ireland and

Scotland, may be called not old Gaelic literature, for Gaelic is ambiguous, but "Goidelic" literature. It is the literature of the Goidelic or Gaelic branch of the Celtic race, as opposed to the Brythonic branch—the Welsh, Cornish, and Breton. The Goidelic literature suffered sadly at the hands of time; first the monks gave it their peculiar twist in trying to eliminate paganism from it; then the unhappy history of the country of Ireland, with its continuous wars since the advent of the Norse in the eighth century onwards, checked the growth of literature, and much of it was thereafter lost in the social wars that lasted on to our own times; for at times it was dangerous even to possess an Irish MS. Goidelic literature is divisible into three cycles or groups. There is, first, the mythological cycle; this deals with the history and ethnology of Ireland and Scotland; second, the Cuchullin cycle; and, third, the Fionn or Ossianic cycle. The first cycle deals with the mythical history of Ireland; it was completely recast by the monks of the early middle ages. Consequently the Irish gods became merely earthly sovereigns, chiefs of an early race that seized on and colonised Ireland. Monkish manufacture begins Irish history before the flood, when the Lady Cesair took the island. But she and her company were drowned, all except Finntan, who survived the flood in a Druidic sleep and lived for generations to relate the tale. Several post-deluvian "takings" of the island then follow; but the outstanding invasions amount to four. These are, the Fir-bolgs, overcome by the Tuatha-De-Danann, both of whom were successively annoyed by the Fomorians or sea-rovers; and, lastly, came the Milesian or the real Gaelic Irish race. The Fir-bolg, Fomorians, and Tuatha-De-Danann fight with each other by means of Druidic arts mostly, and it is incontestably established that the Tuatha-De, as indeed the name shows, were the higher gods of the Gaels. The Fomorians were the gods of misrule and death; that is also clear. The Fir-bolg may have been earth-powers, or they may have been the pre-Celtic inhabitants; it is hard to say. When the Milesians arrived they found the Tuatha-De-Danann in possession; the Tuatha kept them at bay by Druid magic, but at last came to terms with the Milesians or Gaels, gave up Ireland to them, and themselves retired to the *Sids* or fairy mounds, and to the Land of Promise, from which places they still watched and tended the actions of men. Now these facts, such as they are, appear in sober chronological order in the Irish annals, with minute details and genealogies. The Tuatha-De came to Ireland in the year 1900 B.C., and the Milesians in 1700. Such is the

mythological cycle. Now we pass over close on 1700 years, for all of which, however, Irish history finds kings and minute details of genealogies. A few years before our era there was a Queen over Connaught named Meave (Medb), whose consort and husband was Ailill. He was a weak and foolish man, and she was a masterful woman, very beautiful, but not very good. Some tales make her half divine — that a fairy or Sidé was her mother. This Ailill was her third husband. She had been married to Conchobar Mac Nessa, King of Ulster, but they mutually divorced each other. The reign and rule of Conchobar is the golden age of Irish romance; it is in fact the "Cuchulinn" cycle. It was in his reign, that the third of the Sorrowful Tales of Erin was enacted. The first concerned the children of Lir, a prince of the Tuatha-De, whose children were enchanted by their stepmother, and became swans, suffering untold woes for ages, until their spells were broken under Christian dispensation. The second sorrowful tale had, as its theme, the children of Turenn, whom Luga, prince of the Tuatha-Dè, the sun god, persecuted and made to undergo all sorts of toils and dangers. The third tale concerns the reign of Conchobar, not the age of the gods. The subject of it is the woes of Deirdre, well known in both Scotland and Ireland. Deirdre was daughter of the bard Feidlimid, and, shortly before her birth, the Druid Cathbad prophesied that she should be the cause of woes unnumbered to Ulster. The warriors were for killing her, but Conchobar decided to bring her up to be his own wife, and evade the prophecy. She was kept apart in a *lis* (fortress), where she could not see a man until she should wed Conchobar. Her tutor and nurse alone saw her. The tutor was one day killing a calf in the snow, and a raven came, and was drinking the blood of the calf. Deirdre said to her nurse that she would like to have the man who would have the "three colours yonder on him; namely, his hair like the raven, his cheek like the blood, and his body like the snow." The nurse told her such a person was near enough—Nois, the son Uisnech. There were three brothers of them, Nois, Ardan, and Ainle, and they sang so sweetly that every human being who heard them were enchanted, and the cattle gave two-thirds additional milk. They were fleet as hounds in the chase, and the three together could defy a province. Deirdre managed to meet Nois and boldly proposed to him to fly with her. He refused at first, but she prevailed. He, his brothers, and their company fled with her. After wandering round all Erin, they were forced to come to Alba. They made

friends with the king of Alba and took service under him. But the king came to hear of Deirdre's beauty and he must have her. The men of Alba gathered against the brothers and they had to fly. Their flight was heard of in Erin, and Conchobar was pressed to receive them back. Fergus Mac Roich, Conchobar's stepfather, and Cormac, Conchobar's son, took the sons of Uisnech under their protection, and brought them to Ulster. Conchobar got some of his minions to draw Fergus and Cormac away from them, and then the sons of Uisnech were attacked, defenceless as they were, and were slain. Conchobar took Deirdre as his wife, but a year afterwards she killed herself, by striking her head against a rock, from grief for Nois and from Conchobar's cruelty.

The Scotch version of the tale differs from the Irish only in the ending. Deirdre and the sons of Uisnech were sailing on the sea; a fog came on and they accidentally put in under the walls of Conchobar's town. The three landed and left Deirdre on board; they met Conchobar and he slew them. Then Conchobar came down to the sea and invited Deirdre to land. She refused, unless he allowed her to go to the bodies of the sons of Uisnech:

"Gun taibhrinn mo thri poga meala
Do na tri corpa caomh geala."

On her way she met a carpenter slicing with a knife. She gave him her ring for the knife, went to the bodies, stretched herself beside them, and killed herself with the knife.

Macpherson's poem of Darthula opens with an invocation to the moon, and then we are introduced to the sons of Uisnech and Darthula, on the sea near *Cairbar's* camp, driven there by a storm, the night before their death. This brings us *in medias res*, as all true epics should do, and the foregoing part of the story is told in the speeches of Darthula and Nathos, a somewhat confusing dialogue, but doubtless "epic." These previous facts are, that Darthula is daughter of Colla. Cairbar, who usurped the Irish throne on the death of Cuchulinn, regent for young Cormac, and put Cormac to death, was in love with Darthula. Cuchulinn was uncle to the sons of Uisnech, and Nathos took command on his death, but had to fly, for the Irish army deserted him for Cairbar. On his way to Scotland he fell in with Darthula, and rescued her from Cairbar; they put out for Scotland, but were driven back. Cairbar met them and killed them with arrows, one of which pierced Darthula. Macpherson naively says: "The poem relates the death of Darthula differently from the common tradition. This account is the most probable, as suicide seems to

have been unknown in those early times, for no traces of it are found in the old poetry." Yet Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, committed suicide only fifty years later, to escape Roman tyranny and lust! The oldest Irish version is in a MS. written nearly 700 years ago, and the composition may be much older, yet there Deirdre unpoetically knocks out her brains, evidently because no weapon could be had. The Scotch version ends far more poetically than either Macpherson's or the Irish one.

Fergus Mac Roich and Cormac Conloingeas, son of Conchobar, who had taken the sons of Uisnech under their protection, took vengeance for the sons of Uisnech, as far as they could, and then withdrew to the court of Queen Meave. Fergus was there her chief counsellor and friend.

Now we come to Cuchulinn, son of Sualtam, "fortissmus heros Scotorum," as Tigernach says. Like all mythic and fairy-tale heroes, strange tales are told of his birth. Dechtine, sister of Conchobar, lost a foster-child of somewhat supernatural descent. On coming from the funeral she asked for a drink; she got it, and as she raised it to her lips a small insect sprang into her mouth with the drink. That night the god Luga of the Long Arms appeared to her and said that she had now conceived by him. As a result, she became pregnant. As she was unmarried, the scandal was great, but a weak-minded chief named Sualtam married her. She bore a son, and he was called Setanta, and this Setanta latterly got the name of Cuchulinn. The way Setanta got the name of Cuchulinn was this. Culand the smith invited Conchobar and his train to spend a night and a day in his house, and when closing the door for the night he asked Conchabar if he expected any more of his people to come. He did not. Culand then let loose his house dog and shut the door. But the boy Setanta came late and was set on by the furious animal. A severe fight took place, but Setanta killed the animal. The smith demanded *eric* for the dog and Setanta offered to watch the house until a pup of that dog should grow up. This he did, and hence got the name of Cu-chulaind, the dog of Culann.

This is evidently a myth founded on a popular etymology of Cuchulinn's name, and, though a smith, always a Druidic and mythic character, is introduced, it may have no further significance. Some of his youthful exploits are told. He prayed his mother to let him go to his uncle's court among the other boys; he goes, and appears a stranger among the boys playing hurley or shinty before the castle. They all set on him and let fly all their "camags" and balls at him; the balls he caught and the hurleys

he warded off. Then his war rage seized him. "He shut one eye till it was not wider than the eye of a needle; he opened the other till it was bigger than the mouth of a meal-goblet." He attacked the youths and set them flying every way. Conchobar recognised him and introduced him to the boys. The next thing was the choosing of arms when he was fit to bear them. Conchobar gave him first ordinary weapons, but he shivered them with a shake. Fifteen sets did he so break in ever rising grade of strength. At last Conchobar gave him his own royal weapons. These he could not shiver. Fifteen war-chariots did he break by leaping into them and shaking them, until he got the king's own chariot, which withstood him. He and the charioteer then darted off, reached Meath, challenged and slew three champions, and came back again to Emania, his uncle's capital, safe and sound.

A wife had now to be got for him, and Conchobar searched all Erin for a suitable partner, but in vain. The ladies of Erin greatly loved him, as the records say—"for his splendour at the feat, for the readiness of his leap, for the excellence of his wisdom, for the melodiousness of his eloquence, for the beauty of his face, for the lovingness of his countenance. For there were seven pupils in his royal eyes, four in the one and three in the other for him; seven fingers on each of his two hands and seven on each of his two feet." And another says, after the usual profusion of colour and minutiae as to garments—"I should think it was a shower of pearls that was flung into his head. Blacker than the side of a black cooking-spit each of his two brows; redder than ruby his lips." The Highland ballad of the Chariot of Cuchulin describes him even better and certainly in true Celtic style of successive epithets. Cuchulinn himself set out for a wife, and fell in with Emer, daughter of Forgill, a "noble farmer" holding extensive lands near Dublin. "Emer had these six victories upon her," says the tale, "the victory of form, the victory of voice, the victory of melodiousness, the victory of embroidery, the victory of wisdom, the victory of chastity." Emer did not immediately accept him, though latterly she was violently in love with him. Her father would not have him at all; he did not like professional champions. He got him to leave the country to complete his military education with the celebrated lady Scathach in the Isle of Skye. Cuchulinn went to Scathach, whose school was certainly no easy one to enter or pass through. Here he learned all those wonderful feats—*cleasa*—for which he is so famous in story. His special *cleas* was the *gae bolg* or belly-dart, a mysterious weapon mysteriously used, for it could only be cast at fords on water. It was at Scat-

hach's school that he fell in with Ferdia MacDamain, the Fir-bolg champion, who was the only man that could match Cuchulinn. Their friendship was great for one another, and they swore never to oppose one another.

Aoife or Eva, daughter of Scathach, and also an amazon, fell in love with Cuchulinn, and he temporarly married her, but like those heroes, he forgot her as soon as he left her. His son by her, Conloch, was not born before he left. When Cuchulinn returned to Erin he married Emer, daughter of Forgill, taking her by force from her friends.

We now come to the great "Tain Bo Chualgne," the "queen of Celtic epics," as Kennedy says. The scene shifts to Meave's palace at Cruachan. She and Ailill have a dispute in bed one night as to the amount of property each had. They reckoned cattle, jewels, arms, cloaks, chess-boards, war-chariots, slaves, and nevertheless found their possessions exactly equal. At last Ailill recollected the famous bull Finn-beannach (white-horned), which, after having ruled Meave's herds for a while, left them in disgust, as being the property of a woman, and joined the cattle of Ailill. Much chagrin was her portion, until she recollected that Daré of Fachtna in Cualgne possessed a brown bull, *Donn Chuailgne*, the finest beast in all Erin. She sent Fergus Mac Roich, with a company, to ask the bull for a year, and he should then be returned with fifty heifers and a chariot worth 63 cows. Daré consented, and and lodged Meave's deputies for the night. But getting uproarious in their cups, they boasted that if Daré would not give the bull willingly, they would take it by force. This so annoyed Daré that he sent Meave's embassy back without the bull. The queen was enraged, and at once summoned her native forces, including Ferdia and his Firbolg, and invited Fergus and Cormac to join her with all their followers. This they did, but unwillingly. So the large army moved against Ulster, Meave accompanying them in her chariot—a lady of large size, fair face, and yellow hair, a curiously carved spear in her hand, and her crimson cloak fastened by a golden brooch.

The people of Ulster, meanwhile, were suffering from a periodical feebleness that came upon them for a heinous crime committed by them. They were, therefore, in a condition of childish helplessness, and they could neither hold shield or throw lance.

But when Meave, at the head of her exulting troops, approached the fords which gave access to the territory of Daré, there stood Cuchulinn. He demanded single combat from the

best warriors of her army, laying injunctions on them not to pass the ford until he was overcome. The spirit and usages of the time put it out of Meave's power to refuse, and there, day after day, were severe conflicts waged between the single Ultonian champion and the best warriors of Meave, all of whom he successively vanquished. Meave even called in the aid of magic spells. One warrior was helped by demons of the air, in bird shape, but in vain, and the great magician, Cailetin and his twenty-seven sons, despite their spells, also met their doom. Cuchulinn further is persecuted by the war goddess, the Morrigan, who appears in all shapes to plague him and to frighten the life of valour out of his soul. Cuchulinn is not behind in daimonic influence, for with the help of the Tuatha-Dè—Manannan especially—he does great havoc among Meave's troops, circling round them in his chariot, and dealing death with his sling. Meave is getting impatient; time is being lost; the Ultonians will soon revive, and Cuchulinn must be got rid off. She calls on Ferdia, the only match there exists for Cuchulinn, but he refuses to fight with his school days' friend. Nay, he would by his vows be forced to defend him against all comers. The queen plies him in every way with promises, wiles, and blandishments; he will get Findabar, her daughter, for wife, and lands and riches; and, alas! he consents, he binding himself to fight Cuchulinn, and she binding herself to fulfil her magnificent promises. Fergus goes forward to apprise Cuchulinn of what occurred, that his friend and companion, Ferdia, was coming to fight with him. "I am here," said Cuchulinn, "detaining and delaying the four great provinces of Erin, since Samhain to the beginning of Imbulc (spring), and I have not yielded one foot in retreat before any one during that time, nor will I, I trust, before him." Cuchulinn's charioteer gets his chariot yoked, with the two divine horses—those mystic animals that the gods had sent for Cuchulinn, the Liath Macha "Grey of Macha," the war-goddess, and the Dub-sanglend. "And then," says the tale, "the battle-fighting, dexterous, battle-winning, red-sworded hero, Cuchulinn, son of Sualtam, sprang into his chariot. And there shouted around him Bocanachs, and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha-De-Danann were used to set up shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be greater in every battle, in every battlefield, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went."

Ferdia's charioteer, who does not wish his master to fight with

his friend, Cuchulinn, hears Cuchulinn coming thundering to the ford, and describes the sound and its meaning to Ferdia in verse, following the introductory narrative. And he was not long "until he saw something, the beautiful, flesh-seeking, four-peaked chariot, with speed, with velocity, with full cunning, with a green pavilion, with a thin-bodied, dry-bodied, high-weaponed, long-speared, warlike *creit* (body of the chariot); upon two fleet-bounding, large-eared, fierce, prancing, whale-bellied, broad-chested, lively-hearted, high-flanked, wide-hoofed, slender-legged, broad-rumped, resolute horses under it. A gray, broad-hipped, fleet, bounding, long-maned steed under the one yoke of the chariot. A black tufty-maned, ready-going, broad-backed steed under the other yoke. Like unto a hawk (swooping) from a cliff on a day of hard wind; or like a sweeping gust of the spring wind on a March day, over a smooth plain; or like the fleetness of a wild stag on his being first started by the hounds in his first field, were Cuchulaind's two horses with the chariot, as though they were on fiery flags; so that the earth shook and trembled with the velocity of their motion."

The heroes met at the ford--Cuchulinn is always connected with ford-fighting. They fought for three days, and on the fourth the fight was terrible and the feats grand; Cuchulinn hard pressed calls for his gae-bolg—a feat which Ferdia was unacquainted with, and Cuchulinn slays him. Cuchulinn mourns over his friend's body in piteous strains, and weak with grief and wounds he leaves his place at the ford, which he had defended so long and well.

Meave now passed into Ulster, seized the Donn Chualgne, and sent it to Connaught; she ravaged Ulster to the very gates of its capital, and then began to retire. But now the spell that bound the men of Ulster was broken, they woke and pursued; a great battle was fought in which, as usual, the combatants and arms are described minutely; indeed throughout the Tain we are treated to a profusion of colour—of red or yellow hair on the warriors' heads, coloured silk *leiné* or blouses, mantles held by rich brooches, and finely wrought shields. The Queen was defeated, but the Donn Chualgne reached Connaught nevertheless. This wonderful animal finding himself among strange pastures, gave vent to his wonder and vexation in a serious of mighty bellows. These brought the Finnbeannach on the scene at once; they fought, the Donn overcame and raising his rival on his horns rushed homewards, leaving detached parts of the Finnbeannach here and there on his way; such as at Athlone, which signifies the ford of the loin. His rage ceased not when he reached Cualgne, but he

went charging against a rock there thinking it was his rival, and thus dashed out his own brains.

Such is the story of the epic of the "Bo Chualgne." This does no justice to the spirit and vigour of the original, its wealth of description of men, arms, and colours, its curious customs, its minutiæ, its wordlists of descriptive epithets, all which are characteristic of the Celtic imagination—profuse, minute, and boldly original. As a repertory of manners and customs, it is invaluable. These are in their general form Homeric, literally Homeric; but there are differences—there is always the Celtic smack in the facts seized on and made prominent; and, in other matters, though for instance we have chariots and horses and bronze arms enough, we meet with no body armour, not even a helmet.

In Scotland, Tain Bo Chualgne is little known; the Cuchulinn Cycle altogether, indeed, belongs to the literary rather than the popular epos. But this Society has been lucky enough to get almost the only popular account of the Tain that exists in the Highlands. In the Second Volume of our Transactions, Mr Carmichael gives an excellent version of it, much degraded though it be in the shape of a mere popular tale. Yet it practically repeats every feature of the tale we have told. Macpherson, too, got a copy the tale, and it appears as that inveterate episode, in Book II. of Fingal, but sadly shorn of its dignity, and changed to suit his theme. Cuchulinn, after his defeat by Swaran, attributes his ill-luck to his having killed his dearest friend, Ferda, the son of Damman. Ferda was a chief of Albion, who was educated with Cuchulinn in "Muri's hall" (*sic*), an academy of arms in Ulster. Deugala, spouse of Cairbar, who was "covered with the light of beauty, but her heart was the house of pride," loved Ferda, and asked Cairbar to give her half of his herd and let her join her lover. Cairbar called in Cuchulinn to divide the herd. "I went," he said, "and divided the herd. One bull of snow remained. I gave that bull to Cairbar. The wrath of Deugala rose." She induced Ferda most unwillingly to challenge Cuchulinn to mortal combat. "I will fight my friend, Deugala, but may I fall by his sword! Could I wander on the hills and behold the grave of Cuchulinn?" They fought and Ferda fell.

The eighteeneth century sentimentality of Macpherson's Ferda is very different from the robust grief and practical sense shown by Ferdia in his relations with Meave in both the Irish and Highland version of the tale. Ferdia there consents under the influence of wine and female blandishment, but nevertheless takes heavy

guarantees that Meave will fulfill her promises, especially as to the money and lands. Curiously too, in the Iliad, the Greeks always fight for Helen *and the riches* she took with her to Asia. There is little sentiment in the matter. But if we argue merely *a priori* as to what sentiments or customs existed in ancient times, we are certain to go wrong, as Macpherson always did.

The rest of Cuchulinn's life is shortly told, and this portion of it is also the one that has taken most popular hold, and hence is known best here. We have mentioned that he left a son unborn in Scathach. This was Conloch. His mother educated him in all warlike accomplishments possible, save only the "gae-bolg." She then sent him to Ireland under "geasa" not to reveal his name, but he was to challenge and slay if need be the champions there. She secretly hoped in this way that he would kill his father Cuchulinn, and so avenge her wrongs. He landed in Ireland, demanded combat, and overcame everybody. He lastly overcame and bound Conall Cernach, next to Cuchulinn the best champion of Erin. Then Conchobar sent for Cuchulinn; he came—asked Conloch his name, but he would not divulge it. Conloch knew his father Cuchulinn, and though Cuchulinn pressed him hard, he tried to do him no injury. Cuchulinn, finding the fight go against him, called, as in his extremity he always did, for the Gae-Bolg. He killed Conloch. Then follows a scene of tender and simple pathos, such as not rarely ends these ballads of genuine origin. The story is exactly parallel to that of Soohrab and Rustem in Persia, so beautifully rendered in verse by Matthew Arnold.

A wild and pathetic story is that of Cuchulinn's death. Meave, determined to avenge herself on him for the Tain Bo Chualgne, suddenly attacked him with a force that took her years to get ready. For instance, the six posthumous children of Cailetin, the magician, whom Cuchulinn killed on the Tain, appeared against him. The omens were against Cuchulinn's setting out; the divine horse, the Liath Macha, thrice turned his left side to him; he reproached the steed; "thereat the Gray of Macha came and let his big round tears of blood fall on Cuchulinn's feet." He went; the Tuatha-Dè evidently and plainly deserted him; the magician children of Cailetin had therefore open field. He fell by his own spear, hurled back by the foe. But Conall Cernach came to avenge his fall; and as he came, the foe saw something at a distance. "One horseman is here coming to us," said a charioteer, "and great are the speed and swiftness with which he comes. Thou wouldst deem that the ravens of Erin were above him. Thou wouldst deem that flakes of snow were specking the

plain before him." "Unbeloved is the horseman that comes," says his master, "It is Conall the victorious on the Dewy-Red. The birds thou sawest above him are the sods from that horse's hoofs. The snow flakes thou sawest specking the plain before him are the foam from that horse's lips and the curbs of the bridle." A true piece of Celtic imagination! Conall routs the foe and returns with the heads of the chief men to Emer, Cuchulinn's wife, whom the ballads represent as asking whom each head belonged to, and Conall tells her in reply. The dialogue is consequently in a rude dramatic form.

We now come to the Fionn or Ossianic cycle. The chroniclers, as already stated, place this cycle three hundred years later than the Cuchulinn cycle. Whether we accept the dates or not, the Ossianic cycle is, in a literary sense, later than the Cuchulinn cycle. The manners and customs are changed in a most marked degree. In the Cuchulinn cycle, the individual comes to the front; it is champion against champion, and the armies count for little. Indeed Cuchulinn is, like Hercules and the demi-gods, alone in his feats and labours. But in the Ossianic cycle we have a body of heroes; they are indeed called in the chronicles the Irish "Militia." Fionn is the head and king, but he by no means too much outshines the rest in valour and strength. Some of the Feni are indeed braver champions than he. However, he alone possesses divine wisdom. And, again, in the Fenian cycle, we no longer have chariots and war-horses. Cow-spoils disappear completely, and their place is taken up with hunting and the chase. On the whole the Fenian cycle has more of a historic air; that is, the history in it can be more easily kept apart from the supernatural; though, again, there are more tales of supernatural agencies by far in it than in the Cuchulinn cycle—fairy tales which have no historical basis. It will be better, therefore, to look at Fionn first as a possibly historical character, and then consider him as the fairy-tale hero.

The literary and historical account of Fionn and the Feinè is briefly this. The Feinè was the militia or standing army of the Irish kings in the third century. They fought the battles and and defended the kingdom from invasion. There were seven battalions of them. Their privileges were these:—From Samhain (Hallowe'en) till Beltane (May-day) they were billeted on the inhabitants; from Beltane till Samhain they lived on the products of the chase, for the chase was all their own. Again, no man could settle his daughter in marriage without first asking if one of the Feinè wished her as wife. But the qualifications of Fenian

soldiers were high: he must, first, give security that no *eric*, or revenge, must be required for his death; second, he must be a poet—at least compose a war song; third, he must be a perfect master of his weapons; fourth, his running and fighting qualities must pass test by the band; fifth, he must be able to hold out his weapon by the smaller end without a tremble; sixth, in the chase through plain and wood, his hair must continue tied up—if it fell, he was rejected; seventh, he must be so light and swift as not to break a rotten stick by standing on it; eighth, he must leap a tree as high as his forehead, and get under a tree no higher than his knees; ninth, without stopping, he must be able to draw a thorn from his foot; also, he must not refuse a woman without a dowry, offer violence to no woman, be charitable to the poor and weak, and he must not refuse to fight nine men of any other nation that might set upon him. Cumal, son of Trenmor O'Baisgne, was Fionn's father, and he was head of the militia in King Conn Ced-cathach's time (122-157, A.D.). Tadhg, or Teague, chief Druid of Conn, lived at Almu, or Almhinn (Allen in Kildare), and he had a beauty of a daughter named Muirne. She was asked in marriage by ever so many princes, and amongst others by Cumal. Her father refused her to Cumal, because his magic knowledge told him the marriage would force him to leave Almhinn. Cumal took Muirne by force and married her. The druid appealed to Conn, who sent his forces against Cumal. Cumal was killed in battle at Cnucha by Aed, son of Morna, and Aed himself was wounded in the eye, whence his name of Goll, or one-eyed. This is the celebrated champion and Fenian rival of Fionn—Goll Mac Morna. Her father wished to burn Muirne, evidently because of his prophetic knowledge of personal disaster, but she escaped to Cumal's sister. Here she gave birth to Fionn or Demni, as he was first named. He, when he grew up, forced Tadhg to give him Almhinn as *eric* for his father, and he also got *eric* from Goll, with whom he made peace. Another fact, historically recognisable, is Fionn's marriage to Grainne, daughter of Cormac, son of Art and king of Ireland. She eloped with Diarmad; Fionn pursued them, and after various vicissitudes captured them, but the Feinè would not permit him to punish the runaways in any way. Their privileges made the Feinè troublesome, and King Cairbre, son of Cormac, tried to disband them, owing more immediately to dynastic troubles, and in any case the Clan Morna, headed by Goll, were at daggers drawn with the Clan Baisgne, Fionn's family. Cairbre, aided by the Clan Morna, met the Clan Baisgne at Gabhra in 284, and a great fight was fought. Oscar

commanded the Clan Baisgne; there was great slaughter and almost extinction for Oscar's side. Cairbre and he mutually slew each other. Ossian and Caoilte were the only survivors of note. The historical accounts place Fionn's death in the year before this battle, though the ballads and popular tradition are distinctly against such a view. Fionn was slain, it is said, at Rath-breagha, on the Boyne, by a treacherous fisherman named Athlach, who, wished to become famous as the slayer of Fionn. Fionn had retired there in his old age.

Both in Scotland and Ireland there are some historical ballads that connect Fionn with the invasions of the Norsemen, but these can hardly be seriously considered as containing historical truth, that is, if we trust the above account, which places the Feinè in the 3rd century. The Norsemen made no invasions into Ireland sooner than the 8th century; that is a historical fact. The period of the Norse and Danish invasions are, roughly, from 800 to close on 1300. The ballads of Manus and Earragon may have a historical basis; there is little supernatural or impossible in them. Manus is a well-known name in both Scotland and Ireland, and, without a doubt, the great Magnus Barefoot, who was killed in Ireland in 1103, is meant. At the same time, the ballad must be rejected as history; it is a popular tale, where St Patrick, Ossian, and Magnus appear as nigh well contemporaries. The popular hero of the romantic tale is Fionn, and hence anything heroic and national that is done, be it in an early age or in a late, is attributed, by the popular imagination, to the popular hero. Manus, a historical character, stuck to the popular fancy, because he was the last important invader of Ireland. It could not be expected that our romantic ballads would not receive both additions and local colouring in coming through the ages of Norse invasion. Fionn and his heroes are lay figures, to which were attached any striking or exciting events that the nation may have had to go through.

So much for the Fionn of history. Let us now turn to the hero of the romantic and fairy tales. Fionn in history, such as it is, is merely a great warrior and champion, but in the popular imagination he belongs to the race of the giants, and has kinship with the supernatural powers. He is in fact a mortal champion moving in a fairy atmosphere. Nor is the popular notion of Fionn of late growth; we shall, indeed, find reason to suspect that it anteceded the historical conception—that what is historical is merely rationalised myth. A charter of the reign of Alexander the Second in the early part of the 13th century

speaks of Tuber na Fein, which is glossed by "feyne, of the grett or kempis men callit ffenis, is ane well." This, which is only a hundred years later than the oldest Irish MS. account of Fionn, is exactly the present day popular notion of the Feine. They were giants. About 1500 Hector Boece can thus write of Fyn Mak Coul:—"Virum uti ferunt immani statura, septenum enim cubitorum hominem fuisse narrant, Scotici sanguinis omnibusque insolita corporis mole formidolosum." Thus, much to the disgust of Keating, the Irish historian, he makes him a giant some seven cubits high, makes him also a Scotchman, and fixes his date about 450 A.D.; and he further tells us that Fyn was renowned in stories, such as was told of King Arthur. Bishop Leslie in the same century says that Fynmacoul was a "man of huge size and sprung, as it were, from the race of the giants." Gavin Douglas, about 1500, also speaks of

"Greit Gow Macmorne and Fyn Mac Cowl, and how
They suld be goddis in Ireland as they say."

Dunbar, the contemporary poet, says:—

"My fore grandsyr, hecht Fyn Mac Cowl,
That dang the deil and gart him yowll,
The skyis rained when he wald scoull,
He trublit all the air:

He got my grandsyr Gog Magog;
Ay whan he dansit the warld wald schog;
Five thousand ellis gaed till his frog,
Of Hieland pladdis, and mair."

The world shook when Fionn danced! Martin, in his "Western Isles," calls him a "gigantic man." And in Ireland also, as in Scotland, Fionn and his heroes are among the people considered to be giants, "the great joiant Fann Mac Cuil," as Kennedy calls him, after the style of the peasantry who relate tales of Fionn. Mr Good, a priest at Limerick in 1566, speaks of the popular "giants Fion Mac Hoyle, and Oshin (read Osgur) Mac Oshin." Standish O' Grady, in his lately published History of Ireland, places the Fianna back in the dawn of Irish history— gigantic figures in the dusky air. "Ireland is their playground. They set up their goals in the North and South in Titanic hurling matches, they drive their balls through the length and breadth of it, storming through the provinces." Macpherson found the ballads and stories full of this, and as usual, he stigmatises them as Irish and middle-age. He quotes as Irish this verse:—

"A chos air *Cromleach*, druim-ard,
Chos eile air Crom-meal dubh,
Thoga Fion le lamh mhoir
An d' uisge o Lubhair na sruth."

With one foot on lofty Cromlech, and the other on black Crom-meal, Fionn could take up the water in his hand from the river Lubar! Yet the hills can still be pointed out in Macpherson's native Badenoch where Fionn did this; but Macpherson, as usual, gives them his own poetic names. Carn Dearg and Scorr Gaoithe, at the top of Glen-Feshie, are the hills, and the *Fionntag*, a tributary of the Feshie, is the poetic "Lubhar." He has therefore to reduce the Fionn of the popular tales and ballads, to proper epic dimensions—to divorce him, as he says himself, from the "giants, enchanted castles, dwarfs, palfreys, witches, and magicians," which he thinks were imposed on the Fionn epic in the fifteenth century, and continued still to be the popular idea of Fionn and his heroes.

The popular imagination accounts for this tallness in a rationalistic manner worthy of any euhemerist historian. In Campbell's Popular Tales, this is how the Een was set up. An old King of Erin, hard pressed by the Lochlinners, consults his seneschal as to the best course to pursue. The latter advises him to marry 100 of the tallest men in the kingdom to the same number of the tallest women; then again to intermarry 100 of each sex of the tallest of their descendants, and so on to the third generation. This would give him a gigantic race able to cope with any foe. The thing was done. And in the third generation a gigantic race was the result. Their captain and king was Cumal, and he defeated the Lochlinners and forced them to terms of peace.

There are various turns given to the story of Fionn's birth, but they all agree that his father was killed before his birth, that he was carried off and reared in secret, that he did great youthful feats, that his first name was Demni, and that he was called Fionn from his white head. Most tales also tell how he ate the salmon of knowledge. The best form of the whole tale is this. Cumhal was going to battle, and in passing a smithy, while his horses were being shod, he went in to see the smith's daughter. The smith on learning what happened cursed the king, and hoped he would not return safe from the fight. Smiths and druids were uncanny in those days, and his wish was gratified; Cumhal fell in the battle. The new king heard of the smith's daughter, and ordered her to be imprisoned. If she gave birth to a daughter,

the daughter might be allowed to live, but a son must be put to death, for he would be the true heir to the throne. She brought forth a daughter, and all his watch rushed to tell the King; but, before the night was through, she also brought a boy into the world. The nurse, Luas Lurgann, rolled the child up in the end of her gown and rushed off to the woods, where she brought him up in secret. She exercised him in all kinds of feats—running, *cleasa* of all kinds, and arms. She took him one day to play hurley—shinty—with the boys of the King's town. He beat everybody and then began to maul and kill right and left. The king heard of it and came out; "Co e an gille *Fionn* ud," said he, "tha mortadh nan daoine?" (who is that *Fair* lad killing the people?) The nurse clapped her hands for joy and said:—"Long hast thou wanted to be baptized, but to-day thou art indeed baptized, and thou art *Fionn* son of Cumhal son of Trenmor, and rightful king of Erin." With this she rushed away, taking the boy on her shoulders. They were hotly pursued; Luas Lurgann's swiftness of old was failing her. Fionn jumped down, and carried her in turn. He rushed through the woods, and when he halted in safety he found he had only the two legs of his nurse left over his shoulders—the rest of her body had been torn away in the wood. After some wanderings he came to Essroy, famous for its mythic salmon—the salmon of all knowledge. Here he found a fisher fishing for the king, and he asked for a fish to eat. The fisher never yet had caught fish though he had fished for years. A prophecy said that no fish would be got on it till Fionn came. The fisher cast his line in Fionn's name and caught a large salmon—it was too large for Fionn, he said, and he put him off each time. Fionn got the rod himself and landed a bigger salmon still. The fisher, who had recognised who he was, allowed him to have a small fish of his lot, but he must roast it with the fire on one side the stream and the fish on the other, nor must he use any wood in the process. He set fire to some sawdust, and the wind blew a wave of fire over to the fish and burned a spot on it. Fionn put his thumb on the black spot; it burnt him and he put the thumb in his mouth. Then he knew everything; the fisher was Black Arcan who slew his father. He seized Arcan's sword, and killed him. In this way he got his father's sword, and also the dog Bran, both of which the fisher had. And, further, by bruising his thumb in his mouth, the past and the present were always revealed to him. He then went in secret to his grandfather's house—the smith's house. Thereafter he appeared in the king's court; the king gave wrong judgment, and if one of royal

blood did this, Temra the palace(?) fell; and if one of royal blood gave the right judgment, it rose again. Temra fell; but on Fionn giving the judgment rightly, Temra was restored again. He was at once recognised, and again pursued. The king then hunted every place in Erin for him, and at last found him as steward with the king of Colla. Colla and Fionn rose together against Cairbre, and slew him, and so Fionn recovered his patrimony and kingdom.

Besides Fionn's powers in knowing present and past events, he was also a great medicine man. He possessed the magic cup, a drink from which could heal any wound, unless from a poisoned weapon. The Dord Fionn was again a kind of wail or music raised when Fionn was in distress. His men, whenever they heard it, came to his help.

The leading heroes among the Feinè were:—

Fionn himself.

Gaul Mac Morna, leader of the Clann Morna. He served under Fionn, but as Goll had killed Fionn's father, they had no great love for each other. Yet Fionn's praise of Goll is one of the best of the ballads; more especially as showing us what characteristics pleased best the Feiné, or rather the Gaelic people.

Ossian, son of Fionn, the renowned hero-poet.

Oscar, his son, the bravest of the Feiné, youthful, handsome, and kind-hearted.

Diarmad O'Duinn, the handsomest of the Feinè, the darling of the women, "the Adonis of Fenian mythology, whose slaughter by a wild boar is one of the most widely scattered myths of the Ossianic Cycle." He had a beauty spot—"ball-seirc"—which if any woman saw, she fell in love with him at once.

Caoilte MacRonan, Finn's nephew; he was the swiftest of the Feinè. They had always to keep a *speir each* (?) on his foot, for otherwise he would go too fast for the rest.

Fergus Finn-vel, son of Fionn, a poet, warrior, and adviser.

Conan Maol, the Thersites or fool of the Feinè. He is the best narked character of the whole. He was large-bodied, gluttonous, and most cowardly. Everybody has a fling at Conan, and he at them.

The story of the Feinè may be considered under the following heads:—

(1) Foreign Messengers.

(2) Distressed people, especially women.

(3) Foreign combatants and invaders.
(4) Enchantments—by far the largest class.
(5) Fights with beasts.
(6) Battles and internal strifes.
(7) Ossian after the Feiné.

Messengers from Lochlinn play an important part in the bal-
ls. They are called "athachs"; there is one eye in the middle
their forehead, and one hand which comes from the breast,
d they have one foot. It may be noted that the god Odin himself
pears in the Norse tales in an almost equally monstrous form.
e "athach," on one occasion, invited Fionn and his men to
chlinn; the king's daughter was much in love with Fionn.
fore they set sail, they provided themselves with daggers, be-
es their other arms. They went; their arms were piled in an
house, but their daggers they secretly kept. At the feast, they
re so arranged that one of Fionn's men was between two Loch-
ners. Lochlinn's king began asking the heroes uncomfortable ques-
ns—who slew this son and that son of his. Each hero answered
the case was. Finally, there was a rush to arms, but the
inè with the secret daggers slew their men. The Feinè escaped
ely home, taking "nighean Lochlinn" with them. This story
the foundation of the episode of Agandecca in Macpherson's
ıgal, Book III.

The Muileartach is a sort of female counterpart to the
thach." She is Manus' foster-mother, and she came to fight the
inè; and they had a tough job conquering her. She seems to
a personification of the Atlantic sea.

An "athach" appears also another day:—

"Chunncas tighinn o'n mhagh
An t-oglach mor is e air aon chois,
Le chochal dubh ciar dubh craicionn,
Le cheann-bheirt lachduinn is i ruadh-mheirg."

ey asked his name. He told them he was Lun Mac Liobhain,
ith to the king of Lochlinn, and he put them under *geasa* to
low him to his smithy.

"Ciod am ball am beil do Cheardach?
Nə'm fearrda sinne g'a faicsinn?"
"Faiceadh sibhse sin ma dh' fhaodas,
Ach ma dh' fhaodas mise, chan fhaic sibh."

ey set after him, and Daorghlas kept pace with him, and when,
reaching the smithy, one of the smiths asked, in reference to

Daorghlas, who this *fear caol* was, Fionn answered that his name was *now Caoilte.* Here they got victorious arms, but they had to be tempered in human blood. Fionn, by a stratagem, got the smith's mother to take the place that fell to him by lot, and she was unwittingly killed. And Fionn's own sword was tempered in the smith's own blood.

> "B'e Mac an Luin lann Mhic Cumhail,
> Gum be Drithleannach lann Oscar,
> 'S b'i Chruaidh Chosgarrach lann Chaoilte,
> Gum b'i an Liomharrach lann Dhiarmad,
> Agam fein bha Gearr-nan-colann."

Every hero's sword had a name, as we see from this.

Distressed people came to the Feinè for protection. In Macpherson, nearly every other poem presents such, but in the ballads, there is only one good Macphersonic case. This is found in "Duan na h-Inghinn," or Essroy of the Dean of Lismore. The daughter of the King of Under-waves Land flies from the love of the son of the King of the Land of Light (Sorcha). She comes in a gold "curach" to Fionn. Her lover follows on his steed riding on the waves. He fights the heroes and falls. Some ballads represent him as killing the Nighean, others that she was with Fionn in the Feinè a year. This is nearly exactly the same as Macpherson's Maid of Craca and Faine-soluis. It is the only poem of his that agrees with the ballads in any satisfactory respect. But his language differs widely, though the plot is the same.

Foreign invaders are numerous. Sometimes they are single-handed, as in the case of Dearg, and his son Conn after him. Other times there is a regular invasion. The stories of single invaders are all of a type; he comes, challenges the champions and lays them low in ones, twos, tens, and hundreds. Then Goll or Oscar goes, and after a stiff fight annihilates him. Their wounds are healed by Fionn. The Kings of Lochlinn are the chief invaders. Manus we have already considered. Earragon, another Lochlinn king, got his wife stolen by Alde, one of Fionn's men, and came to Scotland to fight them over it. The ballad is called "Teanntachd Mhor Na Feinè," and forms the groundwork of Macpherson's Battle of Lora, or as he says himself, calling it Irish of course—"It appears to have been founded on the same story with the 'Battle of Lora,' one of the poems of the genuine Ossian"! A most serious invasion of Ireland was made by Dare Donn or Darius, King of the World, helped by all

the rest of the world. The scene was Ventry Harbour. The battle went on for a year and a day. In some versions, it is a Kilkenny cat business, where everybody is killed and some others besides; for Fionn and his Feinè are represented all as falling, though they were helped even by the Tuatha-Dè. Other forms of it represent the heroes as finally victorious. The ballad in the Dean of Lismore's book is the only Scotch representative of this tale.

Enchantments form the largest class of these poems and tales. There are various "Chases," where the Feinè, singly or altogether, get lost and enchanted. Again, they may be enchanted in a house, as in "Tigh Bhlair Bhuidhe" and the "Rowan-tree Booth." Then some of them may be tricked away, as in the story of the "Slothful Fellow"—An Gille Deacair. Here they land in Tir-fo-Thuinn, and the Happy Land. These stories display the highest degree of imaginative power: they are humourous, pathetic, and at times tragic.

Another class of legends is that relating to the killing of dragons and like monsters. There is scarcely a lake in Ireland but there is some legend there about a dragon, or *biast*, which Fionn, or one of his heroes, or one of the Saints, destroyed. Fionn had some tough fights with these terrible animals, and his grandson, Oscar, was likewise often engaged in the same work. On one occasion, as an old Lewisman used to tell, Oscar was fighting with a huge *biast* that came open-mouthed towards him. He jumped down its throat at once, and cut his way out, and thus killed the brute. We have read of Odin being thus swallowed by the wolf, but have never heard of his appearing afterwards.

Internal dissension is seen in the armed neutrality maintained between Fionn and Goll. They at times have open strife. But the most serious defection is that of Diarmad, who ran away with Fionn's wife. Of course he refused her at first, but she laid him under *geasa* to take her. This he did. The pursuit began soon after, and they went round Erin. Many feats were performed, some of which were of a magic and supernatural nature. They were caught at last, but Fionn was forced to spare them, because Oscar would not allow him to wreak vengeance at the time. Fionn, however, revenged himself at the hunt of the magic boar. Diarmad killed the boar, escaping unscathed; Fionn was disappointed at this, so he asked Diarmad to measure the boar; he did. Fionn then asked him to measure it *against* the bristles. His foot, which was the only vulnerable part of his body, was stabbed in

the process by the bristles, and as the beast was a magic and poisonous animal—a Torc Nimhe—he was fatally wounded. Nor would Fionn cure him though he could. So Diarmad died.

A sad event happened just before the close of the Feinè's career. The men went off to hunt, leaving Garaidh at home with the women. The prose tales say that he stayed purposely to find out what the ladies took to eat and drink that always left them so rosy and youthful. In watching for this, he fell asleep, and they pinned his long hair to the bench. Then they raised a battle shout. He got up in furious haste, but, if he did, he left his scalp behind him. Mad with rage, he rushed out, went to the woods and brought home plenty fuel. He locked the women in, and then set fire to the house. The flames were seen by those that were hunting, and they rushed home. If the *speireach* were off Caoilte, he might have been in time to save the house. They jumped Kyle-rhea on their spears, but one of them, Mac-Reatha, fell into the Kyle, and hence the name. Wives and children were lost, and the race of great men left alone in the world. Fionn, by bruising his thumb in his mouth, knew it was Garaidh that did the deed. They found him hid in a cave, but he would not come out until he was allowed to choose the manner of his own death. They allowed him. He asked to be beheaded by Oscar on Fionn's knee. Now Oscar never could stop his sword from going through anything he drew the sword upon, and they had to bury Fionn's knee under seven feet of earth, and even then it was wounded. Fionn then journeyed to Rome to get it healed.

When Fionn was away, King Cairbre thought he might as well get rid of the Feinè. He invited Oscar to a feast. There he wished to exchange spear-heads with him, which was considered an insult in those days:

> "Ach malairt cinn gun mhalairt crainn,
> Bu eucorach sud iarraidh oirnn."

They quarrelled; their troops were got ready and a battle engaged in. Both leaders fell by each other's hands. Ossian and Fionn just arrived from Rome to receive Oscar's dying words. The battle of Gabhra ended the reign of the Feinè.

Fionn himself was killed by a treacherous person who invited him to jump on to an island, in the way he did. Fionn did the jump. Then the man jumped the same backways, and challenged Fionn to do so. Fionn tried it, but fell up to his head in the water. The man, finding him thus immersed, and with his back to him, cut off his head.

Ossian had, however, before this, run away with the fairy Niam to Tir-nan-og, the Land of the Ever-young. Here he remained two hundred years. He returned, a great giant, still youthful, on a white steed, from which he was cautioned not to dismount, if he wished to return again to Tir-nan-og. He found everything changed; instead of the old temples of the gods, now there were Christian churches. And the Feinè were only a memory. He saw some puny men raising a heavy block of stone. They could not manage it; so he put his hand to it and lifted it up on its side; but in so doing he slipped off his horse, and fell to earth a withered and blind old man. The steed at once rushed off. Ossian was then brought to St Patrick, with whom he lived for the rest of his life, ever and anon recounting the tales of the Feinè to Patrick, the son of Calphurn, and disputing with him as to whether the Feinê were in heaven or not.

He tried once by magic means to recover his strength and sight. The Gille Ruadh and himself went out to hunt, and he brought down three large deer and carried them home. The old man had a belt round his stomach with three skewers in it, so as that he should not need so much food. The deer were set a-cooking in a large cauldron, and the Gille Ruadh was watching it, with strong injunctions not to taste anything of the deer. But some of the broth spurted out on his hand and he put it to his mouth. Ossian ate the deer one after the other, letting out a skewer each time; but his youth did not return, for the spell had been broken by the Gille in letting the broth near his mouth.

Are the actors in these cycles—those of Cuchulinn and Fionn—historical personages? Is it history degenerated into myth, or myth rationalised into history? The answer of the native historian is always the same; these legends and tales contain real history. And so he proceeds to euhemerise and rationalise the mythic incidents—a process which has been going on for the last thousand years; mediæval monk and "ollamh," the seventeenth century historians, the nineteenth century antiquarian and philologist—all believe in the historical character and essential truth of these myths. The late Eugene O'Curry considered the existence of Fionn as a historical personage, as assured as that of Julius Cæsar. Professor Windisch even is led astray by the *vraisemblance* of these stories, and he looks on the mythic incidents of the Fionn Cycle as borrowed from the previous Cuchulinn Cycle, and the myths of the latter, especialy the birth incidents, he thinks drew upon Christian legend. As a consequence, the myths and legends are refined away, when presented as history, to such an extent that

their mythic character does not immediately appear. But luckily alongside of the literary presentment of them and before it, there runs the continuous stream of popular tradition, which keeps the mythic features, if not in their pristine purity, yet in such a state of preservation that they can be compared with the similar myths of kindred nations, and thus to some extent rehabilitated. This comparison of the Gaelic mythic cycles with those of other Indo-European nations shows in a startling degree how little of the Fionn Cycle, for instance, can be historical fact.

The incidents in the lives of the mythic and fairy heroes of the Aryan nations have been analysed and reduced to a tabulated formula. Von Hahn examined 14 Aryan stories—7 Greek, 1 Roman, 2 Teutonic, 2 Persian, and 2 Hindoo--and from these constructed a formula, called the "Expulsion and Return" formula, under 16 heads. And Mr Alfred Nutt examined the Celtic tales and brought them under the range of Von Hahn's headings, adding, however, at heading 9, two more of his own. Mr Nutt's table is as follows:—

I. Hero, born out of wedlock, or posthumously or supernaturally.
II. Mother, princess residing in her own country. [Cf. *beena* marriage.]
III. Father, god or hero from afar.
IV. Tokens and warnings of hero's future greatness.
V. He is in consequence driven forth from home.
VI. Is suckled by wild beasts.
VII. Is brought up by a childless (shepherd) couple, or by a widow.
VIII. Is of passionate and violent disposition.
IX. Seeks service in foreign lands.
IX.A He attacks and slays monsters.
IX.B He acquires supernatural knowledge through eating a magic fish.
X. He returns to his own country, retreats, and again returns.
XI. Overcomes his enemies, frees his mother, and seats himself on the throne.
XII. He founds cities.
XIII. The manner of his death is extraordinary.
XIV. He is accused of incest; he dies young.
XV. He injures an inferior, who takes revenge upon him or upon his children.
XVI. He slays his younger brother.

We give the incidents of the Fionn Cycle in this tabulated form, placing side by side the Fionn of history and the Fionn of popular fancy:

	History.	*Tradition.*
I.	In marriage (?), posthumously.	Out of marriage, posthumously, and one of twins.
II.	Muirne, daughter of Chief Druid	Muirne (?), daughter of a smith. Lives with her father.
III.	Cumal, leader of Militia.	King Cumhal: is passing house.
IV.	Tadg, Druid, knows he will be ejected by hero.	Greatness foretold by a prophet, and known to be rightful heir to throne.
V.	Driven to an aunt's house.	Into the wilderness.
VI.		Nourished by fat and marrow in a hole made in a tree.
VII.	By his mother or aunt (?)	By his nurse, Luas Lurgann.
VIII.		Drowns the schoolboys, or overcomes them at shinty, or both. Causes his nurse's death.
IX.		Serves as house steward. [Scholar to Fionn, the Druid.]
IXA.		Slays the boar Beo; kills lake monsters *(biasta)*.
IXB.		Eats of the magic Salmon.
X.		Wanders backwards and forwards over Erin.
XI.	Forces Tadg to abandon Almu. Gets headship of Feinè.	Kills father's murderer. Overcomes Cairbre and gets throne.
XII.		Builds forts, *dunes*, &c.; founds a great kingdom.
XIII.	Slain by a fisherman for sake of fame.	Dies, mysteriously slain in jumping lake.
XIV.		
XV.		
XVI.		

A candid examination of these tabulated results must convince one that the historic account is merely the myth in a respectable and rationalised form. The historic account of Fionn and his men is poor and shadowy. In fact, outside the "birth" incidents of Fionn himself, there are only three historical facts, such as they are: (1) The Feiné were an Irish militia (!) in the third century; (2) They were overthrown in the battle of Gabhra, where also King Cairbre, a real personage without a doubt, fell in 284; (3) Fionn himself married Cormac's daughter, and Cailte killed Cairbre's successor, Fothaidh Airgtheach, in 285. Evidently some difficulty was found in fitting the heroes of the mythic tales into history, a difficulty which also exists in Arthur's case. He, like Fionn, is not a king in history—there is no place for him—

but he is a "dux belli" or "militia" leader. Yet the popular imagination is distinctly in favour of the idea that these heroes were also kings.

The further question as to the origin and meaning of these mythic and heroic tales is, as can be seen, one of Aryan width: the Celtic tales are explained when we explain those of the other Indo-European nations. Until scientists agree as to the meaning of these heroic myths, we may satisfy ourselves with adding our stone to the cairn—adding, that is to say, Cuchulinn and Fionn to the other national heroes of Aryan mythology. Yet this we may say: Fionn son of Cumal (Camulus, the Celtic war-god?) is probably the incarnation of the chief deity of the Gaels—the Jupiter spoken of by Cæsar and the Dagda of Irish myth. His qualities are king-like and majestic, not sun-like, as those of Cuchulinn. He is surrounded by a band of heroes that make a terrestrial Olympus, composed of counterparts to the chief deities. There is the fiery Oscar (*ud-scar*, utter-cutter?) a sort of war-god; Ossian, the poet and warrior, corresponding to Hercules Ogmius; Diarmad, of the shining face, a reflection of the sun god; Caelte, the wind-swift runner; and so on.

The next question is as to the transmission and formation of these mythic tales. Oral tradition is evidently continuous, and is thus unlike literature and history. They are fixed with the times; but popular tales and traditions are like a stream moving along, and, if we fancy the banks are the centuries and years, with their tale of facts and incidents, then naturally enough the stream will carry with it remembrances of its previous, more especially of its immediately previous, history. Hence it is that though these tales are old as the source of time, yet they are new and fresh because they get tinged with the life they have just come through. Hence we may meet with the old heroes fighting against the Norsemen, though the Norsemen appear late in the history of the people.

The Irish literature takes us back over a thousand years at least, and it shows us very clearly how a heroic literature does arise. The earliest Irish literature is of this nature. The narrative is in prose, but the speeches and sayings of the chief characters are put in verse. That is the general outline of the literary method. Of course all the speeches are not in verse; descriptive speeches are often not. Narrative, too, may appear in verse, especially as a summary of a foregoing prose recital. It is a mistake to think that the oldest literature was in verse. Narrative and verse always go together in the oldest forms. But as time goes on and contact with other literatures exists, the

narrative too is changed to verse. Hence our ballads are in their narrative part, as a rule, but rhymed prose, done in late times, three or four hundred years ago, more or less—probably more. These tales and verses have no authors; they are all anonymous. Poets and singers were numerous as a guild in Ireland and Scotland, and were highly honoured; they were the abstracts and chronicles of the time—newspapers, periodicals, and especially novels, all in one. But they were a guild where the work of the individual was not individually claimed. We hear of great bards, but we never hear of their works, unless, indeed, they are introduced as saying or singing something after a narrative or within a prose tale. This literary style remained till very late, and it produced among other things those remarkable colloquies between Ossian and Patrick so well known in later Irish and in Gaelic literature. Patrick asks questions and Ossian answers, going on to tell a tale in verse. But it was not imagined for a moment that Ossian composed the poem; he only *said* those verses—the poet put them in his mouth, nor did Patrick compose his share of the dialogue. The anonymous poet alone is responsible for his puppets. The Dean of Lismore is the first that attributes the authorship of the poetry to those who merely say the poetry. Thus he introduces as authors of the poems Fergus, Caoilte, Ossian, and others. In this way Conall Cernach is made responsible for "Laoidh nan Ceann" though Emer bears her share of the dialogue. The figure of Ossian relating his tales to Patrick took hold of the popular imagination, and Macpherson, in an unfortunate hour, jumped to the conclusion that here was a great poet of antiquity. Immediately the world resounded with the old hero's name, though he was no more a poet, nor less so, than any others of his heroic companions. It was merely because he happened, so the tales said, to survive till Christian times, that he was responsible for telling those tales. Curiously enough the Gaelic mind, in its earlier literature, always made responsible some such survivor from past times, for the history of these times. Thus, Finntan told the history anterior to and after the deluge, for he lived on from before the deluge till the sixth century. Fergus Mac Roich, Cuchulinn's friend, was raised from the dead to repeat the Tain Bo Chualgne in the sixth century. And Ossian came back from Tir-nan-Og to tell the Fenian *epos* to Patrick.

The construction of the verse in these ballads must be noted. The true ballad is made up of verses of four lines: four is always the number of lines in the verse of the heroic poetry. The second

and fourth lines end in a rhyme word, and there are four feet in each line. That is the old heroic measure. At times consecutive lines rhyme, and in lyrical passages other measures come in, as, for instance, in Fionn's "Praise of Goll." The feet are now-a-days measured by four accented syllables, but it was quite different in old Goidelic poetry. The rules there were these:—Every line must consist of a certain number of syllables. As a rule the last word was a rhyme-word corresponding to one in the next or in the third line. These rhyme-words bound the lines into either couplets or quatrains. Every line had a pause or cesura in it, and the words before this cesura might rhyme with each other. Accent or stress was disregarded, and this accounts for some of the irregularities in our old ballads in regard to rhyme and metre. Thus, some make the last or unaccented syllable of a dissyllable rhyme with an accented monosyllable. On the whole, the ballads have rectified themselves to suit the modern style of placing the accent or stress on the rhymed syllables, and of having a certain number (4) of accents in the line.

A word as to Macpherson's heroic Gaelic poetry. He has at times the old heroic quatrain, but as often as not his lines are mere measured prose. The lines are on an average from seven to eight syllables in length. Sometimes rhyme binds them together, sometimes not. Evidently three things swayed his mind in adopting this measure or rather no-measure. It was easy, this measured prose; and his English is also measured prose that can be put in lines of like length with the Gaelic. Secondly, he had a notion, from the researches of Dr Lowth on Hebrew poetry, that primitive poetry was measured prose. Hebrew poetry consists of periods, divided into two or more corresponding clauses of the same structure and of nearly the same length; the second clause contains generally a repetition, contrast, or explanation of the sentiment expressed by the first. The result of these responses or parallelisms is a sententious harmony or measured prose, which also appears even in the English Bible. Macpherson was a divinity student when he began his Ossianic work, and not merely does the form of the English translation and Gaelic original show his study of Hebrew poetry, but his poems show distinct imitations—even plagiarisms—from the Bible. Notably is this the case in the poem Comala. Macpherson, thirdly, had an idea that rhyme was a modern invention, probably non-existent in Ossianic times. Unfortunately he did not know that rhyme is a Celtic invention, and possibly much older than the period of Ossian and his compeers, if they lived in the 3rd century. Had he known this, we might

now possess heroic Gaelic poetry of the proper type in quatrains and with rhymes; but, instead of this, Macpherson's Gaelic "original" is merely poetic prose—a halt between the Hebrew Psalms and Pope's rhymes. It is an irritating compromise, with good quatrains stuck mid wastes of prose to remind us of "what might have been," and its mere structure is enough to disprove both its antiquity and authenticity.

The consideration of the heroic literature of the Gael cannot be closed without a reference to Macpherson's "Ossian." A mere summary of his position in regard to the heroic cycles is all that need be given. Macpherson always aimed at the antique, but everywhere ended in sham-antique, for, last century, the ideas prevalent in regard to the primitive stages of society were highly Utopian, poetical, and vague—totally unlike the reality which this century has proved such states of society to be. The ultra-naturalism of his time led Macpherson to confine his prisoners in caves, to make his heroes drink from shells, and to cause them to use the bosses of their shields for drums and war-signalling—a piece of gross archæological nonsense. The whole life of the heroes is open-air, with vague reference to halls. Now what did they eat or drink, or how were they dressed or housed? We know, in the real tales, this often in too minute a fashion; but in Macpherson everything is vague and shadowy. And when he does condescend on such details, he falls into gross errors. He arms his heroes in mail and helmet; now, the real old tales speak of neither, and it is undoubtedly the fact that defensive armour was not used by the Gaelic Insular Celts. Bows and arrows fill a prominent place in his plots; yet bows and arrows were not used by the ancient Gael, nor, indeed, by the ancient Celt. Again, his mythology is unspeakably wrong; ghosts appear everywhere, in daylight or night-time; they are a nuisance in fact. Yet ghosts have no place at all in the real ballads and tales. True, Cuchulinn's ghost is raised by Patrick, and Fergus MacRoich's by some saints later on; but those ghosts are as substantial as when alive, and as gorgeous and glorious. Macpherson's heaven is a mixture of classical reminiscences, with some Norse mythology, and a vague, windy place in cloudland is faintly pictured. And his references to religous rites show that he believed Toland's theories as to the Druids and their altars and circles. Then, the machinery of his poetry is all modern: fogs and mists, locks flowing on the wind, green meteors, clouds, and mountains, storms and ghosts, those eternal ghosts!—maids in armour—always love-sick— and always dying on their lovers'

bodies. And there are further his addresses to natural objects, such as the sun and moon; and his sympathy with nature, and description of lone mountains and moors, have no counterpart in the real ballads. Descriptions we do have in the ballads, minute and painstaking, but they are of persons, dress, houses, arms, or of human interests of some kind. Then his similes and metaphors are done to excess; both are rare, indeed full-blown similes are absent, in the grave directness of the original ballads. Some of his similes sin against the laws of their use, as comparing things to things unknown or imagined, as actions of men illustrated by actions of ghosts riding on winds. Then, thinking that he was at liberty to play any tricks with the history which these myths pretend to hold, and thinking, too, that he had an open field for any vagaries in regard to pre-Christian Irish and Scotch history, he has manufactured history on every hand. Bringing the Scandinavians upon Ireland in the third century is but a small part of his sins. The whole of "Temora," save the death of Oscar, is manufactured in history and plot. "Fingal" is founded distantly on the ballad of Manus, but its history of Ireland is again manufactured, and the terrible blunder of bringing Cuchulinn and Fionn together, though always separate in the tales by years and customs, is enough itself to prove want of authenticity. Most of the poems are his own invention pure and simple, while those whose kernel of plot he imitated, are changed in their epic dress so far as to be scarcely recognisable. In fact, there are scarcely a dozen places where the old ballads can at all be compared to his work. These are the opening of "Fingal" (slightly), Cuchulinn's Chariot, Episodes of Ferda Agandecca (slightly), and Faine-soluis, Ossian's Courtship, Fight of Fingal and Swaran (Manus), Death of Oscar in Temora, plots of Battle of Lora, Darthula, and Carhon, (founded on the Cuchulinn and Conloch story), and these are all that can be correlated in the present editions. There is not a line of the Gaelic given the same as the Gaelic of the ballads. Indeed, Macpherson rejected the ballads as "Irish," and Dr Clerk says that they cannot be of the same authorship as Macpherson's Ossian. And he is right. Yet these ballads were the only poetry known among the people as Ossian's, and it is to them that the evidence taken by the Highland Society always refers as basis for the parts the people thought they recognised of Macpherson's Ossian. Gallie and Ferguson actually quoted them in support of the authenticity, and others name or describe them specially. Yet Macpherson and Clerk reject them as non-Ossianic. Macpherson's Gaelic was written after the English, often long after,

for, in one place, he gives Gaelic in his 1763 edition in a note (Temora, VIII. 383-5) quite different from what he gave when he came to write the poem consecutively. The Gaelic is very modern, its idiom is tinctured strongly with English, while out of its seventeen hundred words, fifty at least are borrowed, and some forty more are doubtful. The conclusion we come to is simply this:—Macpherson is as truly the author of "Ossian" as Milton is of "Paradise Lost." Milton is to the Bible in even nearer relation than Macpherson is to the Ossianic ballads. Milton retained the essential outlines of Biblical narrative, but Macpherson did not scruple to change even that. Macpherson's Ossian is therefore his own poetry; it is pseudo-antique of the type of Virgil's Æneid, and, in excellence of poetry, far superior to the work of the Roman, though in its recklessness of imagery and wildness of imagination, Macpherson wants the classic chasteness and repose that marks Virgil. He deserved the place he appropriated in Westminster Abbey; he knew it was his and not Ossian's. This last act of his, therefore, eloquently proves that he was in his own eyes the real author of the Ossian which he gave to the world, and which he hesitatingly, though tacitly, claimed in his 1773 preface.

24TH FEBRUARY 1886.

On this date two papers were read. A contribution by Mary Mackellar, Bard of the Society, entitled "Unknown Lochaber Bards," was read by the Secretary; and Mr Alex. Macdonald, Audit Office, Highland Railway, Inverness, read an essay on Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston Bard. Mrs Mackellar's paper was as follows:—

UNKNOWN LOCHABER BARDS.

I cannot do anything like justice to my subject in a limited paper like this, but I hope to give my collection of the songs of those unknown bards in a more extended form in the course of time. In the meantime I will classify the "Unknown Bards of Lochaber" under two heads—those whose names have been lost to fame, whilst a few of their songs lived, and came floating to us—one cannot tell how—through "the dark corridors of time" down to the present day; and those whose names are still locally associated with their effusions, but never heard of beyond the glens of their native country. Foremost among the first-class is that

Beag Mac Dho'ill 'i
warrior, "Taillear c
Tòisich"—"The blac
intosh to flight," –a
Allanson. The great
must have been "Do
in 1411. The lullaby
was one the clan. H
would have made lov
nurse would ignore hi
of being chief, and she
nursling as the offsprin
that he would get a cha
that this was the very t
the house of Lochiel.

The lullaby runs as

Hi, ha, ho,
B' fheàrr leam

Hi, ha, ho,
Ogha Eobhain

Hi, ha, ho,
'S iar-ogh Dh

Hi, ha, ho,
B' fheàrr gun

Hi, ha, ho,
Ceann-Lochial

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
'Muic 'us Caoinnich, Craoibh 'us Caillich,

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
'S Murlagan dubh grannda, greannach.

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
'S boidheach d' aodann 's caoin leam d' anail,

Hi, ha no, mo leanabh—
Socrach ciùin a rùin do chadal.

The following is a quaint conceit, and is said to be very old. ite-robed Ben-Nevis is described as a bride going to be married ome grey-headed giant ben ot "Morar," and when she would ack her white gown the "Lochy" would be swollen, and the ndy" running high in pride, and the "Colonel" would have bundance of brown ale.

Beinn Nibheis am bliadhna brath dol a phosadh,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
Ri fear a' chinn leith a tha thall ann am Morar,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
Eite beag o ho ro, hi ri am bo ho o ro,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o.

Le 'guntaichean geala 's a ceann-aodach boidheach,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
'Sa neapaigin sioda gu riomhach an ordugh
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
Eite beag o ho ro, hi ri am bo ho o ro,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o.

'S 'n uair theid i ga nigheadh bidh ligh' ann an Lochaidh,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
'S 'n uair theid i ga h-ionnlaid bidh "Lunndaidh" lan morchuis
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
Eite beag o ho ro, hi ri am bo ho o ro,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o.

'Us tonn air muin tuinn' bidh leann donn aig a' Choirneal
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o.

Ben Nevis is no longer the sacred bride she was then, and vonder what the poet who sang of her so prettily would say

if he saw the prosaic nature of the head-gear that in the adva of civilisation science has placed upon the locks in which the l of the stag was wont to be, and which the veil of clouds so f quently enveloped in mystery and darkness. The Colonel ferred to must have lived at Torlundy, where—or near where— Lord Abinger's house is now, for the waters of the small river Lundy running near is brown and mossy when in flood.

When the Duke of Gordon raised the 92nd Regiment—then known as the 100th—the beautiful Duchess Jane got many young men in Lochaber to join it, through the sorcery of a kiss from her own rosy lips, but such persuasive sweetness was not the only power used by the house of Gordon to get men. Parents were threatened with the loss of their crofts—or even farms—unless their sons enlisted under the Marquis of Huntly, and many young married men rather than leave their wives and children uncared for, left the crofts to their aged parents and took up house for themselves in Fort-William rather than cause the old home to be broken up. The following is a fragment of a song composed by a sorrowing wife whose young husband seems to have been drowned, when the regiment was on its way to Ireland, shortly after its being raised. A wave seems to have swept him off the deck and she was left, alas! to sleep alone for evermore, and she would give her blessing to every other regiment, but not to the Duke of Gordon's that forced her beloved one away from her and the fair tree of her happiness left without sap and branchless. It is as follows:—

Gur tròm, tròm a tha mi
  Gur tròm a dh'fhàg an t-Earrach mi,
Gur truime 'n diugh na'n dé mi,
  Tha cumha an déigh nam fear orm.

O 's diullich leam gun ghluais sibh,
  'Nuair bha ghaoth tuath cho gailleanach,
'Se 'n tonn a rinn do bhualadh,
  'S gur truagh leam gu'n do thachair e.
    Gur trom, trom, &c.

O cha'n 'eil feachd 's an dùthaich,
  Nach dùrachdain mo bheannach air
Ach Reiseamaid Diùc Gòrdan,
  'O 'n dh' fhògair i mo leannan uam,
    Gur trom, trom, &c.

'Se 'n turas 'thug i dh-Eirinn,
A dh 'fhàg gun chéile cadail mi,
Mo chraobh tha 'n déigh a rùsgadh
Gun snothach ùr gun mheangain oirr'.
Gur trom, trom, &c.

I could not trace the author of the following song either, ; it has a fine swing about it when sung by a chorus of hearty ghlanders, waving their pocket handkerchiefs in the orthodox hion. When the Camerons of Druim-na-Saille got too numer- ı to remain there with comfort, they hived off to Sunart, and ı chieftain of the party that removed took up his abode at ntrà, where they became known as Sliochd Iain duibh Cheann- . This song must have been composed on a gentleman of that ıily.

Oh hi, hog i o
Ho ro no ho ro gheallaidh
Oh hi, hog i o

Fhir a dhireas a' ghuallain
Giullain uamsa mile beannachd,
Oh hi, &c.

Thoir mo shoraidh gu Ceann-trà
Far bheil fàileadh a' bharraich,
Oh hi, &c.

Far am bheil doireachan dlùtha
'Us cnothan a' lùbadh gach meangain,
Ho hi, &c.

Far am bi a' mhil 's an t-Sàmhradh
'Sileadh bho gach cràn do'n darach.
Ho hi hog i o

Far am bi 'n crodh-laoigh 's a' bhàirich
'Tighinn gu pàirceannan a' bhainne.
Ho hi &c.

A dh' ionnsaidh talla nan uaislean
Ga 'm bu dual bhi 'n Druim-na-Saille
Ho hi &c.

Ach Iain oig 'ic Iain 'ic Shéumais
Thug thu air na céudan barrachd,
Ho hi &c.

Boichead 'us buidhead do chuailean
'S do dha ghruaidh mar chaor air mheangan
Ho, hi &c.

'S buidhe 'n té da 'n tug thu luaidh
Ged bhuilicheadh i buaile mhart ort.
Ho hi &c.

A's ged a bhuilicheadh i tri ort
Air leam fhein nach nì gun fhear e.
Ho hi &c.

The next I will mention is my own maternal grandm Mary Cameron, for whom I am named, who was well-kno Sunart and Lochaber as a sweet poetess, and as a gentlewor great refinement of feeling, and unbounded charity. She w Mary of whom Ailean Dall sang so sweetly—

"Na 'm faighinn gill' airson ceannach
A bheireadh beannachd gu Màiri."

Ailean Dall was not the lover represented in the song: it farmer from Sunart district, but Mary, with the usual un of the poet, chose to elope with a much poorer man, in he year. I will give the following few specimens of her verse

One day when she had, to her great annoyance, to le spinning wheel, and her household cares to keep some shee from the corn whilst the shepherd, whose duty it was to ten was spending the hours in dalliance with his lady-love, who housekeeper of a bachelor farmer near at hand, and who wa to regale her wooer with the best she had in her pantry, my mother found vent to her feelings in a song of whi following is a fragment:—

Oh ho ro 'ille dhuinn.
'Ille dhuinn bhòidhich,
Na ho ro 'ille dhuinn

Gu'm bheil mise fo mhulad
'S mo chuidheal na h-aonar;
Oh ho ro &c.

Mo leanaban a' caoineadh
'S nach faod mi bhi 'n còir dhoibh,
Oh ho ro &c.

'S cha bhi thusa gun fhuaraig,
Fhad 's bhios uachdar aig Flòraidh.
Oh ho ro, &c.

'S ma ni aran 's ìm ùr e,
Cha tig tùchadh na d' sgòrnan.
Oh ho ro, &c.

'S suarach leatsa an spreigh chaorach
'S do ghairdean mu'n òg-bhean,
Oh ho ro, &c.

Ach 'n uair thig an Fheill Màrtuinn
Bi am pàigheadh air bòrd ann,
Oh ho ro, &c.

Lan do dhùirn de phuinnd Shasnach
Agus craicinn gu clò dhut.
Oh ho ro, &c.

The next one I will give was composed to a small vessel d by a favourite cousin of her own who belonged to Morven. name of the vessel was the "Katie." In these times when ght-houses were erected to help the navigation of these chan- of the rocky west, shipmasters were obliged to lay their ls up during the winter. This was evidently the case with 'Katie."

'Nuair theid "Katie" fo h-aodach
Bidh i daonnan aig Calum.
'S tric a choisinn i an t-òr dha—
Tha i eòlach 's gach cala,
Ho i o, na ri iu o, &c.

'S tric a choisinn i an t-òr dha
Tha i eòlach 's gach cala
Eadar Muile 's Ceann-t-sàile,
Eilean Mhàrtainn 'us Canaidh.
Eadar Muile, &c.

'S air roc ged a bhuail i,
Cha 'n fhuasgail e 'darach.
Sair roc, &c.

'S 'n uair a gheibh i 'n ruidhe dhireach,
Ni i 'n fhideag a ghearradh.
'S 'n uair a gheibh i, &c.

Air bharra nan garbh-thonn
Do 'n Mhorairne Ghleannaich,
Air bharra, &c.

Far an caith iad an geamhradh
Ri dànnsadh 's ri h-aighear.

She lost three fine young daughters one after the other, and they were buried in "Eilean Fhionain," in Loch-Sheil, where she is also buried by their side. Shortly after the death of the last of the three, she was herself laid on her death-bed. She then composed the song of which the following is a fragment. The air of it is the old plaintive one "Tha mo run air a' ghille." She might be said to have died swan-like singing, for she composed this on the day before her death.

"Tha mo run air an nighinn,
Tha mo ghaol air an nighinn,
Chuir mi taobh ri taobh an triuir;
'S tric smidh' air mo ghruaidhean.

"'S og a rinn mi, ruin, duit farair',
'N uair a shaoil mi bhi ri d' bhanais,
Chairich mi thu 'n Cnoc-nan-Aingeal—
Rinn mi leaba bhuan duit.
"Tha mo run, &c.

"Tha mise fagail an t-saoghail
Anns an robh mi cuairt air aoidheachd,
'S cairidh iad an sud ri 'r taobh mi,
'S och, a ghaoil, cha'n fhuar leam.
"Tha mo run, &c.

"'N uair a thig an gnothach dluth ribh,
Cuiribh fios gu Cnoc-nam-Fluran,
'S cinnteach mi gun tig an triuir as*
De na fiurain uasal.
"Tha mo run, &c.

"'S cinnteach mi gun tig gun dail as,
Iain mo ghaoil agus *Archy;*
'S gum bi Dotair donn nam blath-shuil
Laidir fo mo ghuallainn.
"Tha mo run," &c.

* The three sons of Druimsallie.

As a specimen of how the different houses or tribes of the clan Cameron claimed a nearer kinship with each other than with the other branches of the clan, I may give the following verse. Most of the gentlemen my grandmother spoke of were of the "Sliochd Iain duibh" family, but she was angry with herself for forgetting one dear friend, even if he was of another branch. The gentleman referred to was Mr Alexander Cameron, tacksman at Meoble, who was of the Macmartins of Letterfinlay.

"C'uime dhichuimhnich mi 'n t-àrmunn
Ged tha e shliochd Iain 'ic Mhàrtuinn;
Fhuair mi e gu caoimhneil, càirdeil—
Sliochd nan sàr dhaoin-uaisle."

Contemporary with my grandmother was Captain Patrick Campbell who served in the 42nd Highlanders, and who afterwards made his home in Fort-William, where he built the house which he sang of as "An tigh bàn an cois na tuinne," and which is now known as the Imperial Hotel, occupied by Mr Robert Whyte. Captain Campbell let this house to Sheriff Flyter, who was married to his sister, and he built a small house for himself, which he, with his housekeeper, Nic-Mhuirich, occupied in winter, whilst they spent the summer in Glen Maillie, where Bean-na-bainnse—as the Captain called his gun—got her powers exercised. The Captain at his death left this little house to his old and faithful housekeeper, and it is still known by elderly people as "Tigh-nic-Mhuirich." It is told of her that when she placed venison before a guest she apologised for placing before them anything so insipid as a bit of a he-goat they had killed. "Cha 'n 'eil so ach tioram. Cha 'n eil ann ach mir de 'n bhoc a bh'air na gobhrabh."—"This is but dry, just a bit of the he-goat we had," was always her saying, but her guests knew how to interpret her words.

Captain Campbell died in Fort-William, and is buried in the Craigs burying-ground. The following is part of the epitaph :—

Sacred to the memory of
CAPTAIN PATRICK CAMPBELL,
late of the 42nd Regiment.
He died on the 13th December 1816.
A true Highlander, a sincere friend, and the best
deer-stalker in his day.

I believe the following song of his has been already in print, but I give my version of it notwithstanding, as it may probably differ

from the other, or it may contain verses not found in the other. Glen Maillie was his favourite resort, where he could stalk the deer and poach the salmon, no man making him afraid.

A ho-rò gur tu mo run;
Thug mi gaol 's cha b' aithreach leam;
Mo cheist nìonag a' chuil duinn;
'S toigh leam fhìn mo Mhàiri og.

Gur e mise tha gu tinn,
An cois na mara leam fhin,
Gun mheagad goibhre no minn
'S mor an t-ioghnadh mi bhi beò,
A ho ro, &c.

Gur e mise tha fo mhulad
'S an tigh bhàn an cois na tuinne;
'S mor gu 'm b'fhearr mar bha mi 'n uiridh
'S a' ghleann mhullaich 'sam bi 'n ceo.
A ho rò, &c.

A bhean-na-bainnse* duisg gu luath,
'S fhada leam a tha thu 'd shuain.
Thoir ort Gleann-a-Màilidh suas
'S bheir thu fuaim air damh na cròic.
A ho rò, &c.

Gleann na sìthne, glean an fhéidh,
Gleann nan uaislean 's nam fear tréun
'S 'n uair theid iad uile do'n bheinn
Cò ni féum ach Para mòr.
A ho rò, &c.

'S e mo laochan fhéin an cuiridh,
Giomanach air cùl a' ghunna,
Iasgair a' bhric air a' bhoinne,
'S gum faigh Nic-Mhuirich† a leòir.
A ho rò, &c.

'N uair ruigeas tu gualla' Mhaim
'S a sheallas tu bhos 'us thall,
Bheir thu sgrìob do Bhraigh-nan-Allt,
'S bidh an càll air Donull òg.
A ho rò, &c.

* The Gun.
† His housekeeper.

'N uair a dhireas mi 's a' mhaduinn
Gu Gleann-na-cama-garraidh bharraich
Bi mo ghunna caol na m' achlais,
'S bi damh nan cabar fo leòn,
A ho ro, &c.

'S ged a gheibhinnse le buaidh
Nighean Impireadh 'n Taobh tuath
'S mòr gu'm b' fhearr 'bhi taobh a' chuain
Sinte suas ri Màiri òg.
A ho ro, &c.

Dh' fhalbh do mhàthair 's chaochail d'athair,
'S cha'n eil do bhràithrean aig baile;
'S "ged tha thu gun chrodh gun aighean,"
Mo rùn fhathasd Màiri og.
A ho rò, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil duin'-uasal a th' ann
Eadar Nis 'us Loch-nan-ceall
Nach bi maoidheadh air mo cheann
'Chionn bhi 'n geall air Màiri òg.
A ho rò &c.,

Cha 'n 'eil uasal no fear fearainn
Eadar Muideart 'us Loch Carunn
Nach' eil an déigh air mo leannan—
Suil a' mheallaidh Màiri òg.
A ho rò, &c.

Ged a gheibhinnse 'n nigh'n bhàn
Le 'buaile cruidh 'us an cuid àil
'S mòr gum b' annsadh bhi le m' ghradh,
Beul a' mhànrainn, Màiri òg.
A ho rò, &c.

'S an uair a theid mi air mo sgriob
'S coingeis leam muir agus tir,
'S coma leam co 'bhios 'am dhi,
Ach mo ribhinn Màiri òg.
A ho rò, &c.

Mar bhi dhomh bhaintighearna bhàn,
Nighean oighre fir mo ghràidh,
Bheirinn fhin mo sgriob gun dail
Do Gleann-a-Màilidh a' cheò.
A ho rò, &c.

s of the same beautiful glen he also sung as follows:—

Fàgaidh mi' m baile 's an t-sàmhradh
'S theid mi do'n ghleann againn fhéin
'S tillidh sinn dachaidh 'sa' gheamhradh
'Chumail nam Frangach bho thir.

'S ann againn tha 'n gleannan tha uaigneach,
Cha'n eil cho neo-luaineach's an tir,
Cha'n fhaicear duin' ann ach buachaill,
'Us brogaich a' cuartach na frìdh.

Ni sinn ann cur agus cliathadh,
'S cha treabh sinn am bliadhna le cràn;
Ni sinn 's a' mhaduinn an t-iasgach,
'S am feasgar a fiadhach nam beann.

Gheibh sinn ann cnothan 'us caorann
'Us gheibh sinn ann braonain gû léoir,
Dearcan-fithich air fraoch ann,
'S cha teid sinn 'an tràigh mhaoraich ri 'r beó.

appears at this time to have forbidden his tenants to ke
d Captain Campbell seems to have had a dispute with t
n authority on the estate about the matter. The follo
fragment of a song composed on that occasion:—

Ged thug sibh na gobhair gun taing uainn
Cha bhi cùram oirnn mu annlan
Fhad 's a mhaireas Bean-na-bàinnse *
'S a bhios mang aig Dònull.†

Gur tric a bha mise na m' chrùban
Air chùl an fhéidh anns a' Ghiubhsaich ‡
'S cha bhiodh eagal orm no cùram,
Ach romh shuilean Dhònuill.

'S ioma gealladh thug thu riamh dhomh
Ged is beag a chuir thu 'n gniomh dhiu;
Dh' aithnich mi gur beag a b' fhiach thu,
'S duine fiadhaich Dònull.

'S olc a chàirich iad mise,
Eadar Dònull 'og 's a chinneadh;
Bha mi 'n laimh aig fear-a-ghlinne
'S bha 'n seanalair seòlta.

* The Gun. † Lochiel
‡ Lochiel's Deer Forest.

Dh éirich Scotach beag a sgriobhaidh,
'S dhànnsadh e air ioghnan direach,
Coltach ri coileach a' chirein,
A' sgriobadh an ùtraich.

'he next I will mention is Duncan Cameron, generally known chaber as Donnacha Ban Bàrd. He was teacher at Lochy- .bout the year 1832 and some years afterwards; and he to Australia with some of the first emigrants who went from Lochaber. He was quite a young man when he emi- l, and for aught I know he may be yet in life in the country adoption. The following is one of his songs :—

Ho ro mo rùn gur cannach thu,
Ho ro mo rùn gur meallach thu
'S tu 'n og-bhean bhoidheach chuimir shuairc
A fhuair mo luaidh 's cha'n aithreach leam.

'S tu'n tuairneag shuaicheant shàr-mhaiseach
Le d' chuailean cuachach fainneagach,
Mu chùl do chinn na laidhe sliom,
'S gur math thig cir an càradh ann.
Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

Mar eala 'snamh nan linneachan,
Mar uainean bàn 's an fhireach thu,
Do mhuineal min mar chanach slèibh,
Gu fonnar gle ghlan innealta.
Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

Mar thorman binn nan alltan thu,
Mar cheòl nan cno-choill calltainn thu,
Mar uiseag chiùin bhinneach nan spéur,
'S mar fhuaim nan téud tha m' annsachd-sa.
Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

Mar thorman do bhrat neònain thu,
Mar lili bàn nam mòr bheann thu,
Mar osag chiùin thar aghaidh fliùir
Tha anail chùbhraidh m' òg-bheansa.
Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

Mar shoills nan réul do thlath-shuilean
Mar dhaoimean ann an sgathan iad
A' sealltuinn caomh le 'n làn do ghaol
'S gu'm bheil gach aon fo thàire leo.
Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

When Duncan sailed from Corpach on board steamer, along with many others to join the emigrant ship in the Clyde, the following pathetic and sorrowful song was composed by his brother Alexander. It sounds like the wail of the coronach of the heart-broken mourners for the beloved dead :—

"Bidh mi cuimhneachadh 's gach aimsir,
Air na dh' aom Dir-daoin o Bhanabhi,
Dilseen gaoil a bhi a' falbh uainn,
'S goirt an tearbadh 'fhuair sinn.

Bha na h-ighneagan òga,
'Caoidh nam fear a gheall am pòsadh,
Dh' fhaoidt' an an-shocair a chòmhdach,
Thaom na deòir bho 'n gruaidhean.

Pàrantan 's an àrnain brùite,
'S beag nach d' aom an aois gu ùir iad ;
Chluinnt' an glaodhaich 's cha be an t-ioghnadh
'N am bhi tionndadh uapa.

Bha mi fhéin mar fhear a chàch ann
'N am bhi dealachadh bho 'm bhràthair,
'S diomhain fharraid mar a bhà mi
An déigh do 'n bhata gluasad.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi 'bhi craiteach
An déigh dhomh dealachadh bho 'n àrmunn
'S mi gun dùraichdeadh 'bhi làimh riut
Ged be'n sàile a b' uaigh dhuinn.

Chaidh fear eile null 's an t-samhradh
Ged nach robh mi dlùth 's an am dha
Cha do lughdaich sud mo chàmpar,
'S dh' fhag e fànn mo ghuallainn.

Na fir ghasda, dhreachmhor, cheò-gheal
A chaidh árach air Srath-Lòchaidh
Nach bu tair am feachd na cònspreidh
Dol an tòir, no cruaidh-chas.

Fir ga'm math ga 'n thig an t-eideadh
'S bòidhche sheallas ri la feille
Breacan ballach nam bas réidhe
Cruinn an séud na guaille.

'S ioma fleasgach òg 'us máighdean
Chaidh a null an ám na fàighreach
'S mór an ionndrainn iad o 'n òighreachd
Air an *Staoilear* Cluanai.

A' dol thairis uainn do rioghachd
Anns am b' aineolach ar sinnsir
Bidh na caileagan fo mhì-ghean—
Co ni 'n cirean fhuasgladh?

'S ann Dir-daoin a rinn sibh seòladh
As an tir 's an robh sibh eòlach
Righ nan Dùl a bhi 'g 'ur còmhnadh
'S biodh 'ur dòchas buan ann.

There were many other bards in Lochaber that time would il me to speak of. Dònull Bàn Bàrd—the grandfather of the mous Ewen Maclachlan—composed an elegy on Sir Ewen ameron of Lochiel, which is full of historic interest, and of the ost intelligent appreciation of the high and noble qualities of at distinguished chief. It was a Macinnes from Fort-William at composed that sea-song "Leis an Lurgainn o hi." He had smack called the "Lurgainn," and he composed the song after stormy voyage they had coming from Ireland. Donald Cameron, Kenlochiel—the great-grandfather of the late J. A. Cameron, the *Standard*—composed a very beautiful song known as

"Ho gum bheil mo rùn ort a Mhàiri laghach,
Ged chuir thu do chùl rium gur tù mo roghainn."

is bride was carried off to Sleat where they tried to force her to a marriage with another, and Donald was made to believe at she had eloped with his rival. She stood firm, however, and as after a few days rescued by Mr Cameron and a number of iends, and she immediately thereafter became his wife.

The cultivation of the gift of poesy is not so common now in ochaber as it was in the days of my girlhood, when almost every ie seemed to be ambitious for either composing a few verses or im-ovising. One neighbour in Corrybeg asked another whose name as Cameron to ferry him to Ardgour, a request with which ı most readily complied, and the result was a few verses com-sed in praise of himself and his boat as follows:—

Ho mo bhàta laghach 's tu mo bhàta grinn
Hu ho hò mo bhàta 's tu mo bhàta grinn,
Ho mo bhàta laghach 's tu mo bhata grinn,
Am bàta boidheach lurach cha chuir muir ort strith.

Gu ma fada bàta aig an armunn fhial,
A thug dhomh an t-aiseag mu'n ro-phailt a dh'iarr;
Cha bu leisg a shaothair 'n aghaidh gaoithe 'n iar,
'S chuir e mi gu sabhailt anns an ait 'm bu mhiann.
Ho mo bhata, &c.

'S tric a dh' fhalbh thu leatha air do tharsuinn siar,
A' buannachd an astair a mach a' Lochiall
'S tu air bòrd a fuaraidh air 'm bu shuarach triall.
A ghearradh nan cuaintean cho luath ris an fhiadh,
Ho mo bhata, &c.

'S Camshronach do shloinneadh, cha cheillinn sin uat,
Do shliochd Iain 'ic Mhàrtuinn, bho 'n Bhràighe ud shuas.
'S ann a Doch-an-fhasaidh a thainig a chuain,
'S bu mhath air chul bat iad 'n àm sgailceadh nan cnuachd,
Ho mo bhata, &c.

Every little occasion called forth a few verses either in praise or with the more dangerous power of satire. These verses might not be heard of beyond the township in which they were composed. And they were a pure and simple pleasure, and an innocent pastime. Now the songs are frowned upon, and gossipry take their place. Prosaic influences are penetrating the glens—the newspaper, the English sportsman, the Cockney tourist, the daily steamer, and looming in the distance, the railway—declare that the spirit of poesy has all but fled from Lochaber, and ere she takes her departure let us kiss the hem of her shining garments, and bless her for the riches she had so freely lavished to gladden the hearts of the children of our people through all the days of the years that are gone, and let us prove our gratitude in redeeming from the moth and the rust the precious gifts she had bestowed, and which are about to be lost for ever.

Mr Alexander Macdonald thereafter read his paper, which was as follows:—

ARCHIBALD GRANT THE GLENMORISTON BARD.

Perhaps there is not a small glen in Inverness-shire—perhaps not even in any part of the Highlands of Scotland—that has produced so many singers as that little, narrow one that lies in a south-westerly direction between the western shores of Loch-Ness, and the borders of Kintail, namely, Glenmoriston. To account

for this would be undoubtedly a difficult matter, and would be considerably foreign to the object of this paper; but the fact remains none the less true, and at this time there are few families in that Glen who cannot trace themselves directly or indirectly back to local poets as their ancestors. In referring to those, I do not certainly mean to insinuate that they were composers of the first magnitude, but merely sweet, homely warblers, who gave expression to their inward feelings and their impressions from without, in strains peculiarly captivating to those among whom they moved and had their being. For there are poets for each stage of culture. Some of them we find addressing themselves to poets and novelists particularly; others to thinkers and scholars; and a third class to the common, more or less uneducated, members of the human family.

It is to this last class of poets that Archibald Grant, the subject of this paper, belongs; and it would be doing him and his works a most serious injustice to advocate for him a place even among the leading poets of Celtic Scotland. His station is with another class—that class that do not grasp the history and national traditions of the country of the Gael sufficiently to demand any other than a limited hearing. The productions of all those are to be considered as being more locally interesting than otherwise so; and it is as such that they are at all times to be judged. Grant's poems are particularly addressed to the inhabitants of Glenmoriston, and to the people of some of the neighbouring districts, upon the minds of whom only the Bard desired to impress his sentiments, and to whom, accordingly, he exclusively expressed his ideas. His mission was to those, and consequently many portions of it must be essentially unintelligible to outsiders.

I purpose to deal with the life of Archibald Grant in a twofold aspect: firstly, his life as an ordinary individual; and secondly, his life as a poet. To understand to any extent my treatment of him as a poet, it appears to me absolutely necessary that I should give you as many facts relative to his life as I have been able to collect, and as will serve to be an index to his poetical nature and character.

Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston Bard, was born in 1785 at Aonach, Glenmoriston, in a small country cottage, the ruins of which can still be pointed out. He was undoubtedly descended from noble and distinguished families. He was in direct relationship with the Grants of Glenmoriston, who are themselves from the same stock as the well-known Grants of Strathspey. The celebrated Archibald Grant of Glenmoriston was

our poet's great grandfather, while it can be certainly proved that strong ties of kinship existed between himself and the famous family of Glengarry, his grandfather, also called Archibald Grant, having been married to one of the daughters of Ardabiodh, a sister to Julia Macranald, the poetess of Keppoch, who was directly connected with the Glengarry family. Thus, it is clear that nobility and the elements of poetry were combined in the stock from which our Bard sprung.

Grant's grandfather was a man of no ordinary distinction in his day. He resided at a place known by the name of Tombealluidh, where he occupied a holding of considerable extent. In accordance with a custom then indulged in extensively by Highland proprietors, Glengarry placed his first born son, Aonghas Og, under the care of Grant during a certain period of his minority, in order that Grant should bring up the young gentleman, and give him the instruction then required. Grant felt proud of having such honour as this conferred upon him by Glengarry, and from the feelings of intense admiration that he entertained towards that gentleman and all that was his, he loved Aonghas Og most dearly, and never took him up in his arms without composing some lines in his honour. From the fragments of those come down to ourselves we can observe that Grant himself possessed the poetic faculty in no small degree; but I am not aware that he ever composed except when inspired by the enthusiasm of his affection towards his portégé. Now we fancy that we almost hear the good old Highlander breathing his strains anxiously and earnestly into the ears of the boy and saying—

Bobadh 'us m'annsachd,
Gaol beag agus m'annsachd;
Bobadh 'us m'annsachd
Moch an diugh, ho!

Bheir Aonghas a' Ghlinne
Air a chinneadh comannda,
Bobadh 'us m' annsachd
Moch an diugh, ho!

Bheir sinn greis a's Tombealluidh
Air aran 'us amhlan,
Bobadh 'us m' annsachd
Moch an diugh, ho!

And again, how affectionately interested in the child the old man was, when he said:—

Ho fearan, hi fearan,
Ho fearan, 's tu 'th'ann;
Aonghas og Ghlinnegaraidh,
'S rioghail fearail an dream.

Gu'm bheil fraoch ort mar shuaineas—
'Sann duit bu dual 'chur ri crann,
Ho etc.

'S leat islean, 's leat uaislean;
'S leat Cuaich gu 'da cheann,
Ho, etc.

'S leat sid 'san Dail-Chaoruinn,
'S Coire-fraoich nan damh seang.
Ho, etc.

'S leat Cnoideart mhor mheabhrach,
Agus Gleabhrach nam meang, Ho etc.

Should we conclude that it was when describing to the young nan the pleasures of the chase that Grant sang—

Mo ghaol, mo ghaol, mo ghaol an giullan,
Mo ghaol, mo luaidh fear ruadh nan duine.
Cas a dhireadh nan stuc, o d' ghlun gu d' uilinn,
Lamh thaghadh nan arm 'dol a shealg, na mhonadh.

'O Chluanie 'n fheoir gu sroin Glaic-chuilean,
'Mhaol-chinn dearg thall gu ceann na Sgurra.

'Nuair theid thu do'n fhrith le stri do chuilean
Bithidh damh a' chinn aird gu lar 'us fuil air.

And it may have been, perhaps, when presenting Aonghas Og with his first kilt that Grant addressed the following lines to him:—

Theid an t-eideadh, theid an t-eideadh,
Theid an t-eideadh air a' ghille;
Theid an t-eideadh, crios 'us feileadh,
Theid an t-eideadh air a' ghille,

Adding, in proof of his ever-increasing affection for the boy, the words:—

Cha cheil mi o dhuin' tha beo
Gur toil leam Aonghas Og a' Ghlinne.

This Angus Macdonald of Glengarry was in course of some time returned to his father, accompanied by 21 head of cattle,

which Grant parted with as a last demonstration of his affection for the young man. Memories of Grant's generosity continued to exist in the Glengarry family for generations after. On one occasion when the last chief that graced the halls of Caisteal-an-Fhithich was passing through Glenmoriston, Archibald Grant, the Bard, was pointed out to him. He frankly and warmly shook the Bard's hand, promising him some favours in recognition of the kindness which the Bard's grandfather showed long before to one of his predecessors. Angus Og was killed after the battle of Falkirk (1745), by the accidental discharge of a gun.

Archibald Grant's father, in more respects than one, deserves a passing notice. His name was John Grant. He passed a considerable portion of his life in the army, having been present in the capacity of serjeant at the memorable siege of Gibraltar, in which action he greatly distinguished himself by his bravery and courage. John Grant was a bard of no ordinary power. Many of his productions have been lost and cannot now be recovered; but some of his pieces that are yet to be found in the memories of the oldest persons in the Glen, are highly meritorious. In one of these he refers to his son Archie, the future bard, in a manner from which it can be understood that Archie's sarcastic effusions, addressed to his father when backsliding about the change-house, were taking some effect. Probably the father occasionally forgot to go home at the proper time, rendering it necessary by such conduct to have a visit from his wife and Archie, while enjoying himself with his cronies. This is what he says on the subject—

Iseabail 's Archie 'n drasda bruidhinn rium
'S fheudar dhomh 'radha gur saighte 'n dithis iad,
Iseabail 's Archie 'n drasda bruidhinn rium.

Ma theid mi 'n tigh-osd 's gun glac mi ann stop,
Mu'n dean mi 'leth ol bithidh 'n toir a' tighinn orm.
Iseabail 's Archie 'n drasda bruidhinn rium.

But by far the best song that John Grant ever composed was when the big sheep were introduced to Glenmoriston—an innovation in land management, to which he evidently was averse. On this occasion he said, apparently referring in the opening lines to one of the Grants of Glenmoriston, then deceased :—

Deoch slainte 'Choirneil nach maireann,
'Se 'chumadh seol air a ghabhail;
Na'm biodh esan os ur cionn
Cha bhiodh na cruinn air na sparran.

Bhiodh an tuath air an giullachd,
'S cha bhiodh gluasad air duine;
'S cha bhiodh ardan gnn uaisle
'Faotuinn buaidh air a chumand'.

Tha gach uachdaran fearainn
'S an Taobh-Tuath s' air a' mhealladh,
'Bhi 'cur cul ri 'n cuid daoin'
Airson caoraich na tearra.

Bha sinn uair a bha sinn miobhail,
'Nuair bha Frangach cho lionmhor,
Ach ged a thigeadh e 'n raoir,
Cha do thoill sibh 'dhol sios leibh.

Ach na'm biodh aon rud ri tharruinn,
Bhiodh mo dhuil ri 'dhol thairis;
O'n dh' fhalbh muinntir mo dhuthch'
'S beag mo shunnd ris a' ghabhail.

Bidh mi 'falbh 's cha teid stad orm,
'S bidh mi 'triusadh mo bhagaist';
'S bidh mi comhla ri cach
Nach dean m' fhagail air cladach.

Ach a Righ air a' chathair,
'Tha 'nad bhuachaill 's 'na d' Athair;
Bi do gheard air an treud
'Chaidh air reubadh na mara.

'S ach a Chriosd anns na Flaitheas,
Glac a stiuir 'na do lamhan;
Agus reitich an cuan
Gus a sluagh leigeil thairis.

John Grant, however, did not emigrate as many others then did, though he seems to have fostered a lingering desire to leave the Glen at that time, seeing that the management of landed property was anything but promising to men in his station. He reconciled himself to the altered circumstances as best he could. A hymn composed by him on his death-bed, is to be found at page 159 of Archibald Grant's collection of songs. Its matter as a spiritual song is excellent.

Besides Archibald, John Grant had by his wife, Isabella Ferguson, one son and two daughters; but none of them is known to have possessed the least development of the poetical faculty, except the one. In him was concentrated the whole of that

peculiar characteristic which the family inherited. His mother was quite an ordinary woman, though, as a rule, we find remarkable men having more or less remarkable mothers. There are several of her relations still in the Glen.

From the date of his birth till he attained to manhood, Archibald Grant passed his time in Glenmoriston, but not at school getting his mind informed; for in that benighted age the education of the young was little or nothing better in the Highlands of Scotland than many centuries previously. In his early manhood, Grant, entertaining a fond desire to become a soldier, joined the Glengarry Fencibles, at that time a body of quasi-volunteers raised by Macdonell, the then chief of Glengarry. The enthusiasm with which Grant entered into the exercises of this regiment was extraordinary. Doubtless his mind was early and forcibly impressed with the glowing tales of war and renowned achievements then current in the Highlands. These, along with the vivid descriptions of continental battles, which he would have listened to from the lips of his father, and the numerous songs sung from mouth to mouth in honour of heroes who flourished in the clan feuds of past times, displayed a tempting imagery of war and its glories, transcendentally attractive to one, apparently naturally of a romantic and adventurous disposition. Nothing was so enjoyable to our Bard as the memory and occasional reproduction of the military manœuvres through which he was led in Glengarry; and after the dispersion of the Fencibles, Grant frequently recreated himself by initiating the young men of his acquaintance in Glenmoriston, on his return thither, in the mysteries of discipline, causing no small merriment at times by his rather unpolished use of martial language.

Grant's stay in Glengarry was but short. His connection with the Fencibles having terminated, he returned to his native country, where he betook himself to tailoring for a means of subsistence. We can hardly conceive that he could have selected any occupation that would be more unpropitious to the exercise and development of poetical talent, than that of which he made a choice; and perhaps the barrenness of his poetry, so far as observations on natural scenery are concerned, can, in no small degree, be attributed to the comparative confinement which his work necessitated, though certain it is that at that time tailors were entirely different from what they are now in the Highlands. Their system of work then was to go from house to house, attending here and there, as their customers required their services. We believe our Bard never became a very good tailor. His know-

ledge of the then existing fashions did not extend much beyond the making of trousers, and even in that he was rather deficient as an artist. But when supplied with soft, broad home-made cloth, and common stocking-worsted, he could perform his duty more or less to the satisfaction of his customers. There were two reasons on account of which he was employed, when others in his line were perhaps overlooked—first, that in that age people were not so refined in regard to dress as they now are; second, Grant, on account of the delights experienced from his inexhaustible store of Highland legends, folk-lore, and traditional tales, would have had a double claim upon the patronage of the people. In his days that institution, which has in the past done so much towards the moulding of Highland character, and towards the growth of Highland aspirations—the Ceilidh—was in full swing, and Grant's society was doubtless extensively courted by all lovers of Highland manners and Highland history. Yet, with all these advantages, he does not appear to have hoped for much profit from the tailoring, and, to ensure a more substantial means of earning a livelihood, he commenced to deal a little in the selling and buying of cattle. He frequently refers in his songs to some of his experiences of the markets. From his speculations in this line he might have derived much gain, for, as a rule, he never spent money on the "keep" of his cattle. His policy in regard to this was to leave with the tenants all over the Glen sheep and other animals to feed for him, and I am not aware that they ever questioned his self-created right.

Thus, from market to market, and from house to house, Grant passed year after year of his life. His home was at Aonach where his sister, Catherine, kept house for him, he having never been married. While there his pastime probably was composing lines of poetry on all such subjects as every day's experience brought under his consideration. It is much to be regretted that many of those songs have been entirely lost, but a few fragments, not among his published works, are still heard sung by the older natives of the Glen. If at all able to rise and move about Grant never was known to be absent on the day of collecting the rents. Though he might not have any important business to transact at those meetings, yet he always liked to be present, as he says himself —

A chionn 's gu faighinn fhaotainn
Seasamh 'n taobh an rum ac'—
'S toil le triubhais bhi measg aodaich—
'S cha 'n e gaol na druthaig;

Ach dibhearsan agus sgialachd,
'O 'n is miannach leam e—
'S dheanainn coir dhe 'n lach a dhioladh
Gar a fiachainn sugh dhi.

Another motive from which he attended those gatherings was his desire at all times to see and converse with the justly beloved Macphadruig,* whom Grant loved and adored as the incarnation of all that was to him good and beautiful. More than one-half of his poems were composed to the name of this gentleman, who, in return, faithfully reciprocated the feelings entertained towards him by his family chronicler and bard. It may now, indeed, be said that Grant's passion for the esteemed proprietor of Glenmoriston amounted to a considerable weakness; but for this several extenuating excuses could be brought forward. Upon a time, when the rents were being collected at Torgoil, our Bard came the way, and finding that Macphadruig had left for Invermoriston, he exchanged a few words with the factor, who, seemingly did not show the same indulgence towards the Bard as he was wont to get. The following sarcastic lines in retaliation were extemporaneously produced:—

Ni mi cleas amadan Mhicleoid—
Cha teid mi gu mod gu brath;
Gun Mhacphadruig a bhi romham,
Cha b'e ceann mo ghnothach cach:

'S ann air a bha beannachadh Dhia,
'S cha b'ann air an riabhach 'bha 'na aite:
Chuir esan 'n teaghlach dhe'n rian
Mu'n robh e sios air Culnancarn.

These verses roused the ire of the factor, and the Bard, in alarm, apologised in verses to be found at page 120 of his Songs.

Towards the latter end of his life, Grant was attacked by rheumatic pains in his legs, and his sister having died, and he being left alone, removed from Glenmoriston to Stratherrick, where he resided in the house of a niece of his. His departure from his own beloved Glen, to a place in which he was necessarily a comparative stranger, must have cost him many a deep sigh. Glenmoriston was the cradle of his youth, and the world of his maturity; and can we doubt that sweet memories of his existence there entwined themselves around his aged soul as the ivy-

* Mac-Phadruig is the name by which every Chief of the Grants of Glenmoriston is locally known.

branches around a tree? But at that time Glenmoriston, much as he loved it, was partially losing its interest to him. The benevolent and kind-hearted Macphadruig had left it some time previously, and an advancing wave of what we now call civilisation was converting the people somewhat from what they used to be in their relation to poets and poetry.

In Stratherrick Grant lived for some years after his removal there. During that time he composed several songs, but they are all lost. Two years before the time of his own death he heard of the decease of Grant of Glenmoriston at Inverness. It is well known that the Bard composed a lament for his dead patron, which was never even heard in Glenmoriston. Soon thereafter Grant became subject to great confusion of mind. His powers of memory became perfectly useless to him, and, altogether, he was rapidly dissolving. He died in July of 1870, in his eighty-fifth year. When tidings of his death reached Glenmoriston all were struck with grief, as if they had lost a near and dear friend. In due time his remains were brought from Stratherrick and interred in the grave-yard of Clachan-Meircheard, Glenmoriston, where not so much as a stone marks his resting-place.

An trom shuaimhneas
Fo fhailean uaine,
Tha corp an uasail
Gun uaill an tamh;

A cheann gun smuaintean,
'S a bheul gun fhuaim ann;
A chridhe gun ghluasad,
'S gun bhuaidh na' lamh.

With reference to Grant's death, the *Inverness Courier* of 21st July 1870, says:—"Last week the mortal remains of Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston bard, commonly called Archie Taillear, were consigned to the grave. He was nearly a century old. The Bard, though totally uneducated, was full of traditional story, could compose very spirited verses of poetry; and his wit, humour, and fun were the delight of his countrymen at all meetings, such as weddings, funerals, christening banquets, and rent gatherings. He was a particular favourite of the late lamented J. M. Grant of Glenmoriston and Moy; and was so well liked in the Glen that he was allowed to graze so many sheep *gratis* on every farm. There is a general *tuireadh* for old Archie—

'Ach thriall e a chadal gu brath
Gu talla nam bard nach beo.'"

Grant was not a big man; but was known far and wide for his activity. At athletic sports held in different districts around in his time, he was known to have invariably carried off the first prizes for the long and high jumps. When young and agile, he could at any time jump his own height. His person was altogether ordinarily well formed. His head was proverbially small, but high, somewhat pyramidal in shape. His features were good. He was rather eccentric with regard to his dress. He, as a rule, wore tartan suits, with a large white collar extending down to his shoulders, almost the size of our present cloth tippets. He was exceedingly fond of cleanliness, and possessed a very high estimation of himself; though far from being in the least ignorantly conceited. Though he was never at school, he learned somehow to write his own name. He never ceased deploring the total want of education from which he suffered. His memory was extraordinarily capable, and his acquaintance with old traditions and general folk-lore embraced the most of the leading families in the Highlands. He knew the local history of every district and village around for many generations back.

At home, Grant was usually cheerful, evincing a tendency towards a harmless display of homely wit. This is evidenced by the following lines, which he composed at a time when his sister and a neighbouring old maid were discussing the advisability of their attending a ball that was to take place in the vicinity, it having been in those days rather customary with elderly persons to appear at such entertainments. He, overhearing their remarks, said:—

Tha cailleachan liath a' bhaile so
A' sior ruith gu ballachan;
Tha cailleachan liath a' bhaile so.
A' stri ri fearaibh oga.

'Nuair 'bhios cach 's na rumaichean,
Ag ol air fion nan tunnaichean,
'S ann bhios mo chuidsa chruinneagan
Gun fhuran ann 'sa' chlosaid.

'Nuair 'bhios cach gu surdail
A' stracail feadh nan urlar,
'Sann 'bhios mo chuidsa 's sgug orra
'Nan suidhe 'n cuil na moine.

At another time while at home Grant was called upon by a

ıng man who required him to tailor a pair of trousers. His re-
est was stated as follows :—

Gu ma fada maireann beo thu
'Dhuine choir agus a thaillear,
'Sann a thainig mi do d' ionnsiudh
'S mi le m' thriusair air dhroch caradh;
'Chuid di air a bheil na cludan
'N deigh rusgadh air mo mhasan ;
Cha 'neil math dhuit m' fhaicinn ruisgte;
'S bheir mi ionnsuidh air do phaigheadh.

this the poetical tailor replied :—

Tha thu fhein 'do ghille tapaidh
'S tha mi 'faicinn gur a bard thu,
'S ma bhios mi na's fhearr de'n chnatan
Ni mi a' gearradh a maireach.

In society Grant was a commonly pleasant individual; but
t, I understand, so liberal with his purse as poets are known
erywhere to be. When treated well by others the only duty
at he considered incumbent upon him to perform in return was
e composition of some lines in praise of them, and in recognition
their kindness. He was at all times, it must be confessed,
rateful for the slightest favour shown to him; and almost any-
ing was sufficient to form the subject of a song for him. At a
me when he was passing along from the Glen to Invermoriston
fell in with a wood contractor, Mr Elder by name, with whom
ıd his workmen he spent some time rather jollily. These gentle-
en must have made a favourable impression upon the Bard, for
e find him say of them :—

Daoine nach bu bheag oirnn,
'Siorramh Dubh 's a Masonach,
Nam biodh coinneamh eil' againn
Air coille Mhaighstir Eildear.

But he apparently had a word of remonstrance given him by
me old women, and his retort was :—

Bha na cailleachan a bha lamh rium
Lan creidimh agus crabhaidh ;
Ach dh' fhaoduinns' a bhi ann am Parras
'Cheart cho sabhailte ri te dhiubh.

It was probably about the same time that he composed the
llowing lines to the wood-cutters in the Glen, who were making
most unusual noise as he was taking the road :—

'Dol sios no 'dol suas dhomh
'Sann a bhobhar iad mo chluasan ;
'Mar bha 'n airce dha 'bualadh
'Sann tha'n fhuaim tha'n Craig Bhlairi.

Tha na h-eich air am pianadh
"'S paighidh 'feamain am fiarach ;"
'Chuid nach marbhar le gniomh dhiubh
Ni Eas-Iarruraidh am bathadh.

A verse is amissing here, in which the Bard introduces goblin, whom he supposes to have got so terribly frightened the great noise as to have made up his mind to remove to anoth part of the country, where he would be entirely free from i influence—

Ach thubhairt am bochdan 's e 'tionndadh
Gheibh mi ceartas 'san duthaich ;
Tha fear Phortlàr air mo chulthaobh
'N duine duthchasach gradhach.

His readiness in repartee and brilliancy in conversat were of a very high order. He chanced one day to fall into a cussion with the Rev. Mr Macbean, of Fort-Augustus, concern Highland weddings. Grant upheld that dancing and music w absolute necessities for the general success of a wedding, quot in support of his contention from Scripture that there wa wedding in Cana of Galilee, at which the Redeemer of mank was present. To this, however, the preacher objected: "('n eil an Scriobtar a radha gu'n robh ceol agus danns' air a' bha a bha 'sin gu ta," to which the Bard quickly replied: "Cha'n e 'radha nach robh."

At another time, on a certain Sunday morning, he happe to meet a Glenmoriston "character" known by the name "Padruig Taillear." Padruig was just then making his way h from the public-house, considerably the worse of drink ; but be ready-witted, and a child of the muse in a small way, he salu Grant with the following lines :—

Failt us furan ort 'Illeasbuig,
'S duine cleasail thu co dhiu ;
Ach na'm biodh tu air seisean
'S mi gu'n seasadh air do chul."

These words took well with Grant apparently, for the reply sho decided good humour. It runs—

"Moran taing dhuit a Phadruig,
'S duine gradhach thu codhiu;
Ach a mheud 's a chum thu an t-Sabaid,
Ghabh thu sacramaid do'n lionn."

Another of his sayings deserves notice. He was one day coming down the road between the Glen and Invermoriston when he saw a man on horseback riding towards him. For some reason or another he crossed from one side of the road to the other just as the man was passing him. Somewhat displeased at the Bard's conduct, the man asked him why did he not walk along the side of the road on which he was at first, to which the Bard quickly retorted—"Saoil nach fhaod mise 'n rathad a ghabhail air a tharsuinn, agus thusa do 'ghabhail air fhad."

I now come to his poetical work. A special characteristic of his works is that the most of his songs were inspired by the individual character and actions of men whom he himself admired. We can trace this feature in many more of our bards than one; and must look upon it as having had its beginning with the family chroniclers of ancient times. Our poets could be divided into a few classes; among which would be numbered pre-eminently that class, from times immemorial, employed as family historians to our chiefs.

A perusal of Grant's works proves that his *forte* was in praising and describing the virtues and deeds of such men and women as appeared to him great and worthy of his notice. We must not, however, suppose that the virtues of individuals were understood by him as by a Shakespeare or a Pope. A poem revealing the peculiar traits of the human mind, or one even moralising upon the uncertainties of life and the destiny of mankind on earth, would have no audience in the Highlands of Scotland some years ago; whereas a production tracing a man back ancestrally for generations, linking him with a Goll, a Cuchullin, or a Diarmad, and extolling him for the part that his ancestors and he played on the stage of war, would have met with a most cordial reception from all. This was the criterion by which poetry was judged by our forefathers; and a poet, to meet the requirements and taste of his age, would have to understand his surroundings, and reconcile himself thereto. Grant naturally composed in the strain which his place and age called forth. Were he living now, probably his book would contain very different matter from what is now to be found within its covers. His book, however, is both entertaining and instructive. No minor

songs upon the s
cally known as pastor
have been astonishing
make in this directio
with its many beautif
spoke to him in that
interpreted by the gift
the Bard addresses his
of the hills, woods, a
themselves :—

. . . 'S
An t-uisge
'Sam barr g
Cho nadurra

'S an crodh
'S na laoigh
Gach maduin
Roimh shleib

A' bhanachai
'Sa falt mu cl
Gu lubach fai
'S gach ciabh a

. . .

Na h-eoin a' le
'Sa ribheid fhei
'San doire gheu
Is sian

'S ni 'n coileach turraraich moch 'sa' Mhart
'Sa burrachdail air gach torman ard ;
'San liath-chearc 's i na fiamh da 'gheard
Air fairidhean nam Mor eas.

Sinudan 's e ri turs 'sa' choill—
'Sann 'shaoil le cach gu'n d' fhas e tinn ;
'Sa smeorach 's i ri ceol d' a chaoidh,
'Si 'n duil nach beir i beo air.

. . . . . .

'S chìt aig anamoichead nan trath
Grian a boisgeadh thair gach mam ;
'S na minn 's na h-uain air spuaic nan carn
'Sa gàrleas mu'n nam Mor-eas.

Yet, even in these verses, it will plainly be seen that more attention is given to animate than to inanimate nature. But this must not be considered a great fault, for a poem touching upon the beauties of the earth, like a landscape painting, is never complete without the introduction of animation into its details.

The love element of Grant's poetry is particularly interesting. He must have been, in common with other poets, extremely susceptible to the influence of feminine beauty; and I have reason to believe that no earthly sight could affect his inmost soul more than a beautiful, fascinating woman. She appeared to him on his own confession—

Mar a' ghrian a bhiodh air sleibhtean,
'Nuair bhiodh na speuran gun smal orr'
Beagan mu'n d'thig an oidhche,
'Us i 'toir boisgeadh air gach bealach.

Numerous quotations could be added, each interesting as throwing light upon the Bard's manner of passing time in the society of the fair sex. They are still living in Glenmoriston whose names are associated with some of the Bard's love adventures.

There remains one conspicuous feature of his poetry still to be referred to, namely, sarcasm. Sarcasm, of itself, is no part of true poetry. Yet, in the mouth of a poet, sarcasm has often been found to prove a powerful weapon for the suppression of corruption and crime. Grant, happily, had no cause to exercise his sarcastic wit particularly for this object, but he always thought it his duty to treat any incident of local interest with that saturation of sarcasm that never fails to take effect where the whole matter is to be understood. From a number of songs composed

from this impulse, I quote a few verses to show his s in this respect. The composition from which they are duced concerned an accident which befell three men of hi acquaintance on their return from Falkirk, where they had attending a cattle market. The accident with which they me that they lost the steamer in Glasgow, which was to take home, and this, of course, inconvenienced them much in those of limited travelling facilities. When the tidings came to th of Grant, he was in no way disposed to sympathise with the un trio. He rather took occasion to make the whole country at them, when he said :—

'S ghabh sibh gu port an Glaschu
'Chumail coinneamh ri luchd chasag ;
'Nuair nach d' rug sibh air a' Phacaid
Bha sibh airsnealach gu leor.

'S truagh a dh' eirich do na chaiptean
'Bh' air a "Ghlen-Albinn" nach fhac iad ;
'S gun deanadh iad a dh-or a sgapadh
Na dheanadh beairteach e ri 'bheo.

Rachadh iad timchioll na Maoile,
Sud am beachd a bh' aig na daoine,
Gus a faiceadh iad gach ioghnadh
A bha'n taobhsa dhe'n Roinn-Eorp'.

. . . . . .

Bha iad a g' inns' ann an tighean
Gu'm bu chloinn iad do Dhiuchd Athol,
'S gun robh iad 'sa' h-uile rathad
'Gabhail aighear agus spors.

'S thainig iad do dh' Inbhiraora,
'S chur Mac Cailean orra faoilte ;
Gun robh carpatan d'a sgaoileadh
Agus aodach air gach bord.

. . . . . .

Ach labhair a *waiter* gu h-iargalt'—
"'Sann agaibh tha na coin chriona ;
Gar iongantach nach e mial-choin
'Th'aig cloinn iarlaichean air rop."

'S fhreagair iadsa gu briagha,
"Gur e th' againne coin ianaich
Thainig a talmhainnean fiadhaich,
'S cha'n fhac' thu h-aon riabh dhe'n t-seors."

Ach gur e *waiter* bu ghlice
'S labhair e re cach gun fhios doibh—
"Cha chreid mi nach fhaca mis 'iad
Anns an Eaglàis Bhric le drobh."

Thainig naigheachd 'an taobh-tuath so
Le cho fad 'sa' bha iad uatha
Gu'n canadh gach neach a chual' e
Nach robh na daoine uaisle beo.

It would be unnecessary for me to expatiate further upon the several other elements constituting Grant's poetry. His patriotism pervades all his works so fully that a paper could be written upon that alone. I now feel that I have said quite enough regarding himself and his songs. Perhaps I should state, however, before concluding, that some useless repetitions and cripple verses apparent in his book are traceable to his utter want of education. His songs were published under great disadvantages. Among other things, an extraordinary feeling of religious belief was taking hold in Glenmoriston just as they were being collected, which proved directly against the success of the undertaking. The book, undoubtedly, contains many grammatical mistakes and printer's errors which could have been avoided. But if we were not possessed of the songs of Archibald Grant, as they are, it is most probable that we should be without them altogether.

3rd March 1886.

On this date Mr Angus Fraser Macrae, 172 St Vincent Street, Glasgow, was elected an ordinary member. Thereafter Mr P. H. Smart, Art Master, Inverness, read the first part of a paper on "Celtic Art." As Mr Smart is to take up the subject on a future date, we do not give the introductory part in this volume.

10th March 1886.

On this date Mr William Maccord, Collector of Customs, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member, while Mr Colin Chisholm, factor's office, Highland Railway, was elected an apprentice member.

Thereafter Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, read a paper entitled—

A FAMOUS MINISTER OF DAVIOT, 1672-1726.

In Roman Catholic times the parishes of Daviot and Dunlichity, which were united in 1618, were separate charges, Daviot being what was called a common or mensal church, and Dunlichity a parsonage. After the Reformation the parishes were for a time served by readers, but in 1579 Hugh Gregory was parson of Dunlichity, and since his time the parishes have not, except for an occasional short period at the death or removal of a minister, been without an ordained clergyman.

The Strathnairn lairds early ranged themselves on the side of Protestantism, and the people followed the lairds; but notwithstanding this, old customs died hard, and for a long time darkness and superstition prevailed. Even as late as 23rd November 1643, it was reported to the Presbytery of Inverness "that there was in the Paroch of Dunlichitie ane Idolatrous Image called St Finane, keepit in a private house obscurely," and the brethren of the Presbytery appointed Mr Alexander Thomson, minister of the parish; Mr Lauchlan Grant, minister of Moy; and Mr Patrick Dunbar, minister of Dores, "to try iff possible to bring the said Image the next Presbitrie day." These gentlemen were successful in their search, and on 7th December Mr Thomson "presentit the Idolatrous Image to the Presbitrie, and it was delyverit to the ministers of Inverness with ordinance that it should be burnt at their merkat corse, the next Tuysday, after sermone." It is not clear from this minute, whether Tuesday was a day ordinarily set apart for preaching, or whether the "sermone" was specially ordained to be preached in connection with the discovery and destruction of the image; but in any case poor St Finane was doomed, and at a meeting of Presbytery held in Inverness on 21st December "the ministers of Inverness declairit that according to the ordinance of the Presbitrie the last day, they caused burne the Idolatrous Image at the Merkat Corse, after sermone, upon Tuysday immediately following the last Presbitrie day." How unfortunate it is that it was not preserved for a place of honour in one of our museums!

Mr Thomson, who was the means of the removal of St Finane from his obscure temple, was himself deposed three years later. He was succeeded by the Rev. Alexander Rose, who was succeeded by the Rev. Alexander Fraser, who in his turn gave place, in the year 1672, to the Rev. Michael Fraser, the subject of this paper.

For years previous to Mr Fraser's induction, Episcopacy was

the creed by law established. The people of Daviot and Dunlichity were strongly attached to it, but their minister, Mr Alex. Fraser, who was never an admirer of bishops, latterly openly advocated Presbyterianism, with the result that he got into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities, and lost his influence over his rough parishioners, among whom he found it difficult to exercise the somewhat strict Church discipline of the time. John Mackintosh, a brother of the Laird of Aberarder, was especially a sore thorn in the minister's flesh. Mackintosh, having incurred the censure of the Church, Mr Alexander was in the year 1671 ordained by the Presbytery to give him three public admonitions from the pulpit, and the first admonition was administered with such good will that—to quote the minister's own words—"immediately after divyn worshipe ye said John Mcintoshe in presence of ye whole congregatione cam and said to him at ye church dore, you base raskall! how durst yee bee so pert as to abuse me yis day? Yee wes too bold to doe it. Yee might have used your own equalls so, and not me." The minister took the gentlemen present to witness; but Mackintosh's Highland pride had been sorely wounded, and instead of apologising, he again addressed the parson—"You base raskall! Think you will I eat my words? Were not for little to mee I wold bruiss your bones!" For these insults and threats the offender was subsequently fined; but no peace came to the minister. His objections to Episcopacy weighed more and more heavily on his conscience, and in May 1672 he resolved to quit his charge. The Presbytery took him in hand, and dealt tenderly with him; but he refused to serve under a bishop, and by September his church was declared vacant. Next month, on 20th October, a letter from the Bishop was read before the Presbytery, proposing Mr Michael Fraser as minister of the united parish. Mr Michael had not at the time gone through the "trials" which were necessary before he could be ordained, but the Bishop desired the Presbytery to accelerate these—"that is to say, that Mr Michael have his common head Wednesday immediate after his addition, and his populare sermon and the tryell of the languages, with his questionarie tryalls, the Presbyterie meeting yreafter. Mr Michael is appointed to have his theses in readiness against the next day, the subject of his commone head being *De peccato originali*."

The young divine speedily passed through these trials to the satisfaction of the Presbytery, and in December Mr Roderick Mackenzie, minister of Moy, was appointed to preach him into the united parishes of Daviot and Dunlichity.

But the Bishop, in presenting him to the incumbency, encroached on the rights of Sir Hugh Campbell of Cawdor, ancestor of the present Earl of Cawdor, and on 26th February 1673, that gentleman appeared personally before the Presbytery at Inverness, and "produced three several charters each of them containing his right of patronage to the Parochin of Dunlechitie, and in respect the saids kirks of Dunlechitie and Daviot are united in ane parochin, alledged this to be his vice of the patronage, and right to present a minister to these united parishes now vacand through the depositione of Mr Alexr. Fraser, late minister yrof, who was presented by the Bishope of Morray, and protested against the admissione, collatione, and institution of Mr Michael ffraser to the saidis united kirks or cure." Campbell offered to present the Rev. Donald Macpherson, minister of Cawdor, to the vacant charge; but the moderator declared that Mr Michael would be admitted minister of the parish on 4th March 1673, and accordingly on that date he was so admitted in presence of a considerable number of the brethren, who were ordered to attend "to bear witness to his admissione."

The Thane of Cawdor, however, was not prepared to submit to these high-handed proceedings; and in the end the Bishop yielded, and on 4th June the following letter was read at a meeting of the Presbytery:—

"ELGINE, 25th April 1673.

"Reverend Breyrn,

"If I hade seen the Laird of Calders right sooner to the patronage of Dunlechitie, it might possiblie have prevented some of our differs anent the planting of that kirk. But now having seen the Laird of Calder's forsd right (and out of our desyre to settle things amicablie), I thought fitt to show you that I have resolved and promised to remove Mr Michael Fraser, betwixt and the fifteenth day of October next, that the Laird of Calder may present ane other the next vice to the united kirks of Dunlechitie and Daviot, and this is not to derogate from Mr Michael, or to inferr any blame on him, who is found to be sufficientlie qualified.

. . . . . .

—Your affectionat broyr in Christ,

MURDO, Bp. of Morray.

But Mr Michael acted his part so well that before October he made a place for himself in the affection of the people, and Cawdor, having gained his point, presented him anew to the charge. The Presbytery visited Daviot on 9th September, when the gentle

men and elders of the parish reported of him that they were very well satisfied with him in doctrine, discipline, life, and conversation. Mr Michael returned the compliment to the elders, and "they were exhorted to continue in well-doing, in hopes to receive the crown of righteousness." These notices reveal pleasant relations between the clergyman and his people, and these relations continued during his long and troubled incumbency of fifty-four years.

No sooner was Fraser safely settled than he left the parish on a visit to his brother Robert, who was an Advocate in Edinburgh, and so long did he remain away that he was called before the Bishop and sub-Synod at Elgin in November 1674, and ordered to be publicly rebuked before his congregation on 27th December. But the congregation was not so exacting as congregations are now-a-days, and the rebuke had very little effect. The minister left them very much to the freedom of their own will—frequently absenting himself from the parish, and devoting his time more to his favourite study of painting than to the teaching of his flock. Evil rumours reached the Presbytery of the sad state of the parish, and a visitation was ordered to be made on 11th May 1675; but the parishioners were perfectly satisfied with the freedom which they were enjoying, and when the Brethren met at Daviot "ther cam no elders or people present from neither of the paroches except Donald Macbain, of Faily." This slight was reported to the Bishop, by whose order the Presbytery again visited the parish on 9th November. But this trip was not more successful than the last, for the only parishioners present were Angus Mackintosh of Daviot, Lachlan Mackintosh of Aberarder, Duncan Macphail of Inverarnie, and the faithful Donald Macbain of Failie. These gentlemen "declared that the visitatione was intimated be their minister two severale Lord's Days, but in respect of the shortness of the day, and this day being the terme day of Martimes, that they could get none of the people to keep this diet, and so intreated the Presbytrie to prorogate their visitation to summer, when the day is at the lenth, and that all the people will be most willing to keep any diet then, and especially if they meet in the parish of Dunlechitie."

"The brethren taking this slighting of their meeting to consideration," ordered such of their number as were to attend the ensuing meeting of the Synod on 24th November, to report the matter. This they did, and it being suspected that the minister's love of art was in some way accountable for the sad state of affairs in the parish, he was enjoined by the Synod, in time coming

to "abstaine from all limning and painting, quhich hitherto has diverted him from his ministerial employments." It is to be hoped, however, that the parson did not obey this injunction too implicitly, and that, without neglecting his ministerial duties, he found time to limn such pictures as were a source of pleasure to himself and his parishioners.

In January 1676 Mr Michael informed the Presbytery that the Bishop had left it to the brethren to decide when to attempt another visitation of the parish. The brethren, however, had had too much experience to again appoint a day without consulting the people, and on 21st June the Moderator was instructed "to wryt to the heretors of Daviott and Dunlechety to know what tyme they may conveniently keep the appoynted visitation at Dunlechety, and to return ther answer to the next Presbytery, lest the brethren as formerly travell there in vayne.". The reply, which was read at the next meeting—19th July—is striking:—"Seeing they are necessitat to abyd in the glens to shelter and keep ther bestiall and goods ffrom the Lochaber and Glencoa robbers, yt it is impossible for either the gentlemen, elders, or people to keip the said visitation untill att least yr harvest be done, and then they will unanimous meit at Dunlechety any dyett the Presbytery appoynts, and in the mean tyme before the said visitation meitt, yt the heritors are willing to meitt with a select number from ye Presbytery, that a forsable way may be taken for a manse to ther minister qreby hee may bee incourraged to reside still amongst them."

The manse question was an urgent one, for there was no place of rest for the minister in the parish. At a previous meeting, the Presbytery ordered him "to reside in his parish of Daviot, and to build a chamber for himselfe to that effect;" but the order was not obeyed. The Presbytery now, as suggested by the heritors, appointed a committee, consisting of the Rev. James Fraser, Kirkhill (the author of the Wardlaw Manuscript), and several others to meet the heritors at Gask, and confer with them as to the immediate erection of a manse; but the heritors would not appoint a day, alleging that they were "busie about ther harvest," and at last the Presbytery themselves appointed the first Tuesday in October. This meeting, however, does not appear to have been held; but on 7th November the long delayed visitation took place at Dunlichity. A somewhat sad state of matters was disclosed. The minister had not celebrated the Lord's Supper since his entry to the parish, and he did not reside in the parish for the reason that "he had not a manse to lodge

in." The heritors, however, intimated that they had resolved to build a manse at Daviot, and "that they are content to stent themselves for building of a sufficient manse in the sowme of three hundred merks [about £16. 6s. sterling] in hand befor the work be begun, as also to furnish upon their own expenses men and horses to lead all the timber to Daviot from Strathspey or Inverness, beside the hewen work yt is requisit to be in the house. This condescendence satisfied the minister, who was to build the manse himselff upon the recept of the money," and "the bretheren exhorts both minister and heritors to fulfill their engagements, herein that the minister may dwell and reside among his people." Whether the heritors contributed the three hundred merks, or whether the minister received the money and found some other use for it, I am unable to say; but in any case the arrangement was not carried into effect, and, as we shall see, the manse was not erected till 1681, when the Presbytery went about it themselves in the usual manner.

In the year 1678 Mr Michael got into trouble with the Bishop, who suspended him for a time, but he was restored to his parish, and on 10th May 1681, the Presbytery met at Daviot, for the purpose of "appretiating" a manse. As it may interest some of you to know how this was gone about in the olden time I shall quote the minute. "Having met with such heretors as were there present, [the brethren] all went to the parish church of Daviot, qr after invocation of ye Lord's name, the Moderator enquired the minister of the place if he had given timeous intimation and advertisement to the parishioners of the said meeting; answered affirmative; as also the heritors, elders, and deacons present confirmed the same. The Moderator enquired further if he had brought with him massons, carpenters, smiths, glasiers, and oyr workmen usually called for apretiation of manses; answered affirmatively; the which workmen being all present were deeply sworne one by one with uplifted hands to deale uprightlie and honestlie in ye said appretiation according to their skill and knowledge, all this being done with consent of the herietors present nemine contradicente. The Moderater tooke instrument in Hector Fraser Notar Publick's hand, and ye said workmen were immediately thereafter directed to the said manse with the said notar as clerk, to appretiat the samen." And the workmen having thus estimated the cost of the manse, the amount was allocated on the heritors, and the work proceeded with.

Early in 1682 the Bishop started on a tour of inspection through his extensive diocese, and on 16th May he and the

brethren of the Presbytery of Inverness visited Daviot. The list of the office-bearers of the united parishes, as given up to his lordship, is interesting. The elders were—Lachlan Mackintosh of Aberarder; Fergus Mckillvray of Dounmaglash; Alexr. Mckintoshie of Farr; Eun Mckpherson of Flichity; Robert Shaw of Tordarroch; John Mckintosh in Elrig; Angus Mckphail in Inverarny; William Mckilvray in Lergs; Donald Mckbean of Falzie; Donald Mckbean, younger of Falzie; and six others; while the deacons numbered six, including an Alexander Mackay. The result of the Bishop's enquiries as to the state of the parish was not satisfactory. The minister had still an itch for wandering away from the parish; the church was ruinous "wanting thack in some places, the windows not glassed;" there were no "necessaries for the Lord's supper;" there was no schoolmaster "because there was no incurragement for one, nor no mediat centricale place qr they could fix a schoole to the satisfaction of all concerned;" and the only really hopeful feature in the report is that the church officers "caried soberly and Christianly as they ought, and faithful in their duty."

As soon as the Bishop departed, Mr Michael thought he would take another holiday, and on this occasion he travelled into England, where he remained for a considerable time. After his return he apparently remained quiet until the troublous times which immediately preceded the Revolution of 1688. Mr Angus Macbean, one of the ministers of Inverness, and son of Macbean of Kinchyle in our vicinity, began in the year 1687 to have some doubts as to the scriptural authority of Episcopacy; and after he had absented himself from several meetings of Presbytery it is minuted on 3rd August that he "did disown the Government of the Church of Scotland as it is now established by law, by Archbishops, Bishops, and Presbyters." The Rev. Mr Marshall, Inverness, and Mr Michael were appointed to confer with Mr Macbean, and endeavour to make him return to his Episcopalian ways; but Mr Macbean was obdurate, and, accused of beginning a schism in Inverness, which is described as "one of the most loyall, orderly, and regular cities in the nation," proceedings were taken against him under the special direction of Mr Michael, who was sent to Edinburgh in February 1688 to lay the matter before the Archbishop of St Andrews. At a Presbytery meeting on 7th March a letter is read from Fraser "showing him to be actively going about the affair entrusted to him," and on the 27th of the same month, another letter from him is submitted enclosing an Act deposing Mr Macbean as a minister

of the Gospel. The Act, which is given at length in the Presbytery Records, is a very interesting document, but it is beyond the scope of my paper to enter into it. Mr Michael worked zealously for his church, but its fall was near. The last meeting of the Inverness Presbytery of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, as by law established, was held on 19th September 1688, when our minister preached a sermon on the text "Therefore, brethren, we were comforted over you in all our affliction and distress, by your faith." But the comfort was shortlived. In a few weeks the Prince of Orange landed in England, and before the end of December established Episcopacy in Scotland, and the ancient Stuart dynasty came to a common end.

Immediately after the Revolution, Presbyterianism was re-established, and Mr Alexander Fraser, the old minister of Daviot, claimed the incumbency. Mr Michael, however, firmly refused to remove. In 1694 the parish was declared vacant by the Committee of Assembly; but Mr Michael cared little for such declarations, and he adhered to his people, who, in their turn, loyally stood by him; and in spite of all opposition he continned the *de facto* minister of the united parishes till his death in 1726. A strong Jacobite and a keen Episcopalian, he never ceased to hope for the return of the old kings, and the restoration of his beloved Church. In 1715 it appeared as if his dreams were to be realised. Early in September of that year the Earl of Mar had his famous hunting, at which James, son of the now deceased King James the Second, was proclaimed King; and in a few weeks the Earl had a considerable army ready to fight for the old line. Among the first to rise were the Mackintoshes, who, under their Chief, and the famous Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, seized Inverness on the 13th September, and took possession of such public money and arms as they could find. Next day The Mackintosh, who claimed the services of the tenants on the estate of Culloden, wrote to Mrs Forbes of Culloden in the following terms:—"You cannot be a stranger to the circumstances I have put myself in at the tyme, and the great need I have of my own men and followers wherever they may be found, wherefor I thought fitt, seeing Culloden is not att home, by this line to entreat you to put no stopp in the way of these men that are, and have been, my followers upon your ground. Madame, your compliance in this will very much oblige your most humble servant, L. Mackintosh." And then, he significantly adds, by way of postscript—"If what I demand will not be granted, I hope I'll be excused to be in my duty." But such threats had no effect on the lady of Culloden, and she refused The Mack

intosh's demand, and on the 17th he and his forces appeared before her house and laid siege to it. They were here joined by Mr Michael Fraser, who, though sixty-five or seventy years of age, could not sit by his fire-side while such good work was being done for the cause which he had so much at heart. I cannot tell you of the part he took in the struggle better than by quoting the account contained in the records of Presbytery meetings held after the war came to an end.

On 13th November 1716 "several ministers of the Presbytery represented that they were informed by good hands that Mr Michael Fraser, incumbent at Daviot, not only was openly disaffected to his Majesty King George, but that ever since the late happy Revolution he avowed his enmity at our happy Constitution; that he neglected in the publick worship to pray for our former sovereigns King William and Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, when these sovereigns were upon the throne, and that he never prays for King George in publick, nor his Royal family, though required by law. Yea, to let all the world know his enmity at our Constitution, he joined the rebells at the house of Culloden, upon the seventeen and eighteen days of September 1715 years, whom he aided and comforted with his presence and advice, in giving them most wicked, savage, inhuman, and barbarous councill, and that he was the bearer of a most insolent and treasonable message to the Lady Culloden, threatening the said Lady, if she did not surrender and give up the house of Culloden to Mackintosh, who commanded the rebels that invested the house the saids days, that Mackintosh would certainly take it by storm, that all her people would be plundered, their houses would be burnt, their corns destroyed, and cattle driven, and that many of the best of her men might be taken or killed in the storming of the house; that the lands of Culloden ought to pay homage to the Laird of Mackintosh, being sold by his predecessors to Culloden's predecessors with that express burden: that all the fencible men should be the followers of Mackintosh when he had use for them, and now Mackintosh had use for them to serve the King; and reckoned that prudence and compassion on the poor people which he thought the Lady did not want, should oblidge her to surrender and send out her men with arms and provisions with the said Mackintosh, otherwise ruine was unavoidable, seeing she had not a sufficient force to hold out against the beseigers, with a great many other things too long here to be inserted."

The Presbytery ordered Mr Michael to be served with a libel,

and summoned before them at next meeting; and also ordered witnesses to be cited. And on 4th December the trial of "Michael Fraser, Intruder at Daviot," proceeded. The accused objected to the proposed witnesses, on the ground that they were servants and tenants of the Laird of Culloden, who vowed "that he would do what in him lay to be alike with him;" but after a long discussion the Presbytery resolved to admit their evidence, whereupon Mr Fraser left the meeting. The evidence of the witnesses was, however, taken. William Forbes, cousin german to the Laird of Culloden, after being "sworn and purged of malice and partial council, deponed that he saw the said Mr Michael Fraser coming from Mackintosh to the gates of Culloden upon the seventeen day of September 1715, in company with young Caloichie (Kyllachy), and that knocking at the gate, he demanded access, which was denied him by the deponent and others; upon which he desired to speak with my lady, who being informed, came accordingly to the gate; and the deponent declares that the said Mr Michael spoak to the lady through one of the gun holes, in manner following, to wit, that he was sent by Mackintosh to desire her ladyship to send out of the house these that were of Mackintosh clan, with fifty stand of arms and twenty bolls of meal, and that she should send out immediately a barrel of ale, and bread conform, to supply Mackintosh men who were standing before the house in arms—all which the lady absolutely refused."

This evidence was corroborated by other witnesses, one Logie Cumming deponing that he heard Mr Michael say "that the Laird of Mackintosh insisted on three demands, namely, four men out of each Daugh (Davoch) of the Lands of Culloden, conform to use and wont; and having noticed that there was a great many arms in the Castell of Culloden, desired fifty guns; and being likewise informed that there was abundance of victuall in the said house, demanded some meal to be provision for his men for some days"—thus showing not only that The Mackintosh claimed the services of his clansmen, according to clan customs, no matter on whose lands they resided, but also that, as superior of the lands of Culloden, he in terms of the ancient feudal law of military tenure, insisted on the services of a certain number of men for a certain measure of land.

Mr Michael evidently saw that the decision of the Presbytery was to be against him, and he therefore thought it expedient to make a show of submission; and he promised to resign on the condition "that when the Presbytery should be in readiness to

settle the said parish with a man agreeable to the Presbytery, he should give way without trouble or disturbance." With this the Presbytery was satisfied, and the proceedings came to an end. He was apparently left unmolested until February 1721, when certain complaints were made against him, and against the ministers of Dores and Glen-Urquhart, who were also Episcopalians. Again the matter was brought up on 5th September 1721, when it was resolved to make a Presbyterial visitation of Daviot on 3rd October—Mr James Leslie, minister, of Moy, being appointed to preach at Daviot on 17th September, and intimate the visitation; and Mr Farquhar Beaton, Croy, to perform the same duties at Dunlichity on 1st October. These gentlemen met with a warm reception. Mr Leslie reports:—

"Upon the 17th of September 1721, I came to the church of Daviot prepared to preach there, according to appointment, at the ordinary time. I began worship, having but a very few hearers, the body of the congregation sitting at a hill-side near the church. As I proceeded in worship I was interrupted, and the hearers disturbed, by the throwing of stones in at the door, windows, and through the open roof of the church. Whereupon, being obliged for our safety to remove, I continued the rest of the divine worship in a corner of the church-yard, with no small disturbance and hazard, both to myself and hearers."

"Upon the first day of October," reports Mr Beaton, "I repaired to the Church of Dunlichity, prepared to preach there according to appointment; and considering what maltreatment Mr Leslie met with at Daviot, and suspecting that few of the parishioners of Dunlichity would attend worship, some of my own parishioners followed me to that place. With some difficulty I gott access to the church, and had no sooner begun worshipe than by stones thrown in, the pulpit was broke about me, and some of my parishioners wounded. Being obliged to remove for our safety, we were assaulted by a multitude of men and women, with swords, staves, and stones, some of our number wounded, and others barbarously beaten."

This was something to daunt the bravest spirit; but the members of Presbytery still ventured within the bounds of the troublesome parish, and met at Daviot on 3rd October, where they were met by the heritors, wadsetters, and other parishioners, including the Laird of Mackintosh, William Mackintosh of Aberarder, Farquhar Macgillivray of Dunmaglass, Angus Shaw of Tordarroch, Donald Macbean of Faillie, Angus Macintosh of Culclachie, the Laird of Flichity (whose name is not given), and

"great numbers of the parishioners." The Presbytery explained to the people that they had come "to confer with them anent the expeditious and comfortable settlement of a gospel minister in these united parishes, which they must look upon as legally vacant;" and referred to the act of the Committee of Assembly in 1694, and Mr Michael's demission in 1717. Dunmaglass, on behalf of the parishioners, answered that Mr Michael had been their minister "without having aught to say against him since his incumbency," and craved that he should be left with them; and the minister himself gave in a paper arguing that the parish had never been properly declared vacant, and that he was no intruder. The Presbytery, looking to the treatment which Messrs Leslie and Beaton had received, and probably dreading violence themselves, adjourned to meet next day at Inverness; and at this second meeting Mr Michael presented a petition, in which, after a discussion of the questions at issue, he "intreats the reverend brethern to take his age and great family and mean circumstances in the world, and the law troubles he met with from Provost Clarke and as yet by his representatives, so to heart as to give him some time in his foresaid charge, which, by the course of nature, cannot be long."

The meeting, after long deliberation, appointed the ministers of Inverness to lay the whole circumstances before Mr Duncan Forbes, advocate, (afterwards the well-known Lord President), who was then at Culloden, and to obtain his opinion and advice, and for that purpose to lay before him an extract of the Committee's Act of 1694, which found Daviot vacant. But the fates were evidently on the side of the poor old minister. The Moderator wrote to Edinburgh for an extract of the Act of 1694, but the reply received was that no such extract could be given, as the minutes of the Committee were destroyed by fire in 1701. At meeting after meeting, the case was brought up without any progress being made; while on 6th February 1722 a letter was read from The Mackintosh and sundry other gentlemen of the parish, "earnestly intreating the Presbyteries forbearance with Maister Michael Fraser, and obliging themselves to an active concurrence with the Presbytery in the event of his death, which, now in the course of nature, cannot be long." The Presbytery resolved to report the matter to the next Synod "and in the meantime they appoint Mr Macbean and Mr Shaw in name of the Presbytery to write to the Laird of Mackintosh a return to the said letter, and remonstrate to him the usuage and rude treatment" given to the minister in the previous harvest.

This is the last reference I find to the case in the records of the Presbytery. The poor old minister stuck to his charge till April 1726, when, after a stormy career of fifty-four years in the parish, death gave the summons against which there is no appeal. Let us hope that the last four years of his life, during which the records are quiet regarding him, were really a period of peace and comfort to him. His death, however, did not bring about the anticipated peace in the parish; for, when the Rev. Lachlan Shaw of Cawdor (the historian of the Province of Moray), went to declare the church vacant on 22nd May 1726, he had to report to the Presbytery "that he found great numbers, some in the churchyard, others in the open fields, with the kirk door locked, the key carried off, and could not be found; while the people behaved so rudely that he could not worship in the churchyard without being disturbed by them; and so returned home." Long after his death the memory of kind Mr Michael remained green in the parish; and it is only by his enthusiasm in the cause of Episcopacy, and his great influence over his people, that we can account for the fact that, contrary to the rule in other parts of the Highlands, from his time until now Strathnairn has not been without a considerable number of native Gaelic-speaking Episcopalians within its bounds

Mr Fraser not only "limned and painted," but he also made a small venture in literature, by publishing a sermon on "Christ's Kingdom." Of his six sons and five daughters, one son—Robert—took to the sea, and on board the war ship "Pearle" fought for that King for whom his father refused to pray.

17th March 1886.

On this date Dr Ogilvie Grant, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society; and after transacting some routine business, Mr John Macdonald, supervisor, Dingwall, read the following paper on

SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The origin of distillation is surrounded by doubt and uncertainty, like the origin of many other important inventions and discoveries. Tradition ascribes it to Osiris, the great god, and, perhaps, the first King of Egypt, who is said to have reclaimed the Egyptians from barbarism, and to have taught them agriculture and various arts and sciences. Whether the tradition be true or

not, all will admit the beauty and fitness of the conception which ascribed to the gods the glory of having first revealed to poor humanity the secret of distilling the water of life, as *aqua vitæ* or uisge-beatha, whose virtues, as a source of solace, of comfort, of cheer, and of courage, have been so universally recognised and appreciated. Truly, such a gift was worthy of the gods.

But however beautiful the tradition of Osiris, and however much in accord with the eternal fitness of things the idea that the gods first taught man the art of distillation, a rival claim has been set up for the origin of the invention. It does not require a very lively imagination to picture some of the gods disrelishing their mild nectar, seeking more ardent and stimulating drink, visiting the haunts of men after the golden barley had been garnered, and engaging in a little smuggling on their own account. But even this reasonable view will not be accepted without challenge. The *Britannica Encyclopedia*, in its article on alcohol—not written by Professor Robertson Smith — states that the art of separating alcohol from fermented liquors, which appears to have been known in the far East, from the most remote antiquity, is supposed to have been first known to and practised by the Chinese, whence the knowledge of the art travelled westward. Thus we find the merit of the invention disputed between the gods and the Chinese. I am myself half inclined in favour of the "Heathen Chinee." That ingenious people who, in the hoariest antiquity, invented the manufacture of silk and porcelain, the mariner's compass, the art of block-printing and the composition of gunpowder, may well be allowed the merit of having invented the art of distilling alcohol. Osiris was intimately connected with the agriculture of Egypt, and among the Chinese, agriculture has been honoured and encouraged beyond every other species of industry. So that if the Egyptian grew his barley, the Chinaman grew his rice, from which the Japanese at the present day distil their saké. Instead of being an inestimable blessing bestowed by the gods, it is just possible that the art of distilling alcohol, like the invention of gunpowder, may be traced to the heathen Chinese, and may be regarded as one of the greatest curses ever inflicted on mankind. Where doctors differ, it would be vain to dogmatise, and on such a point every one must be fully persuaded in his own mind. Whether we can agree as to alcohol being a blessing or a curse, we can agree that the origin of distillation is at least doubtful, and that, perhaps, no record of it exists.

Early mention is made in the Bible of strong drink as distinguished from wine. Aaron was prohibited from drinking wine

or strong drink when going into the Tabernacle. David complains that he was the song of the drinkers of strong drink. Lemuel's mother warns her son against the use of strong drink, and advises him to "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto him that is heavy of heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more" -words which, with characteristic tact and unerring good taste, our own National Bard used as motto for "Scotch Drink," and paraphrased so exquisitely :—

"Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care ;
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves and debts,
An' minds his griefs no more."

But the strong drink of the Bible was not obtained by distillation. The Hebrew word "Yayin" means the wine of the grape, and is invariably rendered "wine," which was generally diluted before use. The word "Shechár," which is rendered "strong drink," is used to denote *date wine* and *barley wine*, which were fermented liquors sufficiently potent to cause intoxication, and were made by the Egyptians from the earliest times. The early Hebrews were evidently unacquainted with the art of distillation.

Muspratt states that there is no evidence of the ancients having been acquainted with alcohol or ardent spirits, that, in fact, there is every reason to believe the contrary, and that distillation was unknown to them. He quotes the case of Dioscorides, a physician of the time of Nero (A.D., 54-68) who in extracting quicksilver from cinnabar, luted a close cover of stoneware to the top of his pot, thus showing that he was unacquainted with the method of attaching a receiver. *Muspratt* further states that neither poets, historians, naturalists, nor medical men make the slightest allusion to ardent spirits. This is more significant as the earliest poets and historians make constant references to wine and ale, dilate on their virtues, and describe the mode of their manufacture.

The Egyptians, however, are said to have practised the art of distillation in the time of Dioclesian (A.D. 204-305), and are supposed to have communicated it to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it westward to the Thracians, and Celtae of

Spain and Gaul; but it was unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans. The distillation of aromatic waters is said to have been known from very remote times to the Arabians. The word "alcohol" is Arabic, meaning originally "fine powder," and becoming gradually to mean "essence," "pure spirit," the "very heart's blood," as Burns says of John Barleycorn. You remember the exclamation of poor Cassio when he sobered down after his drunken row—"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" We have now got a name for the intoxicating element of fermented liquors, and call it *alcohol*, which may go some way to prove that the Arabians were early acquainted with the art of distillation. A rude kind of still, which is yet employed, has been used for distilling spirits in Ceylon from time immemorial, and Captain Cook found among the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands a knowledge of the art of distilling spirits from alcoholic infusions.

It is said the art was first introduced into Europe by the Moors of Spain about 1150. Abucasis, who lived about that time, is spoken of as the first western philosopher who taught the art of distillation, as applied to the preparation of spirits. In the following century Arnoldus de Villa Nova, a chemist and physician, describes distilled spirit, and states that it was called by some the "water of life;" and about the same time Raymond Lully, a chemist, noticed a mode of producing intoxicating spirit by distillation. But for my purpose the most interesting fact is that shortly after the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. in 1170, the English found the Irish in the habit of making and drinking *aqua vitæ*. Whether the Irish Celts claim to have brought the knowledge of the art from their original seat in the far East, or to have more recently received it from Spain I do not know, but, without having access to purely Irish sources of information, this is the earliest record I find of distilled spirits having been manufactured or used in the British Islands. Whether Highlanders will allow the Irish claim to Ossian or not, I fear it must be allowed they have a prior claim to the use of whisky.* *Uisge-beatha* is no doubt a literal translation of the Latin *aqua vitæ* (water of life), supposed to be a corruption of *acqua vite* (water of the vine). "The monasteries being the archives of science, and the original dispensaries of medicine, it is a natural surmise that the term *acqua vite* was there corrupted into the Latin and universal appellation, *aqua vitæ* (water of

* My attention has been called to the fact that in Mr Skene's "Four Ancient Books of Wales," the Gael are in some of the 6th or 7th century poems called "distillers," "furnace distillers," "kiln-distillers."

life) from its salutary and beneficial effects as a medicine; and from the Latin tongue being the general conveyancer of scientific discovery, as well as of familiar correspondence, the term *aqua vitæ* may have crept into common use to signify an indefinite distilled spirit, in contradistinction to *acqua vite*, the mere extract of the grape."—(*Muspratt.*) Whisky is simply a corruption of the Gaelic *uisge* or *uisge-beatha*. The virtues of Irish whisky, and directions for making it, both simple and compound, are fully recorded in the Red Book of Ossory, compiled about 500 years ago. Uisge-beatha was first used in Ireland as medicine, and was considered a panacea for all disorders. The physicians recommended it to patients indiscriminately, for preserving health, dissipating humours, strengthening the heart, curing colic, dropsy, palsy, &c., and even for prolonging existence itself beyond the common limit. It appears to have been used at one time to inspire heroism, as opium has been used among the Turks. An Irish knight, named Savage, about 1350, previously to engaging in battle ordered to each soldier a large draught of aqua-vitæ. Four hundred years later we find Burns claiming a similar virtue for Highland whisky:—

"But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
An there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow."

And again in that "tale of truth," "Tam o' Shanter"—

"Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil."

A similar idea is expressed in Strath-mathaisidh's Gaelic Song, "Comunn an Uisge-bheatha:"—

"Bidh iad làn misnich 'us cruadail,
Gu h-aigiontach brisg gu tuasaid,
Chuireadh aon fhichead 'san uair sin
Tearlach Ruadh fo'n chrùn duinn."

By this time you are wondering what has become of the smugglers and Highland whisky. Although I did not expect to find that Adam, who, of course, spoke Gaelic and was no doubt a thorough Highlander, had engaged in smuggling outside the walls of Eden, or that the plucky Maclean, who sailed a boat of his own at the Flood, had an anchor of good old Highland whisky on

board, yet, when I innocently undertook to write this paper, I must admit that I was under the impression that there was some notice of Highland whisky long before the 12th century. I had in view Ossian, sometime in the third or fourth century, spreading the feast and sending round the "shell of joy" brimming with real Highland uisge-beatha, "yellowed with peat reek and mellowed with age." After some investigation, I am forced to the conclusion that the Fingalians regaled themselves with *ale* or *mead*, not with whisky. There is nothing to show that they had whisky. The "shell of joy" went round in stormy Lochlin as well as in streamy Morven, and we know that ale was the favourite drink of the Scandinavians before and after death. "In the halls of our father, Balder, we shall be drinking ale out of the hollow skulls of our enemies," sang fierce Lodbrog. The scallop-shell may seem small for mighty draughts of ale, but our ancestors knew how to brew their ale strong and, as to the size of the shell, we learn from Juvenal that in his time shells were used by the Romans for drinking wine. Egyptian ale was nearly equal to wine in strength and flavour, and the Spaniards manufactured ale of such strength and quality that it would keep for a considerable time. However anxious to believe the contrary, I am of opinion that Ossian's shell was never filled with real uisge-beatha. But surely, I thought, Lady Macbeth must have given an extra glass or two of strong whisky to Duncan's grooms at Inverness, when they slept so soundly on the night of that terrible murder. I find that she only "drugged their possets," which were composed of hot milk poured on *ale* or sack, and mixed with honey, eggs, and other ingredients. At dinner the day after the murder Macbeth calls for *wine*,—"give me some wine, fill full:" so that wine, not whisky, was drunk at dinner in Inverness 800 years ago. There is no mention of whisky in *Macbeth*, or for centuries after, but we may safely conclude that a knowledge of the process of distillation must have been obtained very early from Ireland, where whisky was distilled and drunk in the twelfth century.

At a very remote period Highlanders made incisions in birch trees in spring, and collected the juice, which fermented and became a gentle stimulant. Most of us, when boys, have had our favourite birch tree, and enjoyed the *fion*. The Highlanders also prepared a liquor from the mountain heath. Lightfoot, in his *Flora Scotica*, (1777) says—"Formerly the young tops of the heather are said to have been used alone to brew a kind of ale, and even now I was informed that the inhabitants of Islay and Jura still continue

to brew a very potable liquor by mixing two-thirds of the tops of heather to one-third of malt. It is a matter of history that Britain was once celebrated for honey, and it is quite probable that, when in full bloom and laden with honey, a fermentable infusion could be obtained from heather tops. Alcohol cannot, however, be obtained except from a saccharine basis, and I fear that any beverage which could have been extracted from heather itself must have been of a very teetotal character. Mixed with malt something might be got out of it. Now heather is only used by smugglers in the bottom of their mash-tun for draining purposes. I have often wondered whether Nature intended that our extensive heaths should be next to useless. The earliest mention of the drinking and manufacture of whisky in the Highlands is found in the famous "Statutes of Icolm-Kill" which were agreed to by the Island Chiefs in 1609. The Statutes, as summarised in Gregory's *Western Highlands and Islands*, are quoted in Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds*. "The fifth Statute proceeded upon the narrative, that one of the chief causes of the great poverty of the Isles, and of the cruelty and inhuman barbarity practised in their feuds, was their inordinate love of strong wines and aqua-vitæ, which they purchased partly from dealers among themselves, partly from merchants belonging to the mainland. Power was, therefore, given to any person whatever to seize, without payment, any wine or aqua-vitæ imported for sale by a native merchant; and if any Islander should buy any of the prohibited articles from a mainland trader, he was to incur the penalty of forty pounds for the first offence, one hundred for the second, and for the third the loss of his whole possessions and moveable goods. It was, however, declared to be lawful for an individual to brew as much aqua-vitæ as his own family might require; and the barons and wealthy gentlemen were permitted to purchase in the Lowlands the wine and other liquors required for their private consumption."

For some time after this, claret appears to have been the favourite drink. The author of *Scotland Social and Domestic*, states that notwithstanding the prohibition of 1609 against the importation and consumption of wine, the consumption of claret continued, and the Privy Council in 1616 passed an "Act agans the drinking of Wynes in the Yllis," as follows:—

"Forsamekle as the grite and extraordinar excesse in drinking of wyne commonlie vsit amangis the commonis and tenentis of the yllis is not onlie ane occasioun of the beastlie and barbarous cruelties and inhumaniteis that fallis oute amongis thame to the

offens and displesour of God and contempt of law and justice, bot with that it drawis nvmberis of thame to miserable necessite and powertie sua that they ar constraynit quhen they want of thair nichtbouris. For remeid quhairof the Lords of Secret Counsell statvtis and ordains, that nane of the tenentis and commonis of the Yllis sall at ony tyme heirefter buy or drink ony wynes in the Yllis or continent nixt adiacent, vnder the pane of twenty poundis to be incurrit be every contravenare *toties quoties.* The ane half of the said pane to the King's Maiestie and the vther half to their maisteris and landislordis and chiftanes. Commanding heirby the maisteris landislordis and chiftanes to the sadis tenentis and commonis euery ane of thame within thair awine boundis to sie thir present act preceislie and inviolablie kept, and the contravenaris to be accordinglie pvnist and to vplift the panis of the contravenaries to mak rekning and payment of the ane halff of the said panes in Maiesteis exchequir yierlie and to apply the vther halff of the saidis panes to thair awne vse."

In 1622 a more stringent measure was passed, termed an "Act that nane send wynes to the Ilis," as follows :—

"Forsamekle as it is vnderstand to the Lordis of secreit counsell that one of the cheiff caussis whilk procuris the continewance of the inhabitants of the Ilis in their barbarous and inciuile form of leeving is the grite quantitie of wynes yeirlie caryed to the Ilis with the vnsatiable desire quhair of the saidis inhabitants are so far possesst, that quhen their arryvis ony ship or other veshell thair with wynes they spend bothe dayis and nightis in thair excesse of drinking, and seldome do they leave thair drinking so lang as thair is ony of the wyne rest and sua that being overcome with drink thair fallis out money inconvenientis amangis thame to the brek of his Maiesteis peace. And quihairas the chêftanes and principallis of the clannis in the yllis ar actit to take suche ordour with thair tenentis as nane of thame be sufferit to drink wynes, yitt so long as thair is ony wynes caryed to the Ilis thay will hardlie be withdrane from thair evil custome of drinking, bot will follow the same and continew thairin whensoeuir thay may find the occasioun. For remeid quhairof in tyme comeing the Lordis of secreit Counsell ordanis lettres to be direct to command charge and inhibite all and sindrie marsheantis, skipparis and awnaris of shippis and veshells, be oppin proclamation at all places neidful, that nane of them presoume nor tak vpon hand to carye and transporte ony wynes to the Ilis, nor to sell the same to the inhabitantis of the Ilis, except se mekle as is allowed to the principall chiftanes and gentlemen of the Ilis, vnder the

pane of confiscatioun of the whole wynes so to be caryed and sauld in the Ilis aganis the tenour of this proclamatioun, or els of the availl and pryceis of the same to his Maiesties vse."

"These repressive measures," the author continues, "deprived the Hebrideans of the wines of Bordeaux, but did not render them more temperate. They had recourse to more potent beverages. Their ancestors extracted a spirit from the mountain heath; they now distilled usque-beatha or whisky. Whisky became a greater favourite than claret, and was drunk copiously, not only in the Hebrides, but throughout the Highlands. It did not become common in the Lowlands until the latter part of the last century. The Lowland baron or yeoman who relished a liqour more powerful than claret formerly used rum or brandy."

Whisky was little used among the better classes for upwards of a hundred years after this. "Till 1780," says the same author, "claret was imported free of duty, and was much used among the middle and upper classes, the price being about fivepence the bottle. Noblemen stored hogsheads of claret in their halls, making them patent to all visitors, guests received a cup of wine when they entered, and another on their departure. The potations of those who frequented dinner-parties were enormous; persons who could not drink remained at home. A landlord was considered inhospitable who permitted any of his guests to retire without their requiring the assistance of his servants. Those who tarried for the night, found in their bedrooms a copious supply of ale, wine, and brandy to allay the thirst superinduced by their previous potations. Those who insisted on returning home were rendered still more incapable of prosecuting their journeys by being compelled, according to the inexorable usage, to swallow a *deoch-an-doruis*, or stirrup-cup, which was commonly a vessel of very formidable dimensions."

That claret was the favourite drink among the better classes to the end of last century is remarkably corroborated by Burns's song of "The Whistle"—

> "The dinner being over the claret they ply,
> And every new cork is a new spring of joy."

The competitors having drunk six bottles of claret each, Glenriddle, "a high-ruling elder, left the foul business to folks less divine." Maxwelton and Craigdarroch continued the contest and drank one or two bottles more, Craigdarroch winning the whistle. Burns is said to have drank a bottle of rum and one of brandy during the contest. There is a Highland story which would make a good companion to the foregoing Lowland picture. The time is

much later, perhaps sixty years ago, and the beverage whisky. The laird of Milnair, near Alness, visited his neighbour the laird of Nonikiln. Time wore on, and the visit was prolonged until late at night. At last the sugar got done, and toddy is not very palatable without sugar. In those days no shop was nearer than Tain or Dingwall, and it was too late to send anywhere for a supply. Convivialities were threatened with an abrupt termination, when a happy thought found its way into Nonikiln's befogged brain. He had bee-hives in the garden, and honey was an excellent substitute for sugar. A skep was fetched in, the bees were robbed, and the toddy bowl was replenished. The operation was repeated until the bees, revived by the warmth of the room, showed signs of activity, and stung their spoilers into sobriety. Dr Aird, Creich, I understand, relates this story with great gusto.

There can be no doubt that till the latter part of last century, wine, ale, rum, and brandy were more used than whisky. Ian Lom, who died about 1710, in his song "Moch 's mi 'g eiridh 'sa Mhaduinn" mentions "gucagan fion," but makes no reference to whisky. Lord Lovat having occasion to entertain 24 guests at Beaufort in 1739, writes—"I have ordered John Forbes to send in horses for all Lachlan Macintosh's wine, and for six dozen of the Spanish wine."—(Transactions, Vol. XII). Colonel Stewart of Garth writing about 1820, says—"Till within the last 30 years, whisky was less used in the Highlands than rum and brandy, which were smuggled from the West Coast. It was not till the beginning, or rather towards the middle of last century that spirits of any kind were so much drank as ale, which was then the universal beverage. Every account and tradition go to prove that ale was the principal drink among the country people, and French wines and brandy among the gentry. Mr Stewart of Crossmount, who lived till his 104th year, informed me that in his youth strong frothing ale from the cask was the common beverage. It was drunk from a circular shallow cup with two handles. Those of the gentry were of silver, and those used by the common people were of variegated woods. Small cups were used for spirits. Whisky house is a term unknown in Gaelic. A public-house is called Tigh-Leanne, *i.e.*, ale house. In addition to the authority of Mr Stewart, I have that of men of perfect veracity and great intelligence regarding everything connected with their native country. In the early part of their recollections, and in the time of their fathers, the whisky drank in the Highlands of Perthshire was brought principally from the Lowlands. A ballad composed on an ancestor of mine in the reign of Charles I., describes the laird's jovial and hospit-

All the evidence that can be gath
manufacture and use of whisky must ha
latter part of last century. This is
quantities charged with Excise duty.
Excise duty was first laid on whisky i
in Scotland being 2d., 3d., and 4d., p
materials from which the spirits were
the amount of duty paid until 1707,
£1810 15s. 11d., representing about 1
tion being 990,000. No record of th
until 1724, when duty was 3d. and 6
gallons were charged, the duty amoun
the population being little over one
population was 3,866,521, the gallons of
and the duty £3,314,680. 10s. Since
population of Scotland has increased nea
of spirits charged for home consumption
amount of duty over nine hundred and
portion to population, the people of S
eleven times as much whisky as they di
our forefathers must have been much m
must have drunk more foreign wines a
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Although much of the whisky n
must have been distilled on a small s
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tilleries. In 1690 reference is made t
of Aquavity," on the land of

the deposition of James II., he was consequently unpopular with the "Highland Rebels," as the Jacobites were termed by the loyalists, and during his absence in Holland, his estate of Ferintosh, with its "Ancient Brewary of Aquavity" was laid waste, in October 1689, by a body of 700 or 800 men, sent by the Earl of Buchan and General Cannon, whereby he and his tenants suffered much loss. In compensation for the losses thus sustained, an Act of Parliament farming to him and his successors the yearly Excise of the lands of Ferintosh, was passed as follows :—

At Edinburgh, 22nd July 1690.

Our Sovereign Lord and Ladye, the King and Queen's Majesties and the three Estates of Parliament :—Considering that the lands of Ferintosh were an Ancient Brewary of Aquavity; and were still in use to pay a considerable Excise to the Thesaury, while of late that they were laid waste of the King's enemies; and it being just to give such as have suffered all possible encouragement, and also necessary to use all lawful endeavours for upholding of the King's Revenue; Therefore their Majesties and the Estates of Parliament for encouragement to the possessors of the said Lands to set up again and prosecute their former Trade of Brewing and pay a duty of Excyse as formerly; Do hereby Ferm for the time to come the Yearly Excyse of the said lands of Ferintosh to the present Heritor Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and his successors Heritors of same for the sum of 400 merks Scots, which sum is declared to be the yearly proportion of that annuity of £40,000 sterling payable for the Excyse to his Majestie's Exchequer. The brewing to commence at the term of Lambas next to come, and payment to be made to the ordinary Collector of Excyse for the Shyre of Inverness." Another Act was passed in 1695 continuing and confirming the privilege, after the Excyse was "raised off of the Liquor and not of the Boll?"

The arable lands of Ferintosh extended to about 1800 acres, and calculating 5 bolls of barley to the acre, and a profit of £2 per boll, the gain must have been considerable. Mr Arnot states that more whisky was distilled in Ferintosh than in all the rest of Scotland, and estimates the annual profit at about £18,000. Such a distinguished mark of favour, and so valuable a privilege were sure to raise envy against a man who was already unpopular, and we find the Master of Tarbat complaining to Parliament, *inter alia* :—

"That Culloden's tack of Excyse wrongs the Queen's Revenue in 3600 merks per annum.

"That his tack of Excyse wrongs his neighbours, in so far as he can undersell them, and monopolise the brewing trade.

"That his loss was not above a year's rent."

In answer Culloden states :—

"That he understands the meaning of the Act to be for what grows on his own lands.

"That whatever grain shall be carried from any place into his land (except it be to eat or sow), shall be lyable to Excyse.

"That the amount of the loss sustained by himself and tenants was £54,000 Scotch, as ascertained by regular proof."

After the establishment of a Board of Excise in 1707, frequent representations were made to the Treasury to buy this right, in consideration of the great dissatisfaction it created among the distillers, who did not complain without cause, as in 1782 the duty paid was £22, while according to the current rate of duty £20,000 should have been paid. (*Owens.*) These representations prevailed, and the Act 26, G. III., cap. 73, sec. 75, provided for the purchase as follows :—

"Whereas Arthur Forbes of Culloden, Esq., in the county of Inverness, is possessed of an exemption from the duties of Excise, within the lands of Ferintosh under a certain lease allowed by several Acts of Parliament of Scotland, which exemption has been found detrimental to the Revenue and prejudicial to the distillery in other parts of Scotland, enacted That the Treasury shall agree with the said Arthur Forbes upon a compensation to be made to him in lieu of the exemption, and if they shall not agree, the barons of Exchequer may settle the compensation by a jury, and after payment thereof, the said exemption shall cease."

In 1784 the Government paid £21,000 to Culloden, and the exemption ceased after having been enjoyed by the family for nearly a century. Burns thus refers to the transaction in "Scotch Drink," which was written in the following year—

"Thou Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland laments frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips and barking hoast
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
Is ta'en awa!"

The minister of Dingwall, in his account of the parish, written a few years after the abolition of the exemption, tells that during the continuance of the privilege, quarrels and breaches of

the peace were abundant among the inhabitants, yielding a good harvest of business to the procurators of Dingwall. When the exemption ceased, the people became more peaceable, and the prosperity of attorneyism in Dingwall received a marked abatement. (Dom. An. of Scot., Vol. III.)

Colonel Warrand, who kindly permitted me to peruse the Culloden Acts, stated that the sites of four distilleries can be still traced in Ferintosh. An offer of £3000 recently made for permission to erect a distillery in the locality was refused by Culloden, who feared that such a manufactory might be detrimental to the best interests of the people. Although there is no distillery, nor, so far as I am aware, even a smuggler in the locality, an enterprising London spirit-dealer still supplies real "Ferintosh," at least he has a notice in his window to that effect. This alone is sufficient to show how highly prized Ferintosh whisky must have been, and we have further proof in Uilleam Ross' "Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha" (1762-90):—

"Stuth glan na Toiseachd gun truailleadh,
Gur ioc-shlaint chòir am beil buaidh e;
'S tu thogadh m' inntinn gu suairceas,
'S cha b'e druaip na *Frainge*."

And again in his "Mac-na-Bracha"—

Stuth glan na Toiseachd gun truailleadh,
An ioc-shlaint is uaisle t'ann;
'S fearr do leigheas na gach lighich,
Bha no bhitheas a measg Ghall.
'Stoigh leinn drama, lion a' ghlaine,
Cuir an t-searrag sin a nall,
Mac-na-brach' an gille gasda,
Cha bu rapairean a chlann.

The duty had been 3d. and 6d. per gallon from 1709 to 1742. It had been raised gradually until in 1784, when the Ferintosh exemption ceased, it was 3s. 11¼d. and 15 per cent., the gallons charged in that year being 239,350, and the duty paid £65,497. 15s. 4d., the population being 1,441,808. Owing to the difficulty and cost of collection in the thinly populated portions of Scotland, the duties, while low, had been farmed out for periods not exceeding three years. Mr Campbell of Islay farmed the Excise Revenue of that island for a small sum as late as 1795, and even so late as 1804 the Commissioners were wont to receive lists of the names of persons recommended by the heritors of the Highland parishes, from

which they elected two persons for each parish, to supply the parochial consumption from spirits distilled from corn grown in the vicinity. But prior to these dates the general farming of the duties had ceased, the Commissioners took the management in their own hands, and, as the duty was gradually increased, it was levied and collected by their own officers, much to the inconvenience and discontent of the people. A graphic picture of the state of matters caused by the high duties and stringent regulations is given by Burns, in his "Earnest Cry and Prayer," written in 1785, a year after "Forbes' chartered boast was taen awa"—

"Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On Aqua-vitæ,
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

"Paint Scotland greeting owre her thissle;
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle,
An' ——— Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin' a still,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussle
Or lampit shell.

"Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard *Smuggler** right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleagung join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

"Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme like *tea* and *winnocks*,
Wad kindly seek."

No doubt the poet's strong appeal helped the agitation, and before the end of the year the duty was reduced to 2s. 7½d., at which it remained for two years. Matters, however, were still

* "Smuggler" is here used in its proper sense—one who clandestinely introduces prohibited goods, or who illicitly introduces goods which have evaded the legal duties. Although popularly used, the term "Smuggler is not correctly applicable to an illicit distiller.

unsatisfactory as regards the Revenue. The provisions of the law were not only inadequate, but the enactments were so imperfectly carried out that the duty was evaded to a considerable extent. With the view of facilitating and improving collection, Scotland was divided in 1787 into Lowland and Highland districts, and duty charged according to the capacity of the still instead of on the gallon. When we are again about to divide Scotland for legislative purposes into Lowland and Highland districts, it is interesting to trace the old boundary line which was defined by the Act 37, G. III., cap. 102, sec. 6, as follows:—

"A certain line or boundary beginning at the east point of Loch-Crinan, and proceeding from thence to Loch-Gilpin; from thence along the great road on the west side of Lochfine, to Inverary and to the head of Lochfine; from thence along the high road to Arrochar, in county of Dumbarton, and from thence to Tarbet; from Tarbet in a supposed straight line eastward on the north side of the mountain called Ben-Lomond, to the village of Callendar of Monteith, in the county of Perth; from thence north-eastward to Crieff; from thence northward along the road by Ambleree, and Inver to Dunkeld; from thence along the foot and south side of the Grampian Hills to Fettercairn, in the county of Kincardine; and from thence northward along the road to Cutties Hillock, Kincardine O'Neil, Clatt, Huntly and Keith to Fochabers; and from thence westward by Elgin and Forres, to the boat on the River Findhorn, and from thence down the said river to the sea at Findhorn, and any place in or part of the county of Elgin, which lies southward of the said line from Fochabers to the sea at Findhorn."

Within this district a duty of £1. 4s. per annum was imposed upon each gallon of the still's content. It was assumed that a still at work would yield a certain annual produce for each gallon of its capacity. It was calculated that so much time would be required to work off a charge, and the officers took no further trouble than to visit the distilleries occasionally, to observe if any other stills were in operation, or if larger ones were substituted for those which had been already gauged. The distillers soon outwitted the Excise authorities by making improvements in the construction of their stills, so that instead of taking a week to work off a charge, it could be worked off in twenty-four hours, afterwards in a few hours, and latterly in eight minutes. These improvements were carried so far that a still of 80 gallons capacity could be worked off, emptied, and ready for

another operation in three and a-half minutes, sometimes in three minutes. A still of 40 gallons could be drawn off in 2½ minutes, until the amount of fuel consumed and consequent wear and tear, left it a matter of doubt whether the distiller was a gainer (*Muspratt.*) To meet those sharp practices on the part of distillers, the duty was increased year after year until in 1814 it amounted to £7. 16s. 0¼d. per gallon of the still's content and 6s. 7½d., two-thirds additional on every gallon made. This mode of charging duty made it so much the interest of the distiller to increase the quantity of spirits by every means possible, that the quality was entirely disregarded, the effect being a large increase of illicit distillation consequent upon the better flavour and quality of the spirits produced by the illicit distiller. In sheer desperation the Government in 1814 (54, G. III., cap. 173, sec. 7), prohibited the use of stills of less capacity than 500 gallons, a restriction which increased the evil of illicit distillation. Colonel Stewart of Garth clearly shows how the Act operated.—

"By Act of Parliament, the Highland district was marked out by a definite line, extending along the southern base of the Grampians, within which all distillation of spirits was prohibited from stills of less than 500 gallons. It is evident that this law was a complete interdict, as a still of this magnitude would consume more than the disposable grain in the most extensive county within this newly drawn boundary; nor could fuel be obtained for such an establishment without an expense which the commodity could not possibly bear. The sale, too, of the spirits produced was circumscribed within the same line, and thus the market which alone could have supported the manufacture was entirely cut off. Although the quantity of grain raised in many districts, in consequence of recent agricultural improvements, greatly exceeds the consumption, the inferior quality of this grain, and the great expense of carrying it to the Lowland distillers, who by a ready market, and the command of fuel, can more easily accommodate themselves to this law, renders it impracticable for the farmers to dispose of their grain in any manner adequate to pay rents equal to the real value of their farms, subject as they are to the many drawbacks of uncertain climate, uneven surface, distance from market, and scarcity of fuel. Thus hardly any alternative remained but that of having recourse to illicit distillation, or resignation of their farms and breach of their engagements with their landlords. These are difficulties of which the Highlanders complain heavily, asserting

that nature and the distillery laws present unsurmountable obstacles to the carrying on of a legal traffic. The surplus produce of their agricultural labour will therefore remain on their hands, unless they incur an expense beyond what the article will bear, in conveying to the Lowland market so bulky a commodity as the raw material, and by the drawback of prices on their inferior grain. In this manner, their produce must be disposed of at a great loss, as it cannot be legally manufactured in the country. Hence they resort to smuggling as their only resource. If it be indeed true that this illegal traffic has made such deplorable breaches in the honesty and morals of the people, the revenue drawn from the large distilleries, to which the Highlanders have been made the sacrifice, has been procured at too high a price for the country."

Matters became so grave, that in 1814 and 1815 meetings of the county authorities were held in the Highlands, and representations made to the Government pointing out the evil effects of the high duties on spirits, and the injudicious regulations and restrictions imposed. Among other things it was pointed out that the Excise restrictions were highly prejudicial to the agricultural interests of the Highlands. In face of so many difficulties the Government gave way, and in 1815 the distinction between Highlands and Lowlands, and the still duty were discontinued, but the high duty of 9s. 4½d. per gallon was imposed. In 1816 stills of not less than 40 gallons were allowed to be used with the view of encouraging small distillers, and next year the duty had to be reduced to 6s. 2d., but illicit distillation was carried on to such extent, that it was considered necessary, as the only effective means of its suppression, to further reduce the duty to 2s. 4d. in 1823. In that year there were 14,000 prosecutions in Scotland for illicit distillation and malting; the military had to be employed for its suppression, and revenue cutters had to be used on the West Coast. Later on, riding officers were appointed.

It is difficult to conceive the terrible amount of lawlessness, of turbulence, of loss and injury connected with such a state of matters, and cases are known where not only individuals but communities never recovered temporal prosperity after successful raids by the military, cutters and gaugers. But matters had fortunately reached their worst, and illicit distillation has since gradually decreased until very recently. The reduction of the spirit duty, the permission to use smaller stills, and the improvement in the Excise laws and regulations removed the principal causes which led to illicit distillation. The high duty operated as a bounty to the illicit distiller, and its reduction reduced his

profits. The permission to use smaller stills encouraged farmers and others with limited capital, who could not erect large distilleries, to engage in a legitimate trade on a small scale, which afforded a ready market for barley of local growth, and provided whisky for local consumption. The relaxation of the Excise regulations led to an improvement in the quality of the whisky made by the licensed distiller, and the quality was further improved by the permission in 1824 to warehouse duty free, which allowed the whisky to mature prior to being sent into consumption. These and minor changes led to the decrease in smuggling in the Highlands shown in the following list of detections :—

In 1823	there were	14,000	detections	Duty 6s 2d to 2s 4d
In 1834	"	692	" ...	duty 3s 4d
In 1844	"	177	" ...	" 3s 8d
In 1854	"	73	" ...	" 4s 8d
In 1864	"	19	" ...	" 10s 0d
In 1874	"	6	" ...	" 10s 0d
In 1884	"	22	" ...	" 10s 0d

The decrease in illicit distillation since 1823, concurrent with the large increase in the spirit duties, is a remarkable proof of the great improvement which has taken place in the morals of the Highland people. The change has been due to various causes, but mainly to the spread of education, and the influence of enlightened public opinion. In some cases the landlords and clergy used their influence direct, the former embodying stringent clauses in the estate leases against illicit distillation, and the latter refusing church privileges to those engaged in smuggling, as in the Aultbea district of Gairloch parish by the Rev. Mr Macrae and the Rev. Mr Noble. In a few localities the smuggler's means were exhausted by the frequent seizures made by energetic officers.

As might have been expected, there has gathered round the mass of lawlessness represented by the foregoing list of detections a cluster of stories of cunning and daring, and wonderful escapes, which casts a ray of interest over the otherwise dismal picture. From a large number that are floating about, I can only give a few representative stories, but I see present several gentlemen who can easily supply the deficiency from well-stocked repertories.

After a School Board meeting held last summer, in a well-known parish on the West Coast, the conversation turned on smuggling, and one of the lay members asked one of the clerical members "Did not good, pious men engage in these practices in times gone by?" "You are right, sir, far better men than we

have now," replied the Free Kirk minister. This is unfortunately true as the following story will prove. Alasdair Hutcheson, of Kiltarlity, was worthily regarded as one of the *Men* of the North. He was not only a pious, godly man, but was meek in spirit and sweet in temper—characteristics not possessed by all men claiming godliness. He had objections to general smuggling, but argued that he was quite justified in converting the barley grown by himself into whisky to help him to pay the rent of his croft. This he did year after year, making the operation a subject of prayer that he might be protected from the gaugers. One time he sold the whisky to the landlord of the Star Inn, down near the wooden bridge, and arranged to deliver the spirits on a certain night. The innkeeper for some reason informed the local officer, who watched at Clachnaharry until Alasdair arrived about midnight with the whisky carefully concealed in a cart load of peats. "This is mine," said the officer, seizing the the horse's head. "*O Thighearna ! bhrath thu mi mu dheireadh,*" ejaculated poor Alasdair, in such an impressive tone that the officer, who was struck by his manner, entered into conversation with him. Alasdair told the simple, honest truth. "Go," said the officer, "deliver the whisky as if nothing had happened, get your money, and quit the house at once." No sooner had Alasdair left the Inn than the officer entered, and seized the whisky, before being removed to the cellar. I would recommend this story to the officers of the present day. While they ought not to let the smuggler escape, they should make sure of the purchaser and the whisky. There can be no doubt that "good, pious" men engaged in smuggling, and there is less doubt that equally good, pious men--ministers and priests—were grateful recipients of a large share of the smuggler's produce. I have heard that the Sabbath work in connection with malting and fermenting weighed heavily upon the consciences of these men. A remarkable instance of straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel.

John Dearg was a man of different type, without any pretension to piety, and fairly represents the clever, unscrupulous class of smugglers who frequently succeeded in outwitting the gaugers. John was very successful, being one of the few known to have really acquired wealth by smuggling. He acted as a sort of spirit dealer, buying from other smugglers, as well as distilling himself. Once he had a large quantity of spirits in his house ready for conveyance to Invergordon to be shipped. Word came that the officers were searching in the locality, and John knew his premises would receive marked attention. A tailor who was in the habit of working from house to house happened

to be working with John at the time. Full of resource as usual, John said to the tailor, "I will give you a boll of malt if you will allow us to lay you out as a corpse on the table." "Agreed," said the plucky tailor, who was stretched on the table, his head tied with a napkin, a snow-white linen sheet carefully laid over him, and a plate containing salt laid on his stomach. The women began a coronach, and John, seizing the big Bible, was reading an appropriate Psalm, when a knock was heard at the door. "I will call out," said the stretched tailor, "unless you will give me two bolls," and John Dearg was done, perhaps, for the first time in his life. John went to the door with the Bible and a long face. "Come in, come in," he said to the officers, "this is a house of mourning—my only brother stretched on the board!" The officers apologised for their untimely visit, and hurried away. "When did John Dearg's brother die?" enquired the officer at the next house he called at. "John Dearg's brother. Why, John Dearg had no brother living," was the reply. Suspecting that he had been outwitted, the officer hurried back, to find the tailor at work, and all the whisky removed and carefully concealed.

A good story is told of an Abriachan woman who was carrying a jar of smuggled whisky into Inverness. The officer met her near the town and relieved her of her burden. "Oh, I am nearly fainting" groaned the poor woman, "give me just one mouthful out of the jar." The unsuspecting officer allowed her the desired mouthful, which she cleverly squirted into his eyes, and she escaped with the jar before the officer recovered his sight and presence of mind.

The following story told me by the late Rev. John Fraser, Kiltarlity, shows the persistence which characterised the smugglers, and the leniency with which illicit distillation was regarded by the better classes. While the Rev. Mr Fraser was stationed at Erchless shortly before the Disruption, a London artist, named MacIain, came North to take sketches for illustrating a history of the Highlands then in preparation. He was very anxious to see a smuggling bothy at work, and applied to Mr Robertson, factor for The Chisholm, "If Sandy M'Gruar is out of jail," said the factor, "we shall have no difficulty in seeing a bothy." Enquiries were made, Sandy was at large, and, as usual, busy smuggling. A day was fixed for visiting the bothy, and MacIain, accompanied by Mr Robertson, the factor, and Dr Fraser of Kerrow, both Justices of the Peace, and by the Rev. John Fraser, was admitted into Sandy's sanctuary. The sketch having been finished, the factor said,

Nach eil dad agad Alasdair?" Sandy having removed some ather produced a small keg. As the four worthies were quaffing e real mountain dew, the Rev. Mr Fraser remarked. "This would a fine haul for the gaugers—the sooner we go the better." It ıs the same Sandy who, on seeing a body of Excise officers defile ınd the shoulder of a hill, began counting them—*aon, dha, tri,* t on counting seven his patience became exhausted, and he exıimed, "*A Tighearna, cuir sgrios orra!*" A Tain woman said to have had the malt and utensils ready for a fresh ırt the very evening her husband returned home from prison. ıugglers were treated with greater consideration than ordinary isoners. Their offence was not considered a heinous one, and ey were not regarded as criminals. It is said that smugglers ıre several times allowed home from Dingwall jail for Sunday, d for some special occasions, and that they honourably returned durance vile. Imprisonment for illicit distillation was regarded ither as a disgrace, nor as much of a punishment. One West ast smuggler is said to have, not many years since, suggested the Governor of the Dingwall jail, the starting of smuggling oper-.ons in prison, he undertaking to carry on distillation should the ensils and materials be found. Very frequently smugglers raised wind to pay their fines, and began work at once to refund the ney. Some of the old lairds not only winked at the practice, but ually encouraged it. Within the last thirty, if not twenty years, enant on the Brahan estate had his rent account credited with price of an anchor of smuggled whisky, and there can be no ubt that rents were frequently paid directly and indirectly by produce of smuggling. One of the old Glenglass smugglers ently told Novar that they could not pay their rents since the ck pots had been taken from them.

Various were the ways of doing the unpopular gaugers. A k of spirits was once seized and conveyed by the officers to a ghbouring inn. For safety they took the cask with them into room they occupied on the second floor. The smugglers came the inn and requested the maid who attended upon the officers note where the cask was standing. The girl took her bearings accurately, that by boring through the flooring and bottom of cask, the spirits were quickly transferred to a suitable vessel ced underneath, and the officers were left guarding the empty k. An augur hole was shown to me some years ago in the ring at Bogroy Inn, where the feat was said to have been permed, but I find that the story is also claimed for Mull. ımerous clever stories are claimed for several localities.

An incident of a less agreeable nature ended fatally at Bogroy Inn. The officers made a raid on the upper end of Strathglass, where they discovered a large quantity of malt concealed in a barn, which the smugglers were determined to defend. They crowded behind the door, which was of wicker-work—*doruscaoil*— to prevent its being forced open by the gaugers. Unable to force the door, one of the officers ran his cutlass through the wicker work, and stabbed one of the smugglers, John Chisholm, afterwards called *Ian Mor na Garvaig*, in the chest. Fearing that serious injury had been done, the officers hastened away, but, in the hurry, one of the men fell over a bank, and was so severely trampled upon and kicked by the smugglers, that he had to be conveyed to Bogroy Inn, where he died next day. Ian Mor, who only died a few months ago, showed me the scar of the wound on his chest. He was another man who had gained nothing by smuggling.

Time would fail to tell how spirits, not bodies, have been carried past officers in coffins and hearses, and even in bee-hives. How bothies have been built underground, and the smoke sent up the house lum, or how an ordinary pot has been placed in the orifice of an underground bothy, so as to make it appear that the fire and smoke were aye for washing purposes. At the Falls of the Orrin the bothy smoke was made to blend judiciously with the spray of the Falls so as to escape notice. Some good tricks were played upon my predecessors on the West Coast. The Melvaig smugglers openly diverted from a burn a small stream of water right over the face of a high cliff underneath which there was a cave inaccessible by land, and very seldom accessible by water. This was done to mislead the officers, the cave being sea-washed, and unsuitable for distillation. While the officers were breaking their hearts, and nearly their necks, to get into this cave, the smugglers were quietly at work at a considerable distance. On another occasion the Loch-Druing and Camustrolvaig smugglers were at work in a cave near the latter place, when word reached them that the officers were coming. Taking advantage of the notoriety of the Melvaig smugglers, a man was sent immediately in front of the officers, running at his hardest, without coat or bonnet in the direction of Melvaig. The ruse took, and the officers were decoyed past the bothy towards Melvaig, the smugglers meanwhile finishing off and removing their goods and utensils into safe hiding.

After dinner, Tom Sheridan said in a confidential undertone to his guests, "Now let us understand each other; are we to drink

ike gentlemen or like brutes?" "Like gentlemen, of course," was the indignant reply. "Then," rejoined Tom, "we shall all get olly drunk, brutes never do." A Glen-Urquhart bull once broke hrough this rule. There was a bothy above Gartalie, where the attle used to be treated to draff and burnt ale. The bull happened o visit the bothy in the absence of the smuggler, shortly after a rewing had been completed, and drank copiously of the fermenting worts. The poor brute could never be induced to go near the bothy again. Tom Sheridan was not far wrong.

I am surprised to find so little reference to whisky and smuggling in our modern Gaelic poetry and literature. There is no reference in earlier writings. In fact, both are more indebted to Burns for their popularity than to any of our Highland writers. Dugald Buchanan (1716-1768) has a reference to drinking in his celebrated "Claigeann." Rob Donn (1724-1812) has "Oran a Bhotuil," and "Oran a Bhranndaidh." Allan Dall (1750-1829) has "Oran do'n Mhisg," Uilleam Ross (1762-1790) has "Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha," and Mac-na-Bracha, and Fear Strath-mhathasaidh has "Comunn an uisge-Bheatha." But their songs are not very brilliant, and cannot be compared with Burns' poems on the same subject. Highland whisky and smuggling do not appear to hold a befitting place in Highland song and literature.

We have seen that the manufacture and consumption of whisky on an extensive scale in the Highlands is comparatively recent. So far as can be ascertained, the quantity was not large even 100 years ago. Since the beginning of the 17th century the Highland people were in the habit of distilling in their homes for their own private use, and no doubt to this practice is due to a great extent the prevalence of illicit distillation among them at one time. As late as 1859 every household was allowed to have a bushel of malt for making ale, and cottagers are to be again exempted from the brewing licence recently imposed upon them. Such a privilege as the Ferintosh exemption must have exercised an evil influence among the people. They must have looked upon illicit distillation as a very venial offence when Government would grant permission to manufacture whisky practically duty free. As a rule spirits were distilled from the produce of their own lands, and the people being simple and illiterate, ignorant alike of the necessity for a national Exchequer, and of the ways and means taken by Parliament to raise revenue, they could not readily and clearly see the justice of levying a tax upon their whisky. They drew a sharp distinction between offences created by English statute and violations

of the laws of God. The law which made distillation illegal came to them in a foreign garb. Highlanders had no great love or respect for the English Government. If the Scottish Parliament could pass an Act to destroy all pewits' eggs, because the birds migrated South, where they arrived plump and fat, and afforded sport and food for the English, it need not cause surprise if Highlanders had not forgotten Glencoe, Culloden, Butcher Cumberland, the tyrannical laws to suppress the clans, and the "outlandish race that filled the Stuart's throne."

While a highly sentimental people, like the Highlanders, were in some degree influenced by these and similar considerations, the extent of illicit distillation depended in a great measure on the amount of duty, and the nature of the Excise regulations. The smuggler's gain was in direct proportion to the amount of the spirit duty; the higher the duty the greater the gain and the stronger the temptation. We have seen how the authorities of the time, regardless of the feelings and the habits of the people, and of the nature and capabilities of the Highlands, imposed restrictions which were injudicious, vexatious, and injurious; which not only rendered it impracticable for the legal distiller to engage profitably in honest business, but actually encouraged the illicit distiller. We have seen how particularly under the operation of the still licence, the legal distiller, in his endeavours to increase production, sacrificed the quality of his spirits, until the illicit distiller commanded the market by supplying whisky superior in quality and flavour. To this fact, more than to anything else, is due the popular prejudice which has existed, and still exists in some quarters, in favour of smuggled whisky. There can be no doubt that while the still licence was in force from 1787 to 1814, and perhaps for some years later, the smugglers whisky was superior in quality and flavour to that produced by the licensed distiller. But this holds true no longer; indeed, the circumstances are actually reversed. The Highland distiller has now the best appliances, uses the best materials, employs skill and experience, exercises the greatest possible care, and further, matures his spirit in bond—whisky being highly deleterious unless it is matured by age. On the other hand the smuggler uses rude imperfect utensils, very often inferior materials, works by rule of thumb, under every disadvantage and inconvenience, and is always in a state of terror and hurry which is incompatible with good work and the best results. He begins by purchasing inferior barley, which, as a rule, is imperfectly malted. He brews without more idea of proper heats than dipping his

finger or seeing his face in the water, and the quantity of water used is regulated by the size and number of his vessels. His setting heat is decided by another dip of the finger, and supposing he has yeast of good quality, and may by accident add the proper quantity, the fermentation of his worts depends on the weather, as he cannot regulate the temperature in his temporary bothy although he often uses sacks and blankets, and may during the night kindle a fire. But the most fatal defect in the smuggler's appliances is the construction of his still. Ordinary stills have head elevation from 12 to 18 feet, which serves for purposes of rectification, as the fusel oil and other essential oils and acids fall back into the still while the alcoholic vapour, which is more volatile, passes over to the worm, where it becomes condensed. The smuggler's still has no head elevation, the still head being as flat as an old blue bonnet, and consequently the essential oils and acids pass over with the alcohol into the worm, however carefully distillation may be carried on. These essential oils and acids can only be eliminated, neutralised, or destroyed by storing the spirits some time in wood, but the smuggler, as a rule, sends his spirits out new in jars and bottles, so that smuggled whisky, if taken in considerable quantities, is actually poisonous. Ask any one who has had a good spree on new smuggled whisky, how he felt next morning. Again ordinary stills have rousers to prevent the wash sticking to the bottom of the pot and burning. The smuggler has no such appliance in connection with his still, the consequence being that his spirits frequently have a singed, smoky flavour. The evils of a defective construction are increased a hundred-fold, when, as is frequently the case, the still is made of tin, and the worm of tin or lead. When spirits and acids come in contact with such surfaces, a portion of the metal is dissolved, and poisonous metallic salts are produced, which must be injurious to the drinker. Paraffin casks are frequently used in brewing, and it will be readily understood that however carefully cleaned, their use cannot improve the quality of our much-praised smuggled whisky. Again the rule of thumb is applied to the purity and strength of smuggled spirits. At ordinary distilleries there are scientific appliances for testing these, but the smuggler must guess the former, and must rely for the latter on the blebs or bubbles caused by shaking the whisky. On this unsatisfactory test, plus the honesty of the smuggler, which is generally an unknown quantity, the purchaser also must rely. This is certainly a happy-go-lucky state of matters which it would be a pity to disturb by proclaiming the truth. Very recently an order came from the

South to Inverness for two gallons of smuggled whisky. The order being urgent, and no immediate prospect of securing the genuine article, a dozen bottles of new raw grain spirit were sent to a well-known smuggling locality, and were thence despatched South as real mountain dew. No better proof could be given of the coarseness and absolute inferiority of smuggled whisky.

But the physical injury caused by drinking an impure, immature whisky, and the pecuniary loss sustained by purchasing a whisky of inferior quality and unknown strength at the price of good honest, spirit, are nothing compared to the moral aspect of the case. Let me quote again from Stewart of Garth (1821), "I must now advert to a cause which contributes to demoralise the Highlanders in a manner equally rapid and lamentable. Smuggling has grown to an alarming extent, and if not checked will undermine the best principles of the people. Let a man be habituated to falsehood and fraud in one line of life, and he will soon learn to extend it to all his actions. This traffic operates like a secret poison on all their moral feelings. They are the more rapidly betrayed into it, as, though acute and ingenious in regard to all that comes within the scope of their observation, they do not comprehend the nature or purpose of imports levied on the produce of the soil, nor have they any distinct idea of the practice of smuggling being attended with disgrace or turpitude. The open defiance of the laws, the progress of chicanery, perjury, hatred, and mutual recrimination, with a constant dread and suspicion of informers—men not being sure of nor confident in their next neighbours—which results from smuggling, and the habits which it engenders, are subjects highly important, and regarded with the most serious consideration and the deepest regret by all who value the permanent welfare of their country, which depends so materially upon the preservation of the morals of the people."* This is a terrible picture, but I am in a position to vouch that it is only too true. The degradation, recklessness, and destitution which, as a rule, follow in the wake of illicit distillation are notorious to all. I know of three brothers on the West

*Dealing with the subject of smuggling, Buckle in his "History of Civilisation," says:—"The economical evils, great as they were, have been far surpassed by the moral evils which this system produced. These men, desperate from the fear of punishment, and accustomed to the commission of every crime, contaminated the surrounding population, introduced into peaceful villages vices formerly unknown, caused the ruin of entire families, spread, wherever they came drunkenness, theft, and dissoluteness, and familiarised their associates with those coarse and swinish debaucheries which were the natural habits of so vagrant and so lawless a life."

Coast. Two of them settled down on crofts, became respectable members of the community, and with care and thrift and hard work even acquired some little means. The third took to smuggling, and has never done anything else; has been several times in prison, has latterly lost all his smuggling utensils, and is now an old broken-down man, without a farthing, without sympathy, without friends, one of the most wretched objects in the whole parish. Not one in a hundred has gained anything by smuggling in the end. I know most of the smugglers in my own district personally. With a few exceptions they are the poorest among the people. How can they be otherwise? Their's is the work of darkness, and they must sleep through the day. Their crofts are not half tilled or manured; their houses are never repaired; their very children are neglected, dirty, and ragged. They cannot bear the strain of regular steady work even if they feel disposed. Their moral and physical stamina have become impaired, and they can do nothing except under the unhealthy influence of excitement and stimulants. Gradually their manhood becomes undermined, their sense of honour becomes deadened, and they become violent law-breakers and shameless cheats. This is invariably the latter end of the smuggler, and generally his sons follow his footsteps in the downward path, or he finds disciples among his neighbours' lads, so that the evil is spread and perpetuated. Smuggling is, in short, a curse to the individual, and to the community.

I admit that some are driven to engage in smuggling by dire poverty. Necessity has no law, and constant grinding poverty leads a man to many things of which he cannot approve. "My poverty, and not my will, consents," was the apology of the poor apothecary of Mantua when he sold the poison to Romeo.

> "These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
> Wad move the very heart of stanes,"

pleaded Burns when forced to allow "clarty barm to stain his laurels." Agur prayed to be delivered from poverty, "lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." The hardships and temptations of the abject poor are terrible, and God forbid we should at any time become so inhuman in our dealings with them as to shut up the bowels of our compassion, or forget to temper justice with mercy. I tell you frankly that the highest sense of duty would hardly sustain me in suppressing the smugglers of the West Coast, unless I had also a strong and deep conviction that if I could dissuade or prevent them from

engaging in smuggling, I would be doing them the greatest possible service. When arguing with one of these smugglers, as to the evil and dishonesty of his ways, he replied, "The village merchant has kept my family and self alive for the last twelve months, and would you blame me if I made an effort to pay him something? There is no fishing and no work, and what am I to do?' Here was an appeal to the common feeling of manhood which no fellow could answer. This year another smuggler whose wife is physically and mentally weak, and whose children are quite young, said to me in touching tones, "If we are to be hunted like this, either get something for me to do or *cuir an gunnairium* —shoot me." This was bad enough, but I can tell you something that affected me even more. The officers were passing by a certain township just as a brewing was in operation. They noticed movements which aroused their suspicions, but as the evening was growing dark they made no search for the bothy, and walked on as if they had observed nothing. On passing by an old woman with a creel, sitting on a stone, they heard sounds, half sighs, half groans, which were doubtless inarticulate expressions of gratitude and thankfulness that the gaugers had not observed the bothy. Poor, old, deluded woman! Little did she know that the gaugers had quietly taken their bearings and laid their plans. Having given the smugglers time to get into full working order, they returned and destroyed the bothy with its full compliment of brewing utensils and materials. These things grieve me much. However deluded and wrong a man may be, we cannot help respecting a determined effort to make the best of things, if they cannot be altered; and the circumstances of the poor people on the West Coast are not easily changed for the better. Their abject poverty, their enforced idleness during a long inclement winter, the wildness and remoteness of the localities where they reside are all temptations to engage in anything that may be profitable and exciting. There can be no doubt that smuggling, when successful, is profitable in a pecuniary sense. Barley can be this year bought for 23s. a quarter, from which can be obtained some 14 or 16 gallons of whisky, which can be sold at 18s. or 20s. a gallon. Allowing for all contingencies, payment of carriage, liberal consumption during manufacture, and generous treating of friends and neighbours, some £8 or £10 can be netted from an outlay of 23s. This is no doubt a great temptation. In addition to the very poor, two other classes engage in smuggling, with whom there can be no sympathy whatever. The ne'er-do-well professional smuggler who is entirely re-

gardless as to the right or wrong of the illegal traffic, and well-to-do people, who engage in the traffic through sheer wantonness, just for the romance of the thing, on the principle that "stolen waters are sweet." I know a few of both classes. Their conduct is highly reprehensible, and their example most pernicious to their poorer neighbours.

With the smuggler I class the purchaser of the wretched stuff. He aids and abets, becomes a partner in guilt, and is equally tainted. Without a ready market the smuggler's occupation would be gone, and no small share of the dishonesty attaches to the purchaser. Whoever buys for gain, or to gratify a debased sentiment, is encouraging the smuggler in his lawless ways at the risk of loss and penalty. David would not drink the water brought from the Well of Bethlehem at the risk of his three mighty men's lives, but the drinkers of smuggled whisky are actually draining the moral and physical life-blood of the poor smuggler. Both the legitimate trader and the Revenue suffer by this illegal traffic. The trader has no remedy, but the taxpayer must make up every penny of which the Revenue is defrauded. If the general community would engage in frauds of this kind, the whole country would become demoralised. Integrity and honesty, the very foundation of society would be sapped, and the whole would collapse into chaos. Something like this on a small scale actually occurs in some of the townships on the West Coast. A few successful runs cause envy and jealousy, and whenever a detection is made some one is blamed for giving information. Mutual confidence and friendliness disappear, and every one distrusts and suspects his neighbour until the little township becomes a sort of pandemonium. Even families are victims of dissensions. I know a case where father and mother are opposed to a son who engages in smuggling, and two cases where wives disapprove of their husbands engaging in smuggling, but entreaties and warnings are disregarded.

Some six years ago we were hoping such a deplorable state of things was fast passing away, but since the abolition of the Malt Tax in 1880, there has been a marked revival of smuggling in the Highlands. Prior to 1880 the manufacture of malt, which occupied from 14 to 20 days, was illegal except by licensed traders, and during the manufacture the smuggler was liable to detection. Malt can now be made openly, or be bought from brewers, distillers, or malt dealers, so that the illicit distiller is liable to detection only during the four, five, or six days he is engaged in brewing and distilling. This very much facilitates illicit distilla-

tion, and increases the difficulty of making detections and arrests. This has doubtlessly been the direct and principal cause of the revival, but it has been indirectly helped by the injudicious and indiscriminate reduction of the Preventive Force in the Highlands immediately prior to 1880. During some years previously few detections had been made, and, for economical reasons, the staff was reduced, so that in 1880, on the abolition of the Malt Tax, those who engaged in smuggling had it pretty much their own way. The reduction of the Preventive Staff was not only a short-sighted policy, but a serious blunder. The old smugglers were fast dying out, and if the Preventive Force had been kept up, neither they nor younger men would have attempted illicit distillation again. Since 1880 a fresh generation of smugglers has been trained, and time, hard work, and money will be required to suppress the evil. Indeed, in some places it will only die out with the men. The fear of being removed from their holdings has had much influence in limiting illicit distillation, and I very much dread a reaction when security of tenure is obtained under the Crofters' Bill. I feel so strongly on this point that, with all my objection to landlord restrictions, I would gladly see a stringent prohibition against smuggling embodied in the Bill. We need not look for complete cessation until the material condition of the people is improved. It is to be hoped the day of deliverance is now near at hand. But much can be done in various ways. The hollowness and falsity of the mischievous sentiment which has been fostered round about smuggled whisky, can be exposed. Its necessarily inferior, if not deleterious character, can be pointed out. All interested in the material, physical, and moral elevation of the Highland people should seriously consider that the habitual evasion of law, whether statute or moral, has an influence so demoralising, so destructive to the best and highest feelings of a man's nature, that smuggling must be utterly ruinous to the character of those who engage in it or connive at it. Teachers, clergymen, and indeed all can do much to present illicit practices in their true light, and render them unpopular and distasteful. Much can be done by educating the young and giving their thoughts a turn and taste for honest work, and when chance offers, providing them with situations. We could almost afford to let the old smugglers die in their sin, but the influence of their example on the young is simply awful. I very much regret having to state that the Highland clergy, with one exception, are guilty of the grossest neglect and indifference in this matter. Like Gallio, they care for none of those things. I understand that smugglers are formally debarred from the Communion Table

in one Highland parish, but this is the extent of clerical interference, and the clergy cannot be held guiltless as regards smuggling. Highlanders have many things laid to their charge which require to be explained and justified. This Society has among its objects the vindication of the character of the Gaelic people, and the furtherance of their interests, and I make no apology for appealing to you individually and collectively to use your influence and efforts to free the Highland people from the stigma of lawlessness and dishonesty, and from the inevitable demoralisation which are inseparable from illicit distillation *alias* smuggling.

24TH MARCH 1886.

On this date the following were elected ordinary members of the Society—Dr Duncan Mackay, Inverness; Mr J. J. Carter, Inland Revenue Collector, do.; Mr Arthur Medlock, jeweller, do.; and Mr Macdonald, Attova, Pensylvannia.

Thereafter the Rev. Alex. Bisset, Stratherrick, read a second paper on "The Gael—His Characteristics and Social History." Mr Bisset's paper was as follows :—

THE GAEL—HIS CHARACTERISTICS AND SOCIAL HISTORY.

PART II. *

When I had the honour and the great pleasure of addressing you last, the subject I took was "The Gael." Having on that occasion examined the origin of the Gael, and the settlement of the same in Caledonia., I propose this evening to cull out some of the leading features in his character as these strike us, as being more particularly illustrated in the history of this most interesting people. Now, the first point which occurs to me in looking into the character of the Gael is his deep sense of religion. When we remember that man was created by God to know, love, and serve Him, it is assuredly highly creditable to the Gael to find in him, throughout the whole course of his history, a lively and keen appreciation of the homage and duty he owes his Creator.

From the earliest traces we have of the Gael we find him deeply imbued with religious sentiment, and from the exhaustive treatment of the subject of Celtic Mythology by Mr Macbain, in his articles in the "Celtic Magazine," we see how widespread and

* For Part I. *vide* Transactions, vol. xi., p. 288.

lasting, however much distorted and mistaken, was the idea of rendering homage to the Supernatural. When the light of Christianity dawned upon the Celts, we find the labours of the early missionaries blessed with extraordinary fruits, notwithstanding the selfish and interested opposition of the Druidical Priesthood. The career of St Columba, the apostle of the Scottish Gael, is indeed wonderful; and the rapid spread of Christianity even in his own life-time is attested by the number of churches dedicated to God under his patronage. A compiler of a history of the Catholic Church in Scotland, specifies no fewer than twenty-four churches dedicated to St Columba in former ages, besides many more in modern times, dedicated to his memory, both by Catholics and Protestants.

The veneration in which St Patrick is held by the Irish Celt, wherever he is found, strongly indicates the deep religious instinct of the Celtic race: whilst the numerous churches, the noble abbeys, and the majestic cathedrals which once filled and adorned this country throughout its length and breadth, and which even in their ruins are pointed out with pride, testify to the zeal, generosity, and religious enthusiasm of our forefathers.

And in passing, I cannot but express the intense feelings of regret which all lovers of whatever is great, and beautiful in art, must feel when they read in the dark pages of the history of our country, the blind fanaticism and reckless fury, which, under the cloak of religion, brought about the ruthless spoliation and the shameful demolition of these national monuments.

Coming to later times, we find amid all the vicissitudes of fortune which have checkered the career of the Gael, amidst broils and dissensions, domestic and civil, amidst strifes and rivalries, religious as well as political, that the religious character of the Gael never disappears. But never, perhaps, before was the deep religious feeling of the Gael more prominently and more loudly asserted than it has been in our own day, when the almost unanimous voice of the people is raised to insist on the maintenance of a national recognition of religion, nor must we overlook the laudable efforts that are being put forth to remove those causes of religious differences and dissensions which are unhappily so rife amongst us, and so opposed alike to the spirit and the letter of the Christian Religion. As, when united, the Gaels have proved themselves victorious on every battle-field, and have made their very name a terror to their enemies, so it is a healthy sign and a source of consolation to find them uniting and stirring themselves to oppose the lurking foe that seeks to sap the very

foundations of revealed religion. Next to his sense of duty to God, deference to authority forms the most striking feature in the character of the Gael, whether we consider that authority as vested in the head of a family, in the person of a chief, or in that of the Sovereign. The traits of filial attachment, of self-sacrifice and generosity on the part of children towards their parents and their family cannot be over estimated. The warm home, however humble, is never forgotten, and the filial reverence due to parental authority far from waning with the advancing years of the parents only becomes stronger. The pecuniary assistance to their parents afforded by devoted sons and daughters out of their small and hard earned wages to supplement the scanty returns from the croft, or the meagre support drawn from a handicraft has been a subject of admiration and a theme of praise to many. Colonel Stewart, in his military annals, makes frequent allusions to the disinterestedness and generosity of Highland soldiers in saving out of their small pay considerable sums to be remitted to their homes. Nor was the generosity of the Highlander confined to the parental home: the chief likewise was nobly and dutifully supported with all the pecuniary assistance at the disposal of his devoted followers. And here we have the second, and perhaps the greatest object of the staunch fidelity of the Gael, viz., his Chief.

Fidelity to Chief.—Strong as was the tie which united the Scottish Highlander to his family, it is doubtful if it equalled with him in sacredness and constancy, that which bound him to his chief. His attachment to his family sprang from the natural affection inherent in human nature, common to us all, which binds parents to their children, and children to their parents, but to his chief he adhered with a chivalrous, manly, inviolable fidelity which braved in his cause every difficulty, and made light of every sacrifice, even of life itself; rather than endanger the honour or be wanting in that fealty and devotedness which he owed to the head and leader of his family. That particular individuality by which he was distinguished from any other of his neighbouring clans, and made of that clan to which he happened to belong a distinct and independent state, as it were, in the midst of a host of other petty states whose aims and interests seldom harmonised —all this sense of self-importance and family distinction he derived from his Chief. He (the chief) was the revered scion and lineal representative of that ancient stock to which each separate clan traces its origin; whilst he was regarded at the same time as the loving father and faithful guardian of his clan; whose every

interest he made his own, to receive in turn from each member, young and old, a subjection and obedience of the most devoted kind. We need only glance at the history of the clans to see how faithfully and heroically they served their chiefs in every crisis and emergency, whilst there are not wanting examples of Highlanders, providing at the sacrifice of their own lives, for the safety of their chiefs. How sad it is to think how little had been done on the part of many of those same chiefs to repay such devoted fidelity. With regret must it be said that many of them from selfish and sordid motives sacrificed that position of trust and severed those ties of affection which mutually bound the body to the head, the children to the father, the clansman to his chief.

Fidelity to the Sovereign.—As the natural outcome of loyal devotion to home and chief, we have the most attached loyalty on the part of the Gael to his Sovereign. The undying attachment of the Scottish Gael to the Stuart Dynasty, while there remained a ray of hope of the restoration of that family, has emphasised the loyalty of the Gael, and has stored it in records of imperishable fame. In the ballads and songs relating to the Jacobite rising, we meet the outpourings of sentiments of the most loyal and loving attachment of the subject to his Sovereign ever perhaps expressed. Future generations will point to these episodes as the period in his history which marks out most prominently the characteristic fidelity of the Gael. In a doleful effusion of the time, we read—

'Thearlaich òig, a mhic Righ Seumas,
Chunna mi 'n tòir mhòr an dè ort;
Iadsa sughach 's mise deurach
Le uisge mo chinn tighinn teann gum' leursainn.

Mharbh iad m' athair, mharbh iad mo bhrathair,
Mhill iad mo chinneadh, a's sgrios iad mo chairdean,
Loisg iad mo dhuthaich, a's ruisg iad mo mhathair,
Ach cha chluinnte mo ghearan na'n tigeadh tu 'Thearlaich.

And our present much-loved Sovereign has no more devoted and lovingly loyal subjects than the Highlanders of Scotland. Although at the present day there may be an appearance of a want of submission to constituted authority in some parts of the Highlands, and especially in Skye, the respect shown to her Majesty's Marines during their recent stay in that Island proves that the opposition arises from an impression on the part of the people that the Police Force is employed exclusively in the interest of landlords to enforce what is in these hard times felt to be oppres-

sive exactions. We may, however, confidently expect a speedy solution of this difficulty from the legislative enactments about to be passed in Parliament, where so much interest is excited in the subject of the land question.

Honour.—Next to the noble fidelity of the Gael I will place his high sense of honour. This distinguishing and beautiful trait of character in the Gael we sometimes hear stigmatised as Highland pride. A sense of pleasure derived from the remembrance and rehearsal of deeds of bravery, of examples of generosity and of noble actions, may indeed be termed laudable pride, and in this sense of the term we may take honour and Highland pride to be synonymous. As the honour of parents reflects on their children, so in the wider sense the honour belonging to the clan, whether derived from its chief or from the noble deeds of its individual members, reflects on the whole body. Here we have strong motives to urge individuals to perserve in tact, and hand down unsullied the good name and character of their family, whether in its limited or in its wider sense. Here, also, we find the reason of what appears to our southern neighbours to be the silly family connection, and the long line of ancestry in which the Celt takes so much pride. From this source likewise springs that stimulus to individual effort on the part of each member of the clan to emulate the good deeds of his ancestors, and to eschew in his own person whatever might tend to bring disgrace on his family name. Female honour and virtue were held as specially sacred, and the utter sense of degradation of shame and isolation of the unfortunate and unhappy female who had lost her virtue is strongly painted in the pitiful wail of her who said—

Bithidh mi tuilleadh gu tùirseach deurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an deigh 'reubadh,
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
A's càch gu leur 's iad an deigh 'treigsinn.

Hospitality.—Highland hospitality is proverbial, and among our ancestors it must have appeared in the light of a sacred duty. Whether this duty is any other than that which is imposed by our duties as Christians, and rendered stronger by the necessities of circumstances may be a question, but certain it is that to a genuine Gael the pleasure of dispensing his hospitality, equals, if it does not surpass, that of the recipient of his favours. So imperative was the duty of hospitality that feuds and bitter dissensions were frequently suppressed in order to discharge with becoming honour and dignity the paramount duty of host.

Love of Country.—The attachment of the Celt to his native land is indeed a strong point in his character, and the Scottish Gael in this respect vies with his brother Celts, and dearly loves "The land of brown heath and shaggy wood—the land of the mountain and the flood." The author of "Six months in Italy," remarks that among all the nationalities he met with in the College of Propaganda, and students are found in it from every clime, he found the love of home strongest among the youths from Switzerland, the Mountains of Lebanon, and from Scotland, thus showing the love of home strongest amongst the inhabitants of mountainous districts. It is sad to think how many pangs, and how much real grief have resulted from this tender attachment of the Gael to his native land.

Military Prowess.—Perhaps the widest reputation the Highlander enjoys, is that which he has made for himself by his Military prowess, and undaunted courage. How much this vast Empire is indebted for its power abroad, and its stability at home to these two qualities of the Gael the military annals of our country bear ample testimony. This subject needs only to be mentioned, for wherever the name of the Gael is heard his qualities as a patriot and soldier are well known.

Many other interesting qualities in the character of the Gael suggest themselves, but those I have ventured to mention are certainly conspicuous. It may be said that this picture of the Gael is purely imaginary, and that at least in these days no such type of character exists. The more is the pity. It must be owned that in the process of becoming Saxonised, the Gael has lost many of the noble and distinct qualities which distinguished his forefathers. It must not, however, be forgotten that gifted with a knowledge of the language, not of the Saxon as such, but of that commercial life and enterprise which his own native gifts and talents have helped so much to extend and develop in this kingdom, and throughout the whole British Empire, the Gael is to be found in the very foremost ranks of success, honour, and distinction. How many Gaels could be mentioned who have distinguished themselves in every walk in life! I have dwelt, perhaps, too long on the characteristics of the Gael, but I will not detain you with his social history further than to say that, as this subject has been so ably and comprehensively treated before by Mr John Macdonald,* I do not feel justified in trespassing any further on your time and patience.

* See Transactions, vols. x. and xi.

31st March 1886.

On this date Bailie Chas. Mackay, Inverness, read an introducory paper on "Stratherrick—its People and Traditions." Bailie Mackay having agreed to resume the subject next session, the pubication of the first part is postponed, in order that the paper may ppear in the next volume in its completed form. On the same late the Secretary, on behalf of Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairoch, Bart., read a paper on changes in the ownership of land in Ross-shire between 1756 and 1853. Sir Kenneth's paper was as ollows:—

CHANGES IN THE OWNERSHIP OF LAND IN ROSS-SHIRE—1756-1853.

The history of land-tenure in the Highlands is a subject on which there seems to be very material disagreement. Mr Chamberlain, speaking at Inverness in September 1885, said that until comparatively recent times the chief held the land in trust for his clan, and "the arbitrary claim to absolute possession and disposition of the soil has only sprung up within the last hundred years." On the other hand, Novar, in a lecture which he lately gave in Edinburgh, said that all available evidence went to show that private property in land was very generally established before the tribal system was broken up and the clans had been called into existence; and he indicated that a chief's power as the head of a clan, and his rights as a lord of the soil, were not necessarily co-extensive—instancing the case where Fraser of Fraserdale's tenantry deserted him at Perth to join their chief, Lovat, at Inverness, and that of Maclean of Coll who retained his power as chief after losing his lands. Lately, when looking over the rental of the Lordship of Huntly (A.D. 1600-1607), which is printed in the fourth volume of the Spalding Miscellany, my attention was attracted by an entry where Lochiel (Allane Cameron M'Ouildouy) is set down as a rentaller of the Gordons paying eighty merks for the forty-merk land of Mamore, to which entry this curious note is appended: "Memorand, Thair ar fyve merk land moir nor the fourtie merk land in Mamoir for the quhilk Allane hes payit nothinge, thairfoir to be tryitt."

That the possession of his land by the Chief of the Camerons was somewhat precarious is a conclusion difficult to avoid. From the same rental we learn that Mackintosh in 1607 accepted from Huntly a set of the "the Coigs," at the head of Strathdearn, for

three years. Here again the limitation of the term of set implies that there was no perpetuity of tenure at a fixed rent. Nor is Mackintosh's a solitary case of the sort. A John Mackintosh of the same date got a three years' set of Dunachton, and other instances of sets for limited periods will be found in this rental in the parish of Kingussie. It is almost superfluous to remark that if there were sub-tenants on these lands, their tenure could not have been better than that of those from whom their right was derived. Huntly's own right and that of his sub-feudatories may, if you please, be held to have been usurped, but if so the usurpation takes us back to the fifteenth century. The similar right of the Earl of Ross takes us back to the twelfth century. A friend has lent me a memorandum on the early tenure of land in Ross-shire, from which I take the following extract :—

"Estates in Ross-shire may be classed with reference to the origin of the feudal title into two divisions, viz., those which have been derived from the *Earls* and from the *Bishops* of Ross respectively.

"The Earldom of Ross was one of the earliest territorial Earldoms of Scotland. In its limits it was practically co-extensive with the present Sheriffdom.

"The Earls, whose family name was Ross, were of Celtic origin, and were probably chiefs of leading authority in the district prior to the creation of the feudal Earldom in the middle of the twelfth century. After that creation, in accordance with the plan of the feudal system, the Earl held the whole district of the Crown for service of ward and relief, the subordinate chiefs of the clans, Mackenzies, Munroes, and others, holding in their turn of the Earl for military service to him. That these rights were made and transferred by Charters and Sasines in ordinary feudal form is instructed by various old Charters preserved among the muniments of the older Ross-shire families.

"The Earldom of Ross was resigned by John, Lord of the Isles, into the hand of the Crown, *ad perpetuam remanentiam* in the year 1476. The mid-superiors being thus removed, the subordinate chiefs came to hold their lands directly from the Crown. The more important of them afterwards had their Estates erected into Baronies, and in their turn gave out lands to vassals. The lands which had belonged in property to the Earls of Ross, were put under the charge of a Crown Chamberlain, who periodically settled accounts of his intromissions in Exchequer.

"Various property-lands of the Earldom of Ross were feued

ut by King James the VI. to Sir William Keith, Master of his Vardrobe, and created in his favour into a Barony of Delny, about ie year 1588. William Keith, perhaps in virtue of an under-anding to that effect, appears to have sub-feued the lands to the d tenants, as occupiers, for the annual payment to him, or to the rown in his relief, of just the same feu-duties for which he was him-lf bound. The Barony of Delny, consisting of the reserved mid iperiorities, passed from Keith to the family of Innes, and from iem to the Mackenzies of Tarbat.

"*The Bishoprick of Ross* was founded or restored by King avid I. in the early part of the twelth century, and was richly en-owed with lands and teinds in every part of the county. Follow-ig the universal practice of the old clergy at the time of the Re-rmation, John Leslie, last Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross 566-96) feued out nearly all the landed property of the See. ome of these grants may have been given from favour—the ajority, more probably, were extorted by the influence of local ndowners. There is not as a rule the same preference for the d occupier as in the case of the Crown or Delny feus.

"In the Exchequer Rolls, now being published, there is a ood deal of information to be derived as to the nature of the nts received by the Crown for the property-lands of the Earldom Ross after 1476. The feu-duties payable to the Crown under the harters of the Barony of Delny are very similar to the old rental ities.

"In the same way, by comparing the feu-duties in the harters granted by the Crown as coming in place of the Bishop, ith the rental of the Bishoprick of Ross given up at the Refor-ation, 1561, it is seen that these duties are practically the same the rents paid by the old tenants of the Bishops of Ross. If, ierefore, there were crofters settled on any of these lands, they ust have held their crofts under the tenants or rentallers of the rown and the Bishop."

I have given this extract at greater length than to some may em necessary, because for those unacquainted with the subject it nveys a succinct account of the early land-tenure of Ross-shire.

It can hardly be questioned, that if the vassals and tenants of ie Earls of Ross held the land in trust for anyone, it was for their udal lord and not for their sub-feudatories or sub-tenants. It is, owever, sometimes said that the ancient charters from which we nstruct history were mere paper rights receiving little practical re-gnition in the everyday life of the people, and it may be admitted at in some cases it was so. When Dean Munro speaks, in 1549, of

Raasay "perteining to M'Gyllychallam of Raarsay be the sword and to the bishope of the iles be heritage" we feel that he may be covertly intimating that in this particular case the Bishop found some difficulty in getting his dues from his vassal; and we have more solid authority than this to go upon. In 1597 an Act was passed by the Scots Parliament, evidently directed against the vassals and rentallers of the annexed Earldom of Ross, calling on the inhabitants of the Isles and Highlands to show their titles. The preamble is in these terms:—"Considdering that the inhabitantes of the Hielandes and Iles of this Realme quhilkes ar for the maist parte of his Hienesse annexed propertie, hes nocht onelie frustrate his Majestie of the zeirlie payment of his proper rentes and dew service properlie addebted be them to his Majestie, foorth of the said Landes: Bot that they have likewise through their barbarous inhumanitie maid, and presentlie maiks the saidis Hielandes and Iles (quhilkis ar maist commodious in themselves, alsweill bee the fertilitie of the grounde as be rich fishinges bee sea) altoquidder unprofitable baith to themselves and to all utheris his Hienesse Lieges within this Realme:" &c. His Highness of course knew well enough of the deficiency of his rents, and the barbarous inhumanity of some of the Islanders had in the previous year been brought under his notice in a petition presented to him by Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail against Torquil Dow of the Lews. Torquil Dow appears besides to have been one of those who had "frustrate" his Majesty of his rents, and who omitted to show his titles in conformity with the new Act, and in 1598 his lands were confiscated and granted to a company since known as that of the "Fife Adventurers." It is in everyone's knowledge that this company could not make good the possession conferred on it by Royal Charter, though subsequently Mackenzie of Kintail, to whom they assigned it, did so. Non-observance of the law was therefore in this case abnormal and temporary, for in the end, the law asserted itself, and it is reasonable to suppose that as it was in this case so must it always have been. Failure to recognise rights which the law conferred, could only have been exceptional even in those tumultuous times. Family traditions in the Highlands, as the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness must be well aware, lay constant stress on the possession of titles, "*coraichean*," as they are called, a word which does not mean equitable rights but written Charters, those very paper-titles which we hear sneered at by persons who do not know the important place they occupy in Highland legend. In the history of my cwn clan, written by the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* from the gathered-up traditions of he past, one instance at least will

be found where these titles occupy a prominent place. Very eventful scenes are described as having had their origin in the accidental rescue of Lovat's Charter-chest from the flames by his nephew the young Mackenzie of Kintail; who had it then suggested to him that he should try and recover his own. I have myself no doubt that turbulent though the Highlanders were, the validity of the paper-rights was generally admitted, and that if there ever was an epoch when the chief held the land in trust for his clan, it was at a period antecedent to what for us in the Highlands are historic times. And I may add that one circumstance which in popular estimation supports the view to which Mr Chamberlain gave expression, does not bear examination. The Chiefs of the Grants, the Frasers, the Clan Chattan, &c., may seem to-day to own an undue proportion of the soil, but it will be found that the size of their estates is owing less to the extent of their original grants, than to subsequent accumulation effected by marriage and by purchase. That there were some estates which were large in their origin is unquestioned. Most of these have been split up, and yet property in land has till within the last few years kept accumulating in even fewer hands. My attention having been called to this, and desiring to trace the changes in the distribution of land in Ross-shire, I lately undertook an examination of such of its Valuation Rolls as were accessible to me. It is the result of that examination which I propose to lay before the Gaelic Society to-night. The examination occupied some time; but the main results may be so shortly stated, that I have ventured to interpose the foregoing remarks on a kindred subject, though they may hardly seem, perhaps, to form an appropriate preface.

The forfeiture of the Earldom of Ross took place upwards of a century and a-half before the date of the earliest Valuation Roll which has come down to us. The rentallers of the Earldom had all been converted into feuars long before this roll was made up, and we there meet with the successors both of the feuars and of the older vassals of the Earldom, as proprietors in the modern sense of the word. Except as a matter of history the Earldom has no practical connection with the system of land-ownership which has prevailed during the last two centuries. In the progress of events, with the fall in the value of specie, and the increased productive capacity which the application of labour and capital had given to the soil, the feu-duties had come to be little more than quit-rents. Forfeiture of tenure for their non-payment ceased therefore to be an eventuality of which account need be taken, and the names we find in the Valuation Rolls are those of persons who for the time

were in absolute possession. In many cases it is true they were only life-renters; and we find not uncommonly that dower-lands were given to widows in place of jointure. Such lands sometimes fell back to the original estate, and sometimes became the portion of a younger child; but, in any case, they were for the time under separate management, and thus tended to restrict monopoly in the soil.

The earliest Valuation Roll of Ross-shire, of which there is any record, is that of 1644, a copy of which has been preserved for us by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh in his volume of *Antiquarian Notes*. I happen to possess copies of the Rolls of 1756, of 1793, and of 1853. Lately I had an opportunity of inspecting also the roll of the Collector of Land-Tax for Ross-shire, in which the changes in the ownership of land had been corrected down to 1883. These rolls relate to the County of Ross, exclusive of the parts of Cromarty and Nairn locally situated within it. Let me say a few words on their nature and origin.

The object with which they were made up was to form a basis for the direct taxation of land. In early times such taxation was rarely resorted to, being treated as an extraordinary source of income to which recourse was to be had only in great emergencies. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century such taxes as were levied on land in Scotland were assessed on what was known as "the old extent,"—a valuation believed to have been made by Alexander III. about 1280, in view of a general aid towards his daughter's dowry. The Church lands, however, were not included in this valuation, and they contributed on another basis. But in 1643 the Convention of Estates in voting a supply of 1,200,000 merks Scottish money for the support of the army in Ireland, deemed it expedient to levy the money, "not as the taxations have been, or by the division of temporalities and spiritualities," but "conform to a particular roll made and set down thereanent, and subscribed in presence of the said Estates by the Lord Chancellor, to remain on record of the books of collection and convention." Under this Act, which is dated the 15th August 1643, Commissioners are appointed for each county, "with power to such Commissioners to use all legal ways to inform themselves of the just and true worth of every person or persons their present year's rent of this crop, 1643, to landward, as well as of lands and teinds as of any other thing whereby yearly profit or commodity ariseth, and that the worth of any person or persons their lands, teinds, and other commodities where gressums and interesses have been payed, be valued and set down

not only as they pay to the heritors, liferenters, and other their masters, but as the same are worth and may pay presently without respect of gressums or entresses, and to divide the said rolls on particular parishes by making a roll for every severall parish within the said shyre. Which roll shall contain every particular person's name, surname, and designation with the said year's rent and commodity within the said parish, whether in victual, money, or other commodities, and the said victual and commodities to be converted into money by the said Commissioners," &c., &c.

The roll printed by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh is said to be that of the year following the passing of this Act, and a note at the close of the roll refers to the proportioning of the cess among the different counties and burghs detailed in the Act, as having been agreed upon at a meeting of the shires in the month preceding its enactment. We may, therefore, I think, assume that the preparation of the Valuation Roll, printed in the "Antiquarian Notes," followed on the passing of the Act of 1643, and that it contains the actual rent or annual value of the land of that year in terms of the Act.

Revised valuations are said to have been made in 1649, 1655 or 1656, and again in 1660, but the Acts which authorised them have not come down to us; and after the restoration of Charles II. the Acts of the Convention of 1643 were annulled, and the valuation of that year of course fell with them.

In 1667 the Convention of Estates enacted the first of that series of statutes under which the present Land tax became established in Scotland. The amount of supply was fixed at a cess of £72,000 Scots a month, and from this time forward supply is granted at first intermittently, but towards the close of the century more or less regularly in terms of so many month's cess. The average annual amount of supply shortly before the Union was six months' cess. At the Union it was fixed at a sum which was practically eight months' cess, and at that amount it has since remained in so far as it has not been redeemed.

The Act of 1667, which, as I have said, may be looked on as the first of the regular Supply-Acts under which the Land-Tax became established, granted to his Majesty twelve months' cess, which was "ordered to be raised and payed by the several shires and burghs of this kingdom, according to the valuation in the year of God, one thousand six hundred and sixty, and at the proportions under-written," these proportions being detailed in the Act. The roll actually made up in 1660 has not been preserved, but the amount of cess proportioned according to it among the

different counties and burghs is frequently entered in the Acts of supply. There were some corrections made on these proportions up to 1695, but they were so trifling in amount that they do not call for notice. Practically our apportionment of to-day is that of 1667, and our valued rent-roll is recognised as that of 1660 in accordance with which the proportions were originally allocated. On that valuation not only the land-tax but all local assessments without exception were levied down to the passing of the Poor-Law Act of 1845; and some ecclesiastical assessments are still regulated by it. Though the amount of the valuation in each parish remains unchanged, its allocation among the heritors has been revised from time to time by the Commissioners of Supply as properties changed hands; and the valued rent-rolls thus become a simple means of tracing the passage of property from one owner to another. Had we a complete set we could without difficulty follow all the changes in land-ownership that have taken place. As it is I am able with the help of the roll of 1793 to assign to their respective owners in 1756 the Ross-shire Estates that appear in the roll of 1853, excepting only those in the Parish of Rosemarkie where there are a large number of small proprietors and where a division of the teinds has altered the valuation of each separate parcel of land. I have not, however, been able to trace back the changes to 1644, because there is no correspondence between the valuations of 1644 and 1660, neither are the designations of the several estates sufficiently particularised in the older roll to admit of the identification of their extent. When I speak of the Valuation Roll made up between the years 1660 and 1855, it must be understood that I refer not to the *real rent* but to the *valued rent* as fixed in 1660. The Valuation Rolls issued from time to time between these years *vary* from one another only in their detail of the *distribution* of property. *The total value is always the same.* On comparing the valuations of 1644 and 1660, however, this striking fact appears, that at the later date the values had greatly fallen. In Ross-shire the valuation of 1644, exclusive of the Lewis, amounted to £102,025; in 1660 it was only £66,793, showing a depreciation of nearly 35 per cent.

One is at first tempted to conclude that the valuations had been made on different bases, but yet the Scottish Parliament having reverted in 1643 from the old extent to the actual annual value, it does not seem probable that that equitable basis of taxation should have been departed from in the subsequent revisals down to the year 1660. On the other hand, if we consider that the intervening sixteen years had been years of great political excitement —having witnessed the beheading of Charles I., the setting-up of

a republic, and the restoration of the monarchy—it will not seem unreasonable to suppose that the prosperity of the country may have been affected by the general turmoil, and the security of property have been so shaken that some fall in rents might naturally have been anticipated. It is the extent of the fall which is at first sight surprising. The cause for surprise diminishes, however, when we reflect that in this year (1886) rents are suffering a similar reduction consequent on a fall in prices. I have had no opportunity of consulting books of reference in regard to rents or prices during the time of the Commonwealth, but a friend has referred me to an extract from the audit-books of Eton College, published in David Macpherson's Annals of Commerce (1805), where the price paid at Windsor for wheat and malt of the first quality is given for a great part of the seventeenth century. Unfortunately, the quotations for the years 1642-46 inclusive, are missing, and I have not succeeded in finding other sources of information. In 1647 the average price of the quarter of wheat (which at Windsor contained 9 bushels) was 73s. 8d.; in 1648 it was 85s., from which point it fell steadily to 26s. in 1654, when it began to rise again. In 1660 the average price was 56s. 6d. In Windsor market, therefore, the value of wheat in the six years succeeding 1648 was depreciated to the extraordinary extent of nearly 70 per cent.; and, notwithstanding the rise which then took place, its price in 1660 was about 33 per cent. below that of 1648. Assuming that the high prices of 1647-48 were to some extent current as early as 1644, and that the range of prices in Scotland and England did not materially differ, the fall from the rent of 1644 which we find in the valuation of 1660, would be sufficiently accounted for by the variations in the price of agricultural produce, of which wheat may be taken as an indicator. I have little doubt, therefore, that the valuation of 1660, equally with that of 1644, represents the actual value of the time.

I here give a statement of the valuations of 1643 and 1660 side by side for each of the parishes in Ross-shire, premising however that I have a doubt whether in all cases the parish areas are identical in the two valuations. The adjoining parishes of Gairloch and Lochbroom for instance, taken together, show a fall of about 25 per cent., but while the fall in one had been 45 per cent., the other had an actual increase of 8 per cent. Where there is no reason to suspect discrepancies in the parochial areas, it will be noticed that the greatest reductions on the old valuations generally occur in the low-lying arable parishes; whence we may conclude that there had been a greater depreciation in the price of corn than in the price of cattle. Here is the statement:—

Parishes.	Valued Rent of 1643.	Valued Rent of 1660.
Alness	£4810 18 8	£2891 0 0
Avoch...	4328 12 8	2531 6 4
Contin	4014 11 8	3779 6 8
Dingwall	1326 0 0	799 19 0
Edderton	2373 10 0	1528 10 0
Fearn	6170 15 10	3379 3 11
Fodderty	4922 0 0	1679 13 4
Gairloch	3134 13 4	3400 0 0
Killearnan	1836 10 0	1873 12 7
Kilmuir Easter	3946 6 8	1754 0 0
Kiltearn	5205 9 4	3149 9 6
Kincardine	5078 10 0	1650 15 0
Kintail and Glenshiel	2738 13 4	3932 0 6
Kilmuir Wester and Suddie ...	3805 19 6	2925 8 7
Loch Alsh	1393 6 8	2900 0 0
Loch Broom	5397 6 8	2923 13 4
Loch Carron and Applecross ...	3504 0 0	4031 10 0
Logie Easter	2871 0 0	1259 15 0
Nigg	5519 5 4	4205 11 0
Resolis	2543 10 0	448 6 6
Rosemarkie	5019 1 8	3725 3 8
Rosskeen	5112 11 0	3711 15 0
Tain	3866 13 4	1659 10 0
Tarbat	6937 10 0	2388 17 6
Urquhart and Logie Wester ...	2894 10 0	1811 5 0
Urray...	3273 16 8	2453 18 0
	£102,025 2 4	£66,793 10 5

The following tabular statement shows the number of heritors, including life-renters, in each of the Ross-shire parishes at the respective periods when the five Valuation Rolls I have referred to were made up.

Parishes.	Number of Heritors. 1643	1756	1793	1853	1883
Alness	16	9	6	3	3
Avoch	11	6	5	3	1
Contin	11	11	8	9	13
Dingwall	4	2	1	1	1
Edderton	7	6	5	3	3
Fearn	17	14	10	8	7
Fodderty	11	8	7	5	5
Gairloch	6	5	6	3	3
Killearnan	4	2	2	2	2
Kilmuir Easter	14	8	6	5	4
Kiltearn	13	10	6	6	8
Kincardine	17	8	8	6	6
Kintail and Glenshiel	3	1	2	4	4
Kilmuir Wester and Suddie (Knockayne) ...	15	10	8	5	5
Loch Alsh	3	1	1	1	1
Carry forward	152	101	81	64	66

Parishes.	Number of Heritors.				
	1643	1756	1793	1853	1883
Brought forward	152	101	81	64	66
Loch Broom	12	8	6	6	7
Loch Carron and Applecross	9	6	5	2	5
Logie Easter	8	5	5	2	4
Nigg	21	11	9	7	7
Resolis	6	4	5	4	4
Rosemarkie	30	20	16	21	20
Rosskeen	14	7	8	7	5
Tain	13	6	4	3	5
Tarbat	13	8	4	4	4
Urquhart and Logie Wester	12	4	2	2	2
Urray	11	8	10	11	10
	301	188	155	133	139

It will be observed in the foregoing tables that while there are exceptions to the rule, the general tendency towards the accumulation of property in fewer hands was on the whole pretty constant down to the middle of the present century. But the above figures must be taken with some reservation, as many of the heritors had property in several parishes. I have endeavoured to count up the actual number of heritors and life-renters in the county at these several periods, and without guaranteeing the absolute accuracy of the computation (for it is not always easy in the earlier rolls to identify a name which, though perhaps referring to the same person, may be given in different parishes with different designations) yet the number may be taken as practically correct.

In 1643	there were	211	Heritors and	Liferenters	in the County.
1753	"	113	"	"	"
1796	"	83	"	"	"
1853	"	70	"	"	"
1883	"	85	"	"	"

The result for the whole County is thus even more marked than for the individual parishes. There is a steady decrease from 1643 to 1853 in the number of heritors, the numbers in the latter year being not more than one-third of those in the former year, while since 1853 the increase has been perceptible. I have made no distinction between the heritors and liferenters. The latter were liable to direct taxation for rogue money, ecclesiastical assessments, and Land-tax on the amount of their valued rent, and had the same absolute control of their properties as any entailed proprietor.

I have already remarked that as the Valuation Roll of 1644 gives the rentals of the different heritors *in cumulo*, and as the total valuations of the several parishes do not correspond with

those of the subsequent Valuation Rolls, the extent to which property has changed hands since 1643 cannot be ascertained from the face of these documents; but I have taken the roll of 1756 and compared it with that of 1853, and I append a statement showing the valued rent of the different estates in Ross-shire in the latter year, and the way in which they were apportioned and held in the earlier one. It might have been more interesting to have brought the figures down to 1883, but I had not obtained access to the roll of that year when I was instituting the examination. There is moreover this to be said in favour of adopting 1853 as a date for comparison, that about that time a change in the forces which until then had affected the distribution of landownership seems to have come into operation. It was in the history of land tenure in Ross-shire a sort of turning point, at which accumulation was checked and repartition began.

I have, however, picked out from the roll of 1883 the valued rents of the lands in Ross-shire which have changed hands by purchase since 1756, and I give the result in the following table:

Parishes in Ross-shire.	Amount of valued Rent held in 1883 in direct succession since 1756.	Amount of valued Rent which has changed hands between 1756 and 1883.	Total.
Alness	£955 0 0	£1,936 0 0	£2,891 0 0
Applecross	...	1,927 0 0	1,927 0 0
Avoch	...	2,531 6 4	2,531 6 4
Contin	1,081 19 6	2,697 7 2	3,779 6 8
Dingwall	...	799 19 7	799 19 0
Edderton	1,045 0 0	483 10 0	1,528 10 0
Fearn	959 14 6	2,419 9 5	3,379 3 11
Fodderty	362 10 0	1,317 3 4	1,679 13 4
Gairloch	2,396 10 0	1,003 10 0	3,400 0 0
Glenshiel	...	2,015 18 7	2,015 18 7
Killearnan	531 16 4	1,341 16 3	1,873 12 7
Kilmuir Easter	760 0 0	994 0 0	1,754 0 0
Kiltearn	858 12 11	2,290 16 7	3,149 9 6
Kincardine	1,040 0 0	610 15 0	1,650 15 0
Kintail	...	1,916 1 11	1,916 1 11
Knockbayne	1,285 6 4	1,640 2 3	2,925 8 7
Loch Alsh	...	2,900 0 0	2,900 0 0
Loch Broom	516 0 0	2,407 13 4	2,923 13 4
Loch Carron	...	2,104 10 0	2,104 10 0
Logie Easter	426 0 0	833 15 0	1,259 15 0
Nigg	1,112 10 0	3,093 1 0	4,205 11 0
Resolis	200 0 0	248 6 6	448 6 6
Rosemarkie	290 5 0	3,434 18 7	3,725 3 7
Rosskeen	234 10 0	3,477 5 0	3,711 15 0
Tain	175 0 0	1,484 10 0	1,659 10 0
Tarbat	50 0 0	2,338 17 6	2,388 17 6
Carry forward ...	£14,280 14 7	£48,247 12 9	£62,528 7 4

Parishes in Ross-shire.	Amount of valued Rent held in 1883 in direct succession since 1756.	Amount of valued Rent which has changed hands between 1756 and 1883.	Total.
Brought forward	£14 280 14 7	£48,247 12 9	£62,528 7 4
Urquhart	1,124 0 0	687 5 0	1,811 5 0
Urray	764 6 0	1,689 12 0	2,453 18 0
	£16,169 0 7	£50,624 9 9	£66,793 10 4
The Lewis		5,250 0 0	5,250 0 0
	£16,169 0 7	£55,874 9 9	£72,043 10 4

Of the total valued rent, amounting with the Lewis to £72,043, land representing £55,874 (not far short of 80 per cent.) had passed through the market in those 127 years, and much of it had been sold more than once.

The appended statement showing how the Ross-shire estates of 1853 were distributed 97 years earlier, will, I hope, be found of interest in the study though it can hardly be made so at a meeting. I would particularly call attention to the fact that in 1756 the landowners are described as possessing a large proportion of their lands *in vice* of a previous possessor, and most frequently even that previous possessor does not appear in the roll of 1643.

In conclusion I gather from these Valuation Rolls evidence that property in land in Ross-shire has been constantly changing hands, and to an extent very much greater than is popularly supposed; that families who were great landowners little more than a century ago have disappeared, and others have risen in their place, and that the great estates of to-day are made up of many smaller estates or part of estates; that up to the middle of this century property in land was getting into fewer and fewer hands, but that during the last thirty years the tendency has been to a wider distribution of ownership. That at all events since 1643 rents have fluctuated in Ross-shire, just as in other places, in accordance with prices and other circumstances which determined the demand at the time for the hire of land, and have not been fixed at a customary amount, established by usage as is sometimes assumed; and that the Valuation Roll of 1643, made up at a time when the clan system was still in full force, bears witness to a distribution of the ownership of land in Ross-shire under which the tenantry of the different Chiefs can have formed but a small proportion of the population, and shows, therefore, that the clan-forces must have been largely if not mainly drawn from lands in respect of which the Chief had neither the rights nor the liabilities of ownership.

The following is the statement prepared by me, to which I have been referring:—

STATEMENT SHOWING the VALUED RENTS of the DIFFERENT ESTATES in t
COUNTY of ROSS (exclusive of the parts of the COUNTIES of CROMAR
and NAIRN locally situated therein) in the YEAR 1853, and the w
in which those ESTATES were apportioned and held in 1756.

ROSS-SHIRE VALUED RENT ROLL,

SHOWING THE CHANGES BETWIXT 1756 AND 1853.

Alness Parish.

1853.		1756.		
H. A. J. Munro, Esq. of Novar	£2077 5 0	George Munro of Novar for Novar	£200 0 0	
		Do. in vice of Assent...	190 0 0	
		Do. do. of Swordall.	195 0 0	
		Do. do. of Fowlia....	16 10 0	
		Do. do. of Culcraigie for Achachean	14 10 0	
			£616 0 0	
		The Heirs of Mr Duncan Munro for Contlich....	565 0 0	
		Do. for Teachirn	128 0 0	
		Do, in vice Leimlair...	25 0 0	
		Do. for Culcraigie.....	83 0 0	
		Do. for Fyrish	70 10 0	
		John Munro of Culcairn in place of M'Killigan	92 10 0	
		Mr George Mackenzie of Inchculter for Assent.	380 0 0	
		Hugh Munro, part of Teaninich (£449 since split).....	110 0 0	
		Mr Albert Munro, in vice of Culcraigie (part of £29 10s since split)....	7 5 0	£2077
General Munro of Teaninich	783 15 0	Hugh Munro for his lands of Teaninich (the remainder of £449 split as above).....	£339 0 0	
		Duncan Simson, in vice of Davochcairn	185 10 0	
		Mr Albert Munro for Coull.....	225 0 0	
		Do. in vice of Culcraigie (part of £29 10s as above)	22 5 0	
		Mr James Munro in vice of Culcraigie..... ...	12 0 0	783 1
A. Matheson, Esq. of Ardross, M.P.	30 0 0	Munro of Lealdie		30 0
	£2891 0 0	Sum of the Parish of Alness.....		£2891 0
Number of Heritors 3.		Number of Heritors 9.		

Applecross Parish.

1853.		1756.		
ackenzie, of Apple-	£1546 0 0	Applecross.		£1546 0 0
t of Tor-	381 0 0	Mackenzie of Torridone		381 0 0
	£1927 0 0	Sum of the Parish of Applecross		£1927 0 0
nber of Heritors 2.		Number of Heritors 2.		

-Diabeg in this parish, the valued rent is £82 entered in Gairloch is rith Sir Kenneth Mac- other lands there.

N.B.—These entries appear under the head of Lochcarron, with which Parish Applecross seems then to have been conjoined.

Avoch Parish.

1853.		1756.		
R. Mac- of Scat- Bart.	£1756 8 9	Sir Lewis Mackenzie of Scatwell	£1013 0 0	
		Do. in vice of Seafort.	45 0 0	
			£1058 0 0	
		Ballmaduthie	250 0 0	
		Lady Dowager of Ballamaduthie in his vice	379 0 0	
		John Matheson of Banadgefield (part of £213 since split)	69 8 9	£1756 8 9
ckenzie, f Avoch.	631 6 4	John Mackenzie for Avoch	£274 17 2	
		Do. for Knockmurie	49 19 2	
		Rosehaugh	306 10 0	631 6 4
s Mathe- lart., vice tafield	143 11 3	John Matheson of Banadgefield (part of £213 since split as above)		143 11 3
	£2531 6 4	Sum of the Parish of Avoch		£2531 6 4
nber of Heritors 3.		Number of Heritors 6.		

Parish of Contin.

1853.		1756.		
x. Mac- of Coul,	£1076 11 3	Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coull	£1075 0 0	
		Deduct Wester Corrievouillie, now Ord's	19 14 10	
			£1055 5 2	
		Thomas Mackenzie of Ord, in vice of Seaforth, £61 6s 8d (of which now Coul's)	21 6 1	£1076 11 3
rward	£1076 11 3	Carry forward		£1076 11 3

Parish of Contin—*Continued.*

1853.		1756.		
Brought forward.	£1076 11 3	Brought forward		£1076 11 3
J. M. Balfour, Esq. of Strathconan	807 0 0	Seaforth	£668 0 0	
		Colin Mackenzie of Hiltown, in vice of Delnies for Cashachan	39 0 0	
		Colin Mackenzie of Hiltown	100 0 0	807 0 0
Sir Evan Mackenzie of Kilcoy, Bart.	537 14 4	Kilcoy for his part of Auchnasheen, in vice of Davochmaluag and Banadgefield (part of £200 since split)	£100 0 0	
		Alexander Mackenzie of Davochmaluag, for his part of Auchnasheen, £100 (less £8 2s 2d since transferred to Gairloch)	91 17 10	
		Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield, for Meickle Scatwell, in vice of Torridone and Lentron, £440 (of which Strathcrombell is)	75 16 6	
		Colin Mackenzie of Hiltown, in vice of Seaforth	270 0 0	537 14
Sir J. J. R. Mackenzie of Scatwell, Bart.	637 7 2	Scatwell £216 (less, Glascharn £23 4s 7d)	£192 15 5	
		William Mackenzie of Strathgarve, in vice of Culcoy (part of £400)	224 8 3	
		Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield for Meickle Scatwell, in vice of Torridone and Lentron (part of £440)	220 3 6	637 7
Duncan Davidson of Tulloch	136 3 11	Lady Kincraig, in vice of Tulloch	£75 0 0	
		Balmaduthie	35 0 0	
		Wm. Mackenzie of Strathgarve, in vice of Culcoy (for half of Garreran part of *cumulo* valuation of £400)	26 3 11	136 3
Carry forward	£3194 16 8	Carry forward		£3194 16

Parish of Contin—*Continued.*

1853.				1756.						
ight forward.	£3194	16	8	Brought forward				£3194	16	8
Douglas of atwell	167	4	7	Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield, for Meickle Scatwell, in vice of Torridone and Lentron, £440 (of which effeirs to Meikle Scatwell proper)	£144	0	0			
				Scatwell, £216 (of which Glascharn)	23	4	7	167	4	7
arnet of Allale	100	0	0	Kilcovie, for his part of Auchnasheen, in vice of Davochmaluag and Bansdgefield, £200 (of which for half of Loancorriechrubie)				100	0	0
enneth Macnzie of Gairh, Bart.	8	2	2	Alex. Mackenzie of Davochmaluag, for his part of Auchnasheen, £100 (of which for Glacknasquier)				8	2	2
. Mackenzie Ord	309	3	3	Thos. Mackenzie of Ord	£100	0	0			
				Do., in vice of Seaforth, £61 6s 8d (of which £21 6s 1d transferred to Coul)	40	0	7			
				Sir Alex. Mackenzie of Coull £1075 (of which effeirs to Wester Corrievoillie)	19	14	10			
				William Mackenzie of Strathgarve, in vice of Culcoy, £400 (of which effeirs to Ord's portion)	149	7	10	309	3	3
	£3779	6	8	Sum of the Parish of Contin				£3779	6	8
Number of Heritors 9.				Number of Heritors 11.						

Dingwall Parish.

1853.				1756.						
ch	£799	19	0	The Laird of Tulloch for Tulloch	£384	19	0			
				Do. for the Lady Chisholm's jointure lands	250	0	0			
				The Lady Kincraig in Tulloch's vice	165	0	0	£799	19	0
	£799	19	0	Sum of the Parish of Dingwall				£799	19	0
Number of Heritors 1.				Number of Heritors 2.						

Edderton Parish.

1853.				1756.						
Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart	£1105	0	0	The Laird of Balnagown for his lands there.. ...	£1045	0	0			
				David Ross of Priesthill, for Muckle Daan	60	0	0	£1105		
Alex. Matheson, Esq. of Ardross, M.P.	350	0	0	Easterfearn's Creditors for Easterfearn	200	0	0			
				Shandwick's Heirs for Mid Fearn	100	0	0			
				The Heirs of Baillie Robert Ross for Little Daan	50	0	0	350		
R. B. Macleod, Esq. of Cadboll	73	10	0	Cadboll for Edderton				73	1	
	£1528	10	0	Sum of the Parish of Edderton				£1528	1	
Number of Heritors 3.				Number of Heritors 6.						

Fearn Parish.

1853.				1756.						
Macleod of Cadboll	£1511	7	7	Cadboll for Hiltown and Tullich, in vice of Culunuald	£175	17	6			
				Do. for the Drums of Fearn	20	0	0			
				Do. for Paips quarter of Meikle Reny	39	6	8			
				Do. for the lands of Ballamuckie, in vice of M'Culloch of Glastullich	281	15	10			
					£517	0	0			
				(Deduct, transferred since to Balnagown)	7	16	0			
					£509	4	0			
				The Laird of Pilton for Muldarg, &c.	953	3	7			
				The Heirs of Wm. Ross of Shandwick for Balblair	49	0	0	£1511		
Carry forward	£1511	7	7	Carry forward				£1511		

Fearn Parish—*Continued.*

1853.					1756.							
t forward.	£1511	7	7		Brought forward				£1511	7	7
Murray of ies	336	2	0		George Ross of Pitkerry for Northfield	£45	6	2			
					Inverhassly for Pitkerry, in vice of John Davidson	44	10	0			
					Do. for the half Davoich lands of Meikle Reny	35	16	2			
					Do. for Denoon's quarter of Meikle Reny	22	5	2			
					Balnagown for the Abbey of Fearn, £376 15s (of which now transferred to Geanies)	188	4	6			
									336	2	0
Rheiny	266	18	6		Rodk. M'Culloch of Glastullich for Turridone and Little Milnetown	100	0	0			
					Do. for Little Reny	133	11	10			
					Do. for the South quarter of Little Reny	33	6	8			
									266	18	6
Rose of ngie	175	17	6		Robt. Ross of Acnhacloich for Balintore				175	17	6
Aldie	64	9	0		William Ross of Aldie for his quarter of Pitkerry	15	9	0			
					Do. for Stronach's oxgate of Little Allan	49	0	0			
									64	9	0
wn	543	19	10		Balnagown for the Abbey of Fearn, £376 15s (less the half transferred as above to Geanies)	188	10	6			
					Do. for Balgore	144	0	0			
					Simon Mackenzie of Scotsburn for Little Allan	183	13	4			
					The Heirs of Baillie Donald Ross for his part of the Drums of Fearn, in vice of James Ross	20	0	0			
					Other lands transferred from Cadboll as above	7	16	0			
									543	19	10
f Allan	325	8	6		David Munro for Duff's part of Meikle Allan	£118	0	0			
					Easter Fearn's Creditors for Fowlar's part of Meikle Allan	114	10	4			
					Do. for Monroe's wester quarter thereof	92	18	2			
									325	8	6
son of eagle	155	1	0		John Urquhart of Mount-Eagle for Easter Little Allan				155	1	0
	£3379	3	11		Sum of the Parish of Fearn				£3379	3	11
nber of Heritors 8.					Number of Heritors 14.						

Fodderty Parish.

1853.		1756.		
D. Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch.....	£796 4 0	Davochmaluag (part of a valuation of £310.....	£197 0 8	
		Gairloch, in vice of Davochcairn	99 10 0	
		Do. for Davochpollo....	157 10 0	
		The Laird of Tulloch for his land in Fotterty....	175 10 0	
		Inchcoulter for Davochcarty	166 13 4	
				£796
Seaforth	423 0 0	Seafort for his lands there (part of £415)	£165 0 0	
		Do. in vice of the Mrs of Ardoch.....	100 0 0	
		Baillie Alexander Mackenzie of Dingwall, in vice of Lord Seafort ...	125 0 0	
		Rod. Dingwall of Ussie..	33 0 0	
				423
J. M. Balfour, Esq. of Strathconon.	250 0 0	Seafort for his lands there (remainder of £415)		250
Coul	112 19 4	Davochmaluag (remainder of £310 as above).....		112
Kilcoy	97 10 0	Kilcoy for Cullin and Achnalt.....		97
	£1679 13 4	Sum of the Parish of Fodderty		£1679
Number of Heritors 5.		Number of Heritors 8.		

Gairloch Parish.

1853.		1756.		
Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart... ...	£2559 0 0	The Laird of Gairloch for himself.....	£1549 0 0	
		N.B.—This is *in cumulo* with Diabaig in Applecross, £82 3s 9d.		
		Do. in vice of Coul...	710 0 0	
		Roderick Mackenzie of Carn Sairie	100 0 0	
		The Laird of Gairloch (for Mellon, with half the Water of the Island of Ewe).....	75 0 0	
		Do., more for his other lands (the other half of the Water of the Island of Ewe).....	75 0 0	
		N.B.—The two last items are taken from Lochbroom in the roll of which Parish they were erroneously entered in 1756.		
				£2559
Carry forward....	£2559 0 0	Carry forward.....		£2559

[redacted]

Gairloch Parish—*Continued.*

1853.				1756.						
ught forward.	£2559	0	0	Brought forward				£2559	0	0
rick Bankes,				Murdoch Mackenzie of						
q. of Letter-				Letterewe.....	390	0	0			
re, &c.	741	0	0	Mackenzie of Gruinyeard	351	0	0			
								741	0	0
....	100	0	0	Sir Alex. Mackenzie of Coull.....				100	0	0
				N.B.—This entry in Lochbroom in the Roll of 1756.						
	£3400	0	0	Sum of the Parish of Gairloch				£3400	0	0
Number of Heritors 3.				Number of Heritors 5.						

Glenshiel Parish.

1853.				1756.			
orth	£833	3	7	Seaforth (part of his *cumulo* valuation, of £3366 for the Parish of Kintail, with which Glenshiel was then combined	£2015	18	7
. Baillie, Esq.	587	11	0				
Iatheson, Esq.							
Ardross	595	4	0				
	£2015	18	7	Sums of the Parish of Glenshiel.....	£2015	18	7
Number of Heritors 3.				Number of Heritors 1.			

Killearnan Parish.

1853.				1756.						
nel Baillie of				The Laird of Redcastle						
edcastle	£1133	2	11	(Mackenzie).....	£822	15	0			
				Do. for proportion of £669, his valuation in Kilmuir Wester before the incorporation of that parish and Suddie into Knockbayne	310	7	11			
								£1133	2	11
Evan Mac-				The Laird of Kilcoy	£225	0	0			
nzie of Kil-				Do. in vice of Allan-						
y, Bart.....	740	9	8	grange	70	0	0			
				The Heirs of Captain Hugh Fraser, in vice of Redcastle for Wester Kessock, &c., Haill thereof (in Kilmuir Wester).....	208	13	4			
				The Laird of Kilcoy (in Suddie, £510 5s 8d, of which there effeirs to the present Parish of Killearnan).....	236	16	4			
								740	9	8
	£1873	12	7	Sum of the Parish of Killearnan.....				£1873	12	7
Number of Heritors 2.				Number of Heritors 3.						

Parish of Kilmuir Easter.

1853.		1756.		
Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart	£851 10 0	Balnagown for Balnagown	£679 0 0	
		David Ross of Priesthill for Rives	50 0 0	
		Do. for Parkhill and Badibea	92 0 0	
		Simon Mackenzie of Scotsburn for Dalnaclaach	30 10 0	
				851 10 0
Major Charles Robertson of Kindeace	396 10 0	Mr Wm. Baillie for Kenrive and Torralea, in vice of Culrain	£196 0 0	
		John Martin, for Inchfurie	143 10 0	
		Do. for Cabrichie	57 0 0	
				396 10 0
Cadboll	250 0 0	Alex. Bayne of Delny, for the lands of Delny		250 0 0
J. Ogilvie, Esq. of Newmore	175 0 0	The heirs of John Munro of Newmore, for Ballintraid		175 0 0
Kincraig	81 0 0	John Mackenzie of Kincraig, for Broomhill		81 0 0
	£1754 0 0	Sum of the Parish of Kilmuir Easter		£1754 0 0
Number of Heritors 5.		Number of Heritors 8.		

Parish of Kiltearn.

1853.		1756.		
Sir Chas. Munro of Fowlis, Bart.	£2027 9 6	Sir Harry Munro of Fowlis in vice of his father	£420 0 0	
		Do. his old valuation	435 2 0	
		Do. for Balcladich	20 0 0	
		Do. for Drummond	150 0 0	
		Mr Duncan Munro's Heirs for Lemlair	324 0 0	
		Do. for Ardulie	60 0 0	
		Do. for Wester Fowlis	336 7 6	
		Do. for Pollock	82 10 0	
		Wm. Munro for Teanaird	34 0 0	
		David Bethune for Culniskee	33 10 0	
		Alex. Munro for Kiltearn	84 12 0	
		Do. in vice of Swordale	47 8 0	
				£2027 9 6
John Munro of Swordale	112 0 0	John Munro for the lands of Milltown	£78 0 0	
		Do. in vice of Swordale	34 0 0	
				112 0 0
Carry forward	£2139 9 6	Carry forward		£2139 9 6

Parish of Kiltearn—*Continued.*

1853.				1756.						
ht forward.	£2139	9	6	Brought forward				£2139	9	6
Mackenzie Iountgerald	383	10	0	The Heirs of Mr Colin Mackenzie of Mountgerald for Meikle and Little Cleynes				383	10	0
ıy.....	176	13	8	Inchcoulter for Balcony, £341 (of which Novar has now £164 6s 4d)...				176	13	8
'.....	367	6	4	The Heirs of Capt. George Munro of Culcairn in vice of Don. M'Findlay and John Munro	115	0	0			
				Do. for Teanowar	88	0	0			
				Inchcoulter for Balcony, £341 (of which now Novar's)	164	6	4			
								367	6	4
:h.....	82	10	0	John Munro for the lands of Killichoan				82	10	0
	£3149	9	6	Sum of the Parish of Kiltearn.....				£3149	9	6
umber of Heritors 6.				Number of Heritors 10.						

Parish of Kincardine.

1853.				1756.						
gown.....	£940	0	0	The Laird of Balnagown for his whole lands there				£940	0	0
'.....	302	15	0	The Laird of Culrain for his lands there	£202	15	0			
				Do. for the half of Achnagart	50	0	0			
				The relict of Mr George Munro for the other half of Achnagart	50	0	0			
								£302	15	0
ace	108	13	4	David Ross of Invercharron for his whole lands, £204 (less the next entry).....				108	13	4
f Inverchar-	95	6	8	David Ross of Invercharron for his whole lands (less the part disposed of as above).....				95	6	8
ny.....	100	0	0	Alex. Ross of Pitcalnie for Amat.....	£50	0	0			
				Do. for Corranmullzy,	50	0	0			
								100	0	0
ss	104	0	0	Inverhassly in vice of Morangie for Dibidall	£35	0	0			
				The Heirs of Hugh Ross of Braelangwell in vice of Pitkerry.....	35	0	0			
				James Cuthbert of Milncraig in vice of Achnacloich	34	0	0			
								104	0	0
	£1650	15	0	Sum of the Parish of Kincardine				£1650	15	0
umber of Heritors 6.				Number of Heritors 8.						

Parish of Kintail.

1853.		1756.		
The Chisholm.....	£322 10 0	Seaforth, £3366; including £2015 18s 1d in Glenshiel, which leaves here.....	£1350 1 11	
Seaforth..	5 13 5	Do. in vice of Dornie ..	141 0 0	
		Do. ,, of Macrae of Conchra.....	100 0 0	
Alex. Matheson, Esq. of Ardross	1587 18 6	Do. in vice of Inverinat	175 0 0	
		Do. ,, of Camslunie	150 0 0	
				£1916 1 11
	£1916 1 11	Sum of the Parish of Kintail		£1916 1 11
Number of Heritors 3.		Number of Heritors 1.		

Parish of Knockbayne (formerly Suddie and Kilmuir Wester).

1853.		1756.		
T. F. Mackenzie, Esq. of Allangrange.....	£752 10 0	George Mackenzie of Allangrange.....	£300 0 0	
		Do. (entered in Killearnan in 1756).....	452 10 0	
				£752 10 0
Kilcoy	746 3 2	The Laird of Kilcoy (£510 5s 8d in Suddie, less £236 16s 4d now entered in Killearnan).	£273 9 4	
		Belmaduthie (in Suddie).	162 0 0	
		Mackenzie of Mureton (in Suddie).....	213 6 10	
		John Mackenzie of Kilcoy in vice of Highfield (Kilmuir Wester).....	97 7 0	
				746 3 2
Mr Graham of Drynie	608 3 4	George Graham of Drynie for Drynie, &c.....	£269 8 4	
		Mackenzie of Pitlunaig, for Pitlunaig, &c.....	90 0 0	
		The Heirs of Captain Hugh Fraser, in vice of Mr Wm. Duff for Kilmuire	248 15 0	
				608 3 4
Colonel Baillie of Redcastle	358 12 1	Reidcastle (£669 in Kilmuir Wester of which sum £310 7s 11d now entered in Killearnan)		358 12 1
Scatwell..... ..	460 0 0	Mackenzie of Suddie.. ...	£278 10 0	
		John Matheson of Benagefield.....	181 10 0	
				460 0 0
	£2925 8 7	Sum of the Parish of Knockbayne		£2925 8 7
Number of Heritors 5.		Number of Heritors 10.		

Parish of Lochalsh.

1853.		1756.		
r Mathe-		Lord Seaforth.....		£2675 0 0
Esq. of		Do. for Murchison of Auchtertyre		225 0 0
s, M.P..	£2900 0 0			
	£2900 0 0	Sum of the Parish of Lochalsh....		£2900 0 0
One Heritor.		One Heritor.		

Parish of Lochcarron.

1853.		1756.		
ackenzie,		John Mackenzie of Delvine, in vice of Lord Seaforth.....	£1253 0 0	
f Apple-		Mr Æneas Macaulay, minister of the Gospel at Applecross, for Seaforth (Sanachan).....	50 0 0	
.....	£1804 10 0	John Mackenzie of Delvine, in vice of Culcovie, in the room of the Earle of Marr.....	501 10 0	
				1804 10 0
et, vice		Davochmaluag.....	£56 0 0	
son of At-		Matheson of Farnach, in vice of Davochmaluag.	244 0 0	
.....	300 0 0			300 0 0
	£2104 10 0	Sum of the Parish of Lochcarron		£2104 10 0
ber of Heritors 2.		Number of Heritors 4.		

Parish of Lochbroom.

1853.		1756.		
ackenzie,		Mackenzie of Dundonald in vice of Fairburn (Isle of Gruinard, part of £225).....	£40 13 3	
of Dun-		Do. in vice of Keppoch (for Keppoch).....	50 0 0	
l	£990 9 9	The Heirs of James Mackenzie of Keppoch (for Kildonan, &c.)	83 6 8	
		Kenneth Mackenzie of Dundonald for Derimuick.....	139 0 0	
		Do. in vice of Redcastle (Achtadonell)...	350 0 0	
		Do. in vice of Simon Mackenzie of Loggie...	162 0 0	
		Mackenzie of Ballon for Larich - in - Teavour, (Strathnasealg part of £81).....	23 16 6	
		Alex. Mackenzie of Sand, in vice of Keppoch.....	66 13 4	
		Do. in vice of Dundonald come in vice of Fairburn (Monkcastle, Glenarigolach, & Rhidorch).	75 0 0	
				£990 9
ard.	£990 9 9	Carry forward		£990

Parish of Lochbroom—*Continued.*

1853.				1756.						
Brought forward.	£990	9	9	Brought forward.....				£990	9	9
Bankes of Letterewe	241	10	3	Mackenzie of Dundonald in vice of Fairburn (Fisherfield part of £225 as above)	£184	6	9			
				Mackenzie of Ballon for Larich - in - Teavour, (Strath-na-Sealg part of £81 as above).....	57	3	6			
								241	10	3
Davidson of Tulloch.....	1035	13	4	Mackenzie of Ballon.....	£566	13	4			
				Mackenzie of Achilty (half of Achlunachan).	85	0	0			
				Mackenzie of Ballon for the other half of Achlunachan	85	0	0			
				Mackenzie of Achilty in vice of Leckmelm	100	0	0			
				Do. in vice of Dundonald and Leckmelm.....	100	0	0			
				Mackenzie of Dundonald in vice of Kilcovie, (Auchindrean)..	99	0	0			
								1035	13	4
Mackenzie of Coul	516	0	0	Sir Alex. Mackenzie of Coul for his lands (Inverlael, &c.).....				516	0	0
Seaforth	100	0	0	Kilcovie for feu-duties of Lochbroom.				100	0	0
Letterewe.....	40	0	0	Murdoch Mackenzie of Letterewe in vice of Seaforth				40	0	0
	£2923	13	4	Sum of the Parish of Lochbroom.....				£2923	13	4
Number of Heritors 6.				Number of Heritors 8.						

Parish of Logie Easter.

1853.				1756.						
Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart.....	£1132	15	0	Balnagown for Loggie....	£166	0	0			
				Do. for Pitmaduthy ...	260	0	0			
				Simon Mackenzie of Scotsburn for Alladale.....	207	0	0			
				Thos. Ross for the lands of Calrosie.....	75	17	6			
				Do. for Drumedatt in vice of Cambuscurry...	75	17	6			
				Rodk. M'Culloch for his lands of Glastullich....	191	0	0			
				Do. for Balloan in vice of Mr Robert Ross.....	157	0	0			
								£1132	15	0
Shandwick.....	127	0	0	Inverchassly for Drumigillie.....	£100	0	0			
				Do. in vice of Mr Robt. Ross's heirs.....	27	0	0			
								127	0	0
	£1259	15	0	Sum of the Parish of Logie Easter.....				£1259	15	0
Number of Heritors 2.				Number of Heritors 5.						

Parish of Nigg.

1853.				1756.							
of Shand-	£1791	0	0	Inverchassly for Ankerville.....	£527	0	0				
				Do. for Shandwick	100	0	0				
				Hugh Rose of Kilravock, for the lands of Culliss and Rarichees	896	5	8				
				James Ross of Culliss, in vice of Mr John Balfour for his part of sds. lands	144	11	4				
				Do. in vice of his father for his part of the sds. lands	123	3	0	£1791	0	0
arles Ross Balnagown, ...	676	0	0	The Laird of Balnagown for Inverhassley's wadset	£431	0	0			
				Do. in place of Mr James Mackenzie	245	0	0	676	0	0
urey, Esq..	404	0	0	Duncan Ross for his lands of Meikle Kindeace.....				404	0	0
H. Ross, of Crom-	401	5	0	George Ross of Pitkerry, for Culnauld and Dunskeath	356	5	0			
				Do. for Annat.....	45	0	0	401	5	0
f Pitcalnie.	317	10	0	Alex. Ross of Pitcalnie, for his lands..				317	10	0
y of West-	496	16	0	Thomas Gair of Damm, for his part of Nigg....	£162	16	0			
				Cadboll, for Urquhart's quarter of Nigg	87	0	0			
				Mr James Fraser, for Pitcallion	215	0	0			
				David Reoch, for his part of Pitcallion.....	32	0	0	496	16	0
Æ. Mac- of Cadboll	119	0	0	Cadboll, for the Milns of Kindeace and Pitcallion				119	0	0
	£4205	11	0	Sum of the Parish of Nigg.....				£4205	11	0
umber of Heritors 7.				Number of Heritors 11.						

Parish of Resolis.

1853.				1756.						
Mackenzie, of Findon.	£100	0	0	Scatwell for Wester Culbo				£100	0	0
uhart, Esq.	100	0	0	Kinbeachie				100	0	0
Mackenzie, of Newhall	193	3	6	Sir John Gordon, for St. Martins.....	£93	3	6			
				Do. for Easter Balblair.	100	0	0	193	3	6
yon - Mac- de, Esq. of Martins.....	55	3	0	Mr William Duff, for Drumcudden....				55	3	0
	£448	6	6	Sum of the Parish of Resolis.....				£448	6	[illegible]
nber of Heritors 4.				Number of Heritors 4.						

Parish of Rosemarkie.

1853.				1756.					
J. F. Mackenzie of Allangrange	£113	13	5	Allangrange for Constables' fees.....				£110	10	0
Minister of Rosemarkie on behalf of the poor of Chanonry...	46	5	10¾	The Poor of Chanonry in vice of the Countess of Seaforth				45	0	0
Miller, Esq. of Kincurdy.....	211	6	3¾	Andrew Miller for Kincurdie.....				134	15	0
R. Mackenzie, Esq. of Flowerburn.....	1899	7	4	The Minister of Rosemarkie for the Chancellarie's quarter teinds ...	£50	0	0			
				Do. for the Chanter's quarter teinds.....	54	0	0			
								104	0	0
Fowler of Raddery vice Leslie of Findressie..	510	2	8½	George Jamieson in vice of M'Dermit.				25	15	0
J. Baillie of Dochfour.....	617	1	2	Seaforth for his lands there.....	£111	0	0			
				More in vice of Hugh Dallas	25	0	0			
								136	0	0
Sir J. J. R. Mackenzie of Scatwell	126	11	4	The Heirs of Alex. Ray in vice of Gollan				70	13	4
P. Maclean, Esq. of Hawkhill...	66	12	5	Adam Gordon of Ardoch in vice of John Miller.....				116	14	0
Mr And. Hood..	45	2	7	The Heirs of Hugh Baillie in vice of Mony-penny				162	16	0
Mr Alex. Mackenzie of Woodside	18	15	3	Rosehaugh for his lands.....				1096	3	6
D. Junor	37	0	5	Kenneth M'Ever's heirs				38	6	8
				Ardoch in vice of Donald Simson for Broomhill.....				257	3	8
Mr Jas. Grigor, Chancellor's Croft.....	7	0	5	John Mackenzie in vice of Drynie.....				18	2	6
Mr James More.	7	9	4½	The Heirs of George Houstown.....				27	0	0
D. & J. Junor...	10	1	4	The Laird of Findracie.....				1060	15	0
Mr Jas. Bremner	1	10	8	The Heirs of Duncan Forbes.....				128	5	0
Mr Hugh Macallan	0	16	8	Cadboll in vice of Mr M'Culloch of Priesthill.....				16	10	0
Mr Ken. Leitch	1	11	6	Alexander Smith				6	14	0
Mr J. Mackeddie	1	11	6	Bernard Mackenzie for Kinnock.....				120	0	0
Mr Don. Junor.	1	6	3½	The Dowager of Belmaduthie for her life-rent lands.....				50	0	0
Roderick Clark.	0	19	8							
Rev. W. Mackillican of Kincurdy.....	0	17	5½							
	£3725	3	8	Sum of the Parish of Rosemarkie				£3725	3	8

N.B. The teinds, amounting to £104, having now been apportioned over the Heritors, no two sums correspond, as witness the first two entries on each side which are for the same subjects. Hence the difficulty here of tracing the changes of property from the Valuation Rolls alone.

Number of Heritors 21.

Number of Heritors 20.

Parish of Rosskeen.

1853.		1756.		
. Mac-		Sir John Gordon, for Invergordon	£816 0 0	
sq. of		Do, for Rosskeen and Achintoull	364 0 0	
.....	£1180 0 0			£1180 0 0
		John Mackenzie of Ardross, for Ardross	£670 10 0	
m, Esq.		George Munro of Culrain, for Nonakiln (part of £84 10s)	12 18 0	
l ross,		The heirs of John Munro, for Newmore (part of £450)	31 19 3	
.....	1217 17 3	James Cuthbert of Milncraig in vice of Achnacloich	300 0 0	
		The Heirs of Mr Duncan Munro, for Culkenzie	112 10 0	
		James Cuthbert of Milncraig, for Tollie and Strathrusdale	90 0 0	
				1217 17 3
see of		George Munro of Culrain, for Culcairn (part of £295 15s)	£141 9 6	
e.....	213 1 6	Do. for Nonakiln (part of £84 10s as above)	71 12 0	
				213 1 6
. Ross,		The Heirs of Duncan Munro, for Obsdale		289 0 0
Crom-				
.....	289 0 0			
anders,		The Heirs of John Munro, for Newmore (remainder of £450 as above)	£418 0 9	
New-		George Munro of Culrain, for Culcairn (remainder of £295 15s as above)	154 5 6	
.....	572 6 3			572 6 3
kenzie,		John Mackenzie of Kincraig, for Kincraig		234 10 0
incraig	234 10 0			
bertson		William Baillie of Rosehall in vice of Culrain		5 0 0
ace.....	5 0 0			
	£3711 15 0	Sum of the Parish of Rosskeen		£3711 15 0
er of Heritors 7.		Number of Heritors 8.		

Parish of Tain.

1853.				1756.					
G. M. Ross, Esq. of Aldie	£600	10	0	Wm. Ross of Aldie, for Aldie	£65	10	0		
				Do., for Balnagall	370	0	0		
				Do., for Pithoggartie	165	0	0		
								600	1
R. B. Æ. Macleod, Esq. of Cadboll	235	0	0	Cadboll, for Balquith	£175	0	0		
				Easter Fearn's creditors, for Kirkskeath	60	0	0		
								235	
Major Rose of Morangie	824	0	0	The heirs of Roderick Dingwall, for Over Cambuscurry	£110	0	0		
				Cadboll, for Nether Cambuscurry	180	0	0		
				Inverhassly, for Tarlogie	330	0	0		
				Do., for Morangie	120	0	0		
				Thomas Ross of Calrossie, for Pituylies	84	0	0		
								824	
	£1659	10	0	Sum of the Parish of Tain				£1659	
Number of Heritors 3.				Number of Heritors 6.					

Parish of Tarbat.

1853.				1756.					
W. H. Murray, Esq. of Geanies	£1832	7	6	The heirs of Coll Urquhart, for Easter Arboll	£575	0	0		
				Alexander Ross of Pitcalnie, for Wester Arboll	225	0	0		
				Hugh Macleod of Genzies, for Genzies	546	7	6		
				Duncan Fraser of Auchnagairn, for Seafield	486	0	0		
								1832	
And. Munro, Esq. of Rockfield	234	0	0	Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield, for Little Tarrell				234	
Aldie	188	10	0	Wm. Ross of Aldie, for the wester half Davoch of Wester Genzies				188	
Cadboll	134	0	0	Heirs of Dingwall of Cambuscurry, for Hiltown	£84	0	0		
				The Laird of Cadboll, in vice of David Ross	50	0	0		
								134	
	£2388	17	6	Sum of the Parish of Tarbat				£2388	
Number of Heritors 4.				Number of Heritors 8.					

Parish of Urquhart and Logie Wester.

1853.		1756.		
tenzie, 'indon.	£1034 0 0	Sir Lewis Mackenzie of Scatwell ..... (Sir Lewis is also entered in vice of the Lady Dowager for £179, which was afterwards taken out, as the £1034 already includes it.)		£1034 0 0
.....	777 5 0	The Laird of Gairloch, for Bishopkinkell.....	£90 0 0	
		Lady Kincraig, in vice of Gairloch.....	580 0 0	
		Kilcoy, for Loggie Riech, in vice of John Tuach.	107 5 0	
				777 5 0
	£1811 5 0	Sum of the United Parishes.....		£1811 5 0
r of Heritors 2.		Number of Heritors 4.		

Parish of Urray.

1853.		1756.		
.....	£966 1 7	Seafort (part of £554 13s 4d for Brahan).....	£391 0 0	
		Do. in vice of the Mrs of Ardoch..	69 0 0	
		Do. in vice of Mr Mason.....	50 0 0	
		Fairburn (part of £633 9s 8d).....	411 11 7	
		Alexander Mackenzie of Lentron's heirs, for the half of Arcan.....	44 10 0	
				£966 1 7
nders, High-		Highfield for Kinchilidrum	200 0 0	
.....	402 7 1	More for do.....	100 0 0	
		Fairburn (part of £633 9s 8d for Balvraid).....	82 3 1	
		Thomas Mackenzie, for Ord (part of £100 for Tormuichk)	20 4 0	
				402 7 1
tenzie, ord.....	275 16 0	Thomas Mackenzie, for Ord (£100 less Tormuichk as above)	79 16 0	
		Do. in vice of Seafort for the Mills	140 0 0	
		Gerloch in vice of Davochcairn.....	56 0 0	
				275 16 0
ard ...	£1644 4 8	Carry forward.....		£1644 4 8

Parish of Urray—*Continued.*

1853.				1756.			
Brought forward.	£1644	4	8	Brought forward	£1644	4	8
Scatwell, for Aultderg	3	0	9	Fairburn (part of *cumulo* rental of £633 9s 8d)	3	0	9
Strathconan, for Inverchaoron	163	13	4	Seafort (remainder of £554 13s 4d as above)	163	13	4
Dochfour, for Tarradale	223	18	0	Mackenzie of Lentran's heirs in vice of Applecross (part of £321 15s)	223	18	0
Muirton, for Wr. Fairburn	150	0	0	Kilcoy, for Wester Fairburn in vice of Davochmaluag	150	0	0
Meikle Scatwell, for Achonagie	59	9	9	Fairburn (part of *cumulo* rental of £633 9s 8d as above)	59	9	9
The Chisholm's, for Rhindown	97	17	0	Mackenzie of Lentran's heirs (£321 15s less Tarradale as above)	97	17	0
Monar	77	4	6	Fairburn (remainder of *cumulo* rental of £633 9s 8d)	77	4	6
Coul, for Little Moy	34	10	0	Sir Alex Mackenzie of Coull, for Little Moy	34	10	0
	£2453	18	0	Sum of the Parish of Urray	£2453	18	0
Number of Heritors 11.				Number of Heritors 8			

Lewis.

1853.				1756.			
Sir James Matheson, Bart. M.P.	£5250	0	0	Seaforth for the whole	£5250	0	0
	£5250	0	0		£5250	0	0
One Heritor.				One Heritor			

7th April 1886.

On this date Mr Roderick Maclean, factor, Ardross, read a paper on "The Parish of Rosskeen." It was as follows:—

THE PARISH OF ROSSKEEN.

The Parish of Rosskeen is situated on the northern shore of the Cromarty Firth, along which it extends a distance of five miles from the east end of Saltburn to the River Alness. It is wedge-shaped, 18 miles long from south-east to north-west, and about 5 miles broad near the east end. It comprises an area of 54 square miles, of which about 15 square miles are arable. The lower part of the parish is partially flat and partially undulating. The soil is of average richness in the lower portions, but poor in some of the higher portions, especially where the cultivation extends to from 600 feet to 1000 feet above the sea level. The

inland portions are hilly, some of the eminences reaching heights of 2300 feet. A valley stretches along the south-west side a length of 15 miles, the first seven miles from the sea called the valley of the Alness, the next 4 miles Strathrusdale, and the remaining 4 miles Glackshellach. Nearly parallel to the valley of the Alness along the north side of the parish is the valley of the Achnacloich water, extending to about 6 miles.

In the beginning of the present century the area of arable land was comparatively small. In the possession of new proprietors and industrious tenants, however, rapid changes have taken place, especially within the last forty years, since Sir Alexander Matheson became the principal heritor. Miles which were then covered with boulders, scrub, and bog are now clothed with verdure, and numerous hill-sides are covered with flourishing woods.

From remains found in mosses, there are evidences of extensive forests having existed in the valleys centuries ago.

In one place in particular, called "a' Chrannich," the wooded place, on the Estate of Ardross, large logs of bog oak are turned up in peat-cutting, a piece of which, sent to the Forestry Exhibition in Edinburgh in 1884, was awarded a certificate.

The topography is principally descriptive and historical. I refrain from giving the derivation of Rosskeen, as I am not quite sure of it. A few of the names of the places may be interesting. Commencing at the lower end of the parish, and following successively inward, we have to begin with Saltburn. "Alltan-an-t-Saluinn," a small stream at whose mouth smugglers used to dispose of salt to the inhabitants when it was taxed: hence the name.

Invergordon, named after the first of the Gordons who were proprietors of the place. The Gaelic name is "Ruthanach-breachie," the little speckled point. In the end of the last century, where Invergordon now stands there were only three houses, occupied by the ferryman and two crofters. The neighbouring farm is called Inverbreakie, the speckled Inver. The hand of the improver has so changed the face of the country here that the "Inver" cannot be certified, but is supposed to have been north of Invergordon Castle, where a small stream entered a swamp, now all arable.

Kincraig.—"Ceann-na-Creige," the end of the rock. This name must have been translated, as there is no conspicuous rock at the place.

Newmore.—"An-fheith-mhor," the big bog, which still exists at the south side of this estate, and from which the estate derives its name.

OBSDALE.—"Ob-an-dail," the bay in the flat. The bay and the flat are still there, but the name is now changed to Dalmore, the large flat, and the village to Bridge-End of Alness.

ALNESS, of old spelled "Anes." The name of this river in the charter granted by James VI. to Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis in 1608 is "Affron," a corruption of "M'ath bhron," my next sorrow. The tradition is that a woman crossing the river in a flooded state on a temporary foot-bridge (put up for their own convenience by the masons who were erecting the first stone bridge there) with a child in her bosom and leading another child by the hand, let slip the child she was leading; calling out "Och mo bhron," och my sorrow, and in her attempt to save the child that was being carried away, let the other fall into the water, calling out "Och m'ath bhron"—Och my next sorrow. Both children were drowned, and from this circumstance the river got the name. I have read several derivations of "Alness," but none of them is correct. I feel convinced the following is the correct derivation:—

The river in the last 600 or 700 yards of its course divided itself into several branches, somewhat in the form of a delta, forming one or more islands. The old district road, of which there still remains a portion, passed below Teaninich House, and there being no bridge, the river had to be forded. Thus we have the "Ath," ford, and "Innis" the Island, naturally changing to Athnish, corrupted to "Anes," and furthur corrupted into Alness.

NONAKILN.—"Nini-cil." The church dedicated to St Ninian.

MILLCRAIG (of old and in the Crown charter "Culkenzie")—"Cuil-Choinnich." The origin of this name is worth noticing. Malcolm Ceann-mor in his war with Macbeth solicited the assistance of a chief, Donald, from the foot of the River Roe in Ulster (hence Donald Munro), and for his services received a grant of the lands from the Peffery at Dingwall to the Alness river, extending northwards to beyond Wyvis, still called Ferrindonald, but having too little land to supply all his followers, he feued a portion on the east side of the River Alness. He then got them all supplied but one —"Coinneach Ard," tall Kenneth. Kenneth of course could not be left landless, and in consulting his assistants in dividing the land, he said "C'ait am faigh sinn cuil do Choinneach," where shall we get a nook for Kenneth? A suitable nook was found. The name "Cuil Choinnich" still sticks to the corner, and Kenneth is honoured by the Estate being named after his corner.

There are a good many people in the district of the name of Aird, who are said to be descendants of Kenneth.

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KNOCKNAVIE.—"Cnoc an fheith bhuidhe," the hill of the yellow ›g. The bog is now drained, but yellow fog still grows there.

ACHNACLOICH, named after a large granite boulder. There a loch here in which, when low, the remains of a Crannaig or ke dwelling can be seen, and about 200 yards east of the loch e castle of the lairds of Achnacloich stood, now all removed cept a portion of the dungeon. Hugh Ross of Achnacloich got Charter of the lands of Tollie from Charles I. in 1635. Ardross astle now stands on the site of Tollie House—"Cnoc an doire athain," "The hill of the broad oak clump." This name indi- tes that oak trees grew here, and at an elevation of over 1200 et. On the south-east face of the same hill there can be traced e remains of a croft at the elevation of over 1100 feet. Old en told me that 80 years ago the rigs could be traced. Now, cept in good seasons, we cannot get corn to come to maturity at 00 feet, so much has the climate changed, and so much for the hysical knowledge of a few of our legislators and (though perhaps ell meaning) blind leaders of the blind.

PREAS-A'-MHADAIDH, the wolf's bush. The name of a clump of azel and birch bushes which was removed about thirty-four years go. It was situated about three-quarters of a mile north-east of Ard- ss Castle. The last wolf in Scotland was killed here. When I as a young lad I got the information of the killing of this wolf with at degree of freshness which convinced me of the circumstance ot having been far back. The story is that an old maid at four clock on a New-Year's morning going to a neighbour's house for e loan of a girdle to cook a bannock for herself, took a path rough this clump. At a sharp curve in the path, for some atural cause she stooped. On her return by the same path she ddenly espied the wolf scraping the ground where she stooped, nd in her desperation struck him with the edge of the girdle in e small of the back, and bolted to the house she came from. he alarm was raised, and all who could wield bludgeons or other eapons of destruction hastened to the place, when they found he brute sprawling, trying to escape. He was soon dispatched, nd thus "the last of his race" in Scotland ignominiously fell nder the hands of an old woman. As far as I could trace, this ccurred about the beginning of the last century. She was the ister of a man whose great-great-grandson is now employed as a arpenter at Ardross. A hill about four miles north-west of this lace is called "Cnoc-a'-mhadaidh," where the wolf had his den.

GLAICKSHELLACH, the sauchy glen. Not a tree or bush exists ere now, and even the heather is stinted. There are several

interesting reminiscences connected with this glen. On the ridge south of this glen, which forms the march between the parishes of Rosskeen and Alness, there is a conspicuous piece of Schist rock *in situ* cropping up, called "Clach-nam-ban," the stone of the women. The tradition is, that before the Reformation, four women were in the depth of winter proceeding from Glencalvie, in the parish of Kincardine, to the Roman Catholic Chapel at Kildermorie, in the parish of Alness, and carrying with them bundles of hemp. When near this rock they were overtaken by a severe storm of snow and drift. They took shelter in a cleft of the rock and perished there Their bodies were not found till the snow melted several weeks after. The party in search of them were led to the spot by seeing one of the bundles of hemp suspended from a stick which the women found there, and erected as a guide to their friends, who, they knew, would search for their remains.

At the foot of the same hill, north-east of this rock, is to be seen a small green patch called "Achadh-a'-bhad-dhuibh," the field of the black clump, which, about 90 years ago was a little croft, occupied by an old woman, the solitary resident in the glen. At the time above stated, in the month of July, a man passing through the glen observed something like a bundle of clothes in the potato plot. Curiosity led him to see what it was, and there he found the old woman dead. It would appear that she had no food, and went to try if she could find a few tubers to the potato shaws to appease her hunger. A sort of a coffin and a rude bier were made, and a few people collected to bury her, but going along the hill-side to the place of burial at Kildermorie, the insufficiency of both coffin and bier shewed itself by the body falling through to the ground. My informant, who was there, told me that they turned the coffin upside down and put the body in again, adding "people were not so proud then as they are now; they carried stumps of nails in their pockets, and as many nails were found among the party as made the box secure."

On the side of the glen, opposite to this croft, is to be seen a portion of the hut, which was occupied by a herd employed by the Ardross tenants when they had this glen as common pasture ground. This man was a notable character, and a careful herd, for he always returned from the grazing the same number of cattle as he got to it. Somehow a few of them would have changed colour, but animals of the same changed colour would be missing in other quarters, perhaps 20 miles or more away. I heard a great many anecdotes about this man, but I refrain from mention-

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ıg more than two or three, lest I should offend, and these only to ıow that the man had natural abilities, which, it is to regretted, e had not the opportunity of applying for good:—

The harvest of 1817 was late, and the crops a failure. The ›llowing year many felt the scarcity of food. Money was scarce so among the poor. Our friend, the herd, was among the ıfferers, and having heard that a well-to-do farmer, residing a few ıiles off, had meal to dispose of, he went to ask the farmer for a oll till he would be able to pay. "I have meal to dispose of," ıid the farmer, "but should I give you, you will never pay me." I will," said the herd, "the first money I can lay my hands upon ill be yours." "Well," said the farmer (who was noted for ıteness), "if you tell me the cleverest piece of handiwork you ›mmitted, I'll trust you." "Good," said the herd, "the smartest ırn I ever did was to relieve yourself of a stot, and sell him to ou." "Never," said the farmer; but said the herd, "don't you ›member a black stot belonging to you having gone amissing?" Yes." "And you remember of me selling to you thereafter a ›eckled stot?" "Yes." "Well, it was the same animal." "I'll ive you the meal for nothing if you tell me how you did the trick." Done," said the herd. "The stot happened to come to my byre. took a few bunches of salt herrings out of the brine and bound ıem to the animal's body. In a few days the black hair under ıe herrings rotted out, and on their removal white hair grew ıstead." The herd was not asked to pay for the meal.

Our friend on one occasion passed through the East Coast of utherlandshire, and on his way home took a fancy to a fine [ighland cow with a docked tail. He managed to conceal him-›lf and the cow for a day or two, till, as he supposed, the search ould be over, and then took the road to the Meikle Ferry, but ›fore doing so cut a tail from a dried hide he fell in with some-here, and neatly bound it to the stump of the living cow. He ıtered the ferryboat with the cow, and just as the boat was to ıart, a man sprung in who closely scrutinised the cow and said, I lost a cow three days ago, and were it not that that cow has a il (mine had only a stump), I would say she is mine." "But the ›w is mine," said the herd. The man approached the cow and ;ain said, "were it not she has a tail I would swear she is mine." he herd saw that matters were getting rather too hot for him, ıd just as the man was about laying his hand on the tail, the ›rd took out his knife, whipped off the tail above the joining, ıd threw it into the sea. "There she is now a bleeding tailless ›w, and swear is she yours." Of course the man could not, for ıe evidence was gone.

On another occasion, when hard up, on his way to the Muir of Ord Market, he took under his care a fine colt he found grazing on the Novar parks. The animal was soon sold at a fair price and paid. To oblige the buyer he agreed to see it stabled and fed; but while the buyer was regaling himself in the company of his friends, he slipped away with the colt to Inverness and sold it again. He managed to get the animal again under his care, and by daylight next morning it was quietly grazing on the park from which it was taken, without any one noticing its absence.

Our hero died in 1855 at the great age of 101. I saw him a few years before he died—of middle height, straight and active, considering the many wintery storms he had stood.

Further west in Glackshellach, on the border of the road made there recently, is an enormous granite boulder, so shaped at one end that it has been taken advantage of to form the wall and roof of one side of a shelter stable. About the middle of last century a man named Alexander Campbell, better known as "An t-Iomharach mor," big Maciver, while going through the glen on his way to Glencalvie, where he resided all his life time, was overtaken by a severe storm of drifted snow. Fearing that he might lose his way, he sat beside this boulder for twenty-four hours, till the storm abated—his dress being the kilt and his covering a plaid. This man was born in 1699. The year of his death is not accurately known, but is supposed to have been 1822 or 1823, in the month of May. In 1819 Lord Ashburton, who rented the shootings of Rosehall, in Sutherlandshire, heard about him and invited him to Rosehall. He proudly accepted of the invitation, and arrived at the shooting lodge between six and seven o'clock in the morning, after having walked over ten miles across the hills. His Lordship was so much taken with Campbell that he gave him a present of 120 newly coined shillings—a shilling for every year of his age. Campbell was greatly elated both by the present and the attention paid to him. He carefully stored the shillings to meet the expense of his funeral. He could easily walk forty miles a day, after passing his hundredth year, without much fatigue. I saw his grandson, who died at the age of ninety-two, and his great-grandson is an Ardross crofter.

Archæology.—From its Archæological remains the parish appears to have been early peopled. Large sepulchral cairns were numerous, many have been wholly removed, but of a few there are still preserved the outer rings and principal centre stones.

Dalmore Cairn.—Commencing at Dalmore we have in a field there the cist measuring about 3½ by 2½ by 2 feet of one which

was removed about 1810. It was about 60 feet diameter, and 15 feet high. What remains of it is now enclosed by a stone wall.

MILLCRAIG CAIRN.—The next we come to is on the farm of Millcraig, about a mile north of Bridge-End of Alness. Four large central stones—one measuring 9 feet by 6 feet, the outer circle and a considerable quantity of small stones remain. The diameter is 76 feet. No living person saw it entire, so that its height is not known.

KNOCKNAVIE CAIRN.—A mile further up on the west shoulder of Knocknavie are the remains of what was once a large cairn. From the existing stones it would appear that there were two cists, each measuring about 9 feet long by 2½ feet broad. The diameter was 74 feet, and the height about 20 feet. This cairn was removed in 1826 to build a neighbouring march dyke between the estates of Millcraig and Culcairn. To come to an amusing incident connected with the removal of this cairn we must go back a couple of centuries, and introduce an historical fact. In August 1633, Sir Robert Gordon, uncle of the then Earl of Sutherland, was acting as referee adjusting the march between the estates of Hugh Ross, the laird of Achnacloich, and of the laird of Newmore, when a party of Argyllshire marauders, who were under the leadership of one Ewen Aird, were seized for depredations committed by them. Brown, in his "History of the Highlands," Vol. I., 306, states—"In their retreat they destroyed some of the houses in the high parts of Sutherland, and on entering Ross, they laid waste some lands belonging to Hutcheon Ross of Achnacloich. These outrages occasioned an immediate assemblage of the inhabitants of that part of the country, who pursued these marauders and took ten of them prisoners. The prisoners were brought to Achnacloich, where Sir Robert Gordon was at the time deciding a dispute about the marches between Achinloich and Neamore. After some consultation about what was to be done with the prisoners, it was resolved that they should be sent to the Earl of Sutherland who was in pursuit of them. On the prisoners being sent to him, the Earl assembled the principal gentlemen of Ross and Sutherland at Dornoch, where Ewen Aird and his accomplices were tried before a jury, convicted and executed at Dornoch, with the exception of two young boys who were dismissed. The Privy Council not only approved of what the Earl of Sutherland had done, but they also sent a commission to him and the Earl of Seaforth, and to Hutcheon Ross of Achnacloich."

To what extent the Laird of Achnacloich exercised his power as commissioner is not recorded, but one traditional case is not-

able. He occupied a large portion of Glackshellach as a sheiling. About two years after he got his commission, two wayfarers entered the hut which belonged to him in the glen, and being hungry asked of the dairymaid a little food for which they offered payment. She refused, whereon one of the men took possession of a cheese, leaving as much money as he considered it worth. The dairymaid despatched a messenger to the laird to give information of what she called the robbery. The men were pursued, overtaken at Contullich, in the parish of Alness, brought to Achnacloich, summarily tried, hanged on the top of Knocknavie, and buried in the Cairn above referred to. We now pass on to 1826, when the cairn was being removed. A youth of about 20 years, employed at the removal of the cairn, on pulling out a stone from the face, let down a large fall, when out rolled a grinning skull. The youth was horrified, and leaving his horse ran off to his father, who was emptying a load about 200 yards away from the cairn. The father, who was a plucky fellow, castigated the son for his cowardice in running away from a bone, but on the two of them returning to the cairn, the father received no less a shock than the son, for there was the skull with its upturned empty eye sockets in a state of vibration, put in motion by a field mouse that got jammed among the nasal bones. Information was given to the managers of the neighbouring estates, who came the following day, and had all the bones removed and buried close by the cairn. These were the bones of the two men who were hanged by the Laird of Achnacloich, the finding of which verifies the tradition. The man who got the first fright is still alive, and is my informant.

An incident in connection with the settling of the march between Achnacloich and Newmore is worth mentioning. A large boulder, conveniently situated, was fixed upon as one of the march stones (it is to be seen on the margin of the road from Achnacloich to Tain), and is still the march stone. Both parties had a host of old and young men accompanying them to point out the old marches and to bear in remembrance the new. On the side of the laird of Achnacloich was a smart boy, to whom the laird said, "Will you remember this to be the march stone?" The boy said he would. "Put your hand flat upon it," said the laird. The boy did so, and, before he was aware, the laird drew his sword, and cut off the boy's fingers, saying, "You will remember it now," and he did remember it, and told it to others who told it to succeeding generations; and the stone is called "Clach ceann na meoir," the stone of the finger ends, to this day.

DALNAVIE.—The next we mention, though not a cairn, was

an interesting place of sepulture. Whilst trenching waste land on the farm of Dalnavie in 1847, the workmen came upon a number of urns at a uniform depth of about sixteen inches. They were surrounded by a low circular turf fence about eighteen yards diameter. In the centre was a large one, which would contain about a gallon, and a beautifully formed stone axe was found beside it. The central urn was surrounded by fifteen other urns, which would contain about half-a-gallon each. Through carelessness the urns were all destroyed. I understand the axe was sent to the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh.

STITTENHAM.—About half-a-mile north of Dalnavie a large cairn was removed in 1847-48. It was 108 feet diameter, and 20 feet high. In September 1880 a search was made for the cist, when a very interesting discovery was made. Having been engaged in the search, I am in a position to give a correct description of it.—

A grave was dug in hard boulder clay 12 feet long, 7 feet 9 inches wide, and 8 feet deep, rounded at the corners. The whole of the bottom was covered with a layer of flags, on which was formed a cist of thick flags, 8 feet long, 2½ feet broad, and 2 feet deep. The covers were large—one weighing about half a ton. Around and above the cist was filled with stones to a height of about 5 feet from the bottom. From the stones to the natural surface of the ground was filled with a portion, the clay turned out. Over this, and extending about 6 feet beyond the cutting all round, was a layer of tenaceous blue clay in the form of a low mound, 2 feet thick in the centre, and over the blue clay a layer of black earth 18 inches thick. From the form of the cist it is clear that the body was laid at full length in it. The body was wholly decomposed; only a small quantity of carbonate of lime and black animal matter remained adhering to the bottom flags. A few crumbs of decayed oak having been found at the head and foot of the cist suggests that the body was encased in a coffin. The only relics found were three beautifully formed arrow-heads, and a thin circular piece of shale about two inches diameter, apparently a personal ornament. About 150 yards south-west of this cairn, the workmen employed at trenching the moor in 1847 found what was evidently a smelting furnace, and among the debris turned out two beautifully formed sets of moulds for casting bronze spear-heads. They are preserved in a cabinet in Ardross Castle. The material is steatite, of which a vein exists in the banks of a burn flowing by the Ardross Estates Office.

KNOCKFIONN.—On the face of the hill, called Knockfionn, above Easter-Ardross, there is a large cairn, which has not been

opened, and on the summit of this are the remains of what appeared to be a small fortification of stone, said to have been one of Fingal's strongholds.

MAINS OF ARDROSS.—In 1848, a large cairn, "Carn Fionntairneach," on the farm of Ardross, similar to the one at Millcraig, was wholly removed. As well as the central cist, there were several others in the body of the cairn, proving after burials. A number of bones in good preservation were found, and a few flint arrow heads.

On the same farm there is an interesting grave preserved. It is 16 feet long and 4 feet broad, enclosed by six large flag stones —two at each side, and one at each end. At the request of an officer of the Royal Engineers in 1876, it was carefully opened by digging a longtitudinal trench, when it was discovered that two bodies were buried, the one at the foot of the other, in graves each about 7 feet long, by 2 feet broad, and only about 2 feet deep from the surface to the bottom. There are side walls about a foot high, and a division of a foot between the two bodies. The bodies were probably covered with flags, as disintegrated clayey slates were turned out in digging. The only remains found were a few teeth where the heads lay, and a thin layer of bituminous like matter, the whole length of the graves. A few hundred yards to the west of this grave there existed about 200 small cairns, said to have been raised over men who fell in a battle fought there long long ago, each being buried where he died. They have been all removed in improving the land.

The cists without cairns discovered in the district are numerous, notably those at Dalmore described by Mr Jolly in the "Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, 1878." A group at the site of Achnacloich Castle, which contained pottery, a group north of Achnacloich loch, which have not been properly searched, as the tenant of the farm protested against such sacrilege, especially because the man who discovered them in trenching the moor immediately ran home, and kept to his bed for a couple of months. At Baldoon, on an eminence north of the source of the Achnacloich burn, are the remains of a cairn which, I think, has been a small stronghold. The name "Baile-'n-duin" suggests this. The cairn was oval, 52 feet by 42 feet. Near the centre is an elongated oval of ten standing stones. It measures 16 feet long by 8 feet broad, divided into two compartments of 8 feet each, by two standing stones, having a space of two feet between them, evidently a door. No living person saw or heard of this cairn being other than it now is, so that what has been removed of it

must have been done long ago. I propose to search the floor, when, perhaps, something may be found to lead to the object of its erection.

CLACH-A'-MHEIRLICH.—About a mile and a half west of Invergordon, in a field north of the County road, is a standing stone called "Clach-a'-mheirlich," the thief's stone. There is an archaic device upon it said to resemble a portion of Bramah's foot.

Though a few hundred yards beyond the march of the parish of Rosskeen, there are two interesting cairns I would not wish to overlook. They are situated in the valley extending from Achnacloich to Scotsburn, at Kenrive, in the upper part of the parish of Kilmuir. A tradition is common among the old people of the district that in a hostile incursion of the Danes in the ninth or tenth century, the Danes, who were put to flight by the natives, made their final stand here, where they were all slain, hence the name "Cearn-an-ruidhe," the end of the chase. One of the cairns, the most interesting of them, is now nearly removed, but a description can be given of what it was. About thirty years ago the crofter on whose land the cairn stood had his attention attracted towards it by his dog chasing a rabbit thither. The dog's persistent barking at a hole near the top of the cairn induced the man to go to the dog's assistance, and after removing a few stones with the intention of getting hold of the rabbit, he discovered a vault, but superstitious awe prevented him from prosecuting his search alone. He got the assistance of a canny neighbour who joined in a private exploration, expecting a lucky find which would keep them in comfort during the remainder of their lives. They removed the stones from above the vault, and at the depth of a few feet, came upon a flag stone; which, on being removed, made an opening large enough for them to get down. Their find was only a layer of black earth. A man who frequently visited the vault gave me a description of it. It was about nine or ten feet long, over five feet wide, had side walls of large flagstones, five feet high, the roof formed of flagstones corbelling inwards and finishing with large flags closing in both sides at a height of about eight feet from the floor.

Such a discovery as this was not, in the opinion of the two worthies (now both dead), a thing that ought to be divulged, and for a space of eight years it was found to be a very convenient malt deposit and whisky warehouse, and might have been so still had not Preventive Officer Munro, and his assistants, discovered the "bothy" in a naturally formed cairn in the face of the hill, north of the farm offices of Inchandown.

Sixteen years ago a portion of the cairn was removed to build the dyke in the march between the estates of Newmore and Kindeace. The vault was exposed to the public about twelve years ago, when stones were removed to build a new house for the tenant who now occupies the land. When I visited the place a month ago, the weather was so frosty that I could not search the floor for remains, which I believe are still there, for I understand no search was made. In the remaining portion of this cairn there is apparantly another similar vault with the roof fallen in. Two other cists measuring about 4 feet by 3 feet, and 2 feet deep, formed in the ordinary way of single flags, are exposed, one at the north side of the removed vault, and the other at the east end of the unopened vault. The diameter of the cairn was 80 feet, and the height about 15 feet. Some of the remaining stones are of large size, one in an upright position of mica schist measures 7 feet 6 inches by 5 feet and 2 feet thick, and another, which apparently formed part of the roof of the unopened vault, of granite, measures 7 feet by 5 feet, and one foot thick.

The other cairn is situated about 150 yards east of the one described above, and is supposed to cover the remains of the common soldiers who fell in the battle. No portion of it has been removed. It is oblong, measuring 70 yards long, 22 yards broad at the east end, 14 yards broad at the west end, and about an average of 8 feet high.

Smuggling.—Many humorous stories are told of the smugglers in the upland parts of the parish. I give two as examples.—

About seventy years ago two worthies, John Holm and Sandy Ross (Uaine), who resided a short distance east of the Strathrusdale river, went to enjoy a day with a friend who had his bothy in full work at the west side of the river. After having partaken of their friend's good cheer as much as made them tellingly affectionate towards each other, they left for home. On coming to the river, which was slightly flooded, John said to Sandy, "Sandy, as I am the youngest and strongest, stand you on that stone, and come on my back, that I may carry you over dry." Sandy obeyed, but John took only three steps when he fell into the water, and before they recovered their footing, both were wet to the skin. "I am sorry I fell," said John, "but come you to the stone again, and get on my back, that I may take you over dry." Sandy went to the stone and mounted again, but they proceeded half-a-dozen yards only when the mishap was repeated. John again expressed regret, and insisted on the attempt being made the third time, which, fortunately, proved successful, and

John, in throwing Sandy from off his back, said, "I am glad, Sandy, after all our mishaps, that I took you over dry!"

My other story is an occurence of fifty-five years back. The smuggler was Donald Ross (Mac Eachain), who died in Strathrusdale about twelve years ago. He had his bothy at the base of a rock on the north side of Kildermorie loch. Two young gentlemen—one of whom went for the first time to see a bothy at work—paid Donald a visit. As they were approaching the bothy, Donald, always on the alert when at work, espied them, and suspecting them to be questionable characters, moved out cautiously to reconnoitre. Recognising one, he rushed out, with his bonnet under his arm, welcoming and praising them in the most flattering terms, finishing with, "Such two pretty young gentlemen I never saw; come down from your horses till I see who is the prettiest." They obeyed, and then Donald gave the finishing touch by saying, "You are both so pretty, I cannot say who is the prettiest." During the few hours spent by the party in the bothy, Donald felt himself so elated that he drank so much of the warm stream flowing from the worm as to make him top heavy. To get him cannily to his house, it was proposed that he should be mounted behind one of the young gentlemen. This done, and Donald left without side supports, he lost his balance and fell. He was put up again with the same result, but in his second fall his head came against a rock, which brought him a little to his senses. Cautiously coming to his feet, and looking up to the rider, he said, "May all good attend us; truly, Mr Munro, we ought to be thankful that the ground is soft."

Ecclesiastical.—Before the Reformation there were three places of worship, and three priests officiating in the parish. One at Rosskeen, one at Nonakiln, and one at Ardross. After the Reformation the three were made into one charge, the minister being appointed to officiate two consecutive Sundays at Rosskeen, one at Nonakiln, and once a month as might be convenient for him at Ardross. The chapel at Rosskeen was condemned in 1829, and a new church was in 1832 built. Underneath the back wing of this chapel, the Cadboll family built their burial vault, which has been renovated and beautified by the present proprietor two years ago. Before the suppression of smuggling in the parish, this vault was frequently the abode of *spirits* as well as of the dead. The beadle, who had charge of the key, was sworn to secrecy, and the vault converted to a warehouse. The church-yard is near the sea, a stream passes by it, into which, at high water, the tide flows deep enough to float an ordinary boat. Sales were made, the

warehouse emptied during night, and the cargo delivered along the coast before daylight.

The chapel at Nonakiln ceased to be used as a place of worship in 1713. An incident in connection with the last service held in it is illustrative of the tenacity with which superstition still sticks to a few of us.—

The story is that the farm manager at Invergordon Castle was frequently annoyed by a bull, belonging to a neighbouring farmer, being found frequently trespassing on the Invergordon lands. At last the manager threatened that the next time the animal would be found straying there he would be shot. On a Sunday in December 1713, the manager on his way to the Chapel at Nonakiln, saw the bull on the forbidden ground. He returned to his house, loaded his gun, and shot the animal. He then proceeded to the church. Before he arrived the service commenced, and as he was lifting the latch of the church door, part of the roof gave way, but did not fall in. The worshippers were all alarmed, and a few of them hurt in their exit. One of my informants, who is still living, wound up the tale with this expression, savouring of superstition—"Cha leigeadh an Eaglais a steach e airson gun do mharbh e tarbh air la na Sàbaid." ("The church would not allow him to enter because he killed a bull on the Sabbath day.") His idea is that the sacred edifice would not sanction the man's presence because he broke the Sabbath. The roof fell in the following year. The west gable and a portion of the side walls are still remaining.

The chapel at Ardross must, to an archæologist, be the most interesting of the three. It was situated on the farm now called Achandunie, and known by the name of "Seapal-dail-a'-mhic." It has been wholly removed, except a portion of the foundation. From what remains the ground area is found to measure 42 feet by 24 feet. The interest connected with it is, that it is placed in the centre of a Druidical place of worship, measuring 112 feet by 66 feet. Only two of the stones remain standing. They are of sandstone split out of one block, and measuring 5 feet 6 inches high, 3 feet 8 inches broad, and 1 foot thick. A few large stones are lying covered by the debris of the ruins, the rest have been removed. This fact confirms the account of the early Culdee Missionaries, having been in the habit of meeting the people at Druidical places of worship, who, after they were converted to Christianity, built churches in which to worship at the Druidical standing stones; and this is the reason why so many of our churches in the Highlands are to this day known as "An clachan," from the standing stones.

There are only two other Druidical circles now in the parish, one at Stittenham House, and the other at the west end of Strathrusdale. In each the three concentric circles can be traced, but only a few of the stones remain.

The people were very wild and lawless in those times. I have collected many anecdotes about them, but as my paper is already too long I will finish with a few sentences about the Episcopal Minister of the Parish. His name was John Mackenzie, better known as "Iain Breac," brother of the first Mackenzie of Ardross, who was son of the laird of Kildun near Dingwall. Mr John Mackenzie was appointed curate in 1664 or 1775. He conformed in 1689 after the Revolution, and lived till January or February 1714, a month or two after the chapel of Nonakiln was deserted. The religious instruction of his flock gave him little concern. After the dismissal of the congregation almost every Sunday at Nonakiln, a fair was held for the disposal of cattle, harness, implements of tillage, &c. The curate mingled with the people at these fairs, and occasionally entered into their games. The most noteworthy record about him is that he was so strong as to lift a firlot measure full of barley (1½ bushels) on his loof. His successor, Mr Daniel Beaton, who was translated from Ardersier to the parish in March 1717, was in every respect a contrast. He was so small in stature that he is generally spoken of as "Am Beutanach beag," but he was a sincere Christian, an industrious worker, and a gospel preacher; and before many years of his incumbency passed, the Parish was to a large extent civilized. His memory is still fragrant among pious old people.

16th April 1886.

On this date R. B. Finlay, Q.C., M.P., was elected a life member of the Society; while Miss Mary Fraser, 1 Ness Walk, Inverness. Miss Catherine Fraser, 28 Academy Street, and Rodk. Fraser, contractor, Argyle Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members. Thereafter the Secretary read (1) a paper on "Etymological Links between Welsh and Gaelic" by Canon Thoyts, Tain; and (2) a paper on "The Dialects of Scottish Gaelic," by Donald Mackinnon, M.A., Professor of the Celtic Languages and Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

Canon Thoyt's paper was as follows:—

ON ETYMOLOGICAL LINKS BETWEEN WELSH AND GAELIC.

On being requested to write a paper on some Celtic subject, to be read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, my first impulse was to plead my utter incompetency to undertake such a work; and, in now endeavouring to comply with that request, I must at once state that I do so with the greatest diffidence. So far from aspiring to be, in any sense, an authority on Celtic matters, I am merely a humble student of the Gaelic language; and that only so far as concerns my pastoral work, and the services of the Church. Hence I venture to beg for myself a large share of indulgence from those who may either hear or read this paper.

In what I shall say, I am fully aware that I shall be merely, as it were, touching the fringe of a very wide subject; and my object is rather to start some discussion on a matter which is most interesting and instructive (in my opinion), and on which I myself want to learn very much more, than to lay down my opinions with a confidence (not to say impertinence) which would be, in my case, unseemly in the extreme.

No doubt there *must* be etymological links of connection between all Celtic languages, since they all spring from a common source; the connection between the Irish and the Scottish Gaelic is, of course, so very close as to constitute them practically one and the same language—each being merely a different dialect of that language; the difference being no greater than, even if as great as, that which exists between the various provincial dialects of English, in counties so widely apart as (for instance) Yorkshire and Somersetshire, or Cumberland and Hampshire. I know nothing of the Manx language; but from the fact of places in the Isle of Man having distinctly Gaelic names (as I have been informed), I should gather that it is very closely akin to either the Irish or the Scottish forms of the Celtic tongue. The connection between our own Gaelic and the Welsh is *not*, at first sight (to ordinary people at least), so very plain and obvious. In some measure, no doubt, this arises from the *spelling*; which, on both sides, tends to obscure the derivation of words. I imagine that to an ordinary student of Gaelic, the extraordinary combinations of letters in many words of the Welsh language must utterly mystify him, when he attempts to pronounce them intelligibly; and probably Gaelic would present the same difficulty to a Welshman —as it certainly does, possibly in a much greater degree, to a

Lowlander or an Englishman. I suppose one of the most universal words in Celtic languages is the word "Eaglais"; we find it in the Welsh "Eglwys," in the Cornish "Eglos," in the French "Eglise," in the Latin 'Ecclesia," which is itself, of course, simply the Greek "ἐκκλησία."

But to confine myself to the Welsh. I propose to give a few parallels between it and the Gaelic, which I have come across casually, in the "Leabhar na h-urnuigh choitchionn" of the Episcopal Church.

Welsh.	*Gaelic.*
1. Duw Dad o'r nef	1. O Dhe an t-Athair néimhe
2. Drindod	2. Trionaid
3. Pechodau	3. Peacadh
4. Bobl	4. Pobull
5. Esgobion	5. Easbuigean
6. Diaconiaid	6. Deaconan
7. Oen Duw	7. Uan Dhe
8. Trugarhâ wrthgm	8. (Dean) tròcair oirnn
9. Clyw	9. Cluinn
10. Cyflawna	10. Coimhlion
11. Gras	11. Gràs
12. Jesu Grist	12. Iosa Criosd
13. Yspryd	13. Spiorad
14. Clustian	14. Cluasaibh (cluasan)
15. Yn rasol	15. Gu grasail
16. Maddeu	16. Maith
17. trwy	17. tré
18. dau neu dri	18. dá no tri
19. Marwol	19. Mairbhteach
20. Yn holl amser	20. Ann uile aimsir
21. Credaf	21. Creideam
22. Creawdwr	22. Cruthadair
23. uffern	23. ifrinn
24. Meirw	24. Mairbh
25. Cymmun	25. Comh-chomunn
26. Maddeuant	26. Maitheanas
27. Dy fawr drugaredd	27. Do mhòr thrócair

This list might, of course, be largely extended; and especially by anyone who knew the exact pronunciation of the Welsh, and thus could trace further links of connection than the words themselves present to us on paper. It is singular that although there is a distinct parallel between the two languages, in the case of two of the orders of the sacred ministry, "Easbuigean," and "Deaconan" (Nos. 5 and 6 in the above list of words), the word for "sagairt" is altogether different—"Offeiriaid." And yet the *idea* is the same; for, as we can trace the Latin "Sacerdos" under the Gaelic "sagart," so under the Welsh "Offeiriaid" we

can trace the Latin verb "Offero," which exactly describes the *office* of the priest (sagart), whose chief duty is to "offer" (I use the word in its technical and theological sense) the Holy Sacrifice in the Eucharist. I fear that I may seem here to be touching on controversies of doctrine; but I wish merely to explain what seemed to me to be the *connection of ideas* between the two words in question.

This instance, at any rate, leads us on to another most interesting branch of this subject; which is to trace, generally, the derivation of words in both Gaelic and Welsh from the Latin, or even, in some cases, from the Greek. Thus (to confine ourselves to a few instances from the short list of words already given), nef (Welsh) and néamh (Gaelic) are evidently each derived from νεφαλη (and its cognate Latin word Nebula); Drindod and Trionaid in like manner come from Trinitas; Pechodau and Peacadh from Peccatum; Bobl and Pobull from Populus. Esgob and Easbuig from Episcopus are, perhaps, not quite evident at first sight; on the other hand Diaconiaid and Deaconan are specially clear, as derivatives of διακονος. Gràs (which is identically the same word in both languages, though pronounced with more stress and length of quantity in the Gaelic than in the Welsh) is simply the Latin gratia, "writ short." Yspryd and spiorad come from spiritus; marwol and mairbhteach (possibly) from mortalis; credaf and creideam from credo; creawdwr and cruthadair from creator; uffern and ifrinn from infernus; cymmun and comh-chomunn from communio.

It need hardly be remarked that in tracing the etymological connection between Gaelic and Welsh, or between each of them and Latin, the letters P, K, and T, are interchangeable with their cognate letters B, G, and D, or with their aspirates Ph (= F), Ch, and Th:—thus Drindod—Trionaid; Bobul—Pobull; and in the case of Esgob—Easbuig there is actually a transposition; yet in each case the etymology and the derivation are clear. In like manner we can trace the connection between nef and neamh with nebula.

There are, here and there, traces of Celtic to be found even in the heart of England. When I was south, in October last, I happened to come across a parish Directory of Warwickshire; and in it I looked up a parish in which I was interested, called "Tysoe." I remembered having heard long ago, that this most un-English name was of British derivation; but I certainly was not prepared to find it given in a book of that kind, in pure Gaelic, as "Tigh-soluis." In the same parish is the historical "Edge Hill," the highest part of which is called "The Sun-rising;" so the tradition of the "House of Light" would seem to have been

handed down, in some measure, in the talk of the natives, many long centuries after their parish first got its name. I may mention, in passing, that there is a portion of the fine parish church in that place, which in the opinion of the late Sir Gilbert Scott (no mean authority in archæological matters) is at least 1000 years old.

It would be interesting to know whether in the names of such places as Covent-ry, Davent-ry, Oswest-ry (the last of these being close on the Welsh border), the "ry" is equivalent to "righ;" and if so, what is the derivation of the other part of each of these names? No doubt if light could be thrown on the obscurities of modern spelling, we might find much that was deeply interesting in the unearthing of old Celtic names. I was told lately (and my informant was a Gaelic-speaking priest of our church in Lochaber) that the famous "Rotten Row" in London is simply a corruption of "Rathad-an-Righ;" whether this is so or not, is of course matter of opinion, but it is at least an interesting, if a novel, interpretation. A much more direct derivation seems to show itself in the case of "Clun," a parish in the county of Shropshire, bordering on Montgomeryshire; we can trace in it the word "cluain" (pasture-land), which exactly describes the character of that locality. Passing a little further south, into Herefordshire, we come upon another little parish (or rather hamlet)—Dinmore, which is situated on the top of a high hill; *here* again its name gives its description—"Dún-mòr," little as the Sassenachs who now inhabit the place may be aware that it *is* a description! It is not a very "far cry" from the borders of Wales into Lancashire, and on the line between Liverpool and Manchester is a station called "Eccles;" we have no difficulty here in recognising, in its English form, our old friend "Eaglais" or "Eglwys." It may, perhaps, be objected that these are not, strictly speaking, instances of "etymological links between Gaelic and Welsh;" but, rather, isolated instances of *Gaelic* words in England. But, at any rate, they are *generically* Celtic; and as for the most part, they occur either close to the Welsh border, or at no great distance from it, one cannot help thinking that they are survivals of a period in the remote past, when the ancient Welsh, or British tongue resembled our Scottish Gaelic much more closely than it appears to do now; and that when, at the Saxon invasion of Britain, the Celts were driven into different corners of the country, some into Wales and others into Cornwall, and so cut off from each other, and from their Celtic fellow-countrymen in the north, the variety between the different dialects of their language became gradually more and more divergent—though *even yet*, as I have already tried to

show in my quotations from the Welsh and Gaelic Prayer-Books, there is a strong etymological connection between them—clearly manifesting their common source.

Some few Celtic words seem also to have survived in a connection where we should least of all expect to find them; and that is amongst (what are commonly termed) "slang" words in ordinary conversation. Let me give one or two examples. We may imagine a school-boy having something explained to him by one of his fellows, which he cannot see the meaning of; and he will likely enough answer—"I don't *twig* that at all"—but, vulgar and unclassical as the word "twig" may seem at first sight, it does not need much ingenuity to trace the Gaelic word "tuig," or to substitute for the above sentence "cha'n eil mi a' tuigsinn," as its Gaelic equivalent. Again, another very common expression, which is certainly more or less "slang," is to "*ransack*" a drawer, or a cupboard, for the purpose of finding something that had been lost; here, again, may we not at once discern, under its English spelling, the Gaelic word "rannsach"? Similarly the word "grab," which is commonly regarded as English slang, is in reality a Gaelic verb; in this case there may be a slight difference of meaning—apparently, at any rate; the slang word means "to seize," the Gaelic word "to obstruct," or hinder:—yet, when a thing is seized or grabbed, it is to the hindrance or obstruction of the wishes of the person from whom it is taken. I cannot think that these are fanciful resemblances; in two cases the similarity of form is very close, in the third case it is identical. But it is, to say the least, what one would hardly expect to find in our slang vocabulary, words evidently belonging to that grand old Gaelic language which we venerate so much. Several other words occur to my mind, as being derived either directly, or indirectly, from the Gaelic; but I think my meaning is sufficiently illustrated by the words already quoted, as well as by the names of places previously submitted for your consideration.

I cannot pretend to have done more than "skim the surface," as it were, of this deeply interesting subject; others, far more competent than myself in philological research, will, I hope, give us ere long the benefit of their observations on these matters; and if my own few remarks shall lead to further papers, more interesting and more exhaustive, my object in bringing them before you will have been attained. I think that there is a special interest (not to say *fascination*), in discovering, or trying to discover, all the links of connection, in language or ideas, that unite us in some measure with the ancient Celtic race in any of

its branches; or that show the unity and might of that great stem, from which the branches sprang, in tracing to a common origin the *now*-divergent forms of their (doubtless), *once* identical language. For while Saxons, and Danes, and Normans, and Dutch, and Germans, are strangers and aliens on British soil (though all combine in forming that individual of most complex nationality—an Englishman!), the Celts can in the truest sense of all look on Great Britain as their fatherland; and their magnificent language (now stigmatised by Lowlanders and Englishmen as *barbarous*), was formerly universal throughout the land.

Professor Mackinnon's paper was as follows:—

ON THE DIALECTS OF SCOTTISH GAELIC.

Some thirty years ago the question used to be often asked—Where was the best Gaelic spoken? whether at Inveraray or at Inverness? My home was in Argyle, and I need hardly say what the answer would be in that quarter. A large majority of the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness render linguistic allegiance to the Northern Capital, and will perhaps wonder how such a question could ever have been asked. One's judgment is, however, subject to modification even upon such a delicate matter as this by increasing knowledge and reflection. It was my good fortune, early in life, to become intimately acquainted with a dialect of Scottish Gaelic far removed from my own; and three years ago I had the rare privilege of hearing, over the length and breadth of the Highlands, old men who knew no language but Gaelic speak of the ordinary affairs of their daily life and occupation in the dialects of their respective districts. After such experience, if I were to answer briefly the question which I used to hear in the days of my boyhood, I should be disposed to say that there is less Gaelic spoken both in Inverness and in Inveraray than I should have wished, and that the quality as well as the quantity of the dialect spoken in both places might, with advantage, be improved.

The object of the present paper is not, however, to discuss the relative merits and demerits of the Northern and Southern Dialects. My purpose takes a wider range. I desire to urge the immense importance, philological and literary, of a knowledge of all the dialects of Gaelic. My aim is to try to prove that the subject is deserving of scientific study, and to endeavour to per-

suade such of my countrymen as have opportunity and an interest in these matters to make a systematic investigation of it. It is not, happily, so necessary now as it was even twenty years ago to warn Highlanders against being carried away with the childish idea that such an inquiry as this will be barren of result because the facts are to be gathered about our own doors. Neither in Nature nor in Science, only to our imperfect vision, is the Gaelic proverb true—"'S gorm na cnuic tha fada bhuainn." The laws of language are the same all the world over: the vocal chords of the Celt are affected by the same conditions as those of other men. Philological science as well as patriotic sentiment might dictate the message which Ossian charged Blackie to deliver to the Highland people—

And say to my people, Love chiefly the beauty
  That buds by thy cradle and blooms at thy door;
Nor deem it a pleasure, and praise it a duty,
  To prink thee with foreign and far-gathered lore.
On the bank where it grows the meek primrose is fairest,
  No bloom like the heather empurples the brae;
And the thought that most deep in thy bosom thou bearest
  In the voice of thy fathers leaps forth to the day.
Be true to the speech of the mother that bore thee,
  Thy manhood grow strong from the blood of the boy;
Be true to the tongue with which brave men before thee
  Took the sting from their grief and gave wings to their joy.

It is difficult to say where dialect ends, and where language begins. We all know in a rough and ready way what is meant by the words. Minute shades of difference in accent, perhaps even in diction, are sometimes observed among members of the same family. In separate parishes and towns such differences become quite marked. When they reach a certain point, which cannot, perhaps, in any particular case be very clearly defined, we call them a difference of *dialect*. When dialects diverge to such an extent as to become mutually unintelligible, we call them different *languages*. But in actual fact, the words are used in a more or less loose way. For example, the Dane understands the Swede and *vice versa*, yet we treat Danish and Swedish as separate languages. The Romance Languages are, in a sense, all dialects, being descendants, of Latin. Some of them, such as Portuguese and Spanish, are mutually intelligible, and yet we regard Spanish and Portuguese as different languages. To come nearer home. The Goidelic branch of Celtic is to all intents and pur-

poses a different language from the Brythonic branch. No amount of natural intelligence will enable a Highlander to understand a Welshman, or an Irishman to read a book in the Armoric dialect. But on the other hand, are the three divisions of which the Goidelic branch of Celtic is composed—are Gaelic, Irish, and Manx three languages, or three dialects of one speech? Few among us could understand two Irishmen or two Manxmen discussing, with all the fervour of the Celt, a knotty point in politics or theology; and yet if any of us were alone on a desert island with an Irishman or a Manxman, we would contrive, by means of our common Goidelic speech, to understand each other. And if you take a passage from the Gaelic, Irish, and Manx Testaments, you will find it intelligible in them all, and will at once say that these three are but three varieties of one language :—

GAELIC.	IRISH.	MANX.
GNIOMHARA NAN ABSTOL.	GNIOMHARTHA NA NEASBAL.	JANNOO NY HOSTYLLYN.
XXVII.	XXVII.	XXVII.
39. Agus an uair a bha'n là air teachd, cha d'aithnich iad am fearann: ach thug iad an aire do lìhib àraidh aig an robh tràigh, anns an robh mhiann orra, nam b'urrainn iad, an long a chur gu tìr.	39. Agus ar néirghe don ló, ní raibh fios na tíre sin aca: achd tugadar caladh áirighe dha naire ann a raibh tráigh, ann ar áontuigheadar an lung do shathadh, dá madh éidir ríu.	39. As tra va'n laa er jeet rish, cha bione daue yn cheer: agh chronnee ad ooig dy row lesh traie, raad v'ad kiarit, my oddagh eh ve, yn lhong y roie stiagh.
40. Agus air togail nan acraichean doibh, leig iad ris an fhairge i, agus an uair a dh'fhuasgail iad ceanglaichean na stiùire, agus a thog iad am prìomh-sheòl ris a' ghaoith, sheòl iad chum na tràighe.	40. Agus ar dtógbhail na nancaireadh dhóibh, do leigeadar *an lung* fán bhfairrge, agus ar sgàoileadh cheangluightheadh na sdiúire dhoibh mar an gcéudna, do thógbhadar an príomhseól ris an ngáoith, agus do thríallaadar chum na trágha.	40. As tra v'ad er droggal ny akeryn, lhig ad ee lesh y cheayn. as feaysley coyrdyn y stiurey, hug ad seose yn shiaull-mean gys y gheay, as ren ad son y thalloo.
41. Agus air tuiteam dhoibh ann an ionad *àraidh* far an do choinnich dà fhairge a chéile, bhuail iad an long air grunnd; agus air sàthadh d'a toiseach sa' ghrund, dh'fhan e gun charachadh, ach bhriseadh a deireadh le ainneart nan tonn.	41. Agus ar dteagmháil a nionadh dhóibh ionar bhuáil dá fháirrge fá chéile, do bhuáileadar an lung fá thalamh; agus ar ndaingniughadh do thosach na luinge dfan sí gan chorrughadh, agus do sgaoileadh a deireadh ó chéile ré haimhneart na dtonn.	41. As taghyrt er boayl raad va daa hidey cheet noi-ry-hoi roie ad y lhong er grunt; as va'n toshiagh eck soit cha shickyr, nagh row ee scughey, agh va'n jerrey eck brisht lesh niart ny tonnyn.

Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Scottish Highlands, are separated from each other by a broad belt of sea. Were it otherwise, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to follow the boundary between Irish, Manx, and Gaelic. Over large tracts of country where different languages prevail, we find the border dialects partaking largely of the character of the adjacent tongues. French, Spanish, and Italian, though closely related, are different languages, each with its own dialects distinctly marked. Along the border line between France and Italy the *patois* of the people is neither a French nor an Italian dialect, but a mixture of both—a dialect which again is hardly intelligible either in the west of France or in the south of Italy. A similar state of matters exists on the frontier between France and Spain. And even among ourselves, though the sea separates us from Ireland, an Islayman would probably find a native of the glens of Antrim more intelligible than a native of Assynt or Tongue.

Within the narrow precincts of the Isle of Man, Dr Kelly, the grammarian and lexicographer, observes that on the north side the language was considered most pure, and Dr Sachaverell, once governor of the little "kingdom," wrote that in the northern part of the island they spoke a deeper Manx, as they called it, than in the south. In the Irish language the existence of dialects has been acknowledged from the very earliest times. Fenius Farsaidh who, according to the legend, was king of Scythia and schoolmaster of Senaar, ordered, we are told, his Lieutenant and Inspector-General, Gaedhal, to divide the language into five dialects. Without going quite so far back as this, we find Irish scholars for the last two or three hundred years recognising four dialects, one for each province, which they have characterised thus:—

Tá blas gan cheart ag an Muimhneach;
Tá ceart gan bhlas ag an Ulltach;
Ní fhuil ceart ná blas ag an Laighneach;
Tá ceart agus blas ag an g-Connachtach.

That is to say—In Munster there is correct accent, but not correct idiom; in Ulster there is the idiom without the accent; in Leinster there is neither the one nor the other; while in Connaught there is both These main dialects again split up into sub-dialects, so that, as in English and Lowland Scotch, each district in Ireland has its special linguistic peculiarities.

The same state of matters exists among ourselves. In the Highlands not only has each county its distinctive characteristics in sound, diction, and idiom, but every parish has its shibboleth.

In my own Island home the people pronounce *sin* and *nis* as if the proper spelling were *sean* and *neis*: *sean thu neis* being the local phrase for "there you are now." Their neighbours in Mull and Islay twit the natives of Colonsay for their vulgarism in this particular, but it so happens that *sin* is spelled in the "Book of Deer" *sain* and *sen* — a very gratifying discovery to me, who can in consequence make a plausible claim to being a countryman of the author of the Gaelic entries on the margin of that venerable document. In the Scottish Highlands, the geographical configuration of the country and the tribal organisation that prevailed would help to accentuate the differentiating tendency inherent in all languages. The country was but thinly peopled. It was without roads, and frequent communication between different districts, especially on the mainland, was impossible. Between different tribes friendly intercourse was possible only when they were at peace, which, in the case of neighbouring clans, did not always happen. Perhaps amid the storms of the far past, more than one sub-dialect may have sunk in northern waters; but the wonder is how our Gaelic language in the Highlands has escaped the fate of so many languages in similar circumstances elsewhere—of being broken up into several widely-divergent dialects, and finally disappearing altogether. Paradoxical as it may appear, perhaps the very system of clanship which in ordinary circumstances would tend to disintegration, helped, as it existed in the Highlands, to preserve the unity of the language. We had few readers and fewer books; but there was a considerable mass of traditional literature in prose and verse which was the common property of the Goidelic race, and which, there is reason to believe, was extensively known among the people. The clan, whether large or small, formed a society in itself. It contained all the elements, civil and social, which make up a community. It had its chief or ruler, its upper and lower classes with their distinctive rights and privileges, but bound together by ties of blood and common interest. It had its bard and historian, men who received more or less of a literary training, and whose duty it was to know the traditional literature of the race, as well as to preserve the history and sing the praises of the clan. There would undoubtedly be rivalry between the bards, as well as between the chiefs, of neighbouring clans. The unity of the language was preserved by this literary caste or guild. The constant intercourse between the various members of the clan, rendered necessary by their small numbers and common interests, was a literary education of no small value. In the pre-

face to his edition of Rob Donn's poems, the late Rev. Dr Mackintosh Mackay quotes a most interesting letter from Mrs Mackay Scobie of Keoldale, which shows that the admirable custom of maintaining friendly intercourse between various classes of society survived the fall of the clan system in the far north. The lady writes—"I perfectly remember my maternal grandfather, who held the wadset lands of *Skerray*, every post-day evening go into the kitchen, where his servants and small tenants were assembled, and read the newspapers aloud to them; and it is incredible *now* the propriety and acuteness with which they made remarks and drew conclusions from the politics of the day." Mrs Scobie in this way accounts for the remarkable knowledge of public events which the Reay country bard undoubtedly possessed; and, indeed, it is hardly credible to us now that two men so well informed as Rob Donn and Duncan Ban Macintyre were unable to read a word in any language.

The Gaelic dialects are usually divided into three. The late Rev. John Forbes, minister of Sleat, in the preface to his grammar, recognises, for example, a *Northern*, an *Interior*, and a *Southern* dialect. This division is accepted and reproduced by Dr Murray in an interesting paper on the "Present Limits of the Celtic Language in Scotland," contributed to the *Revue Celtique* some twelve years ago. (*Revue Celtique*, volume II., page 178.) I am satisfied that the threefold division cannot, without considerable confusion, be maintained. Mr Forbes himself admits that one of the characteristic marks of his Northern dialect is found in the Southern division—the substitution of *o* for *a*. *Call*, he says, is pronounced *coll* in the north, but so is *gabh* pronounced *gob* in Perth. A still more remarkable case, of which Forbes does not seem to have been aware, is that the letter *c* in *mac*, &c., is pronounced exactly in the same way in Sutherland as in Kintyre and Arran (*mak*), while the liquid sound of *n* in *duine* which prevails in the far north, is also heard in the Southern Isles. I do not myself attach much importance to the number of dialects into which our Scottish Gaelic could be divided. It would perhaps be as easy to distinguish thirteen dialects as three. Arran and Kintyre, for example, break away from the rest of the southern division drawn by Forbes in the case of two prominent sounds. One of these I have mentioned, the pronunciation of *c* after a broad vowel, which in Kintyre and Arran is sounded like *k*, in the rest of Argyle like *chk*: *mac* is *mak* and *machk*, *sac* is *sak* and *sachk*. In the same district the tenuis *c* in initial *ch* sinks to the medial *g*: *mo chas* is *mo ghas* in Kintyre. The sound of *ao*, to which, as

pronounced in Argyll and Perth, there is no corresponding sound in English, is in Arran that of *a* in "Mayor"—*maor* and *saor* are *maer* and *saer*. These words were written *maer*, *saer*, in Middle Irish, the spelling of the Zeussian MSS., and of the older Irish inscriptions being *ai*, *oi*, *oe*. As we proceed North this sound becomes attenuated to *aoi*. Macrae in 1688 wrote *saoghal*, *sivill*, a form which fairly represents the pronunciation of Lewis to-day. In some parts of Ireland and in the Isle of Man the sound is not unlike that heard in the North Highlands. O'Donovan (Gram. p. 16) represents it by *uee* as in *queen* for Connaught, and by *üēē* for Ulster and Meath.

To the philologist a knowledge of the dialects is essentisl, and this is now universally admitted. The method of the science is the comparative method; and while for the so-called dead languages we are content to take the warrant of grammars and dictionaries for lost words and vanished forms, the final appeal for the meaning of a word, and especially for its sound, must be, in the case of a living tongue, to the lips of the people. Dialects are accordingly studied of recent years with a genuine scientific purpose. On the Continent not a language but has had its most obscure sub-dialects investigated by competent men. At home good work has also been done. The North-eastern Scottish dialects have been examined by Mr Gregor (*The Dialects of Banffshire, &c., by the Rev. Walter Gregor*, 1866); the Southern dialects by Dr Murray (*The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland, &c., by J. A. H. Murray*, 1873); while several treatises on the English provincial dialects have been published by Skeat and others. You can hardly turn a page of Curtius' great work, the *Grundzüge des Griechischen Etymologie*, without finding abundant evidence of the splendid use to which that eminent philologist has turned his marvellous knowledge of the Greek dialects.

It is of the utmost importance that the dialects of our own Scottish Gaelic should be thoroughly investigated, not only for the purposes of philological science, but upon purely literary grounds. Our Celtic philologists, Stokes and Windisch and Zimmer and Rhys and Geddes, know the Gaelic idioms through our grammars and dictionaries only. These are not always correct, and they are far from being sufficiently full and detailed. Besides, our published literature does not by any means exhaust the resources of the language, or make the student of Gaelic independent of the dialects.

We are quite safe in speaking of our Gaelic tongue as branching off into two main dialects, a *Northern* and a *Southern*. The

differences in pronunciation, diction, and idiom which prevail within the respective bounds of these two divisions are very marked, though in particular localities they shade into each other. The boundary between the two is a waving line, but, roughly speaking, it may be described as passing up the Firth of Lorn to Loch Leven, then across country from Ballachulish to the Grampians, thereafter the line of the Grampians The country covered by the Northern dialect was of old the country of the Northern Picts. The portion of Argyleshire south of the boundary line, with Bute and Arran, formed the Kingdom of Dalriada. The Gaelic district south of the Grampians belonged to the Southern Picts. This two-fold division has very probably an historical basis, as well as a very distinct geographical boundary. It owes its origin to the settlement of the Dalriadic Colony in South Argyll; and its continuance to the greater influence of Irish literature within the Southern district.

By the aid of a few examples, for in a single paper one can only glance over such a wide field, I shall endeavour to show how a study of the sounds, forms, words, and idioms preserved in our dialects can be turned to profitable use in throwing some light on the past history of our people; in supplying additional and reliable material to the science of Celtic Philology; and in providing valuable assistance to the student who desires to master Scottish Gaelic.

I. Sounds—Turn for a moment to our sounds. Irish scholars are placed under a great disadvantage in studying the sounds of their language in the far past, because their magnificent literature has been written now for well nigh a thousand years upon a pretty uniform orthographical system, which, unfortunately, is very far from being phonetic. The great mass of Gaelic Manuscripts, and almost all our printed literature, are written more or less uniformly in the Irish orthography. But happily there have been preserved two MSS. of considerable size, written phonetically. One of these was written in the Northern dialect by Duncan Macrae in 1688-1693*; the other and much larger and better known is the Dean of Lismore's MS., which was written in the Southern dialect in 1512-1530. We have thus a reliable record of Gaelic pronunciation for 370 years. By the aid of some deviations from orthodox Irish orthography observed in the Book of Deer, and some words and names borrowed into the Icelandic literature, we get a glimpse at the pronunciation of our ancestors 700 years ago.

The most marked distinction in sound between the Northern

* See "The Fernaig Manuscript" in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, volume xi.

and Southern dialects is a greater tendency in the former to what Professor Rhys calls dipthongization, and which is attributed to a more delicate sensitiveness to musical sounds. The test sound between the two dialects is the prevalence in the North of an *ia* sound, where the South is content with the original long *e*. In some words the diphthong *ia* has not developed from a vowel; *biadh*—(*gen. bìdh*) must have been originally *bivata*—to judge from its co-relatives Lat. *vivo*, Gr. *biotos* for *bifotos*, and Skt. *givami*, so that in this case the vowel *a* is an essential part of the word. The *a* in *sgian* (*gen. sgine*) is again due to the regressive influence of a lost suffix. But in a large class of words, Irish as well as Gaelic, *é* appears as *ia* —*fiadh*, *grian*, *cian*, &c., &c. In such cases the *e* asserts itself in in the genitive, *féidh*, *gréine*, *céin*, &c., &c. The distinction between the two dialects is that the Northern dialect extends the application of this phonetic principle much further than southern Gaelic and Irish, scores of words being pronounced with an *ia* sound in the North where the South retains the *é*—*beul*, *bial*; *fiur*, *fiar*; *breug*, *briag*; *eud*, *iad*, &c., &c.

The distinction dates from old times. Macrae's Manuscript (1688) conforms in this respect to the northern pronunciation of to-day; the Dean of Lismore's (1512) to the southern. We can go farther back. *Niall*, a man's name, has the *ia* sound in Irish and Gaelic, North and South, and was so written in the Book of Armagh in the beginning of the ninth century. The word is written in Norse *Njal*. The Gaelic word for cloud is *neul* in the south, *nial* in the north. In Icelandic poetry this word has been preserved, and is spelled *niól* (*Corpus Poeticum Boreale* I., p. 86). One of the Treshinish Islands (on the north-west of Mull) is spelled in Scottish charters *cairnburg*, *kernaburg*. The word appears in the Sagas as *kjarnaborg*, *Bjarnaborg* (Orig. Par. II., Pt. 1, p. 322). These very significant sounds appear to me to prove not merely that our two Gaelic dialects had their distinctive sounds before the Norwegian invasion; but also that the Norsemen borrowed the words, not from Irishmen, but from Highlanders, and from the northern Highlanders. As corrobarative proof take another name. The Irish *colman* (little *colum*) appears in the *Landnámabok* as *kalman* (*cf.* Gaelic names given in *Cleasby's Icelandic-English Dictionary*, last page, and notes on these names by Whitley Stokes in *Rev. Celt.* III., p. 186). This is also our sound, one of the main phonetic distinctions between Gaelic and Irish being the partiality of the former for *a* where the latter preserves the older *o*: *cas* for *cos*; *clach* for *cloch*; *facal* for *focal*, &c. I may further point out that Mr Vigfusson, the well-known Icelandic scholar, in his dis-

sertations in the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, seems almost to prove the colonisation of Iceland by Norsemen from the North-west Highlands, by an examination of the subject matter of the old Icelandic literature.

As further examples of the greater tendency to diphthongisation among the Northern Highlanders may be noticed the dissyllabic sound in *trom* (*troum*), *mall* (*maull*), *fion* (*fian*). Even so the Irishman says *foine*, and the Englishman *nou* (for *no*), *paiper* (for *paper*), giving the long vowel a diphthongal sound. Through the same principle, *o* long has become in Irish and Gaelic *ua*; *hora*, *uair*; *gloua*, *gluas*; *slogh*, which we still use occasionally, has become *sluagh*; *os*, the preposition, appears as *ua* in *suas*, *nuas*, *uasal*; the first syllable in *Boadicea* is *buaidh*; the *Clota* of Ptolemy is now *Cluaidh*. A feature common to all languages is loss of sound. The nations strive after ease of utterance. The ultimate law in phonology is the law of least effort; the very prevalent law of laziness. In the Celtic tongues we have reduced the original *pitar* to *athair*, that is to say, of three consonants we have killed and buried one, and maimed, all but strangled, a second. A Celtic throat has within historic times transformed *patrem to père* on the soil of France. We first aspirate our consonants; we then vocalize them. As between the two dialects of Scottish Gaelic vocalization proceeds if anything at a more rapid pace in the North Highlands than in the South. Take for example *m* in medial sound. It first becomes *mh*; and if the flanking vowels are short the aspirated consonant soon becomes vocalised, as *e. g.* in *domhan*, *cumhann*, where *mh* serves now merely to divide the syllables. But where the preceding vowel is long (and in some cases even where it is short), the *mh* is sounded in the South. In the North Highlands *mh* becomes *u*. The greater part of Ireland and the Isle of Man join the North Highlands in this instance. *Samhradh* (summer) is, for example, pronounced *saeradh* in South Argyll and Arran. Over the whole of the rest of the Highlands and in Ireland the pronunciation is *sa-u-radh*; and in the Manx dictionary the word appears as *sourey*.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, we are bewildered rather than edified by the apparent caprice and lawlessness which prevail. The Latin word *peccàtum* appears in Gaelic orthography as *peacadh*. As always happens in the case of borrowed words, the flexional syllable is dropped. The tenuis *t*, flanked by vowels, sinks into the medial, and is aspirated, *dh*; the double consonant *cc* secures that *c* appears in Gaelic unaspirated; the accent is shifted forward so that the long accented syllable *dà* appears as

the short, toneless, aspirated *adh*. How is the word pronounced? Written phonetically it would appear in Arran and Kintyre as *pêkŭv*, in Knapdale as *pêchdŭv*, in Sutherland as *pêkù*, and in the North of Ireland as *pêchdù*. In the Isle of Man the final syllable is hardly audible—the word is spelled *peccah*; in Perth it entirely disappears—*pechd*. On the other hand, in North Argyll and Inverness the word is pronounced pretty full as spelled—*pêchdùdh*; while in Kintail the aspirated *dh* hardens into a *g*—*pêchdùg*. Here we have the sound of *dh* final going through almost all possible gradations, from the unaspirated, soft guttural in Kintail to the extremest limit of attenuated vocalization in the Isle of Man, and disappearing altogether in Perth.

II. Forms.—I proceed to notice some grammatical forms which our Gaelic dialects have preserved. Like its Indo-European sisters, the Celtic language was once highly inflected; and, like all inflected languages, its sounds and forms are slowly "weathering away," to borrow a favourite metaphor of the late great philologist, Georg Curtius of Leipzig. Sometimes a grammatical form is preserved in the literature long after it has disappeared from the spoken tongue; sometimes it lies imbedded in stereotyped phrases or in obscure dialects, never having been admitted into the standard literature, or long ago discarded from it; sometimes as if possessed of the power of transmigration, a doctrine, by the way, which Pythagoras is said to have borrowed from the Celts, the form remains to animate a neighbouring word long after it took its departure from that of which it once formed the soul. Our language furnishes copious instances of all these cases:—

(1) Take that most venerable form—the dative plural in *ibh*—a living representative of an old Indo-European form, and having its co-relatives in the Latin *ibus* and the Greek *phi(n)*. In the Gaelic Manuscripts written or transcribed under the influence of the Irish school, this form is almost invariably used, in the case of substantives and adjectives used substantively. Through the same influence it found a firm footing in our translation of the Scriptures. It is given as the regular, almost the only, form in all our Gaelic grammars. What has been its position, meanwhile, in the speech of the people? In the Southern district the form is now confined (1) to set phrases, where it is heard not merely in the dative, but in the nominative and vocative plural—*fhearaibh, mar fhiachaibh, an caraibh a chéile*, &c., &c.; (2) in rhetorical and poetical phraseology—*Anns na h-àrdaibh*;

"*'S ioma car a dh' fhaodas tigh'n air na fearaibh.*"

An Argyllshire man, unless when "orating," makes the dat. pl. like the nom. pl. I never heard *casaibh*, or *cluasaibh*, or *suilibh*, or *srònaibh*, in the common speech of the people. I heard *casan*, and *cluasan*, and *suilean*, and *sronan*. But in the South, where the form has been preserved, it is pronounced. In the North the sound of *ibh* has disappeared even more absolutely than in the South, it has become vocalized—*fhearaibh*, *mar fhiachaibh* is *fhearu*, *mar fhiachu*. But, as it were in compensation, the vocalised sound is preserved in the North in cases where the fuller form has entirely vanished in the South, *e.g.*, *daoiniu*, for the Southern *daoine*, a living witness, maimed though it be, of this primeval form.

Such is the state of matters to-day. Nor has it been different for centuries back. This form has entirely disappeared from the Manx dialect—the dat. pl. of nouns is like the nom. pl. in the Manx grammar. In 1815 Mr Lynch, author of an Irish Grammar, wrote that an Irishman who would say *do na caiplibh* instead of *do na capaill* would be laughed at. But in the case of some monosyllables the same competent authority states that the *ibh* form was used in the nom. and in the dat. pl.—the people said *na fearaibh* and *do na fearaibh*. Nay more, O'Donovan (*Gram.* p. 84) finds that "even in the best Manuscripts the dat. pl. is frequently formed by adding *ă* or *ŭ* to the nom. sing. *la naemhu erenn* (with the saints of Ireland); *fris na righu* (to the kings)," the very idiom of Sutherland to-day.

The Ossianic portion of the Dean of Lismore's MS., and the political ballads of Macrae's MS.—that is, the popular literature of the people, bear precisely the same testimony. In both MSS. the prepositional pronoun preserves the *bh*—*dhoibh* and *duibh* are spelled *seive* and *duive*. In the Dean's MS. the form *ibh* is represented, in nouns, by *ow* or *ew*, and is given occasionally for the nominative, as well as for the dative, plural; *er feanow* (*air Fiannaibh*), *eg mathew* (*aig maithibh*): *feanow* (*Fiannaibh*) appears also in the nominative case. In Macrae's MS. *u* stands for the Dean's *ow* and *ew*; *do chedu* (*do cheudaibh*); *lea launthu* (*le lannaibh*); *err vahru* (*air bharraibh*). Macrae gives in consecutive lines the full form *ibh* and the vocalised form *u*:—

"Le mhìltibh de shlòghraidh
'S a shròilte ri crannu."

Elsewhere *mìltibh* appears in the nominative, and *cachaibh* in the genitive! In a Lochaber song, written not later than the first half of last century, and printed in the Proceedings of the Society

of Antiquaries (iii. p. 367), there are four instances of dative plural. They are written thus:—*er mo hulin* (*air mo shùilean*); *lem chluhsan* (*le m' chluasan*); *er do chartive* (*air do chàirdibh*); *er in cartiv* (*air an càirdibh*). Such is the evidence from the popular poetry of the Highlands, North or South, for the last 400 years—proof perfectly conclusive that this relic of the far past has been used by the people for centuries back as sparingly as it is to-day.

(2) We have here an instance of a grammatical form retaining a position in the written literature which the living speech does not warrant. It is a fault, but a fault that leans to virtue's side. I shall now give one or two examples of genuine forms which our dialects have preserved, but which have not obtained a place in the standard literature, under the mistaken idea that they were provincial and vulgar.

Take *ceann* 'head,' a masculine *o*-stem. The dative singular of this class of nouns is now like the nominative. Of old, the dative of *ceann* was *ciunn*. The form still survives in a few phrases, and is written *cionn*, but to the present day the pronunciation in the North-west Highlands is *ci-u-unn*. "*O chionn tri bliadhna*" is "three years ago;" "*an ceann tri bliadhna*" is "three years hence;" "*air mo chionn*" is "awaiting me;" "*air mo cheann*" is "on my head." Duncan Macintyre, when singing the praises of the soldier's life, to which, except the fighting, he was passionately attached, thus speaks of King George—

"Bheir e 'n t-airgiod 'n ar dòrn duinn,
'S cha'n iarr e oirnn dad g'a *chionn*;
Gheibh sinn anart is aodach
Cho saor ris a' bhùrn."

"*Os cionn*" is the form given in Bedel's Bible (1585), and in the first Gaelic translation "*os cionn*" is given in the text, with "*os ceann*" in the footnote (Genesis i. 7, Ed. 1783). Dr Stewart, the grammarian, though a good linguist and a very able man, was without a knowledge of the old forms of Gaelic or of its modern dialects. He looked on *cionn* as a provincialism and corrupt variant of *ceann*, and wrote an elaborate note (Gr. p. 133., Ed. 1812) to show that the form ought to be disused. In deference to his criticism, *os ceann* appears now in the text of the standard editions of the Gaelic Bible, with *os cionn* in the footnote.

Instances of disused declensional forms meet us on every hand. *Brùighe*, *e.g.*, "the breast," "the top," "an upland," was of old *brage*, *braget* (neck), an *nt*-stem, like *cara*, *carat* (a friend) now *caraid*—the oblique case having in the last instance become

the nominative. *Brùighe* appears in the Dean of Lismore's MS. in the aspirated form *vrai*, and in the form *brae* it has entered English. The word is now indeclinable, but traces of the old flexion still survive. Iain Lom, and the popular poets almost down to our own day, use *bràghad* occasionally for "throat," "neck," "breast."

"Thig an sop á m' bhràghad."

Losgadh-bràghad, "heartburn"—literally, "the burning of the throat;" and *ramh-bràghad*, "the bow oar," preserve the old case-ending of the genitive. *Braighid* is the *hames* of a horse's harness (in some districts the *collar*), and in a transferred sense *a captive*, *i.e.*, he who wears the *braighid*, with *braighdeanas* (captivity). The *d* of this word is preserved in *Braid-Alba*; and if I mistake not, in the *Braid Hills*, near Edinburgh, *i.e.*, "The Uplands."

Teine (fire) a *t*-stem is now indeclinable. Of old it was *tene*, genitive, *tened*. In the south we say *teinidh* (pronounced *teinich*) in the oblique cases to the present day, *i.e.*, the old *d* aspirated: *taobh an teinidh, air teinidh, r' a theinidh*, &c. So *lene, lened*, "a shirt," is now indeclinable according to our grammars and dictionaries. But the Argyllshire man works *as a leinidh* (pronounced *léinich*), *i.e.*, literally "out of his shirt," and tells you so any summer day. In Gillies's Collection (p. 287) occurs the phrase, "Dà *choin* gheal agus Diarmud," and in some districts of Perth an impudent person is "cho mìomhail ris a' *chein*," both forms being remnants of the old Dual and Dat. sing. of *cù* an *on*-stem.

Munro and Forbes justly complain that the forms of the Gaelic verb, even in the mutilated shape in which our dialects have preserved them, have not all been admitted into the Gaelic Scriptures: "*thàtar*" or "*thathas a' togail an tighe*," *e.g.*, would be preferable to *tha an tigh 'g a thogail*. And even Stewart seems to regret the omission of the impersonal form of the verb, in such a phrase as *Faicear am bàta tighinn, 's gabhar thun a' chladaich*.

(3) Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the Celtic dialects, among the European tongues, is the manner in which they have preserved evidence of the previous existence of sounds and forms which have long ago disappeared on the road of phonetic decay which all languages travel. Traces of the lost forms show themselves in a variety of ways. Sometimes when the terminal syllable was lopped off, the vowel made a backward leap and established itself in the truncated word—very probably in order to preserve to the eye the evidence that the sound of the consonant remained unchanged: *ciunn e.g.*, is for an older *cinnu*; *bàird* was formerly *bardi*; *Maolain*, gen. of *Maolan*, appears on an inscrip-

tion in Ireland as *Mailagni*—the flexional stage of classical Latin and Greek. The genitive of the Latin noun *modus* is *modi*. Now in Gaelic *modi* would be pronounced *moji*. When the terminal syllable *i* was dropped the sound would be *moj*: this could be represented to the eye only as *moid*. So *bardi* would be *barji*; and, when in process of flexional decay, the word was abbreviated into *barj*, the monosyllable could only be represented to the eye as *baird*.

Sometimes the cast off syllable drifted on to the adjacent word, and its ghost still meets you at the landing-place. It is the neighbour that feels the touch of the vanished form; the echo of the sound that is still is heard—next door. In the Celtic languages when two words are placed in certain grammatical relations, they become, so to speak, temporarily welded into one. They are placed under the bond of a common accent, and are treated phonetically as one word. The phonetic laws which obtain within a single word rule within this group or grammatical unit. as it has been called. For example, it is a law in Celtic phonology that a single consonant flanked by vowels aspirates. In the word *máthair*, *t* having a vowel on either side, has become *th*—*mater*, *mathair*. If we take the possessive pronoun *mo* (my) and place it and *máthair* in grammatical relation, the two words become a *unit*, and phonetically one word. In the new combination, *mo* + *máthair*, the *m* of *mathair* appears as a consonant flanked by vowels, and is aspirated—*mo mhathair*—the *m* becoming *mh* in this temporary combination, precisely as *t* became *th* in the individual word, and for the same reason. It is as if you said in English "mother," but "my *v*other." We thus explain the peculiar feature in Celtic grammar known as initial aspiration. In modern Gaelic initial aspiration has become in great part, through the force of analogy, a matter of grammatical rule rather than one of phonetic law; but still, when we find a preposition like *gun*, or an adjective like *ceud* causing the aspiration of the following word (*e.g. gun mhaith*, *ceud ghin*), we feel justified in saying that these and similar words once ended in a vowel, and that the law of vocalic auslaut is still in force, although the vowel disappeared many centuries ago.

A more remarkable instance of the initial mutation of consonants, and one more germane to our subject, is due to the disturbing influence of the nasal *n*. Within the word, in inlaut, *n* in Gaelic assimilates *d*—*benedictio*, *benedacht*, *bendacht*, *bennachd*; before *s*, *n* disappears—*mensis*, *mios*, *mensa*, *mias*; before *c* and *t* it disappears, converting the *c* and *t* in the process into the corre-

sponding mediæ—quin*q*ue is cui*g*, and lin*q*uo is lei*g*; argen*t*um becomes airgio*d*, and parliamen*t* parlamai*d*; before *b*, *n* becomes *m*, the *m* in process of time absorbing the *b*—*an* + *beairt*, is *aimbeairt*, and is pronounced *aimeairt*, "*'s òg t'aim(b)eairt.*"

In Scottish Gaelic, from whatever cause, final *n* does not assert its influence on the initial consonant of the following word with anything like the regularity or potency which obtains in the other Celtic dialects. In Irish and Welsh grammars you find the initial mutation of consonants, due to the influence of a primitive nasal termination, set forth with the regularity of the multiplication table. The cases in Gaelic are so few and so apparently irregular that our grammarians ignored them. But we have "eclipsis," as the Irish grammarians have happily termed this phonetic law, in Scottish Gaelic. The *n* of the article is changed to *m* in the nom. sing. and gen. pl. before labials and *m*—a*m* bàta, crò na*m* meann. Similarly, in certain phrases, such as "gu *m*a maith a bhitheas tu;"

"Gu *m*a slàn a chi mi mo chailin dileas donn;"

gu'n bu (or *ba*) becomes *qu'm bu* (*ba*), and by-and-bye the *m* assimilates the *b*—*gu ma*—as in *ain* + *beairt*, *aimbeairt*, *aimeairt*. Even so we say *Leabhar na Salm*, the *n* of the article disappearing before the *s* of the following word (*Salm*), as in the individual word *mensis*, *mios*. We write "an *t*éid thu leam, a righinn lurach," but we say "an *d*éid"—the *n*, though not itself disappearing, converting the *t* of the following word to *d*, as in argen*t*um, airgio*d*; we write "an ceart uair," but we say "an *g*eart uair"—the *c* of "ceart" changed by the influence of the *n* of the preceding word to *g*, as in quin*q*ue, coi*g*. Careful observation of the pronunciation of the people would furnish many additional instances. A clergyman, a native of Perth, pronounced "Eilean nan *con*," in my hearing quite distinctly, "Eilean nan *gon*." I had recently occasion to read some Gaelic sentences written by children living in the west of Sutherland. The orthography was often phonetic, and frequently initial *d* was "eclipsed" by the terminal sound of a preceding word. In some parts of Skye, and in Lewis especially, the principle is carried much further than in the Highlands generally. A Skyeman says, not *an duine*, but *a nuine*—precisely as the Welshman says, not *fy dafad* (my sheep), but *fy nafad*. The Lewisman says, not *bealach nam bó* and *gaoth nam beann*, but *bealach na mò* and *gaoth na meann*—precisely like the Irish, and for the same phonetic reason.

III. Words and Idioms.—As I have said, the value of the dialects of a language for the purposes of philological science is

now universally acknowledged. But the study of the Gaelic dialects is important on literary grounds as well. In the case of of a literature like the English literature, whose stores are inexhaustible, the most exacting aspirant to literary distinction ought to be satisfied with the wealth of diction and idiom which a long roll of illustrious men have placed at his disposal. The young Highlander who is ambitious to distinguish himself as a Gaelic speaker or writer is in a different position. Gaelic literature, excellent in its way, is limited in quantity and narrow in range. The translation of the Scriptures, by far the noblest monument of the resources of the language, is a great work, the work of great men. Of it and of them we Highland people have just cause to be proud. But this great undertaking was executed under considerable disadvantages. The amount of standard Gaelic literature published in the last century was very limited. We have no Shakespeare, and if our Homer existed at the time in Gaelic, it was known to the world in the other languages of Europe only.* The translators of the Scriptures into Gaelic belonged to the same district of country —Killin, Glenorchy, and Athole. A thorough knowledge of the dialects was unattainable, and, according to the ideas of the time, the idioms of the people were considered vulgar. Writing under such conditions, these excellent scholars failed to use many forms, words, and idioms characteristic of Scottish Gaelic, while they adopted others from the Irish translation which, whether native to the Irish idiom or not, were foreign to ours.

An example or two will illustrate what I mean. The passage from the New Testament which I quoted above consists of only three verses, but it contains two words, one of which can hardly be said to be a Gaelic word, the other a very good one, but wrongly used. The sailors of the vessel in which St Paul was wrecked are said to have hoisted the *priomh-sheòl* to the wind. The Greek word ἀρτέμων thus peculiarly rendered into Gaelic, is rarely met with and the precise meaning is perhaps doubtful. In the authorised English version the word is translated *mainsail.* The late Mr Smith of Jordanhill, author of "The Voyage and Shipwreck of St Paul," rendered the word by *foresail,* and the English revisers have adopted this translation. We could say in Gaelic *seol-meadhoin* with the authorised English version, or *seol-toisich* with the revised version, both words being perfectly familiar to every High-

* The translation of the Bible into Gaelic was completed in 1801. By that date Ossian was published, in whole or in part, in Latin, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Greek. It was printed in Gaelic in 1807.

land fisherman. But *prìomh-sheòl*, the word used, is known to nobody. It is a compound made up of *prìomh*, the Latin *primus*, meaning *first*, whether in time, place, or rank; and *seòl*, like the corresponding English word sail, both noun and verb. I am not aware that the uncouth hybrid has ever been used in Gaelic except in this passage, nor do I think that it was worth the while of Irish scholars to manufacture the word or of our translators to borrow it, though it had been more needed and better suited for its purpose than it is. The Manx translation is *seol-meadhoin*.

Again, we are told that after the fore part of the ship stuck fast, the stern was being broken up by the *violence* of the waves. The Greek word βία rendered *violence* in English, is translated *ainneart* in Gaelic. This is again a compound word made up of the prefix *an*, and the substantive *neart*. Now *neart* is one of our oldest and best words. The root appears in Greek in ἀνήρ, a *man*, and in Latin in the proper name *Nero*. *An* is an Indo-European prefix. It appears in Greek as *an* and *a*; in Latin as *in*, and in English as *un*—the general meaning being *privative* or *negative*. In Gaelic the prefix is used chiefly in a privative sense —*moch*, "early;" an*moch*, "unearly;" i.e., "late;" *abaich*, "ripe;" an*abaich*, "unripe." Occasionally it intensifies the meaning of the root syllable: *teas* is *heat*, but *ainteas* is *excessive heat*. Very frequently it turns the meaning *in malem partem* like English *mis*, and Gaelic *mi*: *cainnt*, *e.g.*, is *speech*, but *anacainnt* is not *silence*, it is speech put to a bad use, *railing*. Such is the force of the prefix in *ainneart*. In Scottish Gaelic *ainneart* is not *neart* negatived, nor *neart* intensified, it is *neart* misdirected or misapplied; it is not *violence* but *oppression*. Accordingly, the word can only be applied to the doings of an intelligent agent, and is as much out of place in describing the action of the waves of the sea as it would be in characterising the attack of a wild animal. Here, again, the Manx translation has simply *neart*.

No one who has read the Gaelic Bible from its literary side, but must have felt that the picturesque phraseology of the people might have been often used to improve the translation as well as to enliven the style. In that solemn passage, *e.g.*, where our Saviour rebuked the winds and the sea, we are told there was a *great calm*—γαλήνη μεγάλη is the beautiful phrase used. Now, in the mouth of a West Highlander—γαλήνη, *i.e.*, *the stillness of the sea* is expressed not by the general term *ciuine*, the word used in Matthew, but by the specific term *fèath* (*fiath*), the word given in the corresponding passage in Mark and Luke. And when the wind is hushed, and the waves have gone to sleep; when sky and

hill are reproduced in the crystal depths in all their infinite diversity of form and colour; when not even the shadow of a breath dims the face of the faultless mirror; the Highland fisherman resorts to the language of figure in order to picture the scene. He does not say *fèath mòr* as you find in Mark, but *fèath geal*—the very metaphor which Homer puts into the mouth of Ulysses in order to account for the perfect stillness that reigned within the harbour of Lamos (Od., x. 94)—

λευκὴ δ ἦν αμφὶ γαλήνη
"For there was a *white* calm around."

Again, in the Epistle of Jude, Enoch is described as the *seventh* from Adam *i.e.* the seventh *in descent;* but the English, like the Greek, is quite intelligible in the elliptical form. Not so the Gaelic. Our translators supply the *lacuna* thus, "An seachdamh *pearsa* o Adhamh"—a phrase which means whatever you may mean by it. But when Lachlan Macvurrich gave his pedigree to the Committee inquiring regarding the authenticity of Ossian's poems he used different phraseology. He described himself as "an t-ochdamh *glun* deug o Mhuireach a bha leanamhain teaghlach Mhic 'Ic Ailein," this metaphor being our idiom to express descent in line. It was only by a slavish adherence to the Irish translation that Highland gentlemen, whose forefathers lived in tribes, and who could trace their own pedigrees back almost to Enoch and Adam, could ever have fallen into such a blunder as this.

If we turn from words to phrases we find the same state of matters in considerable profusion—native idioms rejected in favour of foreign idioms. One of the most elementary rules of Gaelic syntax is, that when one noun governs another in the genitive case, the article can attach itself only to the latter—*an long mhor*, but *long mhor nan tri chrann*. Yet we have to this day "*a' cuimhneachadh nan cuig aran nan cuig mìle. . . . no nan seachd aran nan seachd mìle,*" offending the taste of the Gaelic reader. In the classical tongues, nouns in apposition agree in case. It is not so in Gaelic—the specifying noun is put in the nominative case, *fearann Sheumais do mhac*, not *do mhic*. But in Scripture the invariable idiom is *Litir an Abstoil Phòil* (instead of *Pòl*) *a chum nan Romanach*, &c. Let me take one final illustration from the construction of *agus*—a word which is far more flexible in Gaelic than *and* is in English. Like the Latin *ac* and *atque*, *agus* expresses "equality" and "comparison"—*cho fhada* 's *cho fhada* (so long *and* so long) is *equally long*; *fhad'* 's *is beò mi* (as long *and* I live) is "as long *as*

I live. The particle even expresses "separation"—*fhuair mi réidh 's e* is "I have got quit of (*and*) him." Its most frequent construction is, of course, as an ordinary copulative conjunction. But when two conceptions are linked together very closely in time, or place, or even as cause and effect, and expressed in the other languages by the present participle, or the participle with the absolute case, or a dependent sentence, the ideas are connected in Gaelic idiom by *agus*. In the Scriptures the absolute case is the favourite construction—*air teachd a nuas o'n bheinn dha, lean cuideachd mhòr e; air dol do'n luing dha, chaidh e thar an uisge.* Here unquestionably the Gaelic idiom would prefer *agus*. You do not say *air dhomh éirigh chuir mi orm m' aodach*, nor *air dha freagairt, thubhairt e*; but *dh'èirich mi 's chuir mi orm m' aodach*: *thubhairt e 's e freagairt.* The same idiom is found in Scotch, and, not unlikely, borrowed from Gaelic—"Let me alane *and* me nae weel" is an exact translation of *leig leam 's gun mi gu maith.*

"*Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin*"

is paralleled by Burns:—

"How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary, fu' of care?"

The pious and judicious Dr Alexander Stewart when commenting on the exclusion of some forms and idioms from the Scriptures accounted for the omission by the "scrupulous chasteness of the style." The style that embraces forms and idioms which the people do not use and rejects those which they do use, is a phase of chastity, the issue of which is annihilation, and not a pure and healthy life.

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I consider that the late Dr Ross of Lochbroom and the northern clergy had reason to be dissatisfied with the scanty recognition which their dialect received in the Gaelic Scriptures. Personally I have always had great sympathy with an excellent lay preacher who lived in Assynt some forty years ago, and who, when reading to the people, used the English Bible and translated into the local idiom as he went along. Our translators went to Ireland rather than to Ross-shire for their diction and idiom, and in my judgment these distinguished men made a great mistake. But he would be a bold man who would advocate a change now in our Gaelic translation in all cases where improvement is possible. Feelings and associations cluster around the sacred volume, which even cold science must acknowledge and respect. But my argument is this—if this book

hich in its human aspect, of which alone I would presume to eak, contains the record of as grand a literature as the world has ver seen, which has been translated by our best scholars and blest men, which is and always will remain our standard work in aelic—if this book could in numberless instances, as I have tried y an example or two to show, be improved in its diction and liom by borrowing from the speech of the people, it follows that ie study of the language as it has been preserved in the various ialects is an absolute necessity to the student who desires to iaster Scottish Gaelic.

Besides, be the ultimate law of the universe what it may, becoming, not Being, is the ultimate law of language. Sounds re dropped, forms are disused, words are discarded in all languages -the loss being made up by new combinations of home growth, nd by foreign loans. In languages with a flourishing literature ie vanishing forms are stereotyped, and every new acquisition egistered. In the case of Gaelic we have the loss, but not the ompensation. The language has never been fully utilised in the ublished literature, and we have neither newspapers nor periodicals irough which one district can communicate to another its character- tic words as well as its special views and needs. The common ord *can*, to *say* or *sing*, forms no part of the diction of South rgyle. *Gabh oran* is the phrase used when you invite a friend to ng a song. I once heard a countryman of my own, painfully help- ss in English, ask a Saxon brother very pressingly to *take a ng*. The admirable northern word *cus* (overmuch) is not even i Armstrong's Dictionary, nor another to fill its place. If you ike up Rob Donn's Poems, or Mackenzie's "Beauties," or, better ill, Campbell's Tales, though these works by no means exhaust ie resources of the dialects, you will be amazed to find the num- er of beautiful and expressive words in common local use which re not only strange to you, but which are not to be found in any laelic Dictionary. You will also unfortunately find the local uthor frequently borrowing uncouth expressions from English, i ignorance of the fact that admirable words to suit his purpose re in free circulation across the nearest ferry or over the neigh- ouring moor. Rob Donn, *e g.*, gives *bàghan* and *bunndaist* and *rac* to the south, if the south would only accept them; but surely e ought to accept in return *searmonachadh* and *foirfeach* and *ile*, and leave such *strainnsearan* as *préisgeadh* and *eilldeir*, not o speak of *sùsdan*, in their native land.

Finally, in addition to the want of a rich standard literature, nd of free literary inter-communication in the Highlands, it is the

fact that the old economy, and by consequence the old language which it cherished, are, for good or for evil, passing away. Probably for good and evil; but let us hope that here also the evil will be overcome by the good. It would be interesting to trace the effect of the Reformation upon our Gaelic diction. The Catholics have preserved, among other words, *aifrionn*, a loan from the Latin, to designate the mass. I played my first games at shinty in *Glaic-nan-aifrionn*, in a purely Gaelic speaking parish where probably not a single individual knows the meaning of the word. *Càin* in early times meant *law*. The old Irish laws were called *Càin Pàtraic*, and we have still the saying, *A' chain a bha aig Pàruig air Eirinn*, which is explained to mean the body of laws which the Saint gave to his adopted country. The word afterwards came to mean a charge upon land. It was often applied to a portion of the rent paid in kind; and *kain hens* is a well-known term in Lowland Scotch. *Càin* means now in some districts a *tax*, in others a *fine*. In my native parish the word is restricted to the blacksmith's dues, which are paid in kind. So in South Argyle *toinneamh* is the miller's share of the meal for grinding it; and *bunndaist*—literally *pound*age—is applied by Rob Donn to designate the weaver's portion. The growing of flax and the manufacture of linen have dissappeared in Colonsay within my own recollection. The *simidean* is on the way to the museum, but the *seiceil* can again be turned to practical use in giving the final dressing to the tangled heads of candidates for Parliament. The spinning of wool is decreasing, and the weaving and dressing of woollen cloth is being rapidly transferred to the mills. Here is an interesting section of our lyric poetry—the waulking songs—being hushed for ever, and the whole vocabulary of a native industry in process of translation to the region of metaphor—the *calanas* of the good-wife, with her *cuigeal* and *fearsaid*, her *cìreadh* and *tlàmadh* and *clàdadh*, her *eachan* and *crois*, *crann-deilbh*; and the weaver with his *beairt* and *slinn* and *coimhead* and *spàl* and *iteachan* and *fudhagan* and *gogan-treiscin* and *dlùth* and *inneach* and *eige*, and a hundred more of useful articles and good Gaelic words. That most fascinating phase of Highland rural life—the *airidh*—which has produced so many beautiful lyrics, and especially those of the joyous and merry class, of which Gaelic possesses too few, is to most of us only a memory, if even so much. About the end of last century the *airidh* formed an essential part of the rural economy of the tenantry in the heart of Inverness-shire. Mrs Grant of Laggan describes it, and was equally captivated by the poetry and the profits of the *shielings*. This phase

of life has hardly passed away as yet in the outer isles, and the literary, one might say the ceremonial, beauty of it, as well as its social charms, are happily described and illustrated by Mr Carmichael in an interesting paper entitled "Grazing and Agrestic Customs in the Outer Hebrides" which he furnished to the Crofters' Commissioners, and which is printed in the Appendix to their Report

The argument might be pursued and pressed on other grounds, on patriotic as well as on linguistic grounds, but for the present I have, perhaps, said enough. A thorough and systematic investigation of our Gaelic dialects is of the highest importance. Many members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness are, from early training, special opportunity, and interest in the subject, peculiarly fitted to deal with it. I beg most earnestly to recommend it to their attention.

21st April 1886.

On this date the Secretary (Mr William Mackenzie) read—(1) a paper entitled "Some Unpublished Letters of Simon, 12th Lord Lovat," contributed by Donald Cameron of Lochiel; and (2) a paper on "Granting Diplomas of Gentle Birth, &c., by Scottish Kings—Case of Lieut.-Colonel Monro of Obsdale, 1663," by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.

Lochiel's paper was as follows :—

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SIMON 12th LORD LOVAT TO LOCHIEL OF THE '45.

The interest which attaches to all that concerns the history, or illustrates the character of the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat renders it unnecessary to offer to the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness any apology for the following contributions to a study of the public and private life of that extraordinary man. The following extracts are taken from a packet of letters given some years ago to the writer of this paper through the courtesy of the representative of a family allied to his own as well as to that of the author of the letters. By far the greater number of documents contained in the packet consist of letters addressed by Lord Lovat to the Lochiel of '45, and are almost all of a private nature, reference to topics connected with current political events being few and far between. It is, indeed, probable that in the stormy period immediately succeeding the date of most

of the letters (1743-44) all those which might in any degree compromise those adherents of the Stuart cause who had escaped the vengeance of the Government were destroyed. It seems unlikely, except on this hypothesis, that so confidential a correspondence should have been maintained between two Highland chiefs whose intimacy was so close, and yet that all those topics which, to a large extent, occupied the thoughts of men at that time should be studiously avoided.

There are, however, a few other letters addressed to Macleod of Macleod, the commencement to which is somewhat quaint. Lovat seems always to have begun his letters to that chief thus—"My dear mother's chief," his mother being Sibylla, fourth daughter of John Macleod of Macleod. In reference to this, it is curious to observe the extreme punctiliousness which a hundred and fifty years ago marked the style of correspondence even between the most intimate friends. The following extract may be given as an example of the courtesies of correspondence then prevalent, but hardly ever brought to such perfection as in the present instance. Every letter in the collection begins in this way, or something very like it:—"My very dear Cusin," or, "My dear Laird of Lochiell" or "Lochziell"—"I received the honour of your letter, dated the 7th of this month, and I am exceedingly overjoyed to know that you keep your health; but I am very sorry that my dear Cusin your worthy lady is still tender and has a cough. I pray that Heaven may recover her health, for your comfort, and the good of your children, and for the satisfaction of her friends and relations. I am very sure she has no friend or relation in the world that wishes Her Ladyship better than I do, and I I beg leave to assure you and her, and all the lovely Bearns, of my most humble duty and affectionate respects."

Subjoined is a specimen of the conclusion of one of the letters, and it may indeed be said that in many cases the complimentary portion of the letter often occupies as large a space as half the rest of its contents:—

"I was overjoyed by my cousine Gortuleg that you and my very dear cousine, the Lady Lochiel, and your lovely Bairns were in health. Gortuleg makes panegericks on your friendship and good advices. You will always find him a very honest man, and much your faithful servant. I beg leave to assure you and my dear cousine, the Lady Locheil, and the dear young ones, of my most affectionate humble duty and best respects and good wishes. My Jenyie joins with me in these dutiful respects and good wishes. And I am much more than I can express, with most

unfeigned attachment and unalterable respect, my dear Laird of Lochiel, your most affectionate cousine and most obedient and respectful humble servant, "LOVAT."

That Lovat was accustomed to administer compliments in strong doses is corroborated by the compiler of the "History of the Chiefs of the Grants," who says (vol. 1, p. xxi.)—"Too much importance will not be attached to the letters of Simon Lord Lovat by those who are acquainted with his peculiar style. It was his wont to indulge in expressions of admiration, and even adulation, towards such of his friends as he particuliarly fancied."

The letters were, however, not all couched in the affectionate terms of the above extract. When any incident occurred to arouse the anger or jealousy of the Northern Chief, he would adopt a much cooler, not to say freezing tone, and he was in the habit of exaggerating his grievances equally with his assurances of affection when so disposed. Thus, in 1736, he begins his letter—"My dear sir" (in place of "my dear cousin" or "my dear Laird of Lochiel"). The grievance complained of in this letter is apparently the usual one between Highland chiefs, at that time —a raid or foray in which the members of one clan suffered from the depredations of neighbours who were supposed to be on terms of friendship or alliance. After referring to certain friendly overtures which Lovat made, he goes on to say:—

"You cannot but be convinced of the great and singular love and regard I have for your person and family, and of my extraordinary patience in suffering so long such a terrible and manifest insult without endeavouring to resent it. But now, my dear cousin, I must freely and frankly tell you that my patience is worn out, and that I cannot longer forbear endeavouring to do myself and my kindred justice. But before I begin such a disagreeable undertaking, I send two principal gentlemen of my name that are my Baillies and Chamberlains, and are well known to you, Alexander Fraser of Bellnain, and William Fraser of Belloan, to get your final and positive answer of peace or war which will determine me. The proposition that John Fraser was so silly as to make to me to send money to those Ruffians to ransom the cattle, and bring them back, in my humble opinion is as great an insult as the first. However, I have bore patiently all those affronts till now, in hopes that the Laird of Lochiel, my nearest relation and my good friend, would give me redress, and that the Clan of the Camerons would not willingly and wilfully make war against the Clan of the Frasers, their old friends and allies who fought their battles against the Macdonalds and the

Mackintoshes. I am very sure that your father and grandfather would be very averse to such a war with a kindred that they loved as much as any in the Highlands. I will not insist on the many occasions that I showed myself a friend to your person and family. But this I can say frankly, that no chief or gentleman in Scotland has given greater proofs of being a true and zealous Cameron than I have done, and if I have met with grateful returns I know best myself. However, I am such a generous enemy as that I will let you know freely what way I am to proceed to get satisfaction of those Bandity who robed and plundered my country in a most inhumane manner.

"I will first address myself to my freind the Earl of Ilay as Minister of State, and to Genll. Wade as Commander in Chief in Scotland, if they get me redress I will go no furder, but if they do not I will apply myself to the King and Privy Council, who I truly think would be glad of any handle to suppress a Highland Clan. I doubt not in the least, but I'll have sufficient redress given me, either by the Earl of Ilay and General Wade, or by the King and the Privy Council; and I shall be mighty sorry to be obliged to apply to King or Council upon such an extraordinary occasion, since it cannot but hurt your country and kindred in ane eminent manner, and I take God to witness that it will be much against my grain and against my inclinations to carry on a war against you and your kindred, whom, till now, I thought the greatest support I had in the Highlands. But I truly rather dy in the field with my sword in my hand than not get redress of this insult, and if the Government and the legall authority does not do me justice, which I am persuaded they will in a very conspicuous manner, then nature must dictate what I must do afterwards."

There is also a very curious letter illustrative of the times, which relates to the abduction of a young woman. After congratulations on Lochiel's safe arrival at Achnacarry, after a somewhat arduous journey from Edinburgh, and a reference to a dispute with Glengarry, Lovat proceeds to give an account of the affair as follows:—"A young lad, a merchant in Inverness, a gentleman's son of Foyers' Family, having made proposalls of marriage to the only daughter of the deceased Baillie William Fraser, who is provided to a considerable portion, he got such encouragement and hopes of success from the girl, the mother and her brother, that he made the thing known to his friends as a concluded match. But soon thereafter, upon some private reasons, all the three struck out from the Bargain, and would not hear of it. Upon this the lad applied to his friends, and particularly to Gor-

tuleg, to solicite for him, who engaged me to do the same by letters. But all we would do in the affair was to no purpose. At last the mad lad having persuaded his friends in Stratherrick that he had engaged the girl's affections, and that it was only owing to her mother and brother that she did not declare for him, he prevailed, with all the gentlemen of Foyers' Family, to undertake the carrying her off from her mother's house, and which, accordingly, he and they execute about 8 o'clock on Saturday night in a forcible and desperate way, against the girl's own will, and carry'd her to Stratherrick, where, in spite of all that can be done, they still detain her, in order to force her to marry this fellow. Upon my having notice of it from Inverness on Sunday night, and that it was done so barbarously, against the girl's consent, I sent my Chamberlain to Inverness on Monday morning with letters to some of the Magistrates and my friends in town to have their advice what I would do in the matter, but before he reached Inverness I had a most clamorous letter from the Magistrates, who have taken this as a most terrible insult upon them and their Borrough, informing me of the whole affair, and begging a warrand and orders to rescue the girl from the hands of these People. This request I immediately granted, and sent my Secretary by three o'clock to Inverness Tuesday morning to wait on the Magistrates, and show them my written orders and warrand to Balnain and Belloan for sending back the girl to Inverness, which he accordingly did, and then delivered the same to Belloan who was at Inverness, and went straight to Stratherrick to put it in execution. I at same (time) sent a double of this order by express to Gortuleg, who is in Badenoch, and dispatched a trusty Domestick to Stratherrick with a general order to all the gentlemen of the County to concur and exert themselves in bringing back the girl to Inverness, and have last night sent the same secret (?) orders again to them for this purpose. But all this had no effect, so mad and infatuate are all those that have dypt in this cursed affair that I am just now informed by express that they have carry'd the girl to Fort-Agustus to have the marriage compleated there by the Chaplain of the Regiment in that place, so that in spite of all that I can do without making my Clan enter in blood among themselves, these unhappy gentlemen have ruined themselves inevitably, for that little insolent upstart the Provost of Inverness, who would wish to see me and all my people at the Devill, will prosecute every man for their lives that have been active in this desperate affair, and all my enemies in Inverness and elsewhere will be fond to support him in it, and endeavour to give hurtful impressions of

me and my people to the whole kingdom. As it is an affair of the last consequence to me and my people, I shall let you know afterwards what will become of it."

The following letter exhibits in a curious light to those who live in the days of household suffrage the nature and value of a vote in 1741, and the extraordinary exertions which were made by the great Families to increase their influence by acquiring superiorities:—

"My Dear Laird of Lochziel,

"I received the honour and pleasure of your return by my express, and I give you a thousand thanks, my dear cousine, for the concern that you take in my honour and interests. I own that both are more at stake in this county at present than they have been for these five and twenty years past, and you cannot imagine how much I am vexed at the desertion of two pitiful scoundrels* of my name, who do not deserve that any gentleman should drink with them. This oblidges me to give you the trouble to use all your efforts with your cousine Glenmoriston; and if you and your uncle do prevail with him, he will find it very much for the interest of his person and family, ffor M'Leod and I will freely and frankly do for him more than the Laird of Grant is

* Lord Lovat alludes to the same circumstance in a letter addressed to Charles Fraser of Inverallochy on 3rd January 1741. One of the "scoundrels" was Fraser of Fairfield, whom Lovat described as "an unnaturall traitor, an infamous deserter, and an ungrateful wretch to me, his chief, who had done him such signal services. And if I never had done him any other service, but getting him one of the best ladys in the world, your worthy sister, to be his wife (which cost me both pains and expence), who had bore him good children, he should be hanged for deserting me to serve any Grant that ever was born, or any other Scotsman." In a letter to the same of date 25th February, Lovat says of Fairfield—"A little money or an advantage to his private interest would not only make him sell all mankind, but Christ Jesus, if he was again upon earth, for he has no belief in God, nor in a future being." In view of the election, Lovat states in the letter of 3rd January that he has signed dispositions to Strichen, Inverallochy, and Farraline, to be barons of the shire, for "I am resolved that the Lord Lovat shall be always master of the Shire of Inverness in time to come." Doubts having arisen as to whether Sir Alexander Macdonald and Glengarry would qualify, his lordship says—"In that case we will lose our election; but I entreat that you speak seriously to my Lord [Aberdeen] that he may engage Glenbucket to write strongly to Glengerry [Glengerry was Glenbucket's son-in-law] to persuade him to take the oath. *I know he has no regard for them, so he should not stand to take a cart load of them, as I would to serve my friends.*"—See Miscellany of the Spalding Club, Vol. II.

inclined, or will do, as I give a demonstration of in the inclosed letter to your uncle. Glenmoriston should remember that if it was not for my person allenarly [alone], he would not have had a vote this day for Glenmoriston, nor would he have had the Superiority of one fur [furrow] of it, ffor when Grant was buying the estate in the Exchequer, he told the Glenmoriston's brother, who is dead, that he must get the Superiority of all Glenmoriston to himself; but as Glenmoriston desired me to attend him to the Exchequer, and to assist him in his affairs and circumstances, upon Grant's desiring his whole superiority, I told him that it was a most tyrannick demand, and that I would by no means allow of it, that Glenmoriston was my near Relation by your family, and since he desired me to stand by him I would by no means see him wronged, and if he did not leave him the superiority of his estate, I would overbid him in the Exchequer, and buy Glenmoriston Estate and give it back to himself. When he found that I was angry and in earnest, he told me that he would give the superiority of that estate with the property to Glenmoriston, but that he hoped that if the estate could make two votes that he would get one of them. I told him that Glenmoriston might do that as he thought fit. The late Glenmoriston was so sensible of this that he swore that he would stand by me against all the Grants on earth, and this Glenmoriston knows, that I always used him as an affectionate cousine, and never refused to do him any service that he asked of me, and if he now follows your advice and your uncle's, I will certainly be his steadfast friend while I live, and I humbly think that at any time I can be more useful to him, to all intents and purposes, than the Laird of Grant.

"My dear Cousine, you see how much I am concerned in this affair, so I earnestly entreat that, with the same ardour that I love your person, family and concerns, you may work for me to gain this point, that my honour and interest are so much engaged in, and it will be such a singular mark of affectionate friendship as I never will forget while there is breath in me, ffor though I would do for M'Leod much as for my Brother or son, yet in this election I am in a particular manner concerned myself, and my family and kindred. If we gain it, and beat the Grants, my family gets honour and reputation by it, but if they beat us they will triumph, and both I and my interest in this shire will be thought despicable in the south, and by the great men I have joined myself to. I can say no stronger things to you, my dear Cousine, so I conclude with trusting to your friendship, which I am very sure is sincere towards me."

It appears that in 1742 Lovat lent his house in Edinburgh to Lochiel, and the following reference to its merits and depreciation of its worthiness for "his dear cousine" is quaint enough to deserve transcribing. After referring to the "terrible journey" and "voyage" to the "Metropolis," Lovat goes on to say:—"It gives me a singular pleasure to know from yourself that my little house accommodates your lady and children. I wish it was the best in Edinburgh for your sake and theirs. It is certain that what is of it is good. It is both warm, and the large room is very lofty and well lighted. I am sorry it is not better furnished, but you have in it everything that I had except worn bed cloathes and a few necessarys for my kitchine that I could not get here for money, there is one advantage that my dear cousin, the Lady Lochiel, will have, that it has the easiest stair in Edinburgh, and that it is situated in the best part of the town. Would to God that it was the best in it in every shape for your sake and hers."

Lovat is determined that the rules of good manners shall be observed by his daughter, for he writes in the same letter:—

"I am very angry at my daughter, Siby, that she did not go and pay her respects to the Lady Lochiel how soon ever she heard that she came to town, but I hope the Lady Lochiel will excuse her youth and bashfulness. I have ordered her to be more in her duty in time to come, and to pay her respects every other day to the Lady Lochiel."

There are three letters referring to Cluny's marriage with his daughter. Lovat appears to have had great confidence in Lochiel's judgment in the matter, but no doubt he is also anxious to avail himself of the acquaintance which that chief seems to have had with the circumstances of the young lover. Prudent fathers are not confined to the 19th century. The following letter, however, represents the lover as either very bashful or somewhat unskilful in his addresses, as he was a whole week at Beaufort without finding an opportunity of "popping the question."

"My Dear Laird of Lochiel,—

"As I sincerely have greater confidence in you than in many other men on earth, you know, for several reasons, that I have past grounds for this confidence that I have in you, this entire trust that I have in your friendship for me, and in your absolute honour and integrity and uprightness of heart, obliges me to send you this express to acquaint you that your cousine, Cluny Macpherson, came here, and, after staying some days, he

desired to speak to me by myself, which I very easily granted. After some compliments, he very civilly proposed to marry my daughter Jenyie, who is with me. I was truly a little surprised; I told him all the obligeing things I could think, and told him that I would never let my daughter marry any man if he was of the first rank of Scotland beyond her own inclinations. So that he must speak to herself before I give him any other answer than that I was obliged to him. But the house being very throng with strangers, he could not get spoke to her though he stayed a week here. I advised him to make his visit a visit of friendship since he had not been here of a long time, and not to speak to her till he should make one other visit, and that in the meantime, since I had as great confidence in his cousine Lochiel as he had, that I would runn one express to you to know your opinion and advice which he was pleased with, and said he would likewise write to you. I therefore beg of you, my dear cousine, that you let me know candidly and plainly your sentiments without the least reserve, as you know I would do to you. I am quite a stranger to the gentleman's circumstances, only that I always heard that they were not very plentiful. But whatever may be in that, as the connection that his family has with yours, was the motion that did engage me to do all the good offices in my power to all the Macphersons when they were much pursuite (?) by the Duke of Gordon, so that same argument disposes me to be civil to him, and whatever may happen in his present view I am resolved to behave to him so kindly, so as to persuade him that I have a greater regard for him and his family on your account than I have for most people in the Highlands. The gentleman's near concern in you, if people knew my writing, might construct it by going in headlong to this affair. But I assure you, my dear cousine, that the plain case is, that I am fully convinced that if he was your Brother, it would have no byass with you, to advise me to an affair that would not be honourable and fit for my family, as I am fully convinced that you will send me the real sentiment of your heart and let me know Clunie's circumstances, which you cannot be ignorant off. And I declair to you upon honour that I will neither speak to my daughter, nor to any mortal, until I have your return to this. One of my great motives for giving ear to this affair is the view that I have that it might unite the Camerons, Macphersons, and the Frasers as one man, and that such method might be fallen upon them as might keep them unite for this age that nothing would alter. But this desire will never make me agree to any proposition against

my daughter's inclination, or contrary to a reasonable settlement."

The above letter is in duplicate, one copy autograph, the other written by an amanuensis, but both signed; one is dated the 10th, the other the 18th of February 1742. To the latter is appended a Postscript in the same hand-writing as the holograph of the 10th. It is as follows:—

"I do assure you, my dear Cousin, that if circumstances answer in a reasonable manner, that I am in my own inclinations entirely for the affair. Adieu, mon cher cusin."

The next letter on the same subject, written apparently after Lochiel's approval had been obtained, shows the importance attached to alliances by marriage as increasing the power and influence of the family thus allied. On the 27th of May of the same year, Lovat writes:—"Your Cousin Clunie has been here these three weeks past, and I do assure you that I am obliged to suffer a great many battles for him. The M'Intoshes, who are madly angry at this Match, endeavour to get all those they converse with to cry out against me for making of it, and those who don't love that the M'Phersons should be greater than they are, or that my family should be stronger than it is, make it there bussiness to cry out againit it. But I must do justice to my Lord President that all his friends and Relations cry out against it, yet he heartily approved of it in this house, where he did me the honour to dine with me Monday was se'en-night, and after I told him plainly all the circumstances, and that I trusted myself entirely to you, he told me that I could not trust myself to an honester man in Scotland than to Locheill, and after what I told him, his opinion was that if the young couple lov'd one another they might live happily together; and that it was a very proper alliance for my family, and that it strengthened the interest of my family more than any low country alliance that I could make. His saying so gave me satisfaction, whether he thought it or not; and tho' I have a hundred to one against me for making this match, yet I do not repent it, and tho' it were to begin again to-morrow I would do the same thing over again, and I must tell you that the more I know your Cousine Cluny the more I love him for a thorrow good-natur'd, even-tempered, honest gentleman. He goes home to look after his affairs in Badenoch for some time, and I precisely design that the marriage shall be consummated towards the latter end of June. But as I told you before, I am positive that I never will allow it to be done till you

are present, so that Dyet must be regulate according to the time that your affairs will allow you to come here." *

According to Lovat, his son-in-law showed no symptoms of being a henpecked husband. The last letter, October 1743, on this subject, contains some other amusing matter. After compliments, Lovat proceeds :—

"You are a very lasie correspondent. You never tell me a word of the Duke of Argyle's death, nor of the lady Achnabreak's dream, nor of Prince Charles passing the Rhine, nor of King George's beating M. de Noailles, nor of Landes being taken, nor the Germans having their quarters in Alsace Loraine and Burgundy, nor of the Zarina having sent 40,000 men to assist the Queen of Hungary. You may think little of all these events, but I think them very considerable, and would wish to know the sentiments of your great city about them.

"I must now acquaint you, my dear Cousin, of the situation of my family on this side of the Grampians. I am myself much troubled with a cough and cold upon me since this day fortnight that I went to Culloden to take leave of the President. I wish I had been that day asleep, for my best and largest coach near broke her leg one plain ground, and as soon as I came into Inverness I got auld (?) of the Duke of Argyle's death, and I had no pleasure or satisfaction in my visit, but breach of promise and friendship which you was often and very well acquainted with in that corner. Macleod is much more affronted in this affair than I am, and that by a man to whom he has been a slave to, and who professed the greatest friendship and attachment for him. However, every Dogg has his day, and Macleod and I must stand upon our own jambs with the assistance of our reall friends and relations.

"Cluny came here Monday night with your brother Archibald, your uncle Ludovic had the gout in his meikle, so that he could not come, and your brother John was sick of distemper,

* In a letter from Lord Lovat to the Duke of Gordon dated Beaufort, 13th August 1742, his lordship alludes to the marriage in the following terms :—"As your grace and the worthy Dutchess were so civill to my daughter, I think it my duty to acquaint your Grace that her aunt, the Lady Scatwell, having come here on the Tuesday after your grace went away, my daughter was married next day to the Laird of Cluny, and they both behaved to the satisfaction of all who were present; and as they are both good-natur'd and of an even temper, I hope they will be very happy. They had the honour to succeed your Grace in the lucky velvet bed which I hope will have good effect."
Miscellany of the Spalding Club vol. III, p. 235.

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"The Earl of Cromarty, after drinking excessively in this house of very good wine for five days, went to Dingwall and fell adrinking of very bad wine, which made him so sick that he had almost died there. The Countess was obliged to come in the midst of the night from Tarbat House to Dingwall—14 long miles—she having received an Express acquainting her that the Earl was not like to live till daylight. But I thank God he is recovered. His death would be a singular loss to his Country and to his friends, and particularly, to me which you may see by the Copy of two letters that he writt to me after his recovery, which I send you enclosed."

There is a copy among these papers of a letter from Lovat to "my mother's chief," the laird of Macleod, in which after describing a severe illness and the remedies applied, which are not worth quoting, the following very characteristic sentiments are delivered. The "faint hopes" which the writer entertains of seeing Macleod's grandfather in the next world may of course be read in two ways; but it would hardly have been agreeable to the grandson.

"I do assure you that I was not at all uneasy to leave this wicked treacherous world, but on the contrary I was pleased with the faint hopes of seeing my dear Uncle, your grandfather, and the other worthy persons that I was concerned in who went before me. But it has pleased God to keep me for some more time from the happy society of those brave upright honest persons who were an honour to their King and to their country, and to make me slave as long as Providence pleases among a corrupt generation in this poor, unhappy, degenerate Island, where scarce an honest man can be found—*Rara avis in terris, &c.* I am resolved, however, to submit and to pray to God that I may keep my integrity among the corruption of this age. I pray for my friends as I do for myself, and particularly for the laird of Macleod, and for those worthy gentleman that think as he does, for I presume to know a little of his private sentiments, and, as I thank God they are now just and honourable, I hope they will continue so all your days."

Macleod was, it appears, in Parliament, and the next paragraph in the letter is somewhat suggestive of what would now be called a job.

"I took the liberty to write to you about getting the premium on naval stores. The laird of Grant is more concerned in this than any man in Scotland, and I am the next to him, if not as much as he is, for I have vast woods upon my Estate which, if preserved, will be of great use to my family; and it would be a vast loss to all the gentlemen that have woods upon their Estates

if that premium should be taken away, therefore I beg that you may speak to that odd creatures the lairds of Grant and see what they will do for themselves."

The only extract from these letters bearing on political topics, which appears worthy of being quoted, is the following, and its interest is, indeed, derived more from the light which it throws on the querulousness and susceptibilities of its author than from any special historical fact which it records. Students of the period (1743) will draw their own conclusions from the complaints of Lord Lovat :—

"I am fully persuaded by experience as much as you can be, that in this Government there is no regard paid to past services, though never so essential, and for making new schemes, I am too old for that, and though I should both resolve and lay myself out to do essential service to the family of Hanover, I must come short of what I have done already for the Government to keep the Crown on their head, and the returns I met with were barbarous and ungrateful usage. I could say the same of another Court that I will now hold my tongue of, so that it has been my fate to be ill used by Courts, except by the glorious Court of France, who did me much more honour than I deserved ; and if I was to begin the world again, I would never serve any Court, but according as I would be rewarded. I hope my children will follow the same maxim."

The account given in another letter of the behaviour of two local doctors is very amusing, and seems, at this time of day, almost incredible. Lovat writes :—

"I have been pretty ill with the aigue since you went away, so that I was forced to send for Doctor Cuthbert and Doctor Fraser, who stayed here for five days, and all the service they did me was to drink drunk day and night, for except while they slept they were not five minutes sober since they came to the house, and Doctor Cuthbert is still here, and all the medicines they gave were severall dishes of laughter which happened very often. My servants got heavy lifts of them in carrying them from this room to their beds. It was a thousand pities for they are two pretty gentlemen, but Achnagairn has by much the advantage of Doctor Cuthbert, when he is in his own house he seldom drinks, and Doctor Cuthbert is every night drunk in his own house. However, I bless God by my following my own prescription of drinking the infusion of severall bitters in Spanish wine, and of drinking a glass once or twice a day of the Spanish wine with the Peruvian bark infused

in it, the aigue is almost gone, but this severe storm that never had an example in history confines me to this room a perfect prisoner these two months past, so that I must have a very good and healthful constitution to have resisted such a closs confinement and continuall eating and drinking and sitting up without any exercise, but I hope God in his mercy will soon deliver us from this storm, and then I can go abroad and take a little exercise, which I hope will restore me into perfect health and strength that I may be fit to do some service to my friends and my Countrey, which I do not despair of."

In the same letter is a description of a member of another learned profession. It appears there was a lawyer by name Tom Brodie in Edinburgh at that time, of whom Lovat writes in these somewhat disrespectful terms:—

"I have such experience of Tom Brodie's, such a greedy, deceitful, treacherous knave that I cannot in duty and honour but put you on your guard against him, for after my giving him liberally my money and my gold for about fourteen or fifteen years, and using him rather like a brother than an ordinary lawyer, yet the deceitful knave sold me this last year to my adverse party by which I have been wronged above £3000 str. He gave up my papers to my adverse party, which gave a pretext to the base and villainous arbiters to sign a decree of a £1000 str. against me, to be paid to my adverse party, who, sincerely and truly before God I could declare it if it was my last word, did rob me, I mean Phopachy, of above £4000 of the furniture of my house, and the rents of my Estate, and tho' he was not worth five pound on earth but what he rob'd me of (for he was downright a beggar when I came to Scotland) yet I am decreed to pay him £1000 str. by false accounts that he made up against me, but the truth of the matter is that Thomas Brodie betray'd me for getting the half or the third of the spoil to himself. Your cousin Balladie, who was here during the transactions of that villainous decree, knows that affair perfectly, for he took great pains in it. I beg your pardon for troubling you with an account of it, but my design is to prevent your being cheated and abused by Tom Brodie, who is certainly the most dangerous villain that ever went into the Parliament house."

Those who are acquainted with Lovat's style, and the strong language in which he inveighs against all whom he fancies have injured him, will not perhaps judge too harshly of Tom Brodie.

In another letter Lovat asks Macleod to send him some news-

papers, specifying the *London Evening Post* and *Westminster Journal*, and promises to pay him in "Bewlie salmon and good claret" when he comes to visit him.

There are also allusions to his wife and her wickedness in some of the letters, but students of the history of the Highlands at that period would not find anything which has not already been published, and, indeed, Lovat's account of the family dispute is to be found in greater detail in some of his letters printed in the second volume of that splendid work, "The Lairds of Grant," by Dr William Fraser, Edinburgh.

This paper may be properly brought to a conclusion with a letter from young Simon, Master of Lovat, to his father, dated Edinburgh, May 22, 1740, when he was 13 years of age. His appreciation of the Gaelic language must commend his memory to the members of this Association :—

My Dear Papa,—I received the honour and pleasure of your Lordship's letter by the last post, and I am exceeding glad to hear that your Lordship is in perfect good health. I am very glad that Mr Donald* is in a fair way to get the better of all his enemies, and that he is almost done with those tyrannick bigot clergy of Ross. I believe the Brig. will be very happy in having him for a Governour, who, I fancy, has much need of one. I am very glad that your Lordship is pleased with my write this post. I do assure your Lordship I will take as much care of it as possible. But whoever has informed your Lordship that I neglect the Earse, has greatly misinformed your Lordship, for there is none in this house, except Mr Blair, but speak Earse, and there is not a day but we speak it at dinner, super, and brakefast, and I know your Lordship would rather me lose Latin and Greek than lose it, and that is the great reason, though I had no other to retain it; but I don't believe, though I was to go through the world now that I would lose it, and, as to my having the Edinburgh Ton, that is what I cannot help; for when I was at Glasgow, I had the Glasgow Ton, and now the Edinburgh

*This was Mr Donald Fraser, Tutor or "Governour" to Lovat's sons Simon and Alexander. The latter is referred to in this letter as "the Brig" —Brigadier—the name usually applied to him by his father. Mr Donald became minister of Killearnan in 1744, and of Ferintosh in 1757. At his death he left a large number of letters from Lord Lovat to himself, Lord Loudon, and others, and these have now been placed by his great grandson, the Rev. Hector Fraser, Halkirk, in the hands of Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, with a view to their publication in the next volume of our Transactions.

Tone, and when I go north I will have that Tone. So that there is nothing in that but perfect Custom. I was this day dining with Brigadier Guest, who received me very kindly, and gave me a letter for your Lordship.—I am, dear papa, your Lordship's most affectionate Son,

"SIMON FRASER.

"Edinburgh, May 22nd, 1740"

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's paper was as follows :—

GRANTING DIPLOMAS OF GENTLE BIRTH, &c., BY SCOTTISH KINGS— CASE OF LIEUT.-COLONEL ALEXANDER MONRO OF OBSDALE, 1663.

Numbers of Scotsmen of gentle birth, unable to find suitable employment at home, betook themselves particularly during the seventeenth century either to foreign military service, or to trade, becoming naturalised in the countries wherein they settled. The rigour of class and caste made it necessary for these adventurers to show an equality of rank, ere they were permitted to associate with, or intermarry among, the upper ranks of the natives of Poland, Sweden, Germany, and France, to which countries these adventurers chiefly resorted.

The proper Register of Birth Briefs is called "The Paper Register of the Great Seal," as distinguished from the Great Seal Register Proper, which is written on vellum. The Paper Register begins about 1590, and is continued to 1707.

In earlier times, certificates were given by inquests of friends and neighbours of repute, styled "homines patriae," and in Burghs such certificates were granted after enquiry by the Magistrates and Council. Subsequently it was not unusual to issue a Royal Warrant, as is seen in the following case taken from "The Earl of Stirling's Register of Royal Letters," 1st volume, p. 66. Edinburgh 1885 :—

To the Chancellor (of Scotland)—
Right Trusty and Wellbeloved,

Whereas, one Andrew Arbuthnot, serving, as we are informed, under the King of Sweden, has caused humble suit to be made unto us that he might have a testificate under our Great Seal of that our Kingdom, of his lawful birth and progeny, our pleasure is that having informed yourself thereof, that you grant

unto him what is usual to be granted unto other persons, in business of the like nature: and for your so doing, these shall be your warrant. (Signed) CHARLES R.

Theobald's, July 21, 1626.

The earliest instance of a birth brief, or "Litera Prosapia," in the Paper Register is dated 26th of January 1637, and from that date downwards entries are numerous. It is well known that many of these recorded briefs are full of inaccuracies.

Duncan Forbes, 3rd of Culloden, writing prior to the year 1704, and treating of the genealogy of the family of Tolquhon, says that Malcolm Forbes, Marquis of Montilly, some 30 years before, sent to Scotland for his coat-armorial certificate, which was given him utterly wrong by the then Lord Lyon and his deputy clerks.

It is still competent to issue birth briefs, the course being by application to the Lord Lyon, who, upon proper proof being established before him, issues a certified pedigree under the seal of the Lyon office.

Colonel Monro of Obsdale's genealogy is shown in the annexed. He was grandson of the laird of Fowlis, nephew of Major-General Sir Robert Monro, and brother of Lieut.-General Sir George Monro. His services are done full justice to, neither squalor of a prison, tedium of exile, nor loss of fortune in the Royal cause daunting him in his zeal and devotion to the Royal House of Stuart.

The following is an exact translation of the original Latin brief:—

"Charles, by the grace of God, King of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, and defender of the faith, to all and sundry emperors, kings, princes, dukes, marquises, archbishops, bishops, barons, councillors and magistrates of states, and to all and sundry or their lieutenants, chief governors of provinces, cities, castles, fleets, and finally to all exercising supreme or subordinate authority by sea or land in civil or ecclesiastical affairs and others whomsoever who shall read or hear these letters patent everlasting greeting in the author of everlasting salvation: Whereas the cheif concern of those to whom the supreme administration of the commonwealth has been entrusted ought to be that due honour should be bestowed on those studious of virtue and their posterity, and since we, so far as circumstance will allow deligently make it our sedulous care, that whatever rights or distinctions of noble blood or of renowned achievement have been

derived from ancestors, should remain repaired and protected among posterity (unless they shall have revolted from the probity of their ancestors) in the longest series that is possible to be, to the end that both the said descendants mindful of their lineage should commit nothing unworthy of the unsullied fame and greatness of their parents, but inflamed to the like should superadd some praise by their own virtue, and accession of light to the brightness of their ancestors, and so emulating their forefathers afford to us and to their country faithful subjects and citizens in all things according to their power. We to our faithful and well beloved countryman Alexander Monro fully imbued in the schools and academies of his native country, with the humaner and more subtile letters, who in his novitiate of sterner warfare under his uncle Sir Robert Monro, Major-General, and Sir George Monro, our Lieutenant-General, most valiant knight, his brother being extremely well instructed, followed the party of our most serene parent of blessed memory and ours in circumstances sufficiently adverse, valiantly fought for us as Lieutenant-Colonel for sixteen years, and by his blood and his wounds made a sacrifice to our cause and to the glory of his own loyalty, and that to such a degree that not by the squalor of a prison nor tedium of exile, nor loss of fortune did he suffer his fidelity to his kings due and devoted to be stained or besmirched by any blot of treason or supineness of spirit, but individually and indefatigably remained a comrade with our forces, through straits, through cold, through mountains and all that could be inflicted on our faithful subjects in that lamentable time of treason: I say, to this most valiant man, and who has deserved exceedingly well of us, on his request and supplication we deny not for justice and righteousness sake our firm testimony to the honours and offices bestowed on his ancestors by our forefathers the most serene Kings of Scotland (which may be to him in place of a benefit among others). Wherefore after careful inquiry has been made by illustrious and trust-worthy men (to whom we intrusted that duty), concerning the descent of the foresaid gentleman, it has been found by us, and we therefore make it known and certain, and publicly bear witness that it is manifest that our well beloved Alexander Monro, Lieutenant-Colonel, was born lawful son and of lawful marriage by either parent of noble and gentle birth, and for many ages by-past has derived his paternal and maternal descent from distinguished and honourable families; to wit, that he is the son of a truly noble gentleman, John Monro of Obsdall, Colonel among the Swedes, and Katharine Gorloun, united to John in lawful matrimony and John of Obsdall to

his own and his native country's everlasting glory valorously deserved well of the most potent King of Sweden, and was the son of George Monro of Obsdall, by Katharine Monro, daughter of Andrew Monro of Miltoun, by Katherine Vrquhart, daughter of Thomas, Sheriff of Cromarty, by Anna Abernethy, daughter of the distinguished Lord Baron of Saltoun: And George was born of a very illustrious man and chief of his surname Robert Monro of Fowles, by Katherine Ros, daughter of Alexander Ros, Laird of Belnagown, by Elizabeth Sinclair, daughter of the most famous Earl of Caithness: And Robert was born of the former Robert of Fowlis laird thereof (who fell honourably fighting valiantly for his country in the battle of Pinkie) of Anna Dunbar, daughter of Alexander Dunbar, Sheriff of Moray, by Jean Falconer, daughter of the laird of Halcartoun: Further, this Robert was the son of Hector Monro of Foulis, by Katherine Mackenzie, daughter of the lord or chief of the Mackenzie's (but now of the most renowned Earl of Seaforth) which Hector also had to his father William Monro of Foulis, a knight plainly most valiant for in leading an army at the command of the King against certain factious northern men (he perished by treachery) and to his mother Anna M'Lean, daughter of the lord or chief of the M'Leans, But the maternal line of the foresaid Colonel Alexander is as follows:—He was born (as before) of a noble mother Katherine Gordoun, daughter of John Gordoun of Embo, which John was the son of Adam Gordoun, by Katherine, descended of a most ancient and very noble lineage, to wit, the most illustrious earls of Huntly; and Katherine had to her mother Jean Gordoun, daughter of Gilbert, son of Alexander Gordoun, baron of Aboyn, who also, when he was a son of the Earl of Huntly, took to wife the only daughter and heiress of the most honourable Earl of Sutherland, whereby he himself afterwards became Earl of Sutherland: Who all were united in lawful wedlock, and were descended of lawful marriage of illustrious parents and most distinguished families, and all were renouned for splendour of descent and for virtue: their honorable and excellent exploits transmitted their fame untarnished without any blemish or aspersion of dishonour to their posterity: all likewise for their singular and remarkable fidelity to their country, and renowned exploits against the enemies, with singular honours deservedly bestowed by the most serene Kings of Scotland, for many ages bygone
have left behind them, surviving in this our age, a distinguished progeny, emulous of their virtures: By the tenor whereof we desire you all our friends (saving everyones dignity) alike known

and dear, asked and entreated; that ye treat our contryman, now recommended, Sir Alexander Munro, dear to us on so many accounts, conspicuous for so many lights of virtures, with all offices of civility, love, honour, and dignity, craving again the like favour from us, if in anything ye wish to use our assistance; which things, as they are all true and sure in themselves, that likewise they may be better attested, and more certain to all and sundry, and be known to all men as manifest, we have, without reluctance, granted these our Letters Patent to the foresaid Alexander Monro: For giving full faith also, to which among all men, we have commanded our narrower seal to be appended hereto. Given at Edinburgh, the day of the month of September, the year from the Virgin's birth, one thousand six hundred and sixty three, and the fifteenth year of our reign"

"By Act of the Lords of Secret Council"

28TH APRIL 1886.

On this date William Millar, auctioneer, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter, Mr Alexander Ross, architect, Inverness, read a paper on the "Old Industries of the Highlands." Specimens of native art and industry were exhibited and highly admired. Mr Ross's paper was as follows:—

OLD HIGHLAND INDUSTRIES.

In these days of great factories and concentration of labour in the production of articles required for the daily use of man, it may be interesting and profitable to recall some of the old and peculiar modes employed by our countrymen for providing food, clothing, and implements, but which modes have now almost disappeared.

Machinery, driven by steam, has done away with much hand labour, and, under the guiding hand of man, does nearly all the work, where mechanical power is required, and thus gets rid, in a large degree, of the great waste involved in manual labour. This centralised production has tended to enlarge and extend our towns and seats of industry, and to produce articles for the million at a relatively much less cost than could be done by hand labour, and, by means of transport and commerce, to send machine-made articles into the furthest corners of the earth, civilised and uncivilised; hence we find ranged alongside stone and

flint implements, the latest gay and fancy fabric of Manchester and Birmingham. Even the Hindoo and Chinaman's gods and idols are manufactured in our British workshops, and many other articles which are considered peculiar to certain nations. I had occasion to remark this particularly in a Liverpool counting-house, for on asking what were the goods they exported from this country, a drawer was pulled out and samples displayed. These consisted of Spanish hedalgos, spurs, and brilliant saddles, and saddle cloths, Spanish mantillas, &c., of gorgeous and rich colours, such as that noble animal the "British Crocker," always declares the British manufacturers can neither rival nor approach.

It is extremely interesting to study the progress from primitive machinery to the most advanced and intricate results of modern times, and perhaps the Highlands of Scotland afforded till recently a very good field for such study.

The Lowlands of Scotland long retained their ancient practices as regards home-mades, and I can myself recall the time before the modern lucifer match and vesta were introduced, fire was produced by various simple methods, and when the old gaberlunzie man wandered round the country, and the chapman paid his accustomed visit to supply jewellery, and such literature as was then read, the old cruize lamp with fish oil and rush which supplied the poor flicker of light to permit the maids to spin and the hinds to read.

In the Highland Glens the primitive native arts were continued to even a later date than in the Lowlands. This would naturally arise from the difficulty of intercommunication in consequence of the want of roads and sparseness of population. Accordingly we find the old manners and customs remaining, and the old modes of cultivation being practised long after they had disappeared from amongst their more advanced countrymen. It is to these practices I would now draw your attention to-night, and perhaps it may be the simplest way and most instructive if I take a glance at a few of the more useful and common arts and discuss each in detail.

Beginning with 1st, dwellings and utensils; 2nd, agriculture; 3rd, food; 4th, clothing; 5th luxuries; and 6th, articles of commerce.

I cannot expect to exhaust any one of these subjects, but I may touch on a few of each.

The dwelling or shelter naturally comes amongst the first requirements of a race, and the implements necessary to procure food and clothing.

I need not go into the very early forms of lake dwellings, traces of such being found in almost all the islands, natural and artificial, in our lochs under the name of crannogs. Nor shall I touch on the beehive and eird houses so common in Aberdeenshire and Caithness, and into which the early Pict could barely crawl. (By the way, Pennant says the origin of the name Pict, is from Picteich a Thief—an origin, I daresay, some of you may be inclined to dispute. Their houses were simply little domes of stone 8 or 10 feet diameter, into which the native crept and lived in the rudest and most primitive fashion. At this stage only the simplest instruments were available, such as stone hatchets and hammers, flint arrow heads, bone needles, &c., yet by means of these and the action of fire the ancient savage was able to cut down trees, scoop out and form them for canoes, dress stones to form the quern, and rubbing stones to bruise and grind the grain and roots for food. He was also able to form a mortar pestal of stone, and by fish bones form needles to sew the fibre of various plants and hooks wherewith to catch a further supply of fish.

A little further on and metals came to his aid, and we find bronze and iron taking the place of stone implements, and gold and silver ornaments coming into use, many of them exhibiting very high culture and taste.

When our forefathers took to roofing their dwellings with timber instead of stone, the form seems to have been generally circular, and we have this type in the hut circles, which, as a rule, are just of sufficient diameter to permit the space to be covered in by cabers placed on the ground or low turf dyke, and to converge at the top into a point, and so far a tent, or like a conical house. This would seem to have been the usual form of dwelling of the native Briton at the time of the Roman Invasion, for we find the "Candida Casa" at Whithorn of St Ninian in the sixth century much thought of as the first stone and lime built whitehouse.

In England the progress in castle building and also of church work was progressive, and culminated in the grand cathedrals and castles of the thirteenth century.

In Scotland the progress was not so marked and steady, and we have no church work to show older than the eleventh century, nor of domestic work anything so early. I would, however, remark, that from the beginning of the eleventh century till the sixteenth century, Scotland can hold her own with any country both in ecclesiastical and baronial architecture. Still alongside the great advances made in baronial and ecclesiastical architecture

the peasantry lived in rude huts and retained many of their old modes of working, and continued to supply themselves with home-made stuffs, both of food and clothing to an extent, and in a manner which it would perhaps be well if our modern natives could still to some extent imitate and adhere to. The farm house of the last century, and also the cottage of the crofter, was supplied with a rude plenty, and a variety both of food and clothing, which, if not so elegant as that of the present day, was in many respects more healthy and serviceable for family wants, while the mode by which everything was turned to account and rendered available for food and clothing, forms an entertaining and useful line of study.

The old farm house kitchen on a winter night of itself gives a very perfect picture of what I would like to bring before you, and let us for a moment describe it, as I myself can remember one nearly half-a-century ago in Forfarshire. The kitchen was a stone floored apartment, with a large fireplace, sufficiently capacious for a fire of wooden logs, which burnt on the hearth, and to permit of one or two sitting alongside it in the recess. Possibly, when the farm servants gathered in at night, light would be desirable, but there were no candles allowed, except for the ben end (that was the portion occupied by the family of a farmer when he was of sufficient standing to live apart from the farm servants), and how to produce light became the question. In the poorer districts the old bog fir was made to do duty, and the Peer man had to hold it. Those of you who had the pleasure of hearing Mr James Linn, of Keith, lecture on Peer men, will recollect his very interesting paper and beautiful specimens of stands of iron which were made to supersede the Peer man or boy who used to hold and replenish the bog fir, or "white candle," when it came into use, for it was the good old practice in Aberdeenshire to make the beggar, or gaberlunzie man pay for his night's quarters by keeping the bog fir or candle alight, while others worked or amused themselves, and hence the saying of an unsociable person, "He'll neither dance nor haud the candle."

To return to house building, as you no doubt are aware, the crofter to this day builds all his own house—it varies in different localities. In the Lowlands, the farm labourer's cottage was generally built of boulders, or round water-worn stones, and held together with clay and straw and plastered inside and out with a smooth coating of clay, or in some districts with lime mortar. It was roofed with wood rafters more or less manufactured, and the rafters again covered with slabs from the nearest saw mill, these in their

turn overlaid with divots or sods and finished with thatch of straw. The interior was floored with beaten clay and divided into two or more rooms by a partition of slabs or cabers, the interstices being filled in with clay and straw, or in more ambitious cases, wattled with hazel and smoothened with clay. The windows were half glazed with coarse glass and the lower half of timber, with doors hinged to open for ventilation. This was the Lowlander's cottage, but amongst the hills and on the West Coast the house was still more primitive, in these cases the materials had to be used of a simpler kind. The walls are drystone, facing outside and infilled with turf in the heart, the roof formed of trees and cabers undressed, and roughly fitted as they came to hand. The construction was also different. When a Highlander began to build his house he commenced by fixing the main couples at certain intervals, and the lower portion was let into the ground like a post. To the top of these the rafters were secured by a wooden pin and tied across by a tie beam. At the apex where the rafters met and crossed each other was laid longitudinally a long tree or beam, on which the smaller cabers or rafters and thatch depended and rested, and hence was called the roof-tree, and on it the main security of the fabric depended, and displacing the roof-tree was certain to bring the whole fabric to the ground, and hence, in the importance of the roof-tree, and the common and genial toast, "To the Roof-tree," no doubt had reference to this important feature in the structure. The effect of those old Highland roofs was extremely good and picturesque, and but few of them now remain; they are fast disappearing before the manufactured timber and slate. The important feature of these houses and roofs is that they were entirely the work of the natives, and required no foreign or skilled labour in their production; they were entirely the work of the founder, who was his own architect and contractor. The cost was in those days trifling, the labour not being taken into account; but, so scarce was, and still is, timber on the West Coast, that a crofter removing claims and often carries, the roof with him. The fire was placed on a stone slab or hearth in the centre of the floor, and the smoke allowed to find its exit through sundry holes in the roof. The result is that a large portion condenses on the rafters of the house and forms a rich dark brown varnish, which is utilised by the crofter as manure, and I have seen a good picture painted with this varnish, the effect much resembling sepia. The custom of unroofing annually is still practised, and I have often seen the roof lying on the hillside getting washed with the rain. The neighbours, on the occasion of a roofing, lend a helping hand, and I

have often seen the roof being removed in the morning and replaced by the evening.

In the Islands, from the greater scarcity of timber, the roof and woodwork are still further economised, and stone takes the place of timber to a greater extent. In Harris the walls are often 6 to 8 feet thick, being formed of stone on the outer and inner face, the centre being filled up with moss and sods, while the roof is placed on the inner side of the walls, and the great breadth forms a rampart on which cattle and children may disport themselves. Travelling in Lochaber on one occasion, I asked what a cottage would cost them. The reply was, "Well, it depends on the number of couples, but a house could be put up for 50s., but it would take £5 to make a right one."

At the same time as the house was constructed by home labour, it was natural that all the furnishings should partake of the same primitive character, and accordingly we find the materials at hand were made to serve the ends required by simple home manufacture. After the house building, one of the first essentials would be cooking utensils, and we find that a simple gridiron and pot were indispensable. These were formed of hammered metal, and these cauldrons occasionally turn up, mostly of bronze, and this may be accounted for by the greater durability and value of copper and bronze, and these are always found in ancient examples to be of sheets of metal made up in pieces and riveted. Many specimens of this still exist, but the cast iron pot has entirely superseded them in every-day life. The native pottery seems to have held its own to a much later date, and the Lewis pottery is well known, and in Kilmuir, Skye, the Rev. Mr Macgregor told me he had often watched the natives making the craggan for family use. Sixty years ago there were in the parish of Kilmuir only three teapots, and a single pot represented the entire cooking apparatus of a family, in which case the potatoes were boiled in the pot and the herrings were placed in the pot over the cooked potatoes, and so prepared.

Dishes of all kinds were scarcely known, and instead thereof a square board above 17 inches across with a rim 3 inches high all round, called "Clar," served for the dish to hold potatoes and fish, and the family seated round a rude table eat their meal from it. Mr Macgregor also mentions, that "In many of the poorer dwellings there was but one horn spoon, which was handed from member to member to help themselves in turn." There were but few bowls, cups, or dishes of earthenware in these humble dwellings, but many of them had wooden cups of various sizes which they got from crews

of vessels from the Baltic. They met these vessels in calm weather, and got planks of wood and dishes of the kind mentioned in lieu of fresh vegetables which they took on board.

The people of this district were in the habit of making large pots or jars of the native clay. These craggans were of various sizes, and some of them would contain from three to four imperial gallons, but generally they were of smaller size, and made to contain eight or nine great bottles.

The clay of which these craggans were made was not found in every district, but when found large numbers of these pots or craggans were made.

Mr Macgregor describes the process thus:—"The clay was smooth and plastic, and when required for use it was wrought up by the hands for hours together until it was brought to the consistency of the putty used by glaziers. When in this state the most skilful and tasteful of the family group commenced to form the craggan, which they finished in less than two hours' time. The first part of it made was the circular bottom, which, like a circular cake, they placed upon a broad or flat stone, always supplying themselves from the lump of prepared clay beside them. When the bottom was thus formed, they rapidly built upon it all around the outer edge to the thickness of about an inch, but careful all the time to shape it into the form required. When finished the article was coarse, rough, and indented with finger marks, but in order to smooth it they scraped it round and round very gently with a knife to give it a more seemly appearance. The inside was of course left as it was, as there was no access to it. When the dish was finished it was put on to a safe place to dry by the heat of the sun, and was left in that state for perhaps some weeks, until it got properly hard. The next process was to set it in the midst of a powerful peat fire in order to burn it, and this step of the manufacture frequently ruined the whole concern, in consequence of the unequal heat breaking or cracking the vessel. The burning made the craggan harder and lighter, and quite ready as a receptacle for the family oil. This oil formed an important item in the family economy; it was procured from the livers of different kinds of fish, it was dark in colour, like port wine, but thin and good. The fish on arrival were gutted, and the livers were taken out and thrown into the pot or craggan, and left there till they melted down into a comparatively liquid state. They then set the decayed livers on a slow fire to dissolve them completely. In this state they poured off the fine oil, put it into a craggan, and threw the refuse on a dunghill."

These craggans are still made in the Lewis, and I show a specimen, and some cups and saucers.

The oil was mainly used for lighting the "cruiscan," or *lamp*, and I show you a specimen of the lamp. These lamps superseded the fir root and in their turn have been superseded by the paraffin and modern oil lamps. As you will observe, they are constructed with two bowls or spoons, one to hold the oil and wick, the other to catch the drip, and by a clever arrangement the upper bowl or spoon was made by hooking on to a series of pegs to tilt up as the oil was consumed, and so afford a continuous supply of oil to the wick.

The mode of producing light was by striking a spark from a piece of flint or quartz, which spark falling on a piece of charred linen or cotton, set it on fire, and this again was made use of to light a rude match made of fir and tipped with brimstone.

The making of these matches, or "spunks" as they were called, gave occupation in the long evenings to the male part of the family, who split up fine pieces of fir, and dipped the ends into melted brimstone or sulphur, and thus produced a rude lucifer match. Since these "cruiscean" were superseded by the paraffin and other lamps, they have been generally reduced to the mean use of melting brimstone or sulphur for smoking of bees, and those I have recovered were being used for this purpose by the old ladies who kept bees.

The provision of wicks for these lamps was of some importance, and was made of the pith of rushes from the ditches; and I have often as a boy earned a luncheon by gathering and peeling these. They were prepared by stripping off the outer skin, and raising by a gentle pressure, the pith in a long piece, very like Macaroni; these were tied in bundles and dried for use.

Food.—Following up these notes on the Domestic Economy and Occupation, we naturally come next to the preparation of food. Thus we have, say, the meal—Oat and bere meal was until recently the staple food of the people in Scotland, and the preparation of their meal formed an important industry. Mr Macgregor mentioned, in the paper before referred to, that he recollected a time when loaf or wheaten bread was unknown in Kilmuir. "I remember," he says, "when loaves of bread were made at the manse for a Communion or Sacramental occasion, when crowds of females resorted to the minister's house to see the 'aran caneach,' that is, the foggy or spongy bread, and on tasting it they did not at all relish it, as they did not consider it to be at all so substantial as their own oaten cakes.

"The mode of preparing the grain for meal varied considerably, the most primitive being what was called graddan meal. This was prepared as follows:—The standing oats or barley having been cut down and brought to a convenient spot, the grain is taken in handfuls from the sheaf and held over a pot or flat stone and set fire to, and the grain being thus parched and dried, the slight tendril is burnt through, and the grain drops on the stone or into the pot. This handful is kept constantly beat by a stick to separate the grain more readily from the straw. When sufficient grain has been collected, it is stirred about in the pot or on the stone till quite dry, it is then fanned, and the grain so prepared for the mill."

I need not describe to you the quern or hand mill; it is well known as being composed of two flat stones, the upper one revolving on a centre pin and driven by hand. The quern has not altered in its construction for thousands of years, and I found the Bedouin Arabs in Jericho preparing their grain in exactly the same way with the quern as I found the girls in Benbecula and Harris. It is often referred to in Scripture as the Jews' handmill, and no doubt it was a quern which Samson ground on in his prison house.

The manufacture of these mill-stones was of great importance, and suitable stones were carried great distances. I have found in the outer Islands many stones, of which the only account which could be given was, that they were Lochaber stones, and no doubt the Margarodite schist of Glenroy is admirably suited to the purpose, being composed of garnets embedded in a soft matrix of a white silvery Talcose schist which wears down, leaving the garnets projecting out like teeth to cut the grain. One of the Lochaber quarries was situated at Bruniachan, Glenroy, where stones are still to be seen lying about half made. At the same place are traces of iron furnaces. And another famous quarry was in an island called Soa, to the west of Skye, and was a sandstone grit.

The querns are still used amongst the Islands, and I have several times come on them in full operation, notably at Lochboisdale, where a few years ago I had the pleasure of witnessing the whole operation. It was on a Michaelmas day, and the barley crop was ripe. I happened to mention to the innkeeper my desire to see the operation of preparing the "Graddan Meal," and said that I had heard it was the custom in Uist to prepare and eat Michaelmas cake on that day. He said "True, and if you care you can see the process close by." I immediately declared myself ready for the expedition. The darkness had set in, and I had made

myself comfortable for the night, but I resumed my boots and started over the hill, and after stumbling over rocks and bogs for a mile or so, we came to the cottage where the operation was being carried on. We were just in time. The grain was being separated from the straw very much as described by Mr Macgregor, and the husks were being taken off the grain by stirring the parched corn in a pot, the fire still kept burning the grain, and the husking and kiln drying were one and the same operation. After the grain had been thoroughly husked and dried, it was winnowed and ready for grinding. The woman who did this took the grains and dropped them gently into the centre hole of the upper stone, while she turned it with the other hand, and the meal was thrown out round the outer rim of the stones. After preparing about a peck of it she gathered it up, and with a sieve separated the meal from any seeds and impurities. She then proceeded to bake the cake in the ordinary way, and when shaped she spread over the upper surface some melted sugar and carroway seeds. The baking and firing was done in the ordinary way on a flat disc of metal, and when sufficiently fired it was cut up and handed round to the members of the family and visitors. When warm and fresh, it was very palatable, and I enjoyed a portion. Being much interested in the custom and operation, I begged a bit of the cake to take home. I was presented with a goodly portion, which I brought home on trial, and a day or two after my arrival I was describing to some friends the operation, and offered to allow them taste of my fare. But I reckoned without my host, for on ordering in the bread I was informed by the serving maid that my wife had ordered the precious cake to be thrown out to the pigs, it smelt the house so, and I must confess that however pleasing and attractive the cake was partaken of in a Highland bothy, fresh, and with all the romance of the situation, yet in our refined condition it had lost its sweetness, and became absolutely offensive. So much for our early tastes and romantic ideas of Highland life.

Jamieson, in his work on popular songs and ballads, gives the following graphic picture of Highland life in the beginning of the present century, and though a little coloured it fairly enough describes the amount of home resources of old country life, which, alas! is a thing of the past, and the Highlander now depends too much on foreign produce and the regular visits of the Glasgow steamers for his comforts. He says—"On a very hot day in the beginning of autumn, the author, when a stripling, was travelling afoot over the mountains of Lochaber, from Fort-Augustus to Inverness, and when he came to the place where he was to have

breakfasted there was no person at home, nor was there any place where refreshment was to be had nearer than Dores, which is eighteen miles from Fort-Augustus. With this disagreeable prospect he proceeded about three miles further, and turned aside to the first cottage he saw, where he found a hale looking, lively, tidy, little, middle-aged woman spinning wool, with a pot on the fire and some greens ready to be put into it. She understood no English, and his Gaelic was then by no means good, though he spoke it well enough to be intelligible. She informed him that she had nothing in the house that could be eaten except cheese, a little sour cream, and some *whisky*. On being asked rather sharply how she could dress the greens without meal, she good-humouredly told him that there was plenty of meal in the croft, pointing to some unreaped barley that stood dead ripe and dry before the door, and if he could wait half-an-hour he should have brose and butter, bread and cheese, bread and milk, or anything else that he chose. To this he most readily assented, as well on account of the singularity of the proposal, as of the necessity of the time; and the good dame set with all possible expedition about her arduous undertaking. She first of all brought him some cream in a bottle, telling him, 'He that will not work neither will he eat; if he wished for butter, he must shake that bottle with all his might, and sing to it like a mavis all the time; for unless he sung to it no butter would come.' She then went to the croft, cut down some barley, burnt the straw to dry the grain, rubbed the grain between her hands, and threw it up before the wind to separate it from the husks; ground it upon a quern, sifted it, made a bannock of the meal, set it up to bake before the fire, and lastly went to milk her cow, that was reposing during the heat of the day, and eating some outside cabbage leaves ayont the hallau. She sung like a lark the whole time, varying the strain according to the employment to which it was adapted. In the meanwhile a hen cackled under the eaves of the cottage, two new laid eggs were immediately plunged into the boiling pot, and in less than half-an-hour the poor, starving, faint and wayworn minstrel, with wonder and delight, sat down to a repast that, under such circumstances, would have been a feast for a prince."

The simple mode of preparing meal is still continued, and the burning of the grain to remove the ears of corn and get rid of the husk was practised in Skye till very recently.

The meal thus produced was called "graddan" meal, and was highly esteemed and sold for several shillings more per boll than the ordinary mill-made meal, and the Rev. Mr Macgregor told me

that, in his early days in Skye, the winter mornings were enlightened and enlivened by the appearance of the fires of each family being alight preparing the morning food in this manner. When the lairds established regular water mills on their estates a few centuries ago, the millers were empowered by Acts of Parliament to search out and break all the quern stones to be found; and families were only allowed to use querns and other means of grinding their corn during stormy weather, or such causes as prevented their access to the regular mill to which they were thirled. The gauger was also a great enemy to the quern, for it was a source of trouble to him, by enabling the native to prepare his malt for smuggling, an art not altogether unknown in the present day, but rendered easier from the removal of the malt duty.

The Government, kings, lairds, and miller seem to have been all combined against the quern from very early times, for not only in the following Act passed by King Alexander III. of Scotland, viz.:—"That no man shall presume to grinde quheit, maisloch or rye with hand mills except he be compellit by storm, and be in lack of mylnes quhilk should grinde the samen, and in this case if a man grindes at hand mylnes, he shall give the thretien measure as multer! and if any man contraveins this, our prohibition, he shall tyne his hand mills perpetually." Of course this was to protect the lairds who had erected water mills, and to enable the millers to pay their rents.

From the quern up to the laird's mill there were various qualities of mills, and I have seen both in Shetland and in Lewis the upright wheel at work, and I show you drawings of it. It is called a "clappan," from the peculiar noise it makes as the stone revolves. The peculiarity, as you will observe, is that the wheel is horizontal, and the axle upright, and that the upper stone of the mill is fixed to the same axle as the wheel, exactly as if cart wheels and axle had been set on one side, one wheel at the water, the other at the grindstone. The house must be built over the burn of course, so that the motion passes directly to the grinding stones. The principle of the mill is exactly the same as any other. It is the peculiar horizontal water wheel which marks it out from the ordinary.

At the same cottage referred to at Lochboisdale, I was amused watching an old lady of nearly four score preparing her snuff. She took some leaves of ordinary tobacco, and having unrolled them and dried them till they were quite crisp, she put them in a bowl, and with the round knob of the tongs she ground them to a fine powder, and proceeded to regale herself with a pinch. I was

told that this was not an uncommon way of preparing their snuff, and that they preferred it to the shop snuff from Glasgow, which they said contained glass, which cut their nostrils and lips.

In the olden times want of communication and means of transport imposed on all our ancestors the necessity of laying up winter stores and preparing and preserving food, and at Martinmas the meal girnal was filled, and the mart or cow and other animals killed for winter use.

The preparation and utilisation of all parts of these animals for winter use formed no small item in the home industry, and the ingenious uses to which all parts of the animal was put and the ingenuity it developed, must have been beneficial to the operators. Within my own recollection I have seen the animal killed and the hams and flesh salted; the fat prepared and made into candles; the white and black puddings prepared; the horns converted into spoons by the travelling tinkers; the skin tanned and converted into shoes, brogues, sieves for corn, and other articles. All these operations required a certain amount of skill and experience, and the education of the peasantry in such arts must have prepared them, in a singularly suitable manner, to form the best emigrants and colonists.

If I follow up this line a little further, we shall find that the making of clothes formed also an important factor in house work. Throughout the Highlands and in many of the Lowland houses in Scotland, till the beginning of the century, almost all the ordinary worsteds were prepared for the weaver, as well as the linens, and even yet I know of some goodly stock of home-made sheeting and linens.

In the better class the dame had her maids to spin in the evening round the fire, and in the Highland cottage I have seen often the old wife and her daughters busy spinning the wool, but this is now exceptional and spasmodic. A few years ago the Harris cloth, under the encouragement of the late Countess of Dunmore, and other ladies, became fashionable, and considerable quantities were forced on the market, but after the novelty had passed away, the demand subsided. The manufacturers took up the trade, and with their superior appliances they produced imitations at a cheaper rate, and a more finished article for the cockney consumer.

The preparation of these cloths formed an important and picturesque feature in Highland life, and almost every traveller during the last century described the process more or less. I need not therefore go into details. After the wool was cleared,

carded, and dressed, it was the duty of the females to spin it into worsted or threads, and the doing so gave occupation to the old and infirm as well as the young, and grannie at the spinning wheel has always been a favourite subject for Scottish painters and poets. The distaff was a more ancient form of spinning, and had the advantage of being done on the hillside, and I have met the girls herding on the hillside and busily spinning with the distaff. The working of the distaff is very simple and picturesque, viz.—A bundle of wool is held under the arm and also a staff about 4 feet long, which is allowed to project in front, and over the projecting end passes the thread of worsted. The end hangs down a foot or two, and on a spindle is hung the whorl or ring of stone, which is the fly-wheel, and which is spun round from time to time and twists the wool; gradually the thread is fed out from the store under the arm, and as spun it is rolled into a ball above the whorl. In almost all cairns and prehistoric dwellings, these whorls are to be found, often made of steatite, but any soft stone will suit.

The preparation of the wool for weaving, and also the dyeing of it, was a matter which gave scope for much ingenuity, and I have made a list of the different dyes used, which may be interesting. Now the mineral dyes have superseded the native, which were as a rule vegetable, but alum, copperas, and urine were used to clean the wool and fix the colours.

Many of the colours were extremely bright and pretty, though it was at all times difficult to produce the bright scarlets of the regular dyester, and amongst the home-made cloths we find certain quantities of the brightest dyes creeping in from the regular manufacturers. The following is, however, a list of such dyes and their results as I have been able to procure, viz.:—

	Dyes.
1. Heather, with Alum ..... The Heather must be pulled before flowering, and from a dark, shady place.	Dark Green.
2. Crottle, a coarse kind of Lichen (*Parmelia saxatilis*)	Philamot—Yellowish Brown (colour of a dead leaf).
3. Crottle Corkir (white and ground, and mixed with urine) (*Lecanora tartarea*)	Scarlet or Crimson.
4. Common Yellow Wall Lichen (*Parmèlia parietina*)	Brown.
5. Rock Lichen (*Ramalina scopulorum*)	Red.
6. White Crottle (*Lecanora pallescens*)	Red.
7. Limestone Lichen (*Urceolaria calcarea*) ..... Used by the peasantry in limestone districts (Shetland, &c.)	Scarlet.
8. Dark Crottle (*Parmelia ceratophylla*)	Brown.

	Dyes.
Whin Bark (Furze)	Green.
Dulse, a sea-weed, or Duilisg, "The leaf of the water."	Brown.
"Shillister," (Iris) root	Black or Grey.
Alder	Black.
Root (Peat)	Dirty Yellow
Blaeberry, with Alum or Copperas	Blue
Blaeberry, with nut Galls	Dark Brown
Blaeberry, with Alum, Verdigris and Sal-Ammoniac	Purple Red.
Elder, with Alum	Blue.
Privet Ripe Berries, with salt	Scarlet Red.
Do	Green.
"Euonymus," (spindle tree burning bush), with Sal-Ammoniac	Purple.
Currant (common burning bush), with Alum	Brown.
Apple Tree, Ash, and Buckthorn, also Poplar and Elm	Yellow.
Broom (Common)	Lively Green.
Rue (Galium Verum), or Ladies' Bed Straw	Fine Red.
Roid, or Bog Myrtle, a plant of sweet flavour, also called Gual	Yellow.
Dandelion	Magenta.
Wild Cress	Violet.
Carmeal (Braoom Fraoich	Violet.
Root of Common Dock, with copperas	Finest Black.
Root of Ash Tree	Yellow.
Tormentil (also used for Tanning)	Red.
St John's Wort	Rich Yellow.
Teasel	Yellow.
Wild Mignonette, with Indigo	Green.
Bracken Root	Yellow.
Bramble	Dark Orange.
Sundew (Drosera Rotundifolia)	Purple.
Do. with Ammonia	Bright Yellow.

In Italy a liquor is distilled from this plant, and called "Rossoli."

The crottle (2), which yielded a brown dye, is the stone and ı parmelia—*Parmelia saxatilis* and *omphalodes*. Another n which was in great favour once, and produced a bright ion dye, is No. 3—the corcar lichen—*Lecanora tartarea*. ı than a hundred years ago indigo had entirely superseded to produce blue. It was with woad, or *glastum*—*Isatis ria*—that the ancient Britons used to stain their bodies ı going to battle. The Bog Myrtle, or *Myrica* (25), has al Gaelic names, but on the mainland the prevalent one is . It is the badge of the Campbell clan, and before the days ruvian bark, it supplied febrifuge and worm-killing medicine o be despised. Roid leaves are yet put in beds and among d-up clothes to keep away fleas and moths. It is a highly

aromatic plant. The cairmeal (28) is the *orobus tuberosus.* A fermented liquor was in olden times made from its tuberous roots, after being ground down into meal.

Logwood and Redwood are much in demand now; but these are foreign dyes, though long known and used. I saw a dye being made in one case in Jura. The large pot was filled with alder leaves and twigs, from which a black dye is prepared by a simple infusion (like tea), and the colour is made fast by the addition of logwood and copperas.

The process of dyeing with vegetable home dyes was—To wash the thread thoroughly in urine (long kept, and called in Gaelic "fual,") rinsed and washed in pure water, then put into the boiling pot of dye, which is kept hard a-boil on the fire. The thread is now and again lifted out of the pot on the point of a stick, and plunged back again till thoroughly dyed. If *blue* the thread is washed in salt water, any other colour in fresh. The yarn is then hung out to dry, and when dry is gathered into balls or clews, and it is then ready for the weaver's loom.

I am able to show you a small bit of tartan, dyed in the Highlands 130 years ago, and used ever since; the green being purely from the heather, the red possibly from Crottle, No. 3.

After the wool is spun and dyed, and the weaver has made the cloth, comes the waulking or felting of the cloth, which in manufactories is done by the waulking mill, formerly formed of ponderous wooden hammers which beat the cloth in a damp state till the open wove cloth is closely felted together and made a suitable protection against wind and rain. In the Highland districts women make use of their feet to produce the same result, and a picturesque sight it is to see a dozen or more Highland lassies set round in two rows facing each other. The web of cloth is passed round in a damp state, each one pressing and pitching it with a dash to her next neighbour, and so the cloth is handled, pushed, crushed, and welded as to become close and even in texture. The process is slow and tedious, but the ladies know how to beguile the time, and the song is passed round, each one taking up the verse in turn, and all joining in the chorus. The effect is very peculiar and often very pleasing, and the waulking songs are very popular in all the collections.

I have on various occasions watched the waulking process, but seldom in recent years. It is often the occasion of a little boisterous merriment and practical joking, for, should a member of the male sex be found prowling near by, he is, if caught, unceremoniously thrust into the centre of the circle and tossed with the

reb till, bruised with the rough usage and blackened with the dye, ıe is glad to make his escape from the hands of the furies.

LINEN.—The growing of lint, which had formed a valuable nd extensive feature amongst the peasantry, came to an end some 0 or 40 years ago, and, except as an experiment, it is never grown ow.

It was introduced some 400 or 500 years ago, and was uniersally cultivated throughout Scotland. The first I have an ccount of in this quarter is at Portsoy, where lint was first grown ı 1490. In 1686, to promote the use of linen, an Act was passed rdaining that no corpse of any person whatsoever be buried in ny shirt, sheet, or anything else, except in plain linen, the cost ot exceeding 20 shillings Scots per oll. The nearest deacon or lder of the parish, with one or two neighbours, were required to ɜe that this was complied with.

The cultivation of lint or flax became a national industry, and nt was grown on almost every farm in Scotland, and it was to romote the linen trade that the British Linen Company was comıenced in 1746—it is now, as you are aware, entirely a banking ɔmpany. Factories were established in every district. We had n extensive trade in Inverness, and mills were built at Cromarty, pinningdale, and as far north as Kirkwall and Stornoway. Penant gives a statement of the various quantities manufactured in ach county and town, and accordingly we find that Inverness, 'hen at the height of its prosperity in 1770-71, produced 223,798 ards, at an average price of 6d. per yard, or a total value of .6425. 5s. 2d. I can remember the Citadel buildings and Factory, ow Albert Place,* filled with handlooms; but Forfarshire seems to ave been the great seat of this trade in Scotland. In my early days, ı Forfarshire I used to see the lint grown and steeped in pools, or lint pots" as they were called, and every village and clachan had ɜ handloom weaver, and from whom as boys we used to beg a unch of threads, or "thrums," as they were called, to make cords nd strings, and every old wife span the lint to supply the houseold linen. Much of this old linen still remains in old families, nd my grandmother's entire family linen was home-made.

The quality of this linen was very superior, and the beauty f the patterns and artistic character of the designs is surprising. have been favoured with some very fine specimens from Mr Roderick Maclean, of Ardross. These I show you were grown at Redcastle and Conan in the years 1810-20, and woven by hand-

* These latter buildings, I am informed, were used for cotton thread pinning—not linen weaving.

loom weavers in Inverness—that from Conan woven by one Macphail, hand-loom weaver, in 1855, he being then about seventy years old, and was his last weavings.

Perhaps the most interesting is a tablecloth lent me by Mrs Aitken, which bears the name of Marion Elliot, 1722, and a specimen, 1754, of very fine quality. I might multiply specimens, but time will not permit.

POTATOES.—A debate arose after Mr Maclean's paper on "Rosskeen," the other evening, on the cultivation of potatoes, and as this is an important article of food in the Highlands, I shall make a few notes as to the introduction of this valuable and universal industry, as it has had a very important effect on the habits and mode of life in the Highlands. The potato was at first viewed with jealousy aud dislike, and began to be cultivated with hesitation, about its moral character, for it was believed "that some of the more uncontrollable passions of human nature were favoured by its use."

It is said potatoes were first introduced into Ireland about 1585, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and so extensively cultivated there that they were a succour to the poor when their cereal crops were destroyed by the soldiers during the civil war. The exact date of the introduction of potatoes seems uncertain, for Martin in his "Western Isles" says that in 1689 potatoes were the common food of the people in Skye. From Ireland they were introduced into England about the end of the 17th century, and sold in 1694 at 6d. and 8d. per pound. They were first heard of in Scotland in 1701, and the Duchess of Buccleuch's household book mentions the esculent as brought from Edinburgh, and costing 2s. 6d. a peck. In 1733 it began to be cultivated in gardens. According to Chambers's "Domestic Annals," the field culture of the potatoes was first practised in the county of Edinburgh by a man Henry Prentice in 1746. Parker says:—"Potatoes were introduced into Uist in 1743. In the spring of that year Clan Ranald was in Ireland, and saw with surprise and approbation the practice of the country, and brought home a cargo of potatoes. On his arrival the servants were convened, and directions given how to plant them, but they all refused, and were immediately committed to prison. After a time they gave way, and agreed to plant these roots. When ripe, many of the tenants laid these potatoes at the laird's door, saying, 'The laird might order them to plant these foolish roots, but he could not make them eat them.'" It was ten years later before they reached Barra. Some doubt on this story is raised by the fact that Martin in his

description of the Western Isles says that in 1689 they were the ordinary food of the common people in Skye at that date.

KELP. - One of the most important industries was Kelp. From the eighteenth century, kelp was the great staple of Highland export, and during the war in the beginning of the century, the kelp stores yielded over 5000 tons of kelp, at the average price in the market of £16 per ton, yielding not less than £80,000, exceeding five times the rent of the thirty thousand acres of Hebridean arable land.

Since the introduction of Spanish barilla and other substitutes, kelp fell in price from two-thirds to one-third of the former average, but as it is manufactured at a cost only of from £3 to £4 per ton, it is still produced in the Hebrides, and along the West Coast of Scotland.

Mr Macleod, the late proprietor of Harris, in a letter to Lord Glenelg, then Secretary of State, dated April 10th, 1829, says:—"The production of and manufacture of kelp, which has existed more than 200 years, had for a great length of time received a vigilant and special protection against the articles of foreign or British growth or manufacture, which compete with it in the market, namely, barilla, pot and pearl ash, and black ash, the last of which is formed by the decomposition of salt, effected chiefly by the use of foreign sulphur, which sulphur forms three-fourths of the value of the manufactured alkali."

Up to the year 1822, considerable duties were leviable on all the commodities just enumerated, but in that year the duty on salt was lowered from 15s. to 2s. a bushel. Shortly afterwards the impost on barilla was considerably reduced. This measure was quickly succeeded by a repeal of the remainder of the salt duties (duties which had lasted more than 130 years), and of the duty on alkali made from salt. Close upon this followed a considerable reduction in the duty on pot and pearl ash, and an entire removal of that on ashes from Canada, and this last step was accompanied by a diminution in the duty on foreign sulphur from £15 to 10s. a ton. Such is the succession of the measures which now threatens the total extinction of the kelp manufacture, and with it (in reference to Scotland alone) the ruin of the landed proprietors in the Hebrides and on the West Coast, the most serious injury to all descriptions of annuitants on kelp estates, and the destitution of a population of more than 50,000 souls. Mr Bowie, in his evidence before the Select Committee on Emigration in February 1871, says —"I know one estate where formerly 1100 tons of kelp were manufactured annually, another where 1200 tons were manufactured

annually; and assuming that the price got at market was only £15 a ton, taking the expense of manufacturing and conveying to market at £3, we had there a profit of £12 a ton; so in the one case we should have a profit to the proprietors of £13,200 a year, and in the other case a profit of £14,400, and this independent of the land rental. But the whole of that kelp rental has vanished, the proprietors are reduced to their nominal land rental, and while so reduced to their land rental they have thrown upon their hands a large surplus population, whom they cannot assist, and for whom they have not the means of employment."

The mode of manufacturing kelp I shall describe, as it is, though often referred to, little known beyond the shores where it is collected and manufactured.

It is a very interesting sight on a fine summer day to see the little groups of busy men and women along the shores collecting and keeping alight the dried sea weed, and the smoke rising high in the air, or drifting in picturesque clouds across the hillocks, forms a sight to be long remembered, whilst the odour of iodine strongly taints the air, and the pungent flavour is not unpleasing.

About the year 1862 the British Sea Weed Company, Limited, built chemical works at Dalmuir, near Glasgow, and took a lease of the North Uist shores from Sir John Orde, paying as a Royalty £1000 a year, for the right of getting all the kelp made on the North Uist shores.

In 1865 over 1200 tons were made in North Uist and shipped to Glasgow; the price paid to crofters and cottars was from 35s. to 63s. per ton. For the following eight years the average amount of kelp made in North Uist was about 900 tons.

On the east side of North Uist there is a number of bays and islands, round which a great quantity of what they call cut or black sea weed grows on the inshore rocks and stones.

The weed is cut once in three years, that is to say, the part of shore cut this year will not be cut again for three years, so as to allow the weed to grow to a full ripe crop.

The crofters and cottars remove from their homes to the stores of these bays and islands and live in sheilings during kelp making, generally from 15th June till 15th August.

The first thing to be done is to roof the old sheiling and make it as comfortable as possible for from four to six people to live in for two months. When the tide is out, the weed is cut from the rocks and stones with a common corn hook; they take a heather rope and warp it all round with sea weed, and stretch it outside where they are cutting the sea weed. When the tide comes in,

› rope and sea weed float, and at high water they drag at both ls of the rope and pull it ashore, with the sea weed enclosed, as mon fishers do when dragging for salmon in the River Ness.

When the tide goes back from the weed that is thus taken ıore, the weed is put into creels on horses' backs, and sometimes men and women's backs, and spread on the grass to dry, and ated as hay is treated, until it is dry enough to burn.

When ready for burning, say a quantity to make a ton of lp, a trench is formed, which is called a kiln, 12 to 24 feet, by 2 t 6 inches by 2 feet deep, the sides and ends formed with stones, : bottom having a layer of turf. The weed is set aburning by a :le straw or heather; the weed has to be kept on constantly to ɜp down the flame as much as possible, and exclude the air from › burning mass inside.

The heat is intense during the four to eight hours' burning. ɜn and women do the burning; some women are better burners ın men. When the kiln is full of burning sea weed, two or ·ee strong men rake, mix and pound the whole mass together th iron clubs, having long handles. When this is done, the n is covered over with sea weed and stones to keep the kelp ɾ. In twenty-four hours, although still hot, it can be broken ɔ large lumps and shipped, if a vessel is waiting. The kelp weighed by the kelp officer on board the ship, 22½ cwt. to the ı. This extra 2½ cwt. is put on for stones, sand, or gravel, ıich sometimes find their way into the kelp, and not always known to the *kelper*, especially in Ireland; lately 20 cwt. per ı is the rule.

Drift or red weed comes ashore on the west or Atlantic side the Islands, during the whole year. In winter the farmers and ɔfters use it for manuring their land, from June till October. is made into kelp, when there is demand for it. During the t five years there has been little demand for kelp.

The red weed is 50 per cent. more valuable than the cut weed · producing Bromide of Potassium, Iodine, Iodide, Potash, lts, &c., &c.

The best red weed kelp will produce 20 lbs. of Iodine per ton, : or black weed from 3 to 8 lbs.

The principal places where kelp is now got from is—Donegal, go, Galway, and Clare, in Ireland; Orkney, North and South st, Barra, and Tyree. There is no cut weed kelp made in Ire-ıd, all being drift. The price in Ireland is from £4 to £2 : ton.

Ropes.—I shall now refer to a few specimens of native ingen-

uity—specimens of which, by the kindness of a few friends, I am able to show you. The first is a specimen of rope made from the long fibrous roots of the bog fir which grow in the bogs. The gentleman, Mr Robertson of Portree, who procured it for me, said his attention was attracted to it one day by observing that, when a boat from Rona, moored by it, at the Portree Pier, was blown away by the wind, the rope never sank, like a manilla rope, but floated by its own buoyancy. These ropes possess great strength, and are thoroughly serviceable. The root is split up into long thread-like fibres, and then spun like ordinary hemp, and might readily be mistaken at first sight for a manilla rope.

Locks.—By the kindness of Mr L. Ross, Portree, I am able to show you two specimens of old-fashioned locks, which are exceedingly ingenious, and possess tumblers and all the leading features of a patent tumbler lock. I tried to get an old lock, but they are not to be had, but I have been fortunate enough to find a mechanic who could make them. These locks are in common use in St Kilda, and I found them on all the barns and byres, though of less perfect construction than the specimen shown.

Clocks.—The next is a wooden clock made entirely of beechwood; all the wheels and cogs are of wood, except where for axles and escapement a small amount of steel and brass are introduced, and these seem to be bits of ordinary stocking wire.

It has been kindly lent me by Mr William Sutherland, of Lochcarron, and he says it belonged to his great-grandmother, and was brought by her from Fairburn, in the parish of Urray. He says—"I remember the clock very well in my father's house. It kept excellent time. It had a dial of wood, also hour and minute hands of carved wood. The clock must be at least 150 years old. If I had taken an interest in it when a boy, I might have found out the maker's name."

Brogues.—The making of brogues was a matter of some importance, and it was not unusual before starting on a journey to sit down and make the brogues. These were simply rough leather uppers sewed to the soles without welts, or strips of leather which in our modern shoes are considered necessary for attaching the soles to the upper leather, and which enables the shoemaker to produce the elegant and highly-finished articles now made.

The old brogue maker began by sewing the sole on to the upper leather (which he had previously shaped) by means of a long thong of leather, and when he had done so, he turned the shoe, while still soft, outside in, thus concealing the sewing, and producing the finished article. These brogues were not meant to be

water-tight, but simply as a protection, and their duration was not great.

They are now almost extinct, and I had great difficulty in getting a specimen. I am indebted to Mr Macphail, Glenmore, Skye, and Mr J. Macallum, Fort-William, for the specimen now shewn.

A still more primitive kind of shoe is still used in Shetland, namely, the "rivelan." It is, as you will see, a piece of untanned leather, 'aken while still flexible, and tied round to the shape of the foot, and then allowed to harden. A lace of cord is then introduced round the upper edge, and so the shoe is held on. It is a curious contrast to see the women working in the peat bogs, one half of them clad in modern Indiarubber goloshes, the other half in native rivelans. The specimens shown were prepared, and worn into shape by a young lady at Scalloway, and cost me 2s 6d.

The people in the outlying districts had to provide themselves with most of their utensils, and necessity made them handy and expert in many trades, and the custom still obtains of assisting the village craftsman. I was struck with this in Jura, for on entering one of the cottages I saw the occupant dropping burning peat through a small hole 3 or 4 inches in diameter. On asking what was the object of this, I was informed he was making peat charcoal. I examined the process and found that below this hole was a small chamber about 2 feet in diameter, built of stones about 20 inches deep, and covered with a flat stone very much like the upper stone of a quern.

The peats are burned to a red heat in the open fire and then dropped in all aglow through the small hole referred to, and when the chamber is quite full sods are placed over the hole to exclude the air, and so the charcoal is prepared. This charcoal is used by the clachan blacksmith, and is said to greatly improve the quality of iron. It is not so powerful as coal but answers the purpose otherwise very well. The arrangement with the smith is peculiar. There were twelve tenants in the clachan or club farm, and each pays the smith 15s. per annum for his work, the smith being bound on his part to do all jobbing for the tenants. The crofters must each provide and bring his own fuel, blow the bellows and work the forehammer.

In this same clachan, I saw a peculiar kind of pigsty, made by building a hollow peat stack against the gable of the house in the autumn. Into this hollow, which is capable of accommodating three pigs, the young porkers are thrust inside, where they stay over winter. Meanwhile the stack is being gradually reduced, and by the time the peat is consumed, the pigs are fit for the market.

DRINKS.—Of the early beverages of the Highlanders little is known. Whey was their common drink, but tradition says that a kind of ale was made from the heather, a punch from the mountain ash, and mead from honey. Boethius says,—"Drinks were distilled from thyme, mint, and anise." The heather ale was from the tops in bloom, which contained a large amount of honey, being cut, steeped and boiled, and fermented. Honey was also boiled with water, and fermented; and though it is often said the art is lost, "Nether-Lochaber" told me he had seen and drunk heather ale in Rannoch as late as 1840. While a liquor is got by tapping the silver birch—and this is practised at the present time—it is sometimes fortified by spirits, and when kept resembles cider.

The roots of the "Orobus Tuberosus," the Cor-meil or Carmel of the Highlanders, was used for chewing to remove the feeling of hunger, and a fermented liquor was also made from it.

Wine was also made from currant and elder flower. I have tasted some red currant wine over 60 years' old, very good and strong, although I was assured, on the most reliable evidence, no spirit was ever put into it.

I had written an account of whisky as known to the ancients, but I find that Mr. Macdonald, of Dingwall, has so fully gone into the question in a former paper, that it would only be repeating what has already been thoroughly done by him. I shall, therefore, content myself with one or two remarks on this subject, as applicable to Scotland and the Highlands.

Until the close of last century whisky was less used than rum and brandy, which were landed on the West Coast, and thence conveyed over the interior; indeed, it was not till the beginning of the last century that spirits of any kind were so much drunk as ale, which was formerly the universal beverage.

French wines and brandy succeeded the general use of ales among the gentry.

It is said that in the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century "Inverness enjoyed almost a monopoly in the art and practice of malting, and supplied all the Northern counties. One half of the aggregate architecture of the town was a huge and unsightly agglomeration of malting houses, kilns and granaries, but from the date of the Revolution onward, this trade suffered a gradual decline; and at one time it threatened to involve the whole interests of the community in its fall. So low had the times sunk even at the date of the Civil War of 1745-46, that it looked almost like a field of ruins the very centre of it containing many forsaken and dilapidated houses."

Whisky house is a term, till recently, almost unknown in Gaelic. Public houses were called Tigh-leanna, that is ale houses, and had whisky been the common drink of two hundred years ago, there certainly would have been some notice taken of it in the laws affecting the Highlands, the accounts of society as it then evisted, and more particularly in their songs, tales, and accounts of convivial meetings which have come down to us; but there is no such thing, while the allusion to ale is very common. It is true among the gentry that the latter three-fourths of the last century saw a marked increase of the use of French wines, and ale became less used.

It is not difficult to seek and find the causes for the introduction of whisky into the Highlands, apart from Government encouragement. The gradual improvement of agriculture produced more grain, particularly barley, than was required for the consumption of the country, much of the crops were reaped in a damp and unripe state, and there being no roads it could not be conveyed to the Lowlands, where the manufacture of whisky was largely carried on, in a state such as to enable the farmer to pay to his landlord a gradually increasing rent.

By Act of Parliament the Highland district was marked out by an arbitrary and imaginary line running at the base of the Grampians. North of this area no distillation was allowed, except from stills containing 500 gallons, and this, as a matter of course, was a complete interdict against the use of barley legally within the area, as there was neither consumption for the grain nor disposal of the produce, as one still in a few months would have worked up the whole crops. However, distillation was the easiest way of disposing of it. The people thus were forced into illegal distillation in order that they might use their crops, keep credit with their landlords, and acquire the more expensive necessaries for their families, which an improving state of society demanded.

From the ill judged acts of the Government proceeded illegal distillation, and all its subordinate results to the people in the country.

We must distinguish between fermentation and distillation. Fermented liquors seem to have been known, common to all races, but the first distinct account of distillation, was spirit distilled from wine in the 13th century. At this time Raymond Lully of Majorca regarded it as an emanation from the divinity newly revealed to man, but hidden from antiquity because the human race was too young to use the beverage. The discovery was supposed to indicate the end of the world and the consumation

of all things. The liquor was called aqua vitæ. This spirit was imported into this country soon after, and its manufacture encouraged by Government, with a view to prevent the large export of money for French and Dutch spirits, and in 1695 the Scottish Parliament forbade the use of rum as interfering with the "Consumpt of strong waters made of malt," and because "the article (rum) was rather a drug than a liquor, and prejudicial to the health of all who drank it."

The common drink of the people till about 1725 was a light ale, which sold in pints (equal to two English quarts), for 2d., and hence the name "twopenny." At this time 6d. per bushel of a malt tax was imposed, and the Edinburgh brewers struck, and a riot took place. The "twopenny" grew scarce, and several of the brewers were incarcerated in the Canongate Tolbooth, for not exerting themselves to continue the trade of brewing. Fortunately they thought better of it and resumed work.

In Inverness, from 1730 till 1760, the price of wine was, for claret, sherry, and port 14s. to 20s. per dozen.

Smuggled brandy, claret, and tea were common, but in 1744 the Town Council entered strong protests against them, as, they said, "they threatened to destroy the health and morals of the people," and the Councillors bound themselves to discontinue the use of these "extravagant and pernicious commodities in their own families."

In 1761, a Dutch merchantman of 250 tons, loaded with wines, brandy, spices, iron, and salt was cast ashore on the coast of Strathnaver; all the country flocked round, and not knowing the strength of brandy and such foreign liquor, drank to excess of it, and it is said that this very ship's lading debauched Caithness and Strathnaver to that degree that very many lost their lives through their immoderation (see C.D.A. Annals, page 103).

In 1652 a representation to Queen Mary was made regarding the poverty of the Presbyterian Clergy. They say "Most of them led a beggar's life;" and in the proceedings of the General Assembly 1576, they were compelled to eke out their stipends by selling ale, and the question formally put was, "Whether a minister or reader may tap ale, beer, or wine, and keep an open tavern?" to which it was answered, "Any minister or reader that taps ale, or beer, or wine, and keeps an open tavern, should be exhorted by the Commissioners to keep decorum."

In the Glasgow Town Accounts whisky figures as early as 1573, under the name of aqua vitæ, the quart being charged at 24s., as "The Magistrates and divers honest men" did occasion-

ally treat themselves to a *dijune*, but this was after the completion of some public business, tending to the honour and profit of the common weal.

In 1697 claret sold at 10d. the mutchkin.

In 1720 the Edinburgh prices were:—Neat claret, 10d.; strong claret, 1s. 3d.; and white wine, 1s. per bottle.

It has been said no record exists of a home manufacture of whisky till 1708, but this does not seem quite correct, and Inverness seems to have been well a-head of the times, for in the Town Council books of 1650, the Council ordered three gallons of the best aqua vitæ to be distilled, and six pairs of the best white plaids to be made and sent South, to be bestowed, by the Town's Commissioner in Parliament, on such as he may think proper.

An amusing conversation is recorded between Dr Johnson and Boswell, when in Skye, regarding the drink of the Scots. Johnson asserted "That they (the Scots) had hardly any trade, any money, or any elegance before the Union. We have taught you (said he) and will do the same, in time, to all barbarous nations." Boswell said—"We had wine before the Union." Johnson—"No, sir; you had some stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk." Boswell—"I assure you, sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness." Johnson—"No, sir; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted, trying to get drunk."

In 1708 about 50,000 gallons of whisky were produced, and the production went up in 1756 to 433,000 gallons. Shortly after this a demand for Scotch whisky sprang up in England, and in 1776 an import duty of 2s. 6d. per gallon was imposed on all spirits sent into England. Here, I think, was another cause of smuggling, and it is stated by a recent writer that in that year 300,000 gallons crossed the Border. Of course, as the restrictions on licensed distillers were increased, the temptations were greater to the smuggler, and a bill was passed in 1823, sanctioning legal distillation at 2s. 6d. per gallon, the Highland proprietors agreeing to put down illegal manufactures. Since then the practice has gradually declined. Though we speak of Highland smuggling, it was by no means confined to the Highlands, though it has lingered there longest; for in Edinburgh in 1777 there were 8 licenced stills, and about 800 unlicenced.

Ferintosh smuggling was well known and long practised in the district, and much more whisky seemed to come from the district than could well be made. The privilege arose from the losses sustained by the Culloden family in 1689-90, estimated at

£49,400. 6s. 8d. Scot. King William III. gave the family, instead of money, the perpetual privilege of distilling from grain raised on the estate for a small composition in lieu of excise. It was known much abroad, and one author says it produced as much whisky as all Scotland put together, and the licence was withdrawn in 1785, and a compensation of £21,500 paid. The greatest sufferers were the Dingwall lawyers, whose business and support mainly depended on defending smugglers and redding quarrels from that district.

Time will not permit me to refer at length to all the occupations of the Highlander, and his various devices for providing for his daily wants. The merchant and commercial traveller provides him with cheaper articles if not so good; but I think his life has lost much of its picturesqueness, and his ingenuity and ready-handedness seems in a large measure gone or in abeyance. In these olden times there was ever ready at hand light, agreeable tasks to fill up his time. His long evenings were taken up making his brogues, a lock, ropes, fishing tackle, and hunting gear. Now everything is purchased, and when not actually engaged in regular employment, the Highlander spends his time in idling about his doors, or the useless and delusive task of discussing politics, his rights and his wrongs, which, by the way, in my experience, he knows far better than his duties. The result of all this is that the Highlanders of the West Coast do little for their own comfort, and it is consistent with my own knowledge that the amount of food and luxuries brought into the Islands is far in excess of what they were 30 years ago, and that the natives seem to make less use of the articles ready to hand than they formerly did. For instance, a Highlander does not kill his pig and cure it for his family, using all the portions to the best advantage. He sells it cheap and imports cured hams at a high rate. He does not use his poultry, but sells all his eggs by barter to little merchants, and purchases tea and sugar and coffee to use in his family instead. He does not make soup and cook the shellfish so plentiful on the coast, but exports them for, after all, a small return, and I cannot regard it as a good sign of the times, when everything is imported and little done at home. For instance, in the case of the rope made of the moss roots, it was a substantial article, and sufficiently good for its purpose, and when asked why he did not always make and use such, his reply was, "Ach, it's too much bother, we can buy a hemp one easier." No doubt this is true, but is it wise? During the long winter nights, the time wasted might be profitably occupied by these

home-mades, but I fear the inclination is gone, and the agitation which has been carried on for the last few years has tended much to put a stop to these useful and economical occupations.

At no time does the Highlander ever seem to have had great artistic instincts, one seldom sees a bit of ornamentation or carving, or any attempt at drawing.

Occasionally the handle of a dirk or a walking-stick with a big crook is manufactured, but such articles of artistic merit as the Swiss mountaineer makes in the long winter nights in his Alpine village, are foreign to the instincts of the Highlander; not that the skill and ingenuity are altogether wanting, but the mind has been turned from it. An active, roving life better suits the Celt, and the precarious life of a fisherman, in lieu of the hunter's, pleases him better than the drudgery of agriculture and spade labour, and even the dangerous and risky occupation of smuggling has greater charms for some of them than any regular employment in the long winter nights.

I would not wish to be understood as saying that the Scottish Highlander wants the aptitude for adapting himself to his situation, nor the capacity of turning anything he requires to account. I have shown the contrary in the foregoing notes; but I think the cessation of home work and home-made appliances has rendered him too dependent on foreign aid, and led him to look for outside support, when he ought to be able to help himself, and to turn to his uses and comfort much that lies ready to hand, and which would save him actual outlay of money, and add much to his comfort and pleasure.

5TH MAY 1886.

On this date (being the concluding meeting of the Session), Paul Liot Bankes of Letterewe, was elected a life member of the Society, while Alexander Machardy, chief constable of Inverness-shire; R. J. Macbeth, 42 Union Street, Inverness; Rev. John Cameron, R.C., Dornie, Kintail; John Fraser, 57 High Street, Inverness; and Hugh Bannerman, 213 Lord Street, Southport, were elected ordinary members. Thereafter, the Secretary read the following paper by Mr Alexander Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie:—

GLEANINGS FROM THE OLD ECCLESIASTICAL RECORDS OF BADENOCH.

PART I.

In these times of never-ending ecclesiastical and political

controversies and conflicts, giving rise to such unrest in our every-day life, one not unfrequently hears long-drawn sighs for the "Good old Times" to which no particular epoch has yet been positively assigned. Amid the microscopical distinctions so unhappily prevailing in our Presbyterian Churches, and the wranglings and strife of rival factions, "the spirit of love and of a sound mind"—to use the words of the large-hearted Christian leader, so recently taken from us—"is often drowned in the uproar of ecclesiastical passion." It would, I believe, be productive of the most beneficial results in our religious as well as in our political life if, combined with the "sweet reasonableness" and large tolerance of spirit which so pre-eminently characterised Principal Tulloch, we had more of such plain honest speaking as that of the great reformer, John Knox, who learned, as he himself says, "to call wickedness by its own terms—a fig a fig; a spade a spade." But the so-called "March of Civilisation" has changed the whole current of our social and religious life, and affected the spirit of the age to such an extent that it may be reasonably doubted whether the most orthodox and constitutional Presbyterian in the Highlands would now submit to the administration of discipline to which, in days gone by, the Kirk-Sessions of Badenoch, without respect of persons, so rigorously subjected the wandering sheep of their flocks.

Knox's system of Church discipline has been described as a theocracy of such an almost perfect character, that under it the Kirk-Sessions of the Church looked after the life and conduct of their parishioners so carefully that in 1650 Kirkton, the historian, was able to say—"No scandalous person could live, no scandal could be concealed in all Scotland, so strict a correspondence was there between the Ministers and their congregations." The old Church annals of Badenoch contain in this respect abundant evidence of the extent to which the Ministers and Elders of byegone times in the Highlands acted as ecclesiastical detectives in the way of discovering and discouraging "the works of darkness," and the gleanings which follow give some indication of the remarkable powers exercised for such a long period by the Courts of the Church. These gleanings have been extracted from the old Kirk-Session Records of the parishes of Kingussie, Alvie, and Laggan, comprising the whole of the extensive district, distinguished by the general appellation of Badenoch—so long held and despotically ruled by the once powerful family of the Comyns—extending from Corryarrick on the west, to Craigellachie, near Aviemore, in the east—a distance of about forty-five miles.

So early as 1597 a deputation appears to have been appointed by the General Assembly to visit the northern Highlands, and in a report subsequently presented by the deputation to the Assembly, James Melvin (one of their number) states as the results of his own observations in the wild and then almost inaccessible district of Badenoch. "Indeid, I have ever sensyne regrated the esteat of our Hielands, and am sure gif Chryst war pretched amang them they wald scham monie Lawland professours"—a prediction which, if any fearless, independent member of the "Highland Host" would venture, after the manner of the old covenanting, trumpet-tongued lady-friend of Norman Macleod, simply to ask certain Lawland "*Principals* as well as Professours," to *Gang ower the fundamentals*—might probably be held to be verified even in the present day.

According to Shaw, the historian of "The Province of Moray," Kingussie was a parsonage dedicated to St Colum (Columba), and Insh a vicarage dedicated to St Ewan. "How early", says Shaw, "these parishes were united I find not." Insh was erected as a Parliamentary Church, declared to be a *quoad sacra* parish by the General Assembly in 1833, and erected as such by the Court of Teinds in 1869. The village of Kingussie occupies the precints of the ancient Priory founded by George, Earl of Huntly about the year 1490, and traces of the Chapel of the Monastery are still to be seen in the old Church-yard behind the village. "There were," as stated by Shaw, "Chapels at Invertromie and Noid, and Brigida's Chapel at Benchar."

The existing Records of the Parish of Kingussie and Insh date back to the induction of the Rev. William Blair as minister of the Parish in September 1724. There is an unfortunate gap from 25th June 1732, to 15th June 1746, in regard to which there is an explanatory memorandum inserted to the effect "that through the frequent changes of Session Clerks, many confusions, defects, and disorders have happened in the Minuts. The Minuts in Mr John Macpherson's time, who dyed at Aberdeen, are lost, and also the Minuts in time of Mr John Grant, schoolmaster and Session Clerk." The glimpses which the Kirk-Session Records furnish of the religious and social state of the Highlands during the last century, are such as may, after all, tend to make the sighs for the so-called "Good old Times" less deep, and render us somewhat more contented with the times in which wo now live. One of the most striking features of these Records is the burning zeal which appears to have animated the Ministers and Elders of the time in ferreting out and chronicling the most minute particulars bearing upon the

wanderings of the erring sheep of the Kingussie fold. In numerous instances several closely-written pages are devoted to the narration of a single case of discipline. Many of the details recorded are such as would not certainly be regarded in the present day as tending to edification, and only such gleanings are given as are of general interest in the way of illustrating the manners and customs prevailing among the Highland people, down in the case of some parishes even to the third or fourth decade of the present century.

It would appear that there were *black sheep* calling for the exercise of ecclesiastical discipline in those days even among the "Ministers' men." At the Session Meeting on 21st March 1725, "John Macdonald, in Kingussie," was appointed to make "public satisfaction" for drinking a whole Sabbath night till ten o'clock next morning, and "caballing" with other men and "some women" in the Minister's house, "the Minister being that day in the parish of Insh." Apparently the too-trustful Minister had in his temporary absence, left all his belongings under John's charge, and the "caballers," it is recorded, not only consumed all the aquavitae in the Ministers house "at ye time," but also "four pints aquavitie, carried out of William Frasers house." John maintained that "they had but three chapins aquavitie," and boldly defended "the innocency of their meeting by their not being drunk as he alledges." Proving anything but obsequious to the appointment of the Session, John, as "the ringleader of the cabal," was solemnly referred to the Presbytery of the bounds for contumacy. The Presbytery in turn remitted him back to the Session, "to satisfie according to their appointment, otherwise be charged before the Comissary and be punished in his Person and Goods, in case of not satisfying for his prophanation of the Lord's day, and insnaring oyrs forsaid to ye same sin." The crest-fallen John had perforce no escape for it in the end, but humbly to stand before the congregation and be "severly rebuked for his wickedness."

Here is a singular enactment by the Kingussie Session anent "Pennie Weddings," which appear to have been prevalent in Badenoch down even to within living memory :—

"*April 4th* 1725.—The Session enacts that no coupple be matrimonially contracted within the united parishes of Kingussie and Insh till they give in into the hands of the Session Clerk 3 lbs. Scots or a white plaid, or any other like pennieworth, worth 3 lbs. Scots as pledge that they should not have pennie weddings, otherwise to forfite their pledges if they resile."

A few months later it is recorded that "Malcolm Bain in

Milntown of Kingussie" was delated and rebuked for a "manifest breach of the Lord's day, by selling shoes on that day to some who came to his house." Under date 31st May 1726, there is an entry to the effect that the Session had "debursed" to Alex. Glass Mertin, Kingussie, 22s. Scots for tobaco which he gave to millers for gathering meal to the orphan at their milns, and this by command of the Minister." The next extract is instructive, as indicating the starving process to which the Revenue Authorities of the time resorted in the way of recovering "debts of excise":—

"*May 29th*, 1726.—The case of Lachlan Roy in Ruthven being represented to the Session, they find he is an object of charity, and for present at Inverness in prison for his Debt of Excise, in a starving condition, having nothing to support him for his present relief. Therefore appoint twenty sh. Scots be sent him, which was done accordingly."

The prison discipline to which the poverty-stricken Lachlan was so callously subjected in the Highland Capital appears to have not only transformed the unfortunate man himself into an abandoned and hardened criminal, but to have grievously affected his marital belongings. Some months later it is recorded that the Session "understand that Lachlan Roy in Ruthven, his wife and daughter, have been banisht out of Ruthven upon account of yr abominable practices, such as thieving and whoring, and yt they are gone out of the Parish."

Under date July 1726, we come upon the first of numerous similar entries, exhibiting a most deplorable picture of the pollution with which Badenoch was impregnated by the establishment of the Barracks at Ruthven, built by the Government of the day a few years after the Rising of 1715, on the site of the old Castle of the Comyns. It may be of interest to mention, in passing, that in the immediate neighbourhood of the Barracks stood the village of Ruthven, which, for many years previously, was distinguished as possessing the only school of importance from "Speymouth to Lorn." Here in 1738 was born James Macpherson, the celebrated translator of Ossian's poems, where, for some years after finishing his studies at King's College, Aberdeen, he filled the honourable position of parochial schoolmaster. The site of the old village is now indicated by the farm-house of the same name. The Kingussie Session could not apparently see their way to extirpate the rowdy Lowland garrison bodily, but they did not hesitate, as the following extract shows, to adopt the most summary measures to have the utterly abandoned and disreputable followers of the alien Redcoats banished out of the district ;—

"*July* 10*th*, 1726.—The Session understanding yt yr are a great many stragglers and vagabonds come into this Parish without testimonials, as also a great many dissolute and unmarried women from different parts of the kingdom, commonly follow the soldiers at the Barrack of Ruthven, and are sheltered in some houses in the Parish, where they and the soldiers have frequent mettings, and very often upon the Lord's day, to the great scandal of religion, and profanation of ye Sabbath: Therefore the Session think it necessary to apply to the Civil Judge that all such as shelter such women and vagabonds shall be condignly punished, and fined in twenty pounds Scots *toties quoties*, and this to be intimated from the Pulpit."

A week later the Decreet of the Bailie is referred to as follows:—

"*July* 17*th*, 1726.—This day it is informed yt the Session had applied to the Baillie, in pursuance of a former resolution anent vagabonds and strangers coming into the Parish without testimonials, and that the Baillie hath passed a Decreet of ten pounds Scots *toties quoties* agt all person or persons that shall harbour such vagabonds for three nights successively, which Act was this day intimated from the Pulpit that none pretend ignorance."

We have next the complaint of an alien settler at Ruthven, against his Highland Janet, who had—probably from incompatibility of temper—failed "to do him ye duties of a married wife."—

"*September* 25*th*, 1726.—This day Donald Rotson, in Ruthven, compeared before the Session, and gave in a complaint before the Session against Janet Grant, his married wife, showing yt ye said Janet hath deserted him some time ago, and that he cannot prevaile with her to return to him, or to do him ye duties of a married wife, and entreats the Session would summond her before them, and prevaile with her to be reconciled to him, or els give a reason why she will not. The Session, considering yt ye course that said Janet has taken is a manifest perjury and breach of her marriage vows, and yrfor is ground of scandal and offence, do appoint her to be summond to next Session; meantime, that the Minister and Donald M'Pherson, of Culinlin, converse with her yr anent and make report."

It is subsequently recorded that the rebellious Janet was ultimately persuaded by the Session to return to her disconsolate Donald. Alas, however, for the vanity of Donald's wishes! Nearly six years later the long-suffering mortal appeared before

the Session, and gave in a petition, showing that the faithless Janet had "deserted him these five years past, not knowing qr she is." Poor Donald's patience had apparently become quite exhausted, and he beseeches the Session "that he might have liberty to marry anoyr." The Session considered the case of such an intricate nature, that we are told they referred the matter to the Presbytery, but I have been unable to trace whether Donald subsequently obtained the "liberty" he so ardently desired.

Here is one of many similar entries of "grievous scandals" and "breach of Sabbath":—

"*July 9th*, 1727.—The Session do find the following account to be true and genuine, namely, that upon the eleventh of June, being the Lord's day, it happened that Alister Roy, in Croft's sheep, had run into Donald Ban, in Dell of Killiehuntly's corn, and Donald Ban's wife hastening to take ym away in order to house them, Alister Roy's wife and daughter came and took them away by force, qrupon the said Marjorie craved a pledge qch was refused, and then she went and took away a door as pledge *brevi manu*; then Alister Roy's wife and daughter took hold of her and pulled and tore ye linnens off her head, and gave her several scandalous names, upon qch Donald Ban came out and attacked the said Alister, and had some blows with hands and feet, *hinc inde*."

In a subsequent minute we find a "John M'Lawrence and James Robertson in Brae-Ruthven" delated for being both drunk on the Lord's day. On their way home after attending Divine service, it is recorded that they "did struggle with one anoyr, and had blows *hinc inde*, and were grappling when the said John Macpherson came upon ym, who separated them. It is also to be observed yt said John M'Lawrence had creels carrying on his back on the Lord's day. The Session do find that these persons have been guilty of drunkenness and breach of Sabbath, appoint that both parties stand before the congregation next Lord's day and be severely rebuked for the said scandal."

Here is an extract giving, it is believed, a fair indication of the lamentable state at the time of a large number of the Church Buildings throughout the Highlands—

"*November 19th*, 1727.—The Session considering that the commons in this Parish, with beggars and others out of the Parish, do commonly burie within the Church of Kingussie so that the floor of the Church is oppressed with dead bodies, and of late unripe bodies have been raised out of their graves to give place to

others for want of room qch frequently occasions an intolerable and unwholesome smell in the Congregation, and may have very bad effects on the people while attending Divine worship. The Session do refer the consideration yrof to the Pbty entreating they may put a stop to such a bade practice."

The fiddling propensities of the Badenoch people of the time appear to have been altogether irrepressible, and to have, for a lengthened period, greatly exercised the reforming zeal of the Kingussie Session. Here is one of numerous entries of what the Session term "heathenish practices" at Leickwakes—

March 10*th*, 1728.—This day were called John Campbell, in Kinvonigag, John M'Edward, in Knockichican, and Donald M'Alvea, in Killiehuntly, and only compeared John M'Edward, who confessed that he had a fiddler in his house at the Leickwake of a dead person, but said he did not think it a sin, it being so long a custome in this country. The Session finding that it is not easie to rout out so prevailing a custome, do agree that for the more effectual discouraging such a heathenish practice, the Minister represent from the Pulpit how undecent and unbecoming to the designs of ye Christian religion such an abuse is, they all appoint that the civil Judge be applied for suppressing the same."

The result of the application to the Civil Judge is recorded a few days later as follows :—

"*March* 17*th*, 1728.—This day the Minister read from the pulpit an Act of the Court, enacting and ordaining that all fiddlers playing at any Leickwakes in time coming shall pay to James Gordon, Procurator-Fiscal of Court, five pounds Scots for each contravention, and each person who calls or entertains them in their families shall pay to the said James Gordon twenty pounds Scots for each contravention, and the said James Gordon is hereby empowered to seize any fiddlers so playing at Leickwakes, and to secure ym until they pay their fines, and find caution they shall not play at Leickwakes in time coming."

The watchful Session appear to have been fully alive to the possible danger of allowing unaccredited interlopers to settle in the Parish. In one of their minutes, an "Angus M'Intire, now in Coirarnisdel"—even although a "Mac" and presumably a Highlander—is peremptorily summoned to appear before them to "give an account of himself, as a stranger come into the Parish without a testimonial."

In the next extract we have an enactment directed against matrimonial contracts on the Saturdays :—

"*December 6th*, 1728.—The Session finding that it is a common practice for people to contract in order to matrimony upon the Saturdays, by which they frequently sit up in Change-houses, and incroach upon the Lord's day. The Session do enact yt none shall be contracted upon the Saturdays within this Parish in time coming, and that this may be intimated from the Pulpit, that none pretend ignorance."

In the following year, it is recorded that "Mary Kennedy in Benchar, while being reproved for her sin, uttered several foolish and impertinent expressions." Mary appears to have been a regular *Jezebel*, and we are told that she "gave such great offence" that she was there and then bodily "seized" by the redoubtable Kirk-officer, brought before the Session, and sentenced "to stand in sackloath next Lord's day and be rebuked."

In the beginning of 1729 we come upon an entry, indicating the extent to which the Kingussie Session had anticipated the famous *Forbes Mackenzie* by at least a century and a half!

"*January 6th*, 1729.—Kenneth Macpherson, changekeeper, in Balnespick, compearing was examined anent his entertaining severals in his house upon the Lord's Day, and found he was guilty of the forsaid abuse, and likewise yt it has been a prevailing custome in the Parish for people to assemble together in Taverns, especially after divine service, to remain till late at night. The Session for preventing such an abuse do enact yt all changekeepers within the Parish be henceforth discharged from giving to any person yt may frequent yr houses on the day forsaid above a chapine a piece as they shall be answerable."

With all the zeal of the Session what strikes one as remarkable is that if the delinquents confined themselves to the moderate (?) allowance of "a chapine a piece" on the "Sabbath" they might apparently, without any fear of being subjected to the punishment of standing in the "publick place of repentance," indulge to their heart's content in the most liberal potations of "aquavitie" on any other day of the week.

We have next the judgment of the Session anent what is termed the "scandalous abuse of gathering nuts upon the Sabbath."—

"*August 17th*, 1719.—The Minister understanding that it is a common practice in this Parish with severals, especially with children and servants, to prophane the Lord's Day by frequenting the woods and gathering nuts upon the Sabbath, made publick intimation from the Pulpit, that if any person or persons, young or old, should be found guilty of said scandalous abuse, that they

should be insisted against for breach of Sabbath and punished accordingly, and that the Heads of families would be made lyable for the transgressions of their children and servants in these cases."

Here is the case of two worthies falling "a scolding" on the Lord's Day, with an apparent ferocity not excelled even in the memorable battle of the Kilkenny cats, and all "about eating of corn."—

"*May* 31*st*, 1730.—This day there was delated to the Session a scandal yt broke forth last Lord's Day after divine service betwixt Alexander Keannich in Knockicchien and James Glass Turner in Knockichalich in Killihuntly, showing that the said Alexander Keannich was travelling with an armsfull of peats, and, meeting with said Glass, they fell a scolding about eating of corn, and yrafter did beat and bruise one anoyr until they were separated by the neighbours, viz.:—Donald Fraser, Angus Kennedy, and Finlay Ferguson, weaver, all in Knockichalich or yr abouts."

The Session, finding that this was "a notorious breach of the Lord's Day, very much to be testified against, appointed the delinquents to stand before the congregation and be rebuked."

Here is the case of a jealous husband tempted, as he owned, "by Satan" making his uneasy wife, Elspet, "*swear upon a knife.*"—

"*June* 2*nd*, 1730.—This day compeared John Stuart in Farlettor, and Elspet Kennedy, his wife, who were confronted, and the said John being interrogate 1mo, If he entertained any jealousie of his wife with Duncan Gordon in Farelettor, owned he did; 2nd, being asked what grounds and presumptions he had to do so, answered that sometime in March last a stirk in the town being amissing, he observed the said Duncan and his wife separate from the company in search of that beast—that then Satan, he owned, had tempted him to entertain a jealousie; 3rd, being asked if he put her to an oath of purgation, owned he drew a knife and obliged her to swear, as she would answer to God in the Great Day, that she would never have any offspring or succession, if she did not tell the truth, and that he had done this three or four times, and once upon a Lord's Day; 4th, being asked if his wife complied with the said oath, both he and she owned she did. She being asked what made her leave her own house, answered yt he was daily so uneasy to her that she was obliged to leave him, and declared that she would never return until she got satisfaction for the scandal that was raised upon her. The Session considering that this is an affair of an intricate nature, refer to the Presbytery for advice."

We have next a batch of four sadly-misguided Highlanders alt with by the Session "for fishing upon a Sabbath evening."—

"*October 7th*, 1730.—This day Thomas and Murdow Macerson and John Shaw in Invereshie being summoned and called, mpeared, and being interrogate anent their guilt in prophaning e Lord's Day by fishing, as was delated. They owned that they hed upon a Sabbath evening upon the water of Feshie at igarie. Compeared also John Macpherson, boatman at Insh, io owned himself guilty of art and part in buying the said fish night, all of them being rebuked and reproved. The Session nsidered the whole affair, and appointed ym to compeare before e congregation here Sabbath come a fortnight, and be sharply buked for ye said transgression."

In the next extract we have the case of a husband and wife lated for "a customary practice of bakeing bread upon the ord's Day."—

"*October* 18*th*, 1730.—This day, Anne Macpherson, spouse to onald Fraser in Knochachalich, formerly delated, being sumd. and lled, compeared with her husband, and owned only that she did ke a little bannock for an herd, who was to go off early next orning."

Anne's ingenious plea that it was "only a little bannock for an rd," led the Session, it is recorded, to let off the culprit with a You must never do it again, Anne—in the shape of "a sharpe ssional rebuke with certification."

From the following entry it would appear there must have en a considerable number of bad halfpennies in circulation in e Highlands at the time, but apparently the "bawbees," bad as ey were, were considered by the contributors *good enough* for e Church box:—

"*December* 24*th*, 1730.—There is found in the box Two unds and eleven sh. Scot., over and above what is marked, h makes twentie-seven lbs. and eighteen sh., Scots. in the Treasrs nds, of quch there is of bad halfpennies thirteen pounds seven . Scots., wereof there are are twelve sh. st. given at ninepence r pound weight, which amounts to two sh, three pence st. of od money."

Here is the record of the dealing of the Session with parties avelling on a Lord's Day "with a great many horse."

"*November* 21*st*, 1731.—This day William Maclean and onald Macpherson in Farlotter, John Macpherson in Toliva, d William Shaw in Knockanbeg, formerly delated, being called mpeared, and being asked if they and some oyrs in the Parish

of Inch did travel on a Lord's Day with a great many horse loadned with meal, confessing guilt, they were sharply rebuked, and such of them as were masters of families were ordained to stand before the Congregation, and servants were dismissed with a sharpe rebuke before the Session with certification."

Passing over a period of about seventeen years, we come to the case of an exceptionally wild Highlander asking *a spade* from his neighbours, and the terrible language, and dire results, which followed their refusal of that much prized implement.—

"*June 2nd*, 1748.—This day was laid before the Session a complaint and petition from Jean Cameron, spouse to Duncan Macnicol in Ruthven, against Peter M'Konnich, *alias* Macdonald in Ruthven, and Janet Mackenzie his spouse, setting forth that upon the 2nd day of May last, the said Peter came to the complainer's house asking a spade, which he did not get. He then said that if he had her husband behind a hedge he would stamp upon his belly, and reproached her publicly in the following words:—D——n you for a B——h your Fayr was hang'd and d——n me if I will deny it; and as he was passing through the streets said d—— n his soul if he should deny what he had said, and that the said Janet his wife, uttered the words in the streets of Ruthven that the said Jean Cameron's father and uncle were both hanged for theft, and beseeching the Session to take these scandalous reflections under their consideration, and that the guilty persons may be censured and brought to condign punishment. The Session having reasoned thereupon agreed that such abusive language defaming and scandalizing the memory of the dead, and entailing infamy upon their posterity, is in itself injurious and unchristian, and to be discouraged in human society, and if proven relevant to infer Church censure."

Several closely written pages of the Session Records are taken up with the depositions of the witnesses. Here is the Session judgment:—

"The Session having summed up the evidence, do find that . . . both Peter Macdonald and his wife Janet ought to be subjected to the censure of the Church—the rather that yre were this day laid before the Session sufficient testimonials the complainer's father liv'd and dy'd under the reputation of an honest man—wherefore the Session unanimously agree that the said Peter and his wife Janet shall stand before the Congregation at Kingussie next Lord's Day in the publick place of repentance, and be sharply rebuked for their offence, and for terror to others; and the Session do petition the Judge Ordinary here present to

ıe secure their persons in prison until they find caution to ful-
ınd obtemper this sentence, as also until they secure the peace
ı Bond of Lawburrows."

The Session had, it will be seen, taken the precaution to
ɔ the Baillie, or Judge Ordinary, present with them on the
sion, and it is satisfactory to find that the wild and foul-
ıthed Peter, and his fitly-mated Janet, were there and then
ected to the "condign punishment" they so justly deserved.
sentence of "James Stewart," the Baillie of the time, is ap-
ded in the Records to the Session judgment, and runs as fol-
ı:—

"The Baillie ordains the persons of the said Peter McDonald
his wife Janet to be imprisoned within the Tolbooth of Ruth-
, untill they find caution conform to the above sentence.

Apparently the Kingussie Session regarded the Apostolic in-
ɜtion to "be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby
e have entertained angels unawares," as of a very limited ap-
ation. Judging from results, it is to be feared that in some parts
he Highlands, even in the present day, "angels' visits" are
w and far between." In the old turbulent times in Badenoch
prospect of such visits appears to have been considered so very
ote that the canny Session felt constrained to restrict to a
le night the time within which a "stranger" could be developed
ı such a visitor, and the efficacy of his visit exemplified. So
rustful was the Session of importations from other quarters
t any "stranger" coming into the District without sufficient
lentials was bracketed with the wandering "vagabond." Here
ıe stringent prohibition directed against either the one or the
ɜr being entertained in the Parish "two nights on end":—

"*June* 18*th*, 1749.—The Session considering that there are
ɜral strangers and vagabonds who come into this Parish without
ificates and are sheltered therein, the Session agree to apply to
Judge-Ordinary if the persons of all such will be apprehended
incarcerated, and that such as entertain one or more of them
nights on end shall be fined in 20s. sterling."

Here are the very moderate dues fixed by the Session for
ging the graves of every "person" come of age and of every
ıild;" "the gentlemen," it will be observed—doubtless with a
ly anticipation of favours to come—being "left to their own
ration":—

"*June* 23*rd*, 1749.—The Kirk-Session considering that it
ıld be extremely convenient for the Parish the Kirk Officer
ıld be employed in digging the graves, and do appoint him to do

yt service to any that shall employ him, and yt he shall have a sixpence for every person come to age and fourpence for every child, and the gentlemen shall be left to their own discration; and the Session appoint their Clerk to give him a crown out of their boxt for buying tools."

We come next upon the record of a singular payment made by the Session :—

"*December* 9*th*, 1750.—Petition John M'Intosh, Court Officer at Ruthven, creaving that the Kirk-Session may allow him payment for his trouble and pains at the Session Desire in apprehending the person of Christian Guthrie, and incarcerating and retaining her in the Tolbooth of Ruthven for the space of 21 days, by which he is entitled to prison wages. The Session appointed 3 sh. and 6d str. to be given him, and that the Minister pay him out of the funds in his hands."

In of the following year we have the complaint of a greviously afflicted "Jean Macpherson," mated to a more than ordinarily boozy and wicked tailor body, who made a "football" of his own infant :—

"*February* 10*th*, 1751.—Compeared Jean Macpherson, spouse to John M'Intire, taylor in Ruthven, complaining on her said husband, that he is a habitual drunkard, frequenting change-houses, spending his effects, ruining his family, beating the complainer, and selling his back cloaths and bed cloaths for liquor, and that, when he comes home drunk, he tosses his own infant like a foot-ball, and threatens to take away her own life; she therefore begged the Session that they would put a stop to the progress of his wicked life, and secure the safety of the complainer and her child, and that they would discharge all the Change-keepers in the Parish from giving him liquor."

The deliverance of the Session in the case of the unfortunate "Jean" would surely satisfy the most ardent temperance reformer of the present day :—

"The Session, considering this complaint, and being persuaded of the verity of the facts, do agree to petition the Judge-Ordinary to interpose his authority that no Change-keepers or sellers of liquor votsoever shall gift or sell liquor of any kind, either ale or aquavitie, to the said John, under the failzie of twenty shillings str., the one-half of which to be applied for the support of the complainer and her child, and that this act, when obtained, shall be intimated from the Pulpit."

Similar interesting extracts from the Kingussie Records could be almost indefinitely multiplied, but the gleanings already given

ıve extended to such a length, that I must, in the meantime, sist. Next Session I propose to give some further such gleangs, including extracts from the Records of the Parishes of Alvie ıd Laggan.

Dr A. H. F. Cameron has contributed the following notes in ference to his paper in last year's volume of Transactions, on the

ELTIC DERIVATION OF ENGLISH RIVER NAMES.

He says :—I should like to add a few notes on the derivation river names. The first I wish to mention is the name Yar or are, which is probably derived from *Earr*, an end, a boundary. llan supposed to mean a great river may be from *Allaidh bhainn*, the wild, fierce river. I think the influence of Celtic ver names may be traced even in the heart of London. I have ientioned my belief that the name Bourne is the Gaelic *Burn*; ıd in a curious work, entitled "London and its Environs Deribed," published in the year 1761, under the word Holborn, I nd the following, "This street was anciently a village called Oldorne, built on the bank of a brook or borne,* called Olborne or olbourn, that sprung up near middle row and flowed down the ill in a clear current till it fell into the river of Wells at Holorn Bridge. Tyburn, too, where the last Jacobite execution took lace, was, on the same authority, anciently a village situated on ıe eastern bank of the rivulet Tyburn, from whence it took its ame.

I should like to correct one or two printer's errors in my paper ı the last volume of the Transactions. The name of the Teme ı Worcestershire is misspelt, and the second root mentioned by r I. Taylor should be Dwr not Devon.

otland with the spelling *burn*."

* Webster gives "Bourn, a brook, a torrent, a rivulet, *obsolete* used in

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